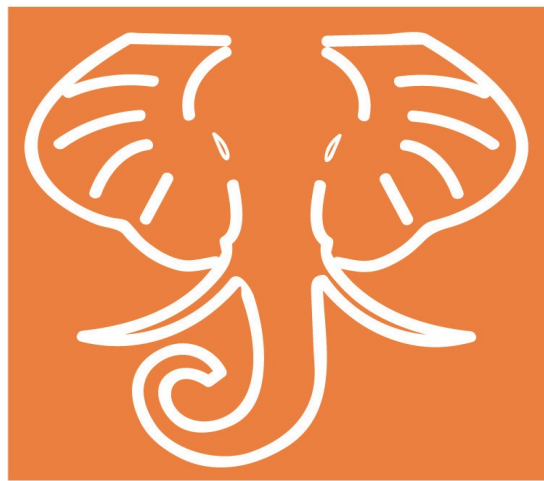


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VOLUME CX.

DECEMBER, 1904, TO MAY, 1905



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1905

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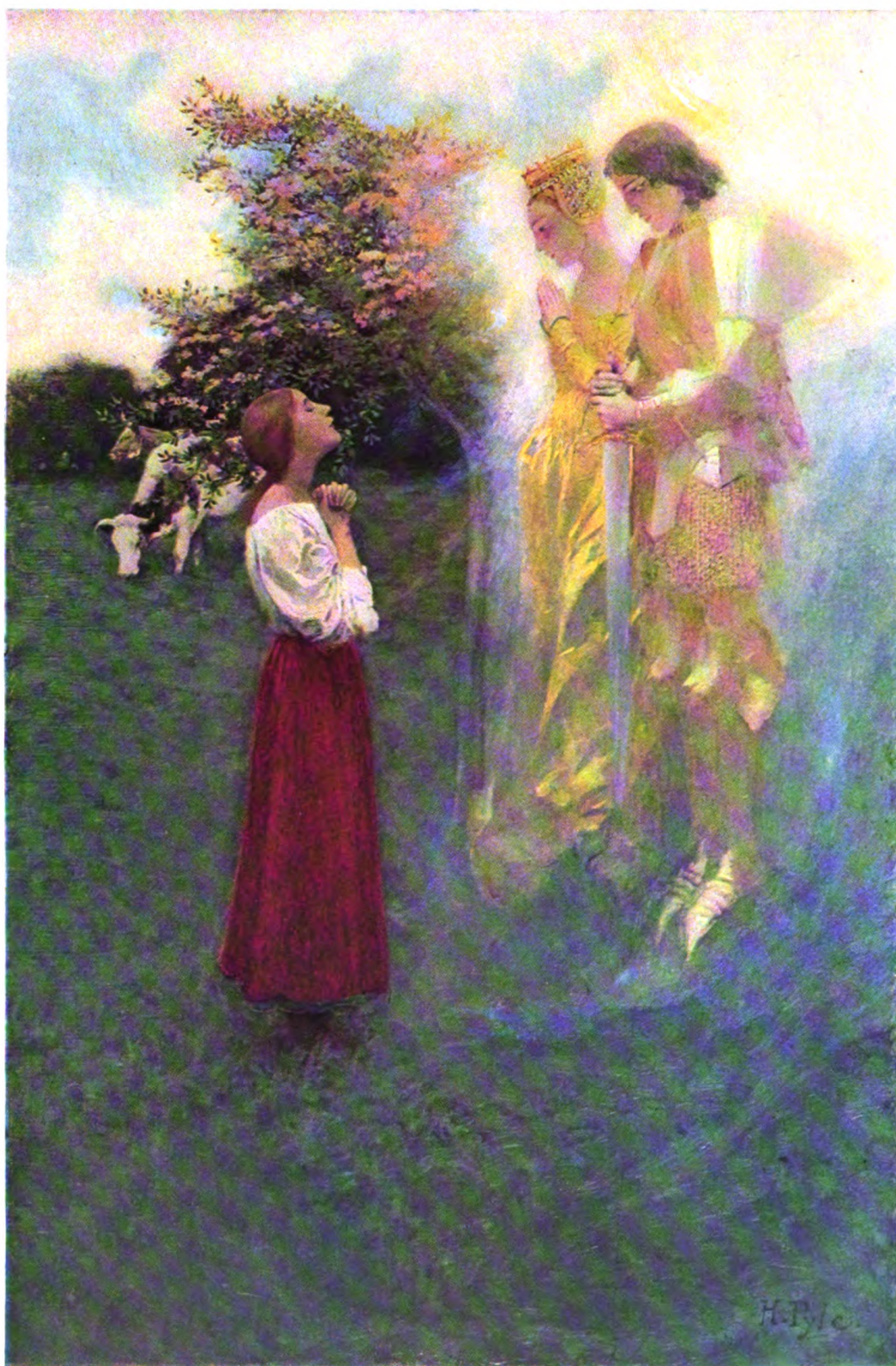


Illustration for "Saint Joan of Arc"

See page 12

SHE BELIEVED THAT SHE HAD DAILY SPEECH WITH ANGELS

HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

VOL. CX

DECEMBER, 1904

No. DCLV

Saint Joan of Arc

BY MARK TWAIN

THE evidence furnished at the Trials and Rehabilitation sets forth Joan of Arc's strange and beautiful history in clear and minute detail. Among all the multi-

tude of biographies that freight the shelves of the world's libraries, *this is the only one whose validity is confirmed to us by oath.* It gives us a vivid picture of a career and a personality of so extraordinary a character that we are helped to accept them as actualities by the very fact that both are beyond the inventive reach of fiction. The public part of the career occupied only a mere breath of time—it covered but two years; but what a career it was! The

personality which made it possible is one to be reverently studied, loved, and marvelled at, but not to be wholly understood and accounted for by even the most searching analysis.

In Joan of Arc at the age of sixteen there was no promise of a romance. She lived in a dull little village on the frontiers of civilization; she had been nowhere and had seen nothing; she knew none but simple shepherd folk; she had never seen a person of note; she hardly knew what a soldier looked like; she had never ridden a horse, nor had a warlike weapon in her hand; she could neither read nor write: she could spin and sew; she knew her catechism and her prayers and the fabulous histories of the saints, and this was all her learning. That was Joan at sixteen. What did she know of law? of evidence? of courts? of the attorney's trade? of legal procedure? Nothing. Less than nothing. Thus exhaustively equipped with ignorance, she went before the court at Toul to contest a false charge of breach of promise of marriage; she conducted her cause herself, without any one's help or advice or any one's friendly sympathy, and won it. She called no witnesses of her own, but vanquished the prosecution by using with deadly effectiveness its own testimony. The astonished judge threw the case out of court, and spoke of her as "this marvellous child."

She went to the veteran Commandant of Vaucouleurs and demanded an escort

NOTE.—The Official Record of the Trials and Rehabilitation of Joan of Arc is the most remarkable history that exists in any language; yet there are few people in the world who can say they have read it: in England and America it has hardly been heard of.

Three hundred years ago Shakespeare did not know the true story of Joan of Arc; in his day it was unknown even in France. For four hundred years it existed rather as a vaguely defined romance than as definite and authentic history. The true story remained buried in the official archives of France from the Rehabilitation of 1456 until Quicherat dug it out and gave it to the world two generations ago, in lucid and understandable modern French. It is a deeply fascinating story. But only in the Official Trials and Rehabilitation can it be found in its entirety.—M. T.

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of soldiers, saying she must march to the help of the King of France, since she was commissioned of God to win back his lost kingdom for him and set the crown upon his head. The Commandant said, "What, you? you are only a child." And he advised that she be taken back to her village and have her ears boxed. But she said she must obey God, and would come again, and again, and yet again, and finally she would get the soldiers. She said truly. In time he yielded, after months of delay and refusal, and gave her the soldiers; and took off his sword and gave her that, and said, "Go—and let come what may." She made her long and perilous journey through the enemy's country, and spoke with the King, and convinced him. Then she was summoned before the University of Poitiers to prove that she *was* commissioned of God and not of Satan, and daily during three weeks she sat before that learned congress unafraid, and capably answered their deep questions out of her ignorant but able head and her simple and honest heart; and again she won her case, and with it the wondering admiration of all that august company.

And now, aged seventeen, she was made Commander-in-Chief, with a prince of the royal house and the veteran generals of France for subordinates; and at the head of the first army she had ever seen, she marched to Orleans, carried the commanding fortresses of the enemy by storm in three desperate assaults, and in ten days raised a siege which had defied the might of France for seven months.

After a tedious and insane delay caused by the King's instability of character and the treacherous counsels of his ministers, she got permission to take the field again. She took Jargeau by storm; then Meung; she forced Beaugency to surrender; then—in the open field—she won the memorable victory of Patay against Talbot "the English lion," and broke the back of the Hundred Years' War. It was a campaign which cost but seven weeks of time; yet the political results would have been cheap if the time expended had been fifty years. Patay, that unsung and now long-forgotten battle, was the Moscow of the English power

in France; from the blow struck that day it was destined never to recover. It was the beginning of the end of an alien dominion which had ridden France intermittently for three hundred years.

Then followed the great campaign of the Loire, the capture of Troyes by assault, and the triumphal march past surrendering towns and fortresses to Rheims, where Joan put the crown upon her King's head in the Cathedral, amid wild public rejoicings, and with her old peasant father there to see these things and believe his eyes if he could. She had restored the crown and the lost sovereignty; the King was grateful for once in his shabby poor life, and asked her to name her reward and have it. She asked for nothing for herself, but begged that the taxes of her native village might be remitted forever. The prayer was granted, and the promise kept for three hundred and sixty years. Then it was broken, and remains broken to-day. France was very poor then, she is very rich now; but she has been collecting those taxes for more than a hundred years.

Joan asked one other favor: that now that her mission was fulfilled she might be allowed to go back to her village and take up her humble life again with her mother and the friends of her childhood; for she had no pleasure in the cruelties of war, and the sight of blood and suffering wrung her heart. Sometimes in battle she did not draw her sword, lest in the splendid madness of the onset she might forget herself and take an enemy's life with it. In the Rouen Trials, one of her quaintest speeches—coming from the gentle and girlish source it did—was her naïve remark that she had "never killed any one." Her prayer for leave to go back to the rest and peace of her village home was not granted.

Then she wanted to march at once upon Paris, take it, and drive the English out of France. She was hampered in all the ways that treachery and the King's vacillation could devise, but she forced her way to Paris at last, and fell badly wounded in a successful assault upon one of the gates. Of course her men lost heart at once—she was the only heart they had. They fell back. She begged to be allowed to remain at the front, saying victory was sure. "I will



THE TRIUMPHAL ENTRY INTO RHEIMS

take Paris now or die!" she said. But she was removed from the field by force; the King ordered a retreat, and actually disbanded his army. In accordance with a beautiful old military custom Joan devoted her silver armor and hung it up in the Cathedral of St. Denis. Its great days were over.

Then, by command, she followed the King and his frivolous court and endured a gilded captivity for a time, as well as her free spirit could; and whenever inaction became unbearable she gathered some men together and rode away and assaulted a stronghold and captured it.

At last in a sortie against the enemy, from Compiègne, on the 24th of May (when she was turned eighteen), she was herself captured, after a gallant fight. It was her last battle. She was to follow the drums no more.

Thus ended the briefest epoch-making military career known to history. It lasted only a year and a month, but it found France an English province, and furnishes the reason that France is France to-day and not an English province still. Thirteen months! It was indeed a short career; but in the centuries that have since elapsed five hundred millions of Frenchmen have lived and died blest by the benefactions it conferred; and so long as France shall endure, the mighty debt must grow. And France is grateful; we often hear her say it. Also thrifty: she collects the Domrémy taxes.



JOAN was fated to spend the rest of her life behind bolts and bars. She was a prisoner of war, not a criminal, therefore hers was recognized as an honorable captivity. By the rules of war she must be held to ransom, and a fair price could not be refused if offered. John of Luxembourg paid her the just compliment of requiring a prince's ransom for her. In that day that phrase represented a definite sum—61,125 francs. It was of course supposable that either the King or grateful France, or both, would fly with the money and set their fair young benefactor free. But this did not happen. In five and a half months neither King nor country stirred a hand nor offered

a penny. Twice Joan tried to escape. Once by a trick she succeeded for a moment, and locked her jailer in behind her, but she was discovered and caught; in the other case she let herself down from a tower sixty feet high, but her rope was too short, and she got a fall that disabled her and she could not get away.

Finally, Cauchon, Bishop of Beauvais, paid the money and bought Joan—ostensibly for the Church, to be tried for wearing male attire and for other impieties, but really for the English, the enemy into whose hands the poor girl was so piteously anxious not to fall. She was now shut up in the dungeons of the Castle of Rouen and kept in an iron cage, with her hands and feet and neck chained to a pillar; and from that time forth during all the months of her imprisonment, till the end, several rough English soldiers stood guard over her night and day—and not outside her room, but in it. It was a dreary and hideous captivity, but it did not conquer her: nothing could break that invincible spirit. From first to last she was a prisoner a year; and she spent the last three months of it on trial for her life before a formidable array of ecclesiastical judges, and disputing the ground with them foot by foot and inch by inch with brilliant generalship and dauntless pluck. The spectacle of that solitary girl, forlorn and friendless, without advocate or adviser, and without the help and guidance of any copy of the charges brought against her or rescript of the complex and voluminous daily proceedings of the court to modify the crushing strain upon her astonishing memory, fighting that long battle serene and undismayed against these colossal odds, stands alone in its pathos and its sublimity; it has nowhere its mate, either in the annals of fact or in the inventions of fiction.

And how fine and great were the things she daily said, how fresh and crisp—and she so worn in body, so starved, and tired, and harried! They run through the whole gamut of feeling and expression—from scorn and defiance, uttered with soldierly fire and frankness, all down the scale to wounded dignity clothed in words of noble pathos; as, when her patience was exhausted by the pestering



GUARDED BY ROUGH ENGLISH SOLDIERS

delvings and gropings and searchings of her persecutors to find out what kind of devil's witchcraft she had employed to rouse the war spirit in her timid soldiers, she burst out with, "What I said was, '*Ride these English down*'—and I did it myself!" and as, when insultingly asked why it was that *her* standard had place at the crowning of the King in the Cathedral of Rheims rather than the standards of the other captains, she uttered that touching speech, "*It had borne the burden, it had earned the honor*"—a phrase which fell from her lips without premeditation, yet whose moving beauty and simple grace it would bankrupt the arts of language to surpass.

Although she was on trial for her life, she was the only witness called on either side; the only witness summoned to testify before a packed jury commissioned with a definite task: to find her guilty, whether she was guilty or not. She must be convicted out of her own mouth, there being no other way to accomplish it. Every advantage that learning has over ignorance, age over youth, experience over inexperience, chicane over artlessness, every trick and trap and gin devisable by malice and the cunning of sharp intellects practised in setting snares for the unwary—all these were employed against her without shame; and when these arts were one by one defeated by the marvellous intuitions of her alert and penetrating mind, Bishop Cauchon stooped to a final baseness which it degrades human speech to describe: a priest who pretended to come from the region of her own home and to be a pitying friend and anxious to help her in her sore need was smuggled into her cell, and he misused his sacred office to steal her confidence; she confided to him the things sealed from revelation by her Voices, and which her prosecutors had tried so long in vain to trick her into betraying. A concealed confederate set it all down and delivered it to Cauchon, who used Joan's secrets, thus obtained, for her ruin.

Throughout the Trials, whatever the foredoomed witness said was twisted from its true meaning when possible, and made to tell against her; and whenever an answer of hers was beyond the reach of twisting it was not allowed to go upon

the record. It was upon one of these latter occasions that she uttered that pathetic reproach—to Cauchon: "Ah, you set down everything that is against me, but you will not set down what is for me."

That this untrained young creature's genius for war was wonderful, and her generalship worthy to rank with the ripe products of a tried and trained military experience, we have the sworn testimony of two of her veteran subordinates—one, the Duc d'Alençon, the other the greatest of the French generals of the time, Dunois, Bastard of Orleans; that her genius was as great—possibly even greater—in the subtle warfare of the forum we have for witness the records of the Rouen Trials, that protracted exhibition of intellectual fence maintained with credit against the master-minds of France; that her moral greatness was peer to her intellect we call the Rouen Trials again to witness, with their testimony to a fortitude which patiently and steadfastly endured during twelve weeks the wasting forces of captivity, chains, loneliness, sickness, darkness, hunger, thirst, cold, shame, insult, abuse, broken sleep, treachery, ingratitude, exhausting sieges of cross-examination, the threat of torture, with the rack before her and the executioner standing ready: yet never surrendering, never asking quarter, the frail wreck of her as unconquerable the last day as was her invincible spirit the first.

Great as she was in so many ways, she was perhaps even greatest of all in the lofty things just named—her patient endurance, her steadfastness, her granite fortitude. We may not hope to easily find her mate and twin in these majestic qualities; where we lift our eyes highest we find only a strange and curious contrast—there in the captive eagle beating his broken wings on the Rock of St. Helena.



THE Trials ended with her condemnation. But as she had conceded nothing, confessed nothing, this was victory for her, defeat for Cauchon. But his evil resources were not yet exhausted. She was persuaded to agree to sign a paper of slight import, then by treachery a pa-



A LITHE, YOUNG, SLENDER FIGURE

per was substituted which contained a recantation and a detailed confession of everything which had been charged against her during the Trials and denied and repudiated by her persistently during the three months; and this false paper she ignorantly signed. This was a victory for Cauchon. He followed it eagerly and pitilessly up by at once setting a trap for her which she could not escape. When she realized this she gave up the long struggle, denounced the treason which had been practised against her, repudiated the false confession, reasserted the truth of the testimony which she had given in the Trials, and went to her martyrdom with the peace of God in her tired heart, and on her lips endearing words and loving prayers for the cur she had crowned and the nation of ingrates she had saved.

When the fires rose about her and she begged for a cross for her dying lips to kiss, it was not a friend but an enemy, not a Frenchman but an alien, not a comrade in arms but an English soldier, that answered that pathetic prayer. He broke a stick across his knee, bound the pieces together in the form of the symbol she so loved, and gave it her; and his gentle deed is not forgotten, nor will be.



TWENTY-FIVE years afterward the Process of Rehabilitation was instituted, there being a growing doubt as to the validity of a sovereignty that had been rescued and set upon its feet by a person who had been proven by the Church to be a witch and a familiar of evil spirits. Joan's old generals, her secretary, several aged relations and other villagers of Domrémy, surviving judges and secretaries of the Rouen and Poitiers Processes—a cloud of witnesses, some of whom had been her enemies and persecutors,—came and made oath and testified; and what they said was written down. In that sworn testimony the moving and beautiful history of Joan of Arc is laid bare, from her childhood to her martyrdom. From the verdict she rises stainlessly pure, in mind and heart, in speech and deed and spirit, and will so endure to the end of time.

She is the Wonder of the Ages. And when we consider her origin, her early circumstances, her sex, and that she did all the things upon which her renown rests while she was still a young girl, we recognize that while our race continues she will be also the *Riddle of the Ages*. When we set about accounting for a Napoleon or a Shakespeare or a Raphael or a Wagner or an Edison or other extraordinary person, we understand that the measure of his talent will not explain the whole result, nor even the largest part of it; no, it is the atmosphere in which the talent was cradled that explains; it is the training which it received while it grew, the nurture it got from reading, study, example, the encouragement it gathered from self-recognition and recognition from the outside at each stage of its development: when we know all these details, then we know why the man was ready when his opportunity came. We should expect Edison's surroundings and atmosphere to have the largest share in discovering him to himself and to the world; and we should expect him to live and die undiscovered in a land where an inventor could find no comradeship, no sympathy, no ambition-rousing atmosphere of recognition and applause—Dahomey, for instance. Dahomey could not find an Edison out; in Dahomey an Edison could not find himself out. Broadly speaking, genius is not born with sight, but blind; and it is not itself that opens its eyes, but the subtle influences of a myriad of stimulating exterior circumstances.

We all know this to be not a guess, but a mere commonplace fact, a truism. Lorraine was Joan of Arc's Dahomey. And there the Riddle confronts us. We can understand how she could be born with military genius, with leonine courage, with incomparable fortitude, with a mind which was in several particulars a prodigy—a mind which included among its specialties the lawyer's gift of detecting traps laid by the adversary in cunning and treacherous arrangements of seemingly innocent words, the orator's gift of eloquence, the advocate's gift of presenting a case in clear and compact form, the judge's gift of sorting and weighing evidence, and finally, something recognizable as more than a mere trace

of the statesman's gift of understanding a political situation and how to make profitable use of such opportunities as it offers; we can comprehend how she could be born with these great qualities, but we cannot comprehend how they became immediately usable and effective without the developing forces of a sympathetic atmosphere and the training which comes of teaching, study, practice—years of practice,—and the crowning and perfecting help of a thousand mistakes. We can understand how the possibilities of the future perfect peach are all lying hid in the humble bitter-almond, but we cannot conceive of the peach springing directly from the almond without the intervening long seasons of patient cultivation and development. Out of a cattle-pasturing peasant village lost in the remotenesses of an unvisited wilderness and atrophied with ages of stupefaction and ignorance we cannot see a Joan of Arc issue equipped to the last detail for her amazing career and hope to be able to explain the riddle of it, labor at it as we may.

It is beyond us. All the rules fail in this girl's case. In the world's history she stands alone—quite alone. Others have been great in their first public exhibitions of generalship, valor, legal talent, diplomacy, fortitude; but always their previous years and associations had been in a larger or smaller degree a preparation for these things. There have been no exceptions to the rule. But Joan was competent in a law case at sixteen without ever having seen a law-book or a court-house before; she had no training in soldiership and no associations with it, yet she was a competent general in her first campaign; she was brave in her first battle, yet her courage had had no education—not even the education which a boy's courage gets from never-ceasing reminders that it is not permissible in a boy to be a coward, but only in a girl; friendless, alone, ignorant, in the blossom of her youth, she sat week after week, a prisoner in chains, before her assemblage of judges, enemies hunting her to her death, the ablest minds in France, and answered them out of an untaught wisdom which overmatched their learning, baffled their tricks and treacheries with a native sagacity which compelled their

wonder, and scored every day a victory against these incredible odds and camped unchallenged on the field. In the history of the human intellect, untrained, inexperienced, and using only its birthright equipment of untried capacities, there is nothing which approaches this. Joan of Arc stands alone, and must continue to stand alone, by reason of the unfellowed fact that in the things wherein she was great she was so without shade or suggestion of help from preparatory teaching, practice, environment, or experience. There is no one to compare her with, none to measure her by; for all others among the illustrious *grew* towards their high place in an atmosphere and surroundings which discovered their gift to them and nourished it and promoted it, intentionally or unconsciously. There have been other young generals, but they were not girls; young generals, but they had been soldiers before they were generals: she *began* as a general; she commanded the first army she ever saw; she led it from victory to victory, and never lost a battle with it; there have been young commanders-in-chief, but none so young as she: she is the only soldier in history who has held the supreme command of a nation's armies at the age of seventeen.

Her history has still another feature which sets her apart and leaves her without fellow or competitor: there have been many uninspired prophets, but she was the only one who ever ventured the daring detail of naming, along with a foretold event, the event's precise nature, the special time-limit within which it would occur, and the place—and *scored fulfillment*. At Vaucouleurs she said she must go to the King and be made his general, and break the English power, and crown her sovereign—"at Rheims." It all happened. It was all to happen "next year"—and it did. She foretold her first wound and its character and date a month in advance, and the prophecy was recorded in a public record-book three weeks in advance. She repeated it the morning of the date named, and it was fulfilled before night. At Tours she foretold the limit of her military career—saying it would end in one year from the time of its utterance—and she was right. She foretold her martyrdom—using *that*

word, and naming a time three months away—and again she was right. At a time when France seemed hopelessly and permanently in the hands of the English she twice asserted in her prison before her judges that within seven years the English would meet with a mightier disaster than had been the fall of Orleans: it happened within five—the fall of Paris. Other prophecies of hers came true, both as to the event named and the time-limit prescribed.

She was deeply religious, and believed that she had daily speech with angels; that she saw them face to face, and that they counselled her, comforted and heartened her, and brought commands to her direct from God. She had a childlike faith in the heavenly origin of her apparitions and her Voices, and not any threat of any form of death was able to frighten it out of her loyal heart. She was a beautiful and simple and lovable character. In the records of the Trials this comes out in clear and shining detail. She was gentle and winning and affectionate; she loved her home and friends and her village life; she was miserable in the presence of pain and suffering; she was full of compassion: on the field of her most splendid victory she forgot her triumphs to hold in her lap the head of a dying enemy and comfort his passing spirit with pitying words; in an age when it was common to slaughter prisoners she stood dauntless between hers and harm, and saved them alive; she was forgiving, generous, unselfish, magnanimous; she was pure from all spot or stain of baseness. And always she was a *girl*; and dear and worshipful, as is meet for that estate: when she fell wounded, the first time, she was frightened, and cried when she saw her blood gushing from her breast; but she was Joan of Arc! and when presently she found that her generals were sounding

the retreat, she staggered to her feet and led the assault again and took that place by storm.

There is no blemish in that rounded and beautiful character.

How strange it is!—that almost invariably the artist remembers only one detail—one minor and meaningless detail of the personality of Joan of Arc: to wit, that she was a peasant girl—and forgets all the rest; and so he paints her as a strapping middle-aged fishwoman, with costume to match, and in her face the spirituality of a ham. He is slave to his one idea, and forgets to observe that the supremely great souls are never lodged in gross bodies. No brawn, no muscle, could endure the work that their bodies must do; they do their miracles by the spirit, which has fifty times the strength and staying power of brawn and muscle. The Napoleons are little, not big; and they work twenty hours in the twenty-four, and come up fresh, while the big soldiers with the little hearts faint around them with fatigue. We know what Joan of Arc was like, without asking—merely by what she did. The artist should paint her *spirit*—then he could not fail to paint her body aright. She would rise before us, then, a vision to win us, not repel: a lithe young slender figure, instinct with “the unbought grace of youth,” dear and bonny and lovable, the face beautiful, and transfigured with the light of that lustrous intellect and the fires of that unquenchable spirit.

Taking into account, as I have suggested before, all the circumstances—her origin, youth, sex, illiteracy, early environment, and the obstructing conditions under which she exploited her high gifts and made her conquests in the field and before the courts that tried her for her life,—she is easily and by far the most extraordinary person the human race has ever produced.



Felice

BY JOHN LUTHER LONG

THE question was whether anything should be done for the relief of Signor Piccioli, who had been arrested the night before, and was now in detention at the white palace where the streets crossed. And it was the shop of the great barber, Signor Martinos, the Tonsorielle of the Green Moon—the forum for the adjustment of the disputes of all the world—but most, those of his beloved Little Italy.

"Speak, all, the American language," begged the barber,—superfluously, since this was always understood here.

"For, signori,"—he was speaking from the glittering chair which bristled with springs and levers,—“had we not been born Italians we would desire to have been born Americans. Therefore this assault—”

"There was not assault," ventured Teti, the rash farmacien.

Instantly Martinos leaped to a shelf, concealed, like a shrine, by a silken curtain, and raped from it a book.

"Assault," he translated, "is the skeer of violence without the accomplishment."

"Signori," he continued, "when a mal-efac-tore rush madly in a baking-shop, and, with great force, tear two loaves away—is not that assault upon bread? Thus avers *Avvocati per Tutti*—this 'Everybody's Lawyer'—and he flaunted the great book in their faces.

All but the unhappy Teti were fain to admit that he had swiftly demonstrated his contention.

"Precisely! He has skeer the violence without accomplishment thereof. Remark, fellow citizen and Italian brethren, it is the *skeer* of the violence—"

Again he was interrupted. Raffaele, the undertaker, entered.

"There is no harm," said the undertaker, misunderstandingly, "in a bit of domestic drunkenness. If the intoxication occur at the fireside—"

"Larceny!" shrieked Martinos. "Quiet your uproar and observe that I spoke of larceny. And the skeer of the violence."

"That is the bane of a drunkenness," said Pamphilio Carazin, the proprietor of the marionette theatre, a still newer comer,—“the public disorder—”

The wild despair of Martinos expressed itself in a fixed and silent glare at Carazin.

"There is the beating of the wife and children—there is the hunger and the grief—"

Carazin was the only one in Little Italy who had in the least Martinos' gift of oratory. He had once been chosen to make the Fourth-of-July oration. Martinos had promptly printed a more fervid one in *Il Vesuvio*. And now they were scarcely friends.

"We have here establish," said Martinos, in his most velvety voice, and in entire ignorance of any speech of Carazin, "in Italia Minora, with long use, internale order and domestic tranquillity, and now it is fracture in pieces to the disgrace. It shall not be! Do you hear me, signori, it shall *not* be! He who steal our bread, purloin our best name away!"

There was applause at this, and the diminished Carazin slunk to the rear with a too false pretence of indifference.

"Now, who knows of his ancestry?" demanded the triumphant barber.

"I hear he was a gondolier," said the man whose trade was milk-balls.

"Ah!" cried the barber, encouragingly.

"And is to the World's Fair to gondol on lake like a saucers," amplified Pistolio Angina, of the Broad Street cleaning squad—whose English was disgraceful.

"Aha!" cried the barber, avariciously, "and the larceny has lost him his employmen'? It is just."

Cesare Gargantua answered: "Libera Rosa Rocco, she is most wise, for woman; she say it is the lose employmen' occasion the lar-cen-y."

"Shall we then basely aid to release him from his chain?" demanded Martinos, irrelevantly. "Shall we not the rather contend that his chain remain upon him and he stay away forever? Then have we always the grand peace. Signori, it is good—most good!"

The sentiment of the elders was with the barber, and against the criminal.

"Now then!" cried Martinos, from his splendid chair, like another Cæsar, "where is this Giovanni Nardi, the baker who was stole from? Why is he not here? Let him be brought!"

This was a royal command. And, almost instantly, the fat and good-natured baker was before them, and uncomfortable under the suspicion of having shirked a patriotic duty. He was in a white cap with a transparent green visor; his apron was on, and his sleeves were turned up from his flour-powdered arms. He panted and his fat quivered as he spoke.

"Va!" he laughed; "perhap' it is true. But let him keep the bread. I make a present to him. What? The man was starve! Affamata! Any one could see that. And do you suppose that if I starve and smell fresh bread I will not steal? Virgin! I will first kill. What? Has no one smell fresh bread when he was hungry? Then he dun'no'. Well, once on the streets of Naopoli I—Virgin! It was three days I had not eaten! Well? What? I broke the window. I did not run. I only ate, ate, ate, before they took me. Well? Twenty days. So. The baker was a man. He come to the prison. I say I am sorry and was hungry. I will make reparations by working for him. What? When my time is out he took me in his shop. And now I am baker myself and have shop! Virgin! If any one is that hungry—as I was—what? Let him come and steal of Nardi the baker. He will turn his fat back. And so he will say to the newspaper—the advertise—the eccellenza the judge. There I go now. At the judge."

A moment's frightened silence greeted this innocent flouting of the great man in the chair.

"Stop!" cried Martinos, as the baker started away. "That is the anarchy which occasion the killing of many

people. Stand still! You are but baker—panattiere. Yet you declaim the sentiment of the p'ilosop'er! Hah! It is not *your* bread. It is of the righteous! Virgin! You are of the animal call the ass! Stand still! You know nothing but the how it was. You are but baker—panattiere. Now tell me the manner how he stole. The question is but to determine the skeer of the violence."

The baker did this with subdued particularity:

"Behole, I am in my panella—La Panella Italiana. I see him come. First he pause at the delicatessen shop of Fritz-en, among the sausages. Then he smell my new bread. It is the first batch of the morning. He think no more of sausages! Vergina! Who would think of sausages when there is the smell of fresh bread! What? The smell of fresh bread is good, signori!"

He was becoming too rhetorical. Martinos brought him to earth:

"Concerning—the—*how*—he—steal!"

"Then he come to my window. His face is pale. His lips work as if he masticate already some of my bread. Well? Then he smell—he smell, do you hear? He smell! So."

The baker sniffed ecstatically.

"The *how*!" said Martinos, inexorably.

"Smell, and look all about and sneak at the door. Well? Virgin! There is a pile of new loave' on the counter—perhap' an hundred. I know he is intend to steal—I turn my back—I hear the door open softly—I hear it close—nothing! Nobody is there! I have seen no one steal! I cannot take the adjuratione to that effec'! I laugh! He will be free!"

And he laughed then—long and happily.

"Stop!" commanded the outraged barber—and the baker stopped—though his fat still laughed. "When again you look at your bread, were there not two loave' *gone*?"

"I did not count—"

"The truth!" cried his inquisitor.

"Yes," admitted Nardi.

"Now, behole how the rascality triumph!" cried Martinos, pointing a damning finger at the baker.

But, yet again, the recalcitrant baker laughed, defiantly.

"Va! The loss is four cent. The gain

to him is that he not die—life! I laugh! Aha, ha, ha! And I invite the signori to steal from me when they starve! I will turn my back! Ta ta!”

He illustrated this. But now the barber was become terrible.

“Virgin! Here is a man steal by sneak and skeer and the stole-from one laugh! What is the morale of this when one laugh at larceny? Soon he will steal hats, coats. Soon *all* will steal. Italia Minora will be call but the Rogue Harbor! Convegno di Malfattiori! No, no one will occasion himself work. Why shall he? It is good to steal—more good than to shave. All will steal. The hat, the coat, the pant! Then the money!—from the pocket which is call pick! Then the knock-down in the dead night! Then the homicide. Then the incendiary. Then the fracture safe in the bank. Well, you all like those? You desire that if any one seek a mal-efac-tore he come first at Italia Minora? The land of the steal and the home of the bu-um? Is it enough I have declaim? Steal, steal, steal, from one another! Sir, it is better to starve than steal. Sir, what was the ending of the unhappy event? Speak!”

“All the time,” Nardi went on, “is a gentarme watch the stealer, and when he have accomplish the ack he clasp him. He cannot even bite the bread. He is stagger away with his head down—ashame’. But the gentarme bring him in my shop and as’ me do I see him purloin. Though I say no—he oblige me that I go at the palace of justice and other thing, where the streets cross, and make the adjuratione against the stealer. I go thence now. He also take with him the loave’ to witness.”

“And there,” cried the savage barber to the entire assembly once more, “is the maintainer of the domestic tranquillity of our Italia Minora!”

There was a vague murmur of hostility.

“Well—what?” asked the baker, sum-mitting himself to them, well subdued now.

“Go—go! Now! *You!* You, only baker, panattiere! Instantly!” commanded Martinos. “To the palace of justice and other thing—as you designed, yes, but for different! Go, for the more righteous! Give the adjuratione that will send to prison forever the mal-efac-tore who stole from you! Uphole the domes-

tic tranquillity and the large name of our Italia Minora! Depart unto il palazzo di giustizia! Depart away!”

The baker, frightened by the hostility to his generosity with which the barber had, somehow, charged the air, yet still striving to be defiant, paltered with his fate, and at last, and in the very least, desired humbly that he might go home and change his attire for such as more became the magnificence of his mission to the palace of justice and other things. But instantly the barber, more savage, the baker more meek, detected and scotched this reptilian suggestion.

“*But* did you not this small while ago *twice* declare that *now* you thence? *Now?*” And, again his tone was the velvet one which concealed the iron.

So, the baker went, sullenly.

“Else I deny you my shop forever hereafter!”

It was this which did it. You must know that it would. To be denied the entrée of the shop of Signor Martinos—the Tonsorie of the Moon—by Signor Martinos himself, was, perhaps, only a little less terrible than to be denied the sacraments by Father Isoleri.

And when the returning baker slunk into the Tonsorie of the Green Moon and confessed that the punishment of Piccioli was but thirty days—

“Sir, you have deceive me. You have not swear strong! Sir, you have *pity* him! Pity! Haha! I, myself, will go at the palace of justice and other thing and make the adjuratione so that the mal-efac-tore is imprison for many years. Pity—I have *not* pity!”

But a strange little procession arrived just then. So that the great barber paused with the key in his hand and forgot all about the criminal and his righteous fury, while a smile, such as no one who did not know more about him than I have told here would ever have suspected, spread over his face.

First was a starved and sleepless-looking little girl of twelve, who carried in one arm a baby of three months, while another, of perhaps three years, held tightly her other hand. Yet another, a year older, trailed at the hem of her skirt—much too large and long for her.

“Is this the shop of Signor Marti-

nos?" asked the eldest one, in Florentine Italian.

The barber leaped laughing to the pavement. (Did I tell you that children were his besetting sin? That it was said he would go hungry at any time to feed them? Besides, Firenze was the city of his birth.)

"Ecco! Si! You have come to the correck door with your caravana, signorina! Enter in! Signor Martinos himself speak with you! Eh? What do you desire? To be shave? Aha, ha, ha! To be hair cut? Aha, ha, ha! No, no, no! Not for a million soldi would I cut those hair! Perhaps dye? Aha, ha, ha! Or bleach? See, I have here forty-seven hair-shades! Capelli Colorite! Aha!"

And now, having dragged them with caresses and laughter into his shop, he exhibited the glass-covered card of samples of his hair-shade.

"You the chair of judgment!" he cried to the eldest one, putting her into it with a bewildering clatter of levers. "You in the place of the counsel," and he deposited the one of three in the high chair. "You on guard," as he perched the one of about four in the other chair. "And as for you, sirrah!"—with a touch that made the baby crow instead of cry, he balanced him on his shoulder! So that all were more uncomfortably apart than they had ever been.

"Next the candy!"

He drew from behind the silken curtain—where the great book was—the box which always waited there for children. The one of three put two thin hands greedily into the box.

"No, no!" laughed the barber. "One! One at a time. It is not to be pig!"

The small hands, used to obeying, regretfully let fall all but one piece.

"She has not eaten since three days," said the eldest one, gently, hanging her own head.

"Virgin!" cried the barber, his face ablaze. "And you!—you have eaten all! Little animal!"

"I have not eaten since four days," droned the piteous child-voice. "Perdono!"

The barber leaped at the one of three so as to frighten her. He snatched the box, snapped shut the tin lid, then flung it on its shelf again.

"Wait!" he cried, savagely. "Do not move!"

He flew out of the door in his fury, and the babies did precisely as he had told them. They did not move. He had been too terrible. They only turned their frightened eyes upon one another, as men may do who await a common execution.

It seemed but a moment when he was back—his hands full of smoking sausages, a loaf of bread under each arm. And in another moment each one, not excluding the baby, had in one hand a huge piece of sausage and in the other a piece of bread—torn ruthlessly from the loaf. All to the delighted laughter of the magician who had—so it must have seemed to them—brought manna from the skies. And all the while he chattered.

"Virgin! I am larcener myself! I rush in that baking-shop. I say but 'Bread!' Alas! how Nardi look skeer! Only I clasp two loave'—the same as he! Aha, ha, ha!—and rush away! Well? If a gentarme had been to see, it would be all up with me. There is no explanatione. It is the skeer of violence without it is accomplish. And Fritzen! Aha, ha, ha! I think he pursue me now with troops!"

He went to the door, pretending to look.

"I do *not* go at the palace of justice now! Aha, ha, ha! I am bad, rascal myself!"

Each little stomach was filled presently.

"Oh!" cried the barber, with a sudden compunction, and once more darted forth.

When he returned he had, balanced skilfully in his hands, four pieces of brown paper, on each of which was piled something that, under more favorable circumstances and with more desirable constituents, would have been ice-cream.

"Milk-ball!" he cried. "Milk-ball for dessert, signorine!"

As they ate it he flung anathema at the vender of milk-balls:

"Va! It is bestia—the milk-ball man! He has offend me! He shall be deported from Italia Minora! Beast! To as' the pay when three are starve! There is not time! Can he not see there is not? And to announce 'Thief!' after me when I depart in haste away! Aha! Well, I *am* thief! I am grand rascal!"

Even this was now eaten, and no one



Half-tone plate engraved by A. Hayman

IN THE CHAIR OF JUDGMENT

had spoken a word but the happy barber. There would have been no opportunity. Now he said, with the baby happily asleep in his lap:

"Presently the name of my guests. Signorine, it is most impolite to be not introduce and to not speak with your host as you eat. The names!"

"Felice," said the eldest, with such brevity that one might have suspected her also of an intention to sleep, "is me—"

"Hah! Little Mother is better!" cried the delighted Martinos. "It is a little mother! And the next descending?"

"Issa," answered Felice for her, "and Litle—and the baby is Ricciotto—and Floris!"

The barber humorously leaped and looked about.

"What? Is one overlook? You speak five name—five name, but here only is four." He counted them carefully. "Resolve me this mystery! Aha, ha, ha!"

"Floriendi—Floris," said Felice, "is home sick. She will die. We must go back to her! I forgot!"

The little mother hastily slid out of the chair, this momentarily forgotten duty so strong upon her as to be remorse.

And instantly the savage barber's voice was small as the child's while he asked:

"Sick? Floris? Yes, come. Yet, wait—one moment! Virgin!—sick!"

Again he plunged forth, again committed larceny, again returned—with more of the sausages, another loaf of bread, and a *tumbler* full of the milk-ball man's product.

"Now!"

At last he locked the shop door with the key which had all the while been in his hand, and set forth in happy fury, through the snow of the streets, with the baby still asleep in one arm, Litle in the other, while Felice and Issa walked demurely at each side and carried the food. And I don't know who was the happier!

Felice had utterly forgotten the holes in her shoes, through which the snow had come when she travelled in the other direction, and the barber forgot that there had ever been a heinous crime to the disparagement of the domestic tranquillity of Little Italy.

"Via dolorosa!" in the Latin of the

Service (which he never missed). But no way had ever been more brief or happy than this to the bedside of sick Floris.

So that presently he said, in genuine surprise:

"What? Already arrive? Virgin! Direckly behind my shop! You are my neighbors! And I must love my neighbors as myself. Signorina, I do. Aha, ha, ha! Suffer little neighbors to come to Martinos! The beast! Who destroy them! Eat them all up! Shave their face! Cut their hair! Bleach it from ugly blue to lovely yellow! Aha, ha, ha!"

But it was well that the barber laughed then. He could not have done so in a moment more.

For they went up, up, up, to the top, and, then, you must excuse happy Martinos for weeping. There on a horrid bed lay the fairest flower of a maiden any one had ever seen! So frail she seemed that Felice's words appeared instantly true. She was to die. And her hair was not dark like the others, but fair, and her great eyes were blue as the sky. She was a little younger than Felice.

I must tell you that the great barber, with a heart even greater than his fame, knelt, like a mother, at the horrid bed and wept. But I cannot tell you—no one could—of the something that instantly passed from his heart to that of the little sick girl. So that the dear small face smiled up at him as if she were not afraid, and as if he were not a stranger. Indeed, it was said that the faces of children always smiled at him. But the tiny thin hands of Floris went out to him also. And no mother has ever taken her child's hands more gently than did this barber of Little Italy take those of pretty Floriendi—Floris.

"She is not ill," said he to himself, shutting his teeth tight at the fate which made such things to be, "she is only starve! Steal! Yes, the baker is correc'! Kill to save life! That I understand now. Kill the ugly life to save the beautiful life. Yes, that is right. So is it among even the beast of the field."

There was no time for the dainty food which the barber, as well as you and I, knew the child ought to have. But since he fed her the sausage in very small bits, and smiled and whispered, and even

sang to her as he did it, that humble food of street seemed quite ambrosial.

"There must be flowers for the flower to feed upon, and then the bees will come and kiss the blossoms. But to-morrow for that! To-day it is Fritzen's sausage! Aha, ha, ha! Yes, courage, dear little one! To-morrow and we shall eat flowers!"

All of which made the little sick girl laugh; and the others, seeing this, and knowing that it is birthright of children to laugh, came and clustered round and laughed too. So that into that room where the sun never shone the barber seemed to have brought it.

"'Tis laughter makes the sun shine: 'tis sorrow makes it rain'—so my mother say to me when I was not three feet long!" laughed the barber. "And so I now say to you, who are but three feet long, Floris, cara, mia!"

"Now it is time to explain," reminded the happy Martinos, presently. "Why is it that the dear, dear caravana come happily to the door of my shop of the Green Moon? Who inform you of it?"

But, at that, they all fell silent. Suddenly it seemed as if he had taken again all the sunshine he had brought.

"Where is the mother, lovely one?" he asked of Felice.

"Dead."

"Virgin!" whispered the barber, looking at the youngest. "How long ago?"

"Month," she added.

"And your father?"

Martinis was whispering now, and the ready tears were at his eyes.

"In prison."

"Virgin! Then his name! He shall be soon out. What a government is that will take so needful a father from so needful a family—no matter what the crime! The name! I, myself, will go at the palace of justice and get him for you. It is outrage upon the domestic tranquillity. And also the happy repute. The name! Have I not the pu-ull? Do we not vote aright? Aha! The name!"

Spoken like a dictator of not alone that city, but of the whole world, to the little children! The barber raped his fountain pen from his pocket to make the necessary record and cried again:

"Il nome!"

"Virvaso Piccioli," said Felice.

The pen dropped from the hand of the barber to the floor, while he stared distractedly from one small, terrified face to another. Presently he said, as if he but breathed it:

"Signorine, I have ruin—destroy you! I. I, who would die for you! It is I have riveted your parent's chain for ever and ever! Vergina, here is the punishment of vanity! Ah, vanity! Ah, vanity! Some hoard the vanity as other hoard the gold. I have not gold. No! Always is my rent not paid till gentarme come. But vanity! That I have sufficient to bu-urn! Bestia! Bestia!"

Those he had made so happy a moment before, now, at his self-abasement, huddled together away from him in fear.

"They told us to go to you. They called you the great barber. She said that you were kind—Libera Rosa Rocco. The kindest man in all the whole world."

"I am beast!" cried the barber, smiting himself savagely on the chest.

Then, seeing the terror this inspired, he said again:

"No, no. I am kind. Do not be skeer. I am kind all right, yes—but only animal call ass. I do not know what to do—for first time I am stump'."

He was stalking up and down, when he suddenly stopped, laughed, brought the sun back, and had them once more all about him, upon him, in a tight, thrilled audience.

"Oh, my children, I have a large thought. Thus it is my large thoughts come—in the distress. When I laugh and cry—that is the time for large thought. Not alone when I laugh. Then it cannot. Not alone when I cry. Then it is not easy. But when both! Ah, then!"

He was doing both now.

"Here is the great thought. I must undo myself. Also, I must be punish. Well? If a mediatore went? If I? And there is a better mediatore than me!"

"Who?" they all asked at once. This was hard to fancy.

"You!" he laughed. "All of you! Together! As you came at my shop! Yes! Excep' Signorina Floriendi. But *you* shall go at the palace of justice and other thing!"

"Us?" came four terrified little voices, once more.

"Precisely! Don't be skeer. First we will write. That is the way a royal meeting is arrange. The letter. Quickly! Can you write the English? No. Then I."

He had already recovered his fountain pen and was at work with his accustomed fury.

"*Eccellenza*:"

"It is true that for long time the domestic tranquillity has been here preserve, according to that Declaration of the Independence of Signor Washington. Yet, sometime, has it been broke beyond the wish of us and to the terrification of the peace of the city. For these we regret. But it is well known to us, *Eccellenza*, that the regret do not mend the fracture peace, nor establish once more that independence which lightens the world and we throw down. Moreover, it bring into evil repute that certain Piccioli whom you have there in chain. Concerning him, especially, these are written. Permit it to be known to your excellency—"

Here the great barber paused, and, with a tremendous flourish, read what he had written, to the awed little family.

"It is all correck English, signorine, each word, and, observe, the American spirit is preserve, according—"

But it occurred to him that the American spirit would not matter to these. Yet, it should be otherwise.

"Do you know, my little ones,—my piccoli fangiulli—that it was an Italian who found this great country? Amerigo Vespucci! Si!"

The letter again:

"So write that his majesty the mayore may be well dispose. Speak you those thing which happen to you, as children speak, and so I will put them down in the English which is as that I have written. Correck and also imposing. Thereby will his heart be weaken—il grandito sindaco!—la cor!—and subjeck to the grand mercy. Now proceed as if all were yours excep' the fountain pen."

"Sir," began the little girl, perspiring, but understanding the tremendous importance of it.

"No, no, *no*! *Eccellenza*! Another *eccellenza* is proper at this place. *Eccellenza*! On, on, my dear, dear child!"

Thus applauded, the little girl steadily pursued her duty—perhaps the most difficult of her small life. Fancy her dictating a letter! To the great barber! The magician who had brought the manna straight from the skies for them! And to be read by that sovereign of the city who held her dear father in chains—the grand sindaco! A plea for freedom!

"*Eccellenza*, if our father is still chain at your palace, send him home that we do not starve. Yesterday he go to get food at the baking place call La Panella Italiana and is pinch by gentarme. And our mother is dead soon ago. And Ricciotto is three month and yet eats only milk. And Floris is sick so that she die. And Litle is three years, and Issa is four, and I am twelve. My name is Felice. And all we were hungry until Signore—il barbiere—"

"Not a word! Not a word!" shouted the barber at her so that she was frightened. "Not a mention of the name—of the beast—who— No, no, no! That is my punishment. Also, it will ruin you—the small mention. See, I must erase three word. I am only animal call ass!"

"Now from the word hungry. Affamata! On!"

Again the little girl perspired on:

"So that, yesterday, my father went to that panella and got pinch, account we need the bread and have not the silver. We cannot come unto you, *Eccellenza*, for the baby cry. He will not stay with any one but me, and that barbe—"

"Stop! Stop! Now! On—on!"

Again the barber had to warn her.

"All night, sweet *Eccellenza*, we wait, wait, wait. He is not come. We are that sad and hungry. We do not sleep, only wait. And then, in the morning is come a gentarme and tell us he is pinch and at your palace in chain. Also then is our heart break. *Eccellenza*, he do that for *us* who are hungry so long. So, break off his chain and punish *us*. That will be correck. Also imposive."

The child was at the end of her resources. But the barber knew the value of vernacular.

"More! More!" he cried. "It convinces! It will have might to break the chain of the captive and set him free! More—more! It is better than ax!"

"*Eccellenza*," the child toiled on,

"thus we are tempted: It is three days we have not eaten. And I take the children out to look in windows. In that of Signor Fritzen, who maintain the delicatessen shop, is beautiful sausages—oh, very beautiful! In that of Signor Vespasiano are cakes that smell. Cakes with small fruits in the top. And as we look and smell we are starve more and more. Eccellenza, it is three days!"

Again the happy barber clamored for more. But the child had exhausted both the powers of her body and the contents of her mind. Yet he begged.

While he waited for her to think he found a tin cracker-box which had been the bright treasure of Issa, and made a fire of sticks in it at the side of the bed of Floris—whereat all laughed happily and never minded the choking smoke.

"Well?" he demanded of Felice.

"I have emptied my head," said the child, desperately.

"No, no, no! Bite my pen! So it is I woo the great thought—by the biting of the pen! Bite my beautiful fountain pen. Viva la penna à fontana!"

And though he thrust it recklessly into the rosebud of a mouth, nothing more came from the beleaguered little head.

"Well, then," concluded the barber, cheerfully, "it is sufficient. And we will finish it so: 'Permit me, most sweet Eccellenza, to remain your obliged, obediente, humble friend, Issa, Floris, Litle, Ricciotto, and Felice!' Aha, ha, ha! Now, then, know there is a thing call special delivery stamp. Well? One we put inside, on envelope address with the number of the great barber shop. On outside one to the mayore—aha, ha, ha!—and quick like lightning come back the answer: 'Your prayer is grant. Here is much money. Be happy ever after. Vergina bless you! Mayore of the city. Il grandito sindaco.' Virgin! Hah! I am also prophet!"

Now many things happened between the sending and the answering of the letter. Martinos said they were also for his penance. But, if so, it was the happiest of penances.

First was the shopping on the South street. There were shoes to be had, just a little worn—and stockings, some of

them with absolutely no darns; small petticoats, and a corset for Floris! (You know that the barber was not wise concerning ladies' clothing.) One young merchant—who said his name was Von Lichenstein—let them understand that the child of a millionaire in misfortune had worn a certain petticoat. It had a separate box, and was of pink flannel, embroidered in blue silk. And it smelled splendidly of camphor balls! Seventy cents! Yet the great barber not only took it, but paid seven cents extra for the box in which it was kept—then took out his fountain pen and wrote on the lid: "Floris. From her adorer, Martinos!"

Then to the shop of Pasquale Rezzio!

He had a ring for each one which he would guarantee to wear a year without turning black. But one of them—the one for thirty cents—had on it the figure of a heart in blue enamel, pierced through with an arrow of crimson. Again did the barber buy a box, and again did he write on it: "Floris. From her Martinos."

Now they came to a store where there were in the window wonderful overgarments—some of real Astrakhan, according to the placard.

When they emerged from the shop the barber would have shivered if he had not been so happy, but the little ones had never been so warm.

"Not too warm, my children. It is a cold country—a most co-old country until you get at the heart. Then it is more warm save one in all the world. Italy! Italy! But to-day! Could one be happier even in Italy? Not too warm, my beloved children!"

Next came the household utensils—about which the great barber had to descend to seek information from the little mother. And a cooking-stove, two coal-oil lamps, a can for the oil, sixteen yards of rag carpet, and a picture of Garibaldi in a cocked hat.

Then they went home and presently sat down to eat their own cooking.

"For my penance," the barber explained again,—“my penance to the dead mother and the chained father whom I have insult. And the punishment of the vanity—for being animal name ass!"

Lastly, with the help of the levatrice, they manufactured and sent a telegram,

at frightful expense, to the World's Fair concerning Piccioli's employment.

I do not know everything that letter did at the palace at the crossing of the streets. But I do know that on that very day yet, as swift as a special-delivery stamp could bring it, came an answer to the barber shop, whence it went, yet more swiftly, in the barber's own hands, to the little garret back of his shop.

Though it was addressed to the barber, of course he would not open it. He was far too polite a barber for that. And even when the little mother begged him to do it because she could not read, he first said,

"Then, by your leave, signorine!"—though he was quite mad to rip it open.

"His Honor the Mayor has sent me your letter," it said, "and, if all it says is true, you are a brave little girl, and deserve to have what you ask. But tricks are so often played upon judges that I must ask you to come here, to the city hall, where I may see and question you. You know, the letter is written in a grown-up hand, and the address is a barber shop. Besides, Officer Vincenzo tells me that you cannot write English at all. But I think if you will come here we shall understand each other, and something nice may happen.

"I am very sincerely yours,

GEORGE MADDEN, Magistrate."

Even before he had reached the signature, the barber was leaping from one end of the small room to the other—indeed, bumping his head furiously against the shingles before he was recalled to propriety.

"Aha, ha, ha! Was it not right to have the large thought—and a celebrated shop? How he detect me that it is I write! And my shop! Perhaps he have read on the Fourth of July, in *Il Vesuvio*? Aha! He is already free! Mourn no more, my children! Ragazzi cari, mourn not! Did I not tell you? Now go to sleep. There is no worshipful judge to-day no more. But to-morrow! Dormire, ragazzi!"

Well, do you think that any one but the baby slept in that garret on the wonderful night? And the hours dragged lead-

only, you may be sure, until ten—which the barber knew was the hour for the awakening of the judicial Juggernaut!

However, promptly at ten he arrived, crying, even before he reached them:

"Go, go, go! In haste go! What, not ready? I have been detain with the shave of a dead man. Now go! At once! Be the very early children!"

The frightened little girl begged him to go with them.

"No, no, no!" almost whined the barber. "I have no right to the glory. I covet it—Virgin! how I covet it! But I have no right. It is my penance! Yet it was a most great thought—was it not, my children? Never have I had a more greater thought. Go, go; the glory is yours. I will await here—in my penitence—I and my dear Floris."

As he dressed them in their old clothing they still needed urging.

"Beside, who will preserve the home in the absence? I. And the brave and very ill Floris! But go you and return all fill with the glory of the palace!"

They were now ready.

"Felice take the baby—yes—just as when the caravana came at my shop. And, here, hold the hand of Issa. Here of Litle. Now! Aha, ha, ha! Will not he that gives and receives justice rejoice in the beautiful caravana?"

Now, they had no more knowledge of where the palace of justice and other things was than they had of the whereabouts of the antarctic circle. And the barber did not tell them. This was part of his cunning plan.

"As'—as'—as'! Unto the poliziotto—the gentarme unto whomsoever you come—say, 'Our father is chain at the palace of justice and other thing. We go to break his chain that he may be free. Behold! Are we not most brave?' Then observe if *any* one turn unto you the chill shoulder! Aha! La reffredore di spella! Non! Aha!

"First, they will observe the ancient clothe'. Then is arrive in the heart pity. Aha! Second, they question you. Next, say that the sovereign of the city has sent for you and that you shall be guide unto him. Well, well, if they doubt—then show the letter. Alas! it is all done and there is nothing but the huuzas!"

Many people saw that little caravan as it frightenedly made its way through the snow from the Seventh street, along the street called Christian, to the Broad street, where lived the millionaires. And to many they repeated those sayings of the barber. To others they showed the letter, so that all the way there was an ovation for them. The windows were filled, and the doorways, and one told to another what it meant. And smile gave birth to smile, all along the poor and dirty street—for, curiously enough, the news of their progression preceded them. So that, presently, save here and there a tear, where some one was, like the barber, too filled with sentiment, the poor street was lit with one great smile.

Thus, at last, they came from the mean little street called Christian to the one called Broad, whose splendor they did not know was indeed that of the Broad Way, while in that they had come was the travail of the Narrow Way. Here they stood bewildered, and would have faltered before the magnificence had not Officer Vincenzo at once spoken to them.

After they told him those sayings of the barber and showed him the letter, he laughed, and took the baby from Felice, whom he perceived to be very tired, and, with her trembling little hand in his, led the whole procession along his beat, to the very gates of the city hall. There he gave them to another officer, who took them straight to the great magistrate—in a car which sailed up into the air many, many stories.

But, alas! before reaching the seat of justice, you must go back to understand all that cunning plan of Martinos' to have Floris up and dressed like a royal doll when they had returned. For she was no longer in the least ill. That is why he had not gone with them, I think.

So they made another trip down the South street, to a shop which sold everything, and where everything they sold was new. And here they bought a white dress for Floris—though it was the dead of winter!—with some silver spangles and other things (I am not wise in such matters either) on the waist—and white stockings and white kid slippers (remember all that) and a beautiful cheese-cloth comfortable for the horrid bed, a ribbon

for her hair and one for her neck—the one blue, the other pink, of course. This was the barber's color-scheme for her—white and blue and pink!

Besides, as they went along they chose a turkey.

"And Libera Rosa Rocco, she shall coo-ok it!" cried the happy barber. "In Rome she was once a beautiful co-ok!"

"And I will help. I can cook!" added Floris.

"What?" shouted the barber. "I do not believe it!"

But of course he did believe it.

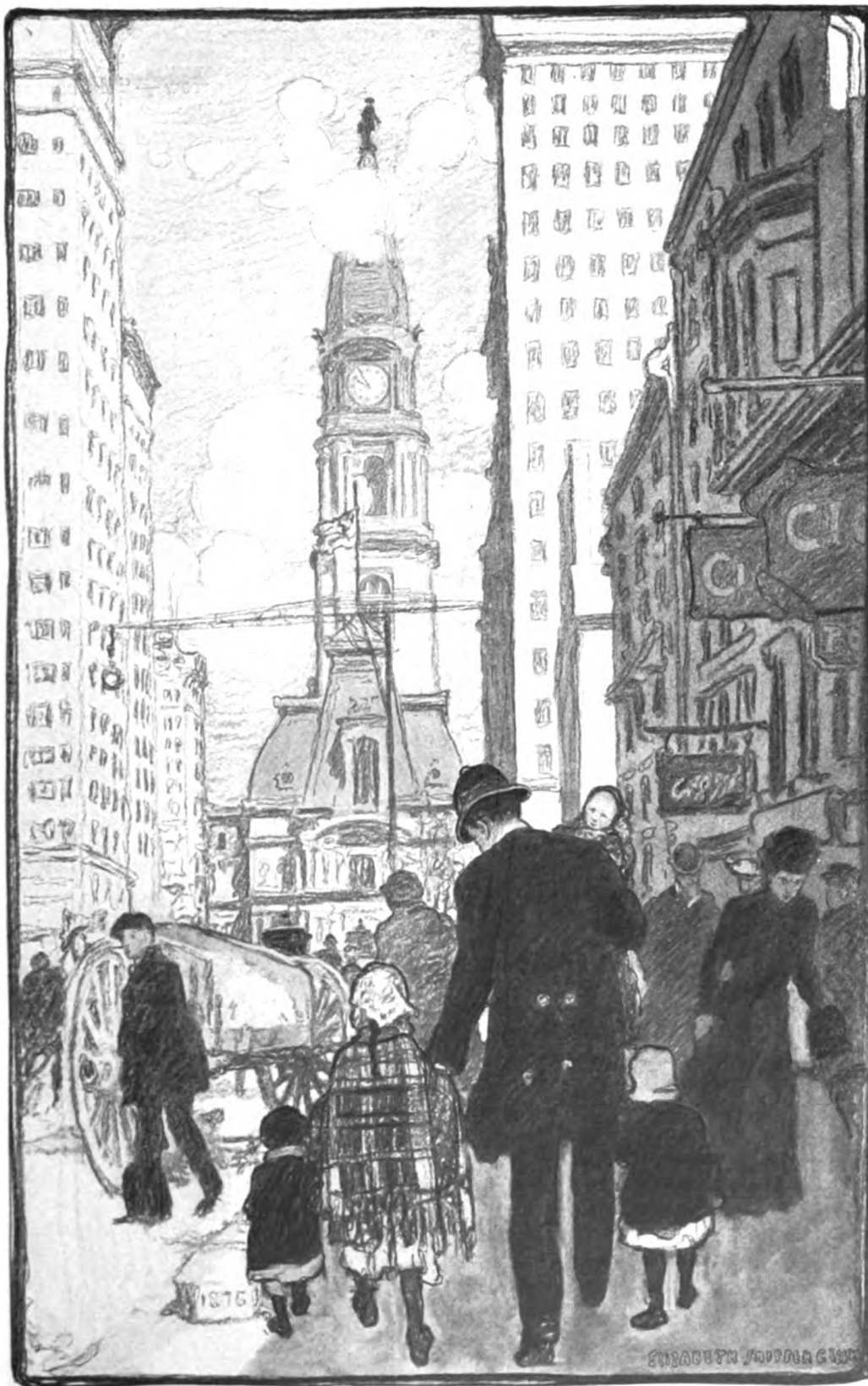
And before they reached home it snowed great flakes, through which they kicked their happy way, careless of cold and wet, knowing that these and many other ills were no longer to be feared in all this world!—for no other reason than that they were happy—very happy.

Now, quickly, back to the office of the great magistrate, where the caravan was just arriving (in the greatest fear of the whole progress), as you will remember, I hope.

The officer who guarded the door was about to turn them aside, when a grave, kindly voice, somewhere within, said:

"No, Savin. I am expecting some children to-day. They are late. I have waited for them." Then he must have seen them. For the voice addressed them: "Is that you, Felice? And Issa? And Ricciotto? And Litle? I have been waiting for you. How is Floris to day?"—though he pronounced them as the English do, and made a mess of it.

Try to fancy the effect of that upon the weary, frightened little caravan! To have been expected! To have been waited for! By this great man in this splendid palace—where they had already seen more wonders than in all their small lives before! And then to hear one's first name spoken in a big kind voice—all of their names! And, last and most, to have the great magistrate leave his seat behind the grim bench of justice and come forth and take them by the hand and lead them in, while he inquired about Floris. Oh, what a good, good country it was! And what beautiful, beautiful people! Do you wonder that the little mother broke down and cried? And that all the others cried with her?



Half-tone plate engraved by H. Leiaroth

OFFICER VINCENZO LED THE WHOLE PROCESSION ALONG HIS BEAT

And that the great magistrate was so flustered that he could only say:

"There, there! Don't cry; I can't stand that. It will be all right. Do you hear? It will be all right. I will let him go."

And when they came inside, there was the baker with his fat all aquiver—come, hurrying desperately at the command of the magistrate, to withdraw the charge against Piccioli—if his interview with the children should prove satisfactory. And it did—certainly it did! For the little mother told to the magistrate, as if she were before some great court sitting in banc, the simple story of their loneliness since the mother had gone to the undiscovered country, and the father to the prison, and then of the illness and the hunger, and, quite last, of the sleepless waiting through the nights. So that Baldi, the interpreter, had to blow his nose furiously to keep his eyes from crying.

And it makes me very happy to relate that this small magistrate—who had yet been inscrutably intrusted with power over human liberty—was both gentle and just, and that he stopped them when his own voice began to grow husky, and said to those who stood curiously by,

"Boys, it is a true bill."

And when they said nothing, he asked, "Isn't it?"

The only way they answered was to, one after another, fish out of their pockets such moneys as each could spare, and pass them to the good magistrate, whence they would find their way, much augmented, to the place where they would do the most good.

"To steal," said the baker, in the fashion of Martinos, whom he envied his gift of epigram, "is not to be thief—always. Signore," he cried as he left the court, more defiant than ever (so that it would have been unfortunate if he and the great barber had met just then),—"Signore, of justice I give him the bread. He do not steal. Of this I make the adjuration. And I pray your excellency that it may be written down where is the steal, so that forever hereafter he may not go down to pos-ter-ity as thief!"

He would have gone on, but the magistrate announced, with a smile, as he finished writing in the great book before him:

"The complaint is dismissed, Nardi. You may go. Thank you."

"Signore—Eccellenza"—it was the baker's Parthian arrow—"il barbiere himself steal from me—two loave'—and from Fritzen sausages—and ice-ball—for the same purpose—the—starve! Ha, ha!"

The magistrate laughed too.

Well, not to be too long, they were presently huddled into a carriage, with the judge, and for a long time they drove and chattered, and even laughed, on their way to the prison. And this great judge, who might snap shut the doors of the prison upon one as easily as one could wink, whom, indeed, the babies supposed could condemn one to death, was the very jolliest of men—quite as jolly as their father when he had work.

Then, at last, the tremendous frowning gates of the prison were before them. And they would have been dreadfully frightened had it not been for the smile of the judge. But they knew, in that language which needs no words, that men do not smile when they are taking little children into peril.

"Bill," said the magistrate to the warden, as he handed him a paper, "here is a discharge for Piccioli, who was sent up yesterday. But I want it to be handed to him by these children. They are his. He did not steal the bread. The prosecutor came before me and swore so."

Well, the grim warden knew that this was a little irregular. But he too was looking down upon the little caravan—into the great, wondering, piteous foreign eyes—reading in their very muteness all those things which wardens learn so unerringly to read. And so he nodded, and taking the paper, led the children away.

A happy thought came to the magistrate just then.

"Bill," he whispered, "let them do it all themselves!"

Again the warden hesitated a moment, and then went forward, saying,

"Well, I guess it's all right, Jim, or you wouldn't have come yourself."

"It is all right," said Jim. "The rightest thing we ever did!"

So it was that a repentant sinner, sitting with his shamed face in his hands,



Half-tone plate engraved by Frank E. Pettit

"THERE, THERE! DON'T CRY," SAID THE MAGISTRATE

looked up with a great thrill as a joyous chorus of little voices spoke his name.

They tried to tell him, presently, when the sobbing had given way to smiles, that he was to come home with them—that there was to be no more hunger—that some tremendous power had set them all free. But he did not understand. No one was there but his little happy children—no savage turnkey with his keys and arms, no guards, and the door stood open. How *could* he understand? Have prison doors ever before been so opened?

They led him out and on and on, the way they had come. On, on, until they stood without the walls, once more in the beautiful free world! And the gates were behind, the sun above! Even there stood a coachman with the open door of a carriage in his hand and a smile on his face.

Before the carriage could drive off, the magistrate put his hand through the window, and said:

"Piccioli, I know that this will be the last time I shall ever have occasion to punish you. Be brave. A brave man under misfortune has friends always. See how the courage of these children has worked a miracle! A prison door is easy to close and hard to open. God bless you and them!"

Of which Piccioli understood nothing but the grasp of the hand with which it ended.

When the carriage, straight from fairyland to the land of heart's desire, discharged its load in Alaska Street, there was the feast, spread and ready to eat, while, in such regal array that they had to look twice before they were certain it was she, sat Floris at the head of the table. The royal doll of Little Italy! The barber had schooled her to her part. But she could maintain it only an instant, when she, too, flew upon her father, with flaming pink spots in her cheeks, and sobbed quite as she would have done had she not been dressed up and been only Floris. But, of course, she showed him the dress with the spangles, and the ribbons at neck and hair, the pink petticoat with blue silk embroidery, and the white stockings and shoes—directly. And—

"You!" cried Martinos, when his opportunity came to get at Piccioli—

for no other reason than that he looked less like the malefactor he had described so savagely in his shop than any human being he had ever seen. "Why, you are young—and handsome—and humble—and distressed—and innocent! Signore, I have harm you. Observe, I make the grand amande! Observe, all!" Whereupon he kissed him on the cheek.

"Also, I extend to you the right hand of fellowship and hope you will be so gracious as to take it."

Well, do you imagine for a moment that Piccioli did not?

He further exhibited a telegram from the commissioner of the World's Fair which guaranteed Piccioli work the moment he should arrive.

"But you shall not go, fratello mio! You shall stay in our Italia Minora! We are brothers!"

Think of that!

However, when Signor Martinos said a thing it was known to be as good as done.

Then, in a happy tumult, they sat down to eat.

But they halted a moment while the great barber made a speech—with the tears flowing down his face.

"My dear, dear children! Most sweet signorine!" And then he solemnly bowed his head. "Beautiful dead mother! Recovered father! I have harm you beyond belief. I have been beast, rascal, when Heaven demand that I shall be friend and comforter. I have condemn you, signore, for stealing once. Yet I have steal five time—and for the same good purpose. Hence I am become five time more larcener than you, which, in my pride, I consign to the chain forever. Have I made the grand amande? Il grandito amande, signorine? Is the penance of Signor Martinos now sufficient? Am I enough humble? Have I, more than you, break the peace? Fracture the domestic tranquillity? Am I of reproach full measure?"

Well, when they were through with him, they had left him no more doubt of all this—even his own personal disgrace, since he would have it so—than I leave you.

Martinis was celebrated for overdoing things. You can see that he was. And he

maintained his reputation in this happy penance.

"Sometime one is mistake," he said in his shop that afternoon when the siesta hour had brought thither a goodly company. "Moreover, sometime one is beast. Also, there is great mistake and small mistake. Likewise there is large beast and little beast. I—I, your barber, have made the great mistake, and am also large beast. Not alone this, signori. I have led you in my same evil pathway. You are all mistake—all beast. Yet, not *great* mistake—not *large* beast—you. That is for me. Sometime mistake cannot be fix, and beast got stay beast. But I have that happiness to inform you, sweet signori, that, through vast penance, this mistake have been completely repair, and that no one need remain beast."

Whereupon he told them all, saving himself in nothing but the full measure of his penitence. He ended thus:

"Now, to be beast or not to be beast! I will perambulate the hat. I shall not look. All us like beast have gone astray. Let him who has been beast return unto the fold, and give according to how much mistake he has been—how large beast—unto the injured little ones—the insulted father—the beautiful dead mother—else forever hereafter hold his peace, and stay beast and stay mistake! To the end that to-night shall be a party at Signor Carazin theatre of marionettes, and, afterward, eating at the Albergo e Trattoria of Signor Riccio in the honor. Success to the successful, sweet signori!"

The hat was duly passed. It was heavy when it started. And I am ashamed to tell you how heavy it was when it returned to the barber. Certainly there was enough for many theatre parties at the marionettes.

There were tears in the eyes of the sentimental barber when he saw all this munificence.

"Virgin!" he cried. "How the grand pity enlarge the soul till it bust out and 'most kill one! One-tenth of this—one-hundredth—one-thousandth—I did not expect. Now what shall be done with it?—what, dear, dear, dear signori?"

Some one suggested that it be put in the bank. Another, who knew arithmetic, rapidly calculated that when Floris was ready to be married she would be very, very rich—if it were left to grow. So, with one accord, that course was determined.

And then and there they arranged precisely the sort of festival they would make of that event, forgetting that then they would all be old men!

And all of those other things happened, quite as had been planned by the barber first, and last by all of Little Italy.

I wish I might stop to tell you about it, especially the theatre and the feast afterward. But I think that Floris wore the white dress with the silver spangles, and perhaps the pale pink petticoat with the blue silk embroideries, and the white shoes and stockings, and the hair and neck ribbons, and, certainly, her ring with the blue enamel heart transfixed by the crimson arrow.

The Hollow Years

BY ROBERT LOVEMAN

OUR follies and our weaknesses
Creep from the past to vex our eyes,
They taunt us, haunt us, flaunt us,
With their mocking memories.

Out of the hollow years they come,
Old serpent ghosts of wrongs we wrought,
Writhing in pain within the brain,
Coiling themselves about our thought.



THE "STRATHCONA" AT ANCHOR IN INDIAN HARBOR

Grenfell of the Medical Mission

BY NORMAN DUNCAN

NOT many years ago, in the remoter parts of Newfoundland and on the long, bleak coast of Labrador there were no doctors. The folk depended for healing upon traditional cures, upon old women who worked charms, upon remedies ingeniously devised to meet the need of the moment, upon deluded persons who prescribed medicines of the most curious description, upon a rough-and-ready surgery of their own, in which the implements of the kitchen and of the splitting-stage served a useful purpose. For example, there was a misled old fellow who set himself up as a healer in a lonely cove of the Newfoundland coast, where he lived a hermit, verily believing, it may be, in the glory of his call and in the blessed efficacy of his ministrations; his cure for consumption—it was a tragic failure, in one case, at least—was a powdered bull's heart. Elsewhere there was a man, stricken with a mortal ailment, who, upon the recommendation of a kindly neighbor, regularly dosed himself with an ill-

flavored liquid obtained by boiling old pulley-blocks in water. There was also a father who most hopefully attempted to cure his lad of diphtheria by wrapping his throat with a split herring; but, unhappily, as he has said, "the wee feller choked hisself t' death," notwithstanding. There was another father—a man of grim, heroic disposition—whose little daughter chanced to freeze her feet to the very bone in midwinter; when he perceived that a surgical operation could no longer be delayed, he cut them off with an axe. Everywhere, indeed, there was need of a physician of good heart and some skill to stop the waste of power and life. Death and pain were wanton on those coasts.

It must be said, however, that the Newfoundland government did provide a physician—of a sort. Every summer he was sent north with the mail-boat, which made not more than six trips, touching here and there at long intervals, and, of a hard season, failing altogether to reach the farthest ports. While the boat wait-

ed—an hour, or a half, as might be—the doctor went ashore to cure the sick, if he chanced to be in the humor; otherwise the folk brought the sick aboard, where they were painstakingly treated or not, as the doctor's humor went. The government seemed never to inquire too minutely into the qualifications and character of its appointee. The incumbent for many years—the folk thank God that he is dead—was an inefficient, ill-tempered, cruel man; if not the very man himself, he was of a kind with the Newfoundland physician who ran a flag of warning to his masthead when he set out to get very drunk.

The mail-boat dropped anchor one night in a far-away harbor of the Labrador, where there was desperate need of a doctor to ease a man's pain. They had waited a long time, patiently, day after day, I am told; and when at last the mail-boat came, the man's skipper put out in glad haste to fetch the government physician.

"He've turned in," they told him aboard.

What did *that* matter? The skipper roused the doctor.

"We've a sick man ashore, zur," said he, "an' he wants you t' come—"

"What!" roared the doctor. "Think I'm going to turn out this time of night?"

"Sure, zur," stammered the astounded skipper, "I—I—s'pose so. He's very sick, zur. He's coughin'—"

"Let him cough himself to death!" said the doctor.

Turn out? Not he! Rather, he turned over in his warm berth. It is to be assumed that the sick man died in pain; it is to be assumed, too, that the physician continued a tranquil slumber, for the experience was not exceptional.

"Let 'em die!" he had said more than once.

The government had provided for the transportation of sick fishermen from the Labrador coast to their homes in Newfoundland. It needed only the doctor's word to get the boon. Once a fisherman brought his consumptive son aboard—a young lad, with but a few weeks of life left. The boy wanted his mother, who was at home in Newfoundland.

"Ay, he's fair *sick* for his mother," said the father to the doctor. "I'm ask-

in' you, zur, t' take un home on the mail-boat."

The doctor was in a perverse mood that day. He would not take the boy.



DR. WILFRED T. GRENFELL

"Sure, zur," said the fisherman, "the schooner's not goin' 'til fall, an' I've no money, an' the lad's dyin'."

But still the doctor would not.

"I'm thinkin', zur," said the fisher-

man, steadily, "that you're not quite knowin' that the lad wants t' see his mother afore he dies."

The doctor laughed.

"We'll have a laugh at *you*," cried the indignant fisherman, "when *you* comes t' die!"

Then he cursed the doctor most heartily and took his son ashore. He was right—they did have a laugh at the doctor; the whole coast might have laughed when he came to die. Being drunk on a stormy night, he fell down the companion and broke his neck. There is a better doctor on the mail-boat nowadays—a kind man, whom the people trust.

While the poor "liveyeres" and Newfoundland fishermen thus depended upon the mail-boat doctor and their own strange inventions for relief, there was a well-born, Oxford-bred young Englishman of the name of Wilfred Grenfell walking the London hospitals. He was athletic, adventurous, dogged, unsentimental, merry, kind; moreover—and most happily—he was used to the sea, and he loved it. It chanced one night that he strayed into the Tabernacle in East Lon-

don, where D. L. Moody, the American evangelist, was preaching. When he came out he had resolved to make his religion "practical." There was nothing violent in this—no fevered, ill-judged determination to martyr himself at all costs. It was a quiet resolve to make the best of his life—which he would have done at any rate, I think, for he was a young man of good breeding and the finest impulses. At once he cast about for "some way in which he could satisfy the aspirations of a young medical man, and combine with this a desire for adventure and definite Christian work."

I had never before met a missionary of that frank type. "Why," I exclaimed to him, off the coast of Labrador, not long ago, "you seem to *like* this sort of life!"

We were aboard the mission steamer, bound north under full steam and all sail. He had been in feverish haste to reach the northern harbors, where, as he knew, the sick were watching for his coming. The fair wind, the rush of the little steamer on her way, pleased him.

"Oh," said he, somewhat impatiently, "*I'm* not a martyr."

So he found what he sought. After



THE CREW OF THE MEDICAL MISSION SHIP "STRATHCONA"



THE "JULIA SHERIDAN" IN WINTER QUARTERS

applying certain revolutionary ideas to Sunday-school work in the London slums, in which a horizontal bar and a set of boxing-gloves for a time held equal place with the Bible and the hymn-book, he joined the staff of the Royal National Mission to Deep-sea Fishermen, and established the medical mission to the fishermen of the North Sea. When that work was organized—when the fight was gone out of it—he sought a harder task; he is of that type, then extraordinary but now familiar, which finds no delight where there is no difficulty. In the spring of 1892 he set sail from Great Yarmouth Harbor for Labrador in a ninety-ton schooner. Since then, in the face of hardship, peril, and prejudice, he has, with a light heart and strong purpose, healed the sick, preached the Word, clothed the naked, fed the starving, given shelter to them that had no roof, championed the wronged—in all, devotedly fought evil, poverty, oppression, and disease; for he is bitterly intolerant of those things.

"It's been jolly good fun," says he.

There is now a mission hospital at St. Anthony, near the extreme northeast point of the Newfoundland coast. There is another, well equipped and commodious, at Battle Harbor—a rocky island lying out from the Labrador coast near the Strait of Belle Isle—which is open the year round; it is in charge of Dr. Cluny McPherson, a courageous young physician, Newfoundland-born, who goes six hundred miles up the coast by dog-team in the dead of winter, finding shelter where he may, curing whom he can—everywhere seeking out those who need him, caring not a whit, it appears, for the peril and hardship of the long white road. There is a third at Indian Harbor, half-way up the coast, which is open through the fishing season. It is conducted with the care and precision of a London hospital—admirably kept, well-ordered, efficient. The physician in charge is Dr. George H. Simpson—a wiry, keen, brave little Englishman, who goes about in an open boat, whatever the

distance, whatever the weather; he is a man of splendid courage and sympathy: the fishing-folk love him for his kind heart and for the courage with which he responds to their every call.

"I wishes that poor man had one o' they launches," said a fisherman, as he watched the doctor put out in a punt when half a gale was blowing. "The Lord ought t' send un one."

There is also the little hospital steamer *Strathcona*, in which Dr. Grenfell makes the round of all the coast, from the time of the break-up until the fall gales have driven the fishing-schooners home to harbor.

When Dr. Grenfell first appeared on the coast, I am told, the folk thought him a madman of some benign description. He knew nothing of the reefs, the tides, the currents, cared nothing, apparently, for the winds; he sailed with the confidence and reckless courage of a Labrador skipper. Fearing at times to trust his schooner in unknown waters, he went about in a whaleboat, and so hard did he drive her that he wore her out in a single season. She was capsize with all hands, once driven out to sea, many times nearly swamped, once blown on the rocks; never before was a boat put to such tasks on that coast, and at the end of it she was wrecked beyond repair. Next season he appeared with a little steam-launch, the *Princess May*—her beam was eight feet!—in which he not only journeyed from St. John's to Labrador, to the astonishment of the whole colony, but sailed the length of that bitter coast, passing into the Gulf and safely out again, and pushing to the very farthest settlements in the north. Late in the fall, upon the return journey to St. John's in stormy weather, she was reported lost, and many a skipper, I suppose, wondered that she had lived so long; but she weathered a gale that bothered the mail-boat, and triumphantly made St. John's, after as adventurous a voyage, no doubt, as ever a boat of her measure survived.

"Sure," said a skipper, "I don't know how she done it. The Lord," he added, piously, "must kape an eye on that man."

There is a new proverb on the coast.

The folk say, when a great wind blows, "This 'll bring Grenfell!" Often it does. He is impatient of delay, fretted by inaction; a gale is the wind for him—a wind to take him swiftly toward the place ahead. Had he been a weakling, he would long ago have died on the coast; had he been a coward, a multitude of terrors would long ago have driven him to a life ashore; had he been anything but a true man and tender, indeed, he would long ago have retreated under the suspicion and laughter of the folk. But he has outsailed the Labrador skippers—outdared them—done deeds of courage under their very eyes that they would shiver to contemplate,—never in a foolhardy spirit; always with the object of kindly service. So he has the heart and willing hand of every honest man on the Labrador—and of none more than of the men of his crew, who take the chances with him; they are wholly devoted.

His engineer, for example—I may not say, of course, the engineer of the last cruise—once developed the unhappy habit of knocking the cook down.

"You must keep your temper," said the doctor. "This won't do, you know."

But there came an unfortunate day when, being out of temper, the engineer again knocked the cook down.

"This is positively disgraceful!" said the doctor. "I can't keep a quarrelsome fellow aboard the mission ship. Remember that, if you will, when next you feel tempted to strike the cook."

The engineer protested that he would never again lay hands on the cook, whatever the provocation. But again he lost his temper, and down went the poor cook, flat on his back.

"I'll discharge you," said the doctor, angrily, "at the end of the cruise!"

The engineer pleaded for another chance. He was denied. From day to day he renewed his plea, but to no purpose, and at last the crew came to the conclusion that something really ought to be done for the engineer, who was visibly fretting himself thin.

"Very well," said the doctor to the engineer; "I'll make this agreement with you. If ever again you knock down the cook, I'll put you ashore at the first land we come to, and you may get back to St. John's as best you can."

It was a hard alternative. The doctor is not a man to give or take when the bargain has been struck; the engineer knew that he would surely go ashore somewhere on that desolate coast, whether the land was a barren island or a frequented harbor, if ever again the cook tempted him beyond endurance.

"I'll stand by it, sir," he said, nevertheless; "for I don't want to leave you."

In the course of time the *Princess May* was wrecked or worn out. Then came the *Julia Sheridan*, thirty-five feet long, which the mission doctor bought while she yet lay under water from her last wreck; he raised her, refitted her with what money he had, and pursued his venturesome and beneficent career, until she, too, got beyond so hard a service. Many a gale she weathered, off "the worst coast in the world"—often, indeed, in thick, wild weather, the doctor himself thought the little craft would go down; but she is now happily superannuated, carrying the mail in the quieter waters of Hamilton Inlet. Next came the *Sir Donald*—a stout ship, which in turn disappeared. The *Strathcona*, with a hospital amidships, is now doing duty; and she will continue to go up and down the coast, in and out of the inlets, until she in her turn finds the ice and the wind and the rocks too much for her.

"'Tis bound t' come, soon or late,"

said a cautious friend of the mission. "He drives her too hard. He've a right t' do what he likes with his own life, I s'pose, but he've a call t' remember that the crew has folks t' home."



THE MISSION DOCTOR ON SHORE

But the mission doctor is not inconsiderate; he is in a hurry—the coast is long, the season short, the need such as to wring a man's heart. Every new day holds an opportunity for doing a good deed—not if he dawdles in the harbors when a gale is abroad, but only if he passes swiftly from place to place, with a brave heart meeting the dangers as they come. He is the only doctor to visit the Labrador shore of the Gulf, the Straits shore of Newfoundland, the populous east coast of the northern peninsula of Newfoundland, the only doctor known to the Esquimaux and poor



MILL HOUSE, WHERE THE VERY POOR ARE GIVEN WORK

"liveyeres" of the northern coast of Labrador, the only doctor most of the "liveyeres" and green-fish catchers of the middle coast can reach, save the hospital physician at Indian Harbor. He has a round of three thousand miles to make. It is no wonder that he "drives" the little steamer—even at full steam, with all sail spread (as I have known him to do), when the fog is thick and the sea is spread with great bergs.

"I'm in a hurry," he said, with an impatient sigh. "The season's late. We must get along."

We fell in with him at Red Ray in the Straits, in the thick of a heavy gale from the northeast. The wind had blown for two days; the sea was running high, and still fast rising; the schooners were huddled in the harbors, with all anchors out, many of them hanging on for dear life, though they lay in shelter. The sturdy little coastal boat, with four times the strength of the *Strathcona*, had made hard work of it that day—there was a time when she but held her own off a lee shore in the teeth of the big wind.

It was drawing on toward night when the doctor came aboard for a surgeon

from Boston, for whom he had been waiting.

"I see you've steam up," said the captain of the coastal boat. "I hope you're not going out in *this*, doctor!"

"I have some patients at the Battle Harbor Hospital, waiting for our good friend from Boston," said the doctor, briskly. "I'm in a hurry. Oh yes, I'm going out!"

"For God's sake, don't!" said the captain, earnestly.

The doctor's eye chanced to fall on the gentleman from Boston, who was bending over his bag—a fine, fearless fellow, whom the prospect of putting out in that chip of a steamer would not have perturbed, though the doctor may then not have known it. At any rate, as though bethinking himself of something half forgotten, he changed his mind of a sudden.

"Oh, very well," he said. "I'll wait until the gale blows out."

He managed to wait a day—no longer; and the wind was still wild, the sea higher than ever; there was ice in the road, and the fog was dense. Then out he went into the thick of it. He bumped an iceberg, scraped a rock, fairly smoth-

ered the steamer with broken water; and at midnight—the most marvellous feat of all—he crept into Battle Harbor through a narrow, difficult passage, and dropped anchor off the mission wharf.

Doubtless he enjoyed the experience while it lasted—and promptly forgot it, as being commonplace. I have heard of him, caught in the night in a winter's gale of wind and snow, threading a tumultuous, reef-strewn sea, his skipper at the wheel, himself on the bowsprit, guiding the ship by the flash and roar of breakers, while the sea tumbled over him. If the chance passenger who told me the story is to be believed, upon that trying occasion the doctor had the "time of his life."

"All that man wanted," I told the doctor subsequently, "was, as he says, 'to bore a hole in the bottom of the ship and crawl out.'"

"Why!" exclaimed the doctor, with a laugh of surprise. "He wasn't *frightened*, was he?"

Fear of the sea is quite incomprehensible to this man. The passenger was very much frightened; he vowed never to sail with "that devil" again. But the doctor is very far from being a dare-devil; though he is, to be sure, a man altogether unafraid; it seems to me that his heart can never have known the throb of fear. Perhaps that is in part because he has a blessed lack of imagination, in part, perhaps, because he has a body as sound as ever God gave to a man, and has used it as a man should; but it is chiefly because of his simple and splendid faith that he is an instrument in God's hands—God's to do with as He will, as he would say. His faith is exceptional, I am sure—childlike, steady, overmastering, and withal, if I may so characterize it, healthy. It takes something such as the faith he has to move a man to run a little steamer at full speed in the fog when there is ice on every hand. It is hardly credible, but quite true, and short of the truth: neither wind nor ice nor fog, nor all combined, can keep the *Strathcona* in harbor when there comes a call for help from beyond. The doctor clammers cheerfully out on the bowsprit and keeps both eyes open. "As the Lord wills," says he, "whether for wreck or service. I am about His business."

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It is a sublime expression of the old faith.

The toil is accepted, the dangers run, for a poor, neglected folk. I copy from a report on the condition of the people: "Two families here quite destitute. There was neither tea, molasses, nor flour in either house,* and their clothing was literally dropping to pieces. . . . The children were pale and bloodless. . . . The mother told me, 'Even the berries will be covered deep in snow soon, and then we have only starvation to look to.' They had no flour to face the winter, and no means of obtaining any. . . . Both men showed me their powder-horns and shot-bags empty, or nearly so." Again: "Family of seven children, very poor and ill-clad; very poor supply of food, miserable hut, no nets. The lay reader found three inches of snow blow in and remain on the floor of the only room one night in winter he slept there. He found one counterpane and a pair of man's trousers almost all the clothing the children had, including the eldest, a girl of fourteen. These had to stay indoors, of course, all winter." Again: "Wife and two undergrown boys; father has consumption. All very badly clothed; not a single flannel garment among them. No blankets; bedclothes in rags. . . . They had only one barrel of flour and two pounds of tea for the 'winter's diet.' . . . Nothing but three pounds of biscuit left." In each of these cases the mission doctor arrived in the nick of time to give relief.

"I have almost forgotten how to preach," said the doctor. "First of all, I want to heal these people, then help them to feed and clothe themselves. It's time enough to preach when their stomachs are full."

Charity is not indiscriminately distributed, however. When a man can cut wood for the steamer or hospitals in return for the food he is given, he is required to do so; but the unhappy truth is that a man can cut very little wood "on a winter's diet" exclusively of flour. "You gets weak all of a sudden, zur," one expressed it to me. In his effort to "help the people help themselves" the doctor has established cooperative stores

* The Labrador "liveyere" asks for nothing more than tea, molasses, and flour.

and various small industries. The result has been twofold: the regeneration of several communities, and an outbreak of hatred and dishonest abuse on the part of the traders, who have too long fattened on the isolation and miseries of the people. The cooperative stores, I believe, are thriving, and the small industries promise well. The mission is at once the hope and comfort of the coast. The man on the *Strathcona* is the only man, in all the long history of that wretched land, to offer a helping hand to the whole people from year to year without ill temper and without hope of gain. For that very reason they mistrusted him at first, but they know him now, and they love him as they love God.

Their faith is implicit—not only in his willingness to make haste to their help, but in his resources. Wrote one: "Reverance dr. Grandfell. Dear sir we are expecting you up and we would like for you to come so quick as you can for my daughter is very sick with a very large sore under her left arm we emen-angin that the old is two enches deep and tow enches wide plase com as quick as you can to save life I remains yours truly." Another, a Noddey Bay man, wrote: "Doctor plase I whant to see you. Doeher sir have you got a leg if you have Will you please send him Down Praps he may fet and you would oblige."

There is much, however, that the mission doctor cannot do—delicate operations, for which the more skilled hand of a specialist is needed. For a time, last season, Dr. Rufus Kingman, of Boston, the first of many, it is hoped, cruised on the *Strathcona* and most generously operated at Battle Harbor. The mission gathered the patients to the hospital from far and near before the surgeon arrived. Folk who had looked forward in dread to a painful death, fast approaching, were of a sudden promised life. There was a man coming, they were told, above the skill of the mission surgeons, who could surely cure them. The deed was as good as the promise: many operations were performed; all the sick who came for healing were healed; the hope of not one was disappointed. Folk who had suffered years of pain were restored. Never had such a thing been known on the Labrador. Men marvelled. The surgeon was

like a man raising the dead. But there was a woman who is now, perhaps, dead; she lacked the courage. Day after day for two weeks she waited for the Boston surgeon; but when he came she fled in terror of the knife. Her ailment was mortal in that land; but she might easily have been cured; and she fled home when she knew that the healer had come. No doubt her children now know what it is to want a mother.

Dr. Grenfell will let no man oppress his people when his arm is strong enough to champion them. There was once a rich man—a man of influence and wide acquaintance at St. John's—whose business was in a remote harbor of Newfoundland. He did a great wrong for the third time; and when the news of it came to the ears of the mission doctor, the anchor of the *Strathcona* came up in a hurry, and off she steamed to that place.

"Now," said the doctor to this man, "you must make what amends you can, and you must confess your sin."

The man laughed aloud. It seemed to him, no doubt, a joke that the mission doctor should interfere in the affairs of one so rich who knew the politicians at St. John's. But the mission doctor was also a magistrate.

"I say," said he, deliberately, "that you must pay one thousand dollars and confess your sin."

The man cursed the doctor with great laughter, and dared him to do his worst. The joke still had point.

"I warn you," said the doctor, "that I will arrest you if you do not do precisely as I say."

The man pointed out to the doctor that his magisterial district lay elsewhere, and again defied him.

"Very true," said the doctor; "but I warn you that I have a crew quite capable of taking you into it."

The joke was losing its point. But the man blustered that he, too, had a crew.

"You must make sure," said the doctor, "that they love you well enough to fight for you. On Sunday evening," he continued, "you will appear at the church at seven o'clock and confess your sin before the congregation; and on Monday you will pay the money as I have said."

"I'll see you in h—ll first!" replied the man, defiantly.

At the morning service the doctor announced that a sinful man would confess his sin before them all that night. There was great excitement. Other men might be prevailed upon to make so humiliating a confession, the folk said, but not this one—not this rich man, whom they hated and feared, because he had so long pitilessly oppressed them. So they were not surprised when at the evening service the sinful man did not show his face.

"Will you please to keep your seats," said the doctor, "while I go fetch that man."

He found the man at a brother's house, on his knees in prayer, with all the family. They were praying fervently, it is said; but whether or not that the heart of the doctor might be softened I do not know.

"Prayer," said the doctor, "is a good thing in its place, but it doesn't 'go' here. Come with me."

The man meekly went with the doctor; he was led up the aisle of the church, was placed where all the people could see him; and then he was asked many questions, after the doctor had described the great sin of which he was guilty.

"Did you do this thing?"

"I did," answered the poor wretch.

"You are an evil man, of whom the people should beware?"

"I am."

"You deserve the punishment of man and God?"

"I do."

There was much more, and at the end of it all the doctor told the man that the good God would forgive him if he should ask in true faith and repentance, but that the people, being human, could not. For a whole year, he charged the people, they must not speak to that man; but if at the end of that time he had shown an honest disposition to mend his ways, they might take him to their hearts.

The end of the story is that the man paid the money and fled the place.

This relentless judge, on a stormy day of last July, carried many bundles ashore at Cartwright, in Sandwich Bay of the Labrador. The wife of the Hudson Bay Company's agent exclaimed with delight when she opened them. They were

Christmas gifts from the children of the "States" to the lads and little maids of that coast. With almost all there came a little letter addressed to the unknown child who was to receive the toy; they were filled with loving words—with good wishes, coming in childish sincerity from the warm little hearts. The doctor never forgets the Christmas gifts. He is the St. Nicholas of that coast. If he ever weeps at all, I should think it would be when he hears that despite his care some child has been neglected. The wife of the agent stowed away the gifts against the time to come. As I write, she and all the other good women to whom similar bundles went will be planning their distribution; and she will be happy, and all the other good women will be happy, and the children, now sure that Santa Claus will come, will be happy too.

"It makes them *very* happy," said the agent's wife.

"Not long ago," I chanced to say, "I saw a little girl with a stick of wood for a dolly. Are they not afraid to play with these pretty things?"

"They *are*," she laughed. "They use them for ornaments. But *that* doesn't matter. It makes them happy just to look at them."

We all laughed.

"And yet," she continued, "they *do* play with them, sometimes, after all. There is a little girl up the bay who has kissed the paint off *her* dolly!"

Thus and all the time, in storm and sunshine, summer and winter weather, Grenfell of the Deep-sea Mission goes about doing good; if it's not in a boat, it's in a dog-sled. He is what he likes to call "a Christian man." But he is also a hero—at once the bravest and the most beneficently useful man I know. If he regrets his isolation, if the hardship of the life sometimes oppresses him, no man knows it. He does much, but there is much more to do. If the good people of the world would but give a little more of what they have so abundantly—and if they could but know the need, they would surely do that—joy might be multiplied on that coast; nor would any man be wronged by misguided charity.

"What a man does for the love of God," the doctor once said, "he does differently."

The Beautiful Lady

BY BOOTH TARKINGTON

A STORY IN TWO PARTS

NOTHING could have been more painful to my sensitiveness than to occupy myself, confused with blushes, at the centre of the whole world as a living advertisement of the least amusing ballet in Paris.

To be the day's sensation of the boulevards one must possess an eccentricity of appearance conceived by nothing short of genius; and my misfortunes had reduced me to present such to all eyes seeking mirth. It was not that I was one of those people in uniform who carry placards and strange figures upon their backs, nor that my coat was of rags; on the contrary, my whole costume was delicately rich and well chosen, of soft gray and fine linen, such as you see worn by a marquis in the pesage at Auteuil, according well with my usual air and countenance, which have been declared of distinction.

To add to this, my duties were not exhausting to the body. I was required only to sit without a hat from ten of the morning to midday, and from four until seven in the afternoon, at one of the small tables under the awning of the Café de la Paix at the corner of the Place de l'Opéra—that is to say, the centre of the inhabited world. In the morning I drank my coffee, hot in the cup; in the afternoon I sipped it cold in the glass. I spoke to no one; not a glance or gesture of mine passed to attract notice.

Yet I was the centre of that centre of the world. All day the crowds surrounded me, laughing loudly; all the *voyous* making those jokes for which I found no repartee. The pavement was sometimes blocked; the passing coachmen stood up in their boxes to look over at me, small infants were elevated on shoulders to behold me; not the gravest or most sorrowful came by without stopping to gaze at me and go away with rejoicing faces. The boulevards rang to the laughter—all Paris laughed!

For seven days I sat there at the appointed times, meeting the eye of nobody, and lifting my coffee with fingers which trembled from embarrassment at this too great conspicuousity! Those mournful hours passed, one by the year, while the idling bourgeois and the travellers made ridicule; and the rabble exhausted all effort to draw plays of wit from me.

I have told you that I carried no placard, that my costume was elegant, my demeanor modest in all degree. "How, then, this excitement?" would be your disposition to inquire. "Why this sensation?" It is very simple. My hair had been shaved off, all over my ears, leaving only a little above the back of the neck, to give an appearance of far-reaching baldness, and on my head was painted, in ah! so brilliant letters of distinctness:

*Théâtre
Folie-Rouge
Revue
de
Printemps
Tous les Soirs!*

Such was the necessity to which I was at that time reduced! One has heard that the North-Americans invent the most singular advertising, but I will not believe they surpass the Parisian. Myself, I say I cannot express my sufferings under the notation of the crowds that moved about the Café de la Paix! The French are a terrible people when they laugh sincerely. It is not so much the amusing things which cause them amusement; it is often the strange, those contrasts which contain something horrible, and when they laugh there is too frequently some person who is uncomfortable or wicked. I am glad that I was born not a Frenchman; I should regret to be native to a country where they invent such things as I was doing

in the Place de l'Opéra; for, as I tell you, the idea was not mine.

As I sat with my eyes drooping before the gaze of my terrible and applauding audiences, how I mentally formed cursing words against the day when my misfortunes led me to apply at the Théâtre Folie-Rouge for work! I had expected an audition and a rôle of comedy in the *Revue*; for, perhaps lacking any experience of the stage, I am a Neapolitan by birth, though a resident of the Continent at large since the age of fifteen. All Neapolitans can act; all are actors; comedians of the greatest, as every traveller is cognizant. There is a thing in the air of our beautiful slopes which makes the people of a great instinctive musicalness and deceptiveness, with passions like those burning in the old mountain we have there. They are ready to play, to sing—or to explode, yet, imitating that amusing Vesuvio, they never do this when you are in expectancy, or, as a spectator, hopeful of it. How could any person wonder, then, that I, finding myself suddenly destitute in Paris, should apply at the theatres? One after another, I saw myself no farther than the director's door, until (having had no more to eat the day preceding than three green almonds, which I took from a cart while the good female was not looking) I reached the Folie-Rouge. Here I was astonished to find a polite reception from the director. It eventuated that they wished for a person appearing like myself—a person whom they would outfit with clothes of quality in all parts, whose external presented a gentleman of the great world, not merely one of the *galant-uomini*, but who would impart an air to a table at a café where he might sit and partake. The contrast of this with the emplacement of the embellishment on his bald head-top was to be the success of the idea. It was evident that I had no baldness, my hair being very thick and I but twenty-four years of age, when it was explained that my hair could be shaved. They asked me to accept, alas! not a part in the *Revue*, but a speciality as a sandwich-man. Knowing the English tongue as I do, I may afford the venturesomeness to play upon it a little: I asked for bread, and they offered me not a rôle, but a sandwich!

It must be undoubted that I possessed not the disposition to make any fun with my accomplishments during those days that I spent under the awning of the Café de la Paix. I had consented to be the advertisement in greatest desperation, and not considering what the reality would be. Having consented, honor compelled that I fulfil to the ending. Also, the costume and outfittings I wore were part of my emolument. They had been constructed for me by the finest tailor; and though I had impulses, often, to leap up and fight through the noisy ones about me and run far to the open country, the very garments I wore were fetters binding me to remain and bear it. It seemed to me that the hours were spent not in the centre of a ring of human persons, but of un-well-made pantaloons and ugly skirts. Yet all of these pantaloons and skirts had such scrutinious eyes and expressions of mirth to laugh like demons at my conscious, burning, painted head; eyes which spread out, astonished at the sight of me, and peered and winked and grinned from the big wrinkles above the gaiters of Zouaves, from the red breeches of the gendarmes, the knickerbockers of the cyclists, the white ducks of *sergents de ville*, and the knees of the boulevardiers, bagged with sitting cross-legged at the little tables. I could not escape these eyes;—how scornfully they twinkled at me from the spurred and glittering officers' boots! How with amaze from the American and English trousers, both turned up and creased like folded paper, both with some dislike for each other, but for all other trousers more.

It was only at such times when the mortification to appear so greatly embarrassed became stronger than the embarrassment itself that I could by will power force my head to a straight construction and look out upon my spectators firmly. On the second day of my ordeal, so facing the laughers, I found myself glaring straight into the monocle of my half-brother and ill-wisher, Prince Caravacioli.

At this, my agitation was sudden and very great, for there was no one I wished to avoid perceiving my condition more than that old Antonio Caravacioli! I did not know that he was in Paris, but

I could have no doubt it was himself: the monocle, the handsome nose, the yellow skin, dyed-black mustache, the splendid height—it was indeed Caravacioli! He was costumed for the automobile, and threw but one glance at me as he crossed the pavement to his car, which was in waiting. There was no change, not of the faintest, in that frosted tragic mask of a countenance, and I was glad to think that he had not recognized me.

And yet, how strange that I should care, since all his life he had declined to recognize me as what I was! Ah, I should have been glad to shout his age, his dyes, his artificialities, to all the crowd, so to touch him where it would most pain him! I had much to pay Antonio for myself, more for my father, most for my mother. This was why that last of all the world I would have wished that old fortune-hunter to know how far I had been reduced!

Then I rejoiced about that change which my artificial baldness produced in me, giving me a look of forty years instead of twenty-four, so that my oldest friend must take at least three stares to know me. Also, my costume would disguise me from the few acquaintances I had in Paris (if they chanced to cross the Seine), as they had only seen me in the shabbiest; while, at my last meeting with Antonio, I had been as fine in the coat as now.

Yet my encouragement was not so joyful that my gaze lifted often. On the very last day, in the afternoon when my observers were most and noisiest, I lifted my eyes but once during the final half-hour—but such a once that was!

The edge of that beautiful gray pongee skirt came upon the rim of my lowered eyelid like a cool shadow over hot sand. A *sergent* had just made many of the people move away, so there remained only a thin ring of the laughing pantaloons about me, when this divine skirt presented its apparition to me. A pair of North-American trousers accompanied it, turned up to show the ankle-bones of a rich pair of stockings; neat, enthusiastic, and humorous I judged them to be; for, as one may discover, my only amusement during my martyrdom—if this misery can be said to possess such alleviations—had been the study of feet, pantaloons,

and skirts. The trousers in this case detained my observation no time. They were but the darkest corner of the chiaroscuro of a Rembrandt—the mellow glow of gold was all across the gray skirt.

How shall I explain myself, how make myself understood? Shall I be thought sentimentalistic or but mad when I declare that my first sight of the gray pongee skirt caused me a thrill of excitement, of tenderness, and—oh-i-me!—of self-consciousness more acute than all my former mortifications. It was so very different from all other skirts that had shown themselves to me those sad days, and you may understand that, though the pantaloons far outnumbered the skirts, many hundreds of the latter had also been objects of my gloomy observation.

This skirt, so unlike those which had passed, presented at once the qualifications of its superiority. It had been constructed by an artist, and it was worn by a lady. It did not pine, it did not droop; there was no more an atom of hanging too much than there was a portion inflated by flamboyancy; it did not assert itself; it bore notice without seeking it. Plain but exquisite, it was that great rarity—goodness made charming.

The peregrination of the American trousers suddenly stopped as they caught sight of me, and that precious skirt paused, precisely in opposition to my little table. I heard a voice, that to which the skirt pertained. It spoke the English, but not in the manner of the inhabitants of London, who seem to sing undistinguishably in their talking, although they are comprehensible to each other. To an Italian it seems that many North-Americans and English seek too often the assistance of the nose in talking, though in different manners, each equally unagreeable to our ears. The poorest of our lazzaroni of Naples, who beg from tourists, imitate this, with the purpose of reminding the generous traveller of his home, and in such a way to soften his heart. But there is this difference: the Italian, the Frenchman, or German who learns English sometimes misunderstands the American: the Englishman he sometimes understands.

This voice that spoke was North-American. Ah, what a voice! Sweet as the mandolins of Sorrento! Clear as



Half-tone plate engraved by J. H. Grimley

"AH!" SHE CRIED. "THE POOR MAN!"

the bells of Capri! To hear it was like coming upon sight of the almond-blossoms of Sicily for the first time, or the tulip-fields of Holland. Never before was such a voice!

"Why did you stop, Rufus?" it said.

"Look!" replied the American trousers; so that I knew the pongee lady had not observed me of herself.

Instantaneously there was an exclamation, and a pretty gray parasol, closed, fell at my feet. It is not the pleasantest to be an object which causes people to be startled when they behold you; but I blessed the agitation of this lady, for what caused her parasol to fall from her hand was a start of pity. "Ah!" she cried. "The poor man!" She had perceived that I was a gentleman.

I bent myself forward and lifted the parasol, though not my eyes—I could not have looked up into the face above me to be *Cæsar*! Two hands came down into the circle of my observation; one of these was that belonging to the trousers, thin, long, and white; the other was the gray-gloved hand of the lady, and never had I seen such a hand—the hand of an angel in a *suède* glove, as the gray skirt was the mantle of a saint made by Doucet. I speak of saints and angels; and to the large world these may sound like cold words—it is only in Italy where some people are found to adore them still.

I lifted the parasol toward that glove as I would have moved to set a candle on an altar. Then, at a thought, I placed it not in the glove, but in the thin hand of the gentleman. At the same time the voice of the lady spoke to me—I was to have the joy of remembering that that voice had spoken three words to me.

"Je vous remercie, monsieur," it said.

"Pas de quoi!" I murmured.

The American trousers in a loud tone made reference in the idiom to my miserable head: "Did you ever see anything to beat it?"

The beautiful voice answered, and by the sweetness of her sorrow for me I knew she had no thought that I might understand. "Come away. It is too pitiful!"

Then the gray skirt and the little round-toed shoes beneath it passed from my sight, quickly hidden from me by the increasing crowd; yet I heard the voice

a moment more, but fragmentarily: "Don't you see how ashamed he is, how he must have been starving before he did that, or that some one dependent on him needed—"

I caught no more, but the sweetness that this beautiful lady understood and felt for the poor absurd wretch was so great that I could have wept. I had not seen her face; I had not looked up even when she went.

"Who is she?" cried a scoundrel *voyou*, just as she turned. "Madame of the parasol? A friend of monsieur of the ornamented head?"

"No. It is the first lady in waiting to his wife, *Madame la Duchesse*," answered a second. "She has been sent with an equerry to demand of monseigneur if he does not wish a little sculpture upon his home as well as the color decorations!"

"'Tis true, my ancient?" another asked of me; but I made no repartee, continuing to sit with my chin dependent upon my cravat, but with things not the same in my heart as formerly to the arrival of that gray pongee, the gray glove, and the beautiful voice.

Since St. Louis, in Paris no one has been completely free at all times from lunacy while the spring-time is happening. There is something in the sun and the banks of the Seine. The Parisians drink sweet and fruity champagne because the good champagnes are already in their veins. These Parisians are born intoxicated and remain so; it is not fair play to require them to be like other human people. Their deepest feeling is for the arts; and, as every one has declared, they are farceurs in their tragedies, tragic in their comedies. They prepare the last epigram in the tumbrel; they drown themselves with enthusiasm about the alliance with Russia. In death they are poetic; in war they have large spasms; in love they are mad.

The strangest of all this is that it is not only the Parisians who are the insane ones in Paris; the visitors are none of them in behavior as elsewhere. You have only to go there to become as mad as the rest. Many travellers, when they have departed, remember the events they have caused there as a person remembers in the morning what he has said and

thought in the moonlight of the night. In Paris it is moonlight even in the morning; and in Paris one falls in love even more strangely than by moonlight. It is a place of glimpses: a veil fluttering from a motor-car, a little lace handkerchief fallen from a victoria, a figure crossing a lighted window, a black hat vanishing in the distance of the avenues of the Tuileries. A young man writes a ballade and dreams over a bit of lace. Was I not, then, one of the least extravagant of this mad people? Men have fallen in love with photographs, those greatest of liars; was I so wild, then, to adore this gray skirt, this small shoe, this divine glove, the golden-honey voice—of all in Paris the only one to pity and to understand? Even to love the mystery of that lady and to build my dreams upon it?—to love all the more because of the mystery? Mystery is the last word and the completing charm to a young man's passion. Few sonnets have been written to wives whose matrimony is more than five years of age—is it not so?

When my hour was finished and I in liberty to leave that horrible corner, I pushed out of the crowd and walked down the boulevard, my hat covering my sin, and went quickly. To be in love with my mystery, I thought, that was a strange happiness! It was enough. It was romance! To hear a voice which speaks two sentences of pity and silver is to have a chime of bells in the heart. But to have a shaven head is to be a monk! And to have a shaven head with a sign painted upon it is to be a pariah. Alas! I was a person whom the Parisians laughed at, not *with*!

Now that at last my martyrdom was concluded, I had some shuddering, as when one places in his mouth a morsel of unexpected flavor. I wondered where I had found the courage to bear it, and how I had resisted hurling myself into the river, though, as is known, that is no longer safe, for most of those who attempt it are at once rescued, arrested, fined, and imprisoned for throwing bodies into the Seine, which is forbidden.

At the theatre the frightful badge was removed from my head-top and I was given three hundred francs, the price of my shame, refusing an offer to repeat

the performance during the following week. To imagine such a thing made me a choking in my throat, and I left the bureau in some sickness. This increased as I approached the Madeleine, where I wished to mount an omnibus; so much that I entered a brasserie and drank a small glass of cognac. Then I called for writing-papers and wrote to the good Mother Superior and my dear little nieces at their convent. I enclosed two hundred and fifty francs, which sum I had fallen behind in my payments for their education and sustenance, and I felt a moment's happiness that at least for a while I need not fear that my poor brother's orphans might become objects of charity—a fear which, accompanied by my own hunger, had led me to become the joke of the boulevards.

Feeling rich with my remaining fifty francs, I ordered the waiter to bring me a goulasch and a carafe of blond beer, after the consummation of which I spent an hour in the reading of a newspaper. Can it be credited that the journal of my perusement was the one which may be called the North-American paper of the aristocracies of Europe? Also, it contains some names of the people of the United States at the hotels and elsewhere.

How eagerly I scanned those singular columns! Shall I confess to what purpose? I read the long lists of uncontinental names over and over, but I lingered not at all over those like "Muriel," "Hermione," "Violet," and "Sibyl," nor over "Balthurst," "Skeffington-Sligo," and "Covering-Legge"; no, my search was for the Sadies and Mamies, the Thompsons, Van Dusens, and Bradys. In that lies my preposterous secret. You will see to what infatuation those words of pity, that sense of a beautiful presence, had led me. To fall in love must one behold a face? Yes—at thirty. At twenty, when one is something of a poet—no: it is sufficient to see a gray pongee skirt! At fifty, when one is a philosopher—no: it is enough to perceive a soul. I had done both; I had seen the skirt; I had perceived the soul! Therefore, while hungry, I neglected my goulasch to read these lists of names of the United States over and over, only that I might have the thought that one of them—though I knew not which—might be this lady's,



I WAS TO CORRECT HIS BEHAVIOR

and that in so infinitesimal a degree I had been near her again. Will it be estimated extreme imbecility in me when I venture the additional confession that I felt a great warmth and tenderness toward the possessors of all these names, as being, if not herself, at least her compatriots? This brings me to the admission that before to-day I had experienced some prejudices against the inhabitants

of the North-American republic, though not on account of much experience of my own. A year previously I had made a disastrous excursion to Monte Carlo in the company of a young gentleman of London who had been for several weeks in New York and Washington and Boston, and appeared to know very much of the country. He was never anything but tired in speaking of it, and told me a

great amount. He said many times that in the hotels there was never a *concierge* or *portier* to give you information where to discover the best vaudeville; there was no *concierge* at all! In New York itself, my friend told me, a *facchino*, or species of porter, or some such good-for-nothing, had said to him, including a slap on the shoulder, "Well, brother, did you receive your delayed luggage correctly?" (In this instance my studies of the North-American idiom lead me to believe that my friend was intentionally truthful in regard to the principalities, but mistaken in his observation of detail.) He declared the recent willingness of the English to take some interest in the United-Statesians to be a mistake; for they were noisy, without real confidence in themselves; they were restless and merely imitative instead of inventive. He told me that he was not exceptional; all Englishmen had thought similarly for fifty or sixty years; therefore, naturally, his opinion carried great weight with me. And myself, to my astonishment, I had often seen parties of these republicans become all ears and whispers when somebody called a prince or a countess passed by; and their reverence for age itself, in anything but a horse, had often surprised me by its artlessness, and of all strange things in the world, I have heard them admire old customs and old families. It was strange to me to listen, when I had believed that their land was the only one where happily no person need worry to remember who had been his great-grandfather.

The greatest of my own had not saved me from the decoration of the past week, though he was as much mine as he was Antonio Caravacioli's; and Antonio, though impoverished, had his motor-car and dined well, since I happened to see, in my perusal of the journal, that he had been to dinner the evening before at the English Embassy with a great company. "Bravo, Antonio! Find a rich foreign wife if you can, since you cannot at home!" And I could say so honestly, without spite, for all his hatred of me,—for, until I had paid my addition, I was still the possessor of fifty francs!

Fifty francs will continue life in the body of a judicial person a long time in Paris, and combining that knowledge and

the good goulasch, I sought diligently for "Mamies" and "Sadies" with a revived spirit. I found neither of these adorable names,—in fact, only two of those diminutives which are more charming than our Italian ones: a Miss Jeanie Archibald Zip and a Miss Fannie Sooter. None of the names were harmonious with the gray pongee—in truth, most of them were no prettier (however less processional) than royal names. I could not please myself that I had come closer to the rare lady; I must be contented that the same sky covered us both, that the noise of the same city rang in her ears as well as mine.

Yet that was a satisfaction, and to know that it was true gave me mysterious breathlessness and made me hear fragments of old songs during my walk that night. I walked very far, under the trees of the Bois, where I stopped for a few moments to smoke a cigarette at one of the tables outside, at Armenonville. None of the laughing women there could be the lady I sought; and as my refusing to command anything caused the waiter uneasiness, in spite of my prosperous appearance, I remained here but a few moments, then trudged on, all the long way to the Café de Madrid, where also she was not. How did I assure myself of this, since I had not seen her face? I cannot tell you. Perhaps I should not have known her; but that night I was sure that I should.

Nearly the whole of the next day, endeavoring to look preoccupied, I haunted the lobbies and vicinity of the most expensive hotels, unable to do any other thing, but ashamed of myself that I had not returned to my former task of seeking employment, yet reassured by possession of two louis and some silver. I dined well at a one-franc coachman's restaurant, where my elegance created not the slightest surprise, and I felt that I might live in this way indefinitely.

However, dreams often conclude abruptly, and two louis always do, as I found, several days later, when, after paying the rent for my unspeakable lodging and lending twenty francs to a poor, bad painter, whom I knew and whose wife was ill, I found myself with the choice of obtaining funds on my finery or not eating, either of which I

was very loath to do. It is not essential for me to tell any person that when you seek a position it is better that you appear not too greatly in need of it; and my former garments had prejudiced many against me, I fear, because they had been patched by a friendly *concierge*. Pantaloon suits suffer as terribly as do antiques from too obvious restorations; and while I was only grateful to the good woman's needle (except upon one occasion when she forgot to remove it), my costume had reached, at last, great sympathies for the shade of Praxiteles, feeling the same melancholy over original intentions so far misrepresented by renewals.

Therefore I determined to preserve my fineries to the uttermost; and it was fortunate that I did so; for, after dining, on looking out of my window for three evenings, the fourth morning brought me a letter from my English friend. I had written to him asking if he knew of any people who wished to pay a salary to a young man who knew how to do nothing. I place his reply in direct annexation:

"HENRIETTA STREET, CAVENDISH SQUARE, May 14.

"MY DEAR ANSOLINI,—Why haven't you made some of your relatives do something? I understand that they do not like you; neither do my own, but after our crupper at Monte Carlo what could mine do, except provide? If a few pounds (precious few, I fear!) be of any service to you, let me know. In the mean time, if you are serious about a position, I may, preposterously enough, set you in the way of it. There is an old thundering Yankee here, whom I met, but merely met, in the States, and who believed me a god because I am the nephew of my awful uncle, for whose career he has ever had, it appears, a lifelong admiration, sir! Now, by chance, meeting this person in the street, it developed that he has need of a man, precisely such a one as you are not: a sober, tutorish, middle-aged, dissenting parson, to trot about the Continent tied to a dancing bear. It is the old gentleman's cub, who is a species of Caliban in fine linen, and who has taken a few too many liberties for the land of the free. In fact, I believe he is much a youth of my own kind with similar admiration for baccarat and dining excessively. His father must return

at once, and has decided (the cub's native heath and friends being too wild) to leave him in charge of a proper guide, philosopher, courier, chaplain, and friend, if such can be found, the same required to travel with the cub and keep him out of mischief. I thought of your letter directly, and I have given you the most tremendous recommendation—part of it quite true, I suspect, though I am not a judge of learning. I explained, however, that you are a master of languages, of elegant though subdued deportment, and I extolled at length your saintly habits. Altogether, I fear there may have been too much of the virtuoso in my interpretation of you; few would have recognized from it the gentleman who closed a table at Monte Carlo and afterwards was closed himself in the handsome and spectacular fashion I remember with both delight and regret. Briefly, I lied like a master. He almost had me in the matter of your age; it was important that you should be middle-aged. I swore that you were at least thirty-eight, but, owing to exemplary habits, looked very much younger. The cub himself is twenty-four.

"Hence, if you are really serious and determined not to appeal to your people, call at once upon Mr. Lambert R. Poor, at the Hôtel d'Iéna. He is the father, and the cub is with him. The elder Yankee is primed with my praises of you, and must engage some one *at once*, as he sails in a day or two. Go—with my blessing, an air of piety, and as much age as you can assume. When the father has departed, throw the cub into the Seine, but preserve his pocket-book, and we shall have another go at those infernal tables. Vale!

J. G. S."

I found myself smiling—I fear miscreably—over this kind letter, especially at the wonder of my friend that I had not appealed to my relatives. The only ones who would have liked to help me, if they had known I needed something, were my two little nieces who were in my own care; because my father, being but a poet, had no family, and my mother had lost hers, even her eldest son, by marrying my father. After that they would have nothing to do with her or us, nor were they asked. That rascally old Antonio was now the head of all the Cara-

vacioli, as was I of my own outcast branch of the house—that is, of my two little nieces and myself. It was partly of these poor infants I had thought when I took what was left of my small inheritance to Monte Carlo, hoping, since I seemed to be incapable of increasing it in any other way, that number seventeen and black would hand me over a fortune as a waiter does wine. Alas! Luck is not always a fool's servant, and the kind of fortune she handed me was of that species the waiter brings you in the other bottle of champagne, the gold of a bubbling brain, lasting an hour. After this there is always something evil to one's head, and mine, alas! was shaved.

Half an hour after I had read the letter, the little paper-flower makers in the attic window across from mine may have seen me shaving it—without pleasure—again. What else was I to do? I could not well expect to be given the guardianship of an erring young man if I presented myself to his parent as a gentleman who had been sitting at the Café de la Paix with his head painted. I could not wear my hat through the interview. I could not exhibit the thick five days' stubble, to appear in contrast with the heavy fringe that had been spared;—I could not trim the fringe to the shortness of the stubble; I should have looked like Pierrot. I had only, then, to remain bald, and, if I obtained the post, to shave in secret—a harmless and mournful imposition.

It was well for me that I came to this determination. I believe it was the appearance of maturity which my head and dining upon thoughts lent me, as much as my friend's praises, which created my success with the amiable Mr. Lambert R. Poor. I witness that my visit to him provided one of the most astonishing interviews of my life. He was an instance of those strange beings of the Western republic, at whom we are perhaps too prone to pass from one of ourselves to another the secret smile, because of some little imperfections of manner. It is a type which has grown more and more familiar to us, yet never less strange;—the man in costly but severe costume, big, with a necessary great waistcoat, not noticing the loudness of his own voice; as ignorant of the thousand tiny

things which we observe and feel as he would be careless of them (except for his wife) if he knew. We laugh at him sometimes, even to his face, and he does not perceive it. We are a little afraid that he is too large to see it; hence too large for us to comprehend, and in spite of our laughter we are always conscious of a force—yes, of a presence! We jeer slyly, but we respect, fear a little, and would trust.

Such was my patron. He met me with a kind greeting, looked at me very earnestly, but smiling as if he understood my good intentions, as one understands the friendliness of a capering poodle, yet in such a way that I could not feel resentment, for I could see that he looked at almost every one in the same fashion.

My friend had done wonders for me; and I made the best account of myself that I could, so that within half an hour it was arranged that I should take charge of his son, with an honorarium which gave me great rejoicing for my nieces and my accumulated appetite.

"I think I can pick men," he said, "and I think that you are the man I want. You're old enough, and you've seen enough, and you know enough to keep one fool boy in order for six months."

So frankly he spoke of his son, yet not without affection and confidence. Before I left he sent for the youth himself, Lambert R. Poor, Jr.,—not at all a Caliban, but a most excellent-appearing, tall gentleman, of astonishingly meek countenance. He gave me a sad, slow look from his blue eyes at first; then with a brightening smile he gently shook my hand, murmuring that he was very glad in the prospect of knowing me better; after which the parent defined before him, with singular elaboration, my duties. I was to correct all things in his behavior which I considered improper or absurd. I was to dictate the line of travel, to have a restraining influence upon expenditures; in brief, to control the young man as a governess does a child. To all of his parent's instructions Poor Jr. returned a dutiful nod and expressed perfect acquiescence. The following day the elder sailed from Cherbourg, and I took up my quarters with the son.



HE DESIRED TO CREATE CONSIDERABLE TROUBLE FOR PARIS

It is with the most extreme mortification that I record my ensuing experiences, for I felt that I could not honorably accept my salary without earning it by carrying out the parent Poor's wishes. That first morning I endeavored to direct my pupil's steps toward the Musée de Cluny, with the purpose of inciting him to instructive study; but in the mildest, yet most immovable manner, he proposed Longchamps and the races as a substitute, to conclude with dinner at La Cascade and supper at Maxim's or the Café Blanche, in case we should meet engaging company. I ventured the vainest efforts to reason with him, making for myself a very uncomfortable breakfast, though without effect upon him of any visibility. His air was uninterruptedly mild and modest; he rarely lifted his eyes, but to my most earnest argument replied only by ordering more eggs and saying in a chastened voice:

"Oh no; it is always best to begin school with a vacation. To Longchamps—we!"

I should say at once that through this young man I soon became an amateur

of the remarkable North-American idioms, of humor and incomparable brevities often more interesting than some of those evolved by the thirteen or more dialects of my own Naples. Even at our first breakfast I began to catch lucid glimpses of the intention in many of his almost incomprehensible statements. I was able, even, to penetrate his meaning when he said that although he was "strong for aged parent," he himself had suffered much anguish from overwork of the "earnest youth racquette" in his late travels, and now desired to "create considerable trouble for Paris."

Naturally, I did not wish to begin by antagonizing my pupil—an estrangement at the commencement would only lead to his deceiving me, or a continued quarrel, in which case I should be of no service to my kind patron, so that after a strained interval I considered it best to surrender. We went to Longchamps.

That was my first mistake; the second was to yield to him concerning the latter part of his programme; but opposition to Mr. Poor Jr. had a curious effect of

inutility. He did not have the air of obstinacy,—nothing could have been less like rudeness; he neither frowned nor smiled; even, he did not seem to be insisting; on the contrary, never have I beheld a milder countenance, nor heard a pleasanter voice; yet the young man was so completely baffling in his mysterious way that I considered him unique to my experience.

Thus, when I urged him not to place large wagers in the *pesage*, his whispered reply was strange and simple—"Watch me!" This he conclusively said as he deposited another thousand-franc note, which, within a few moments, accrued to the French government.

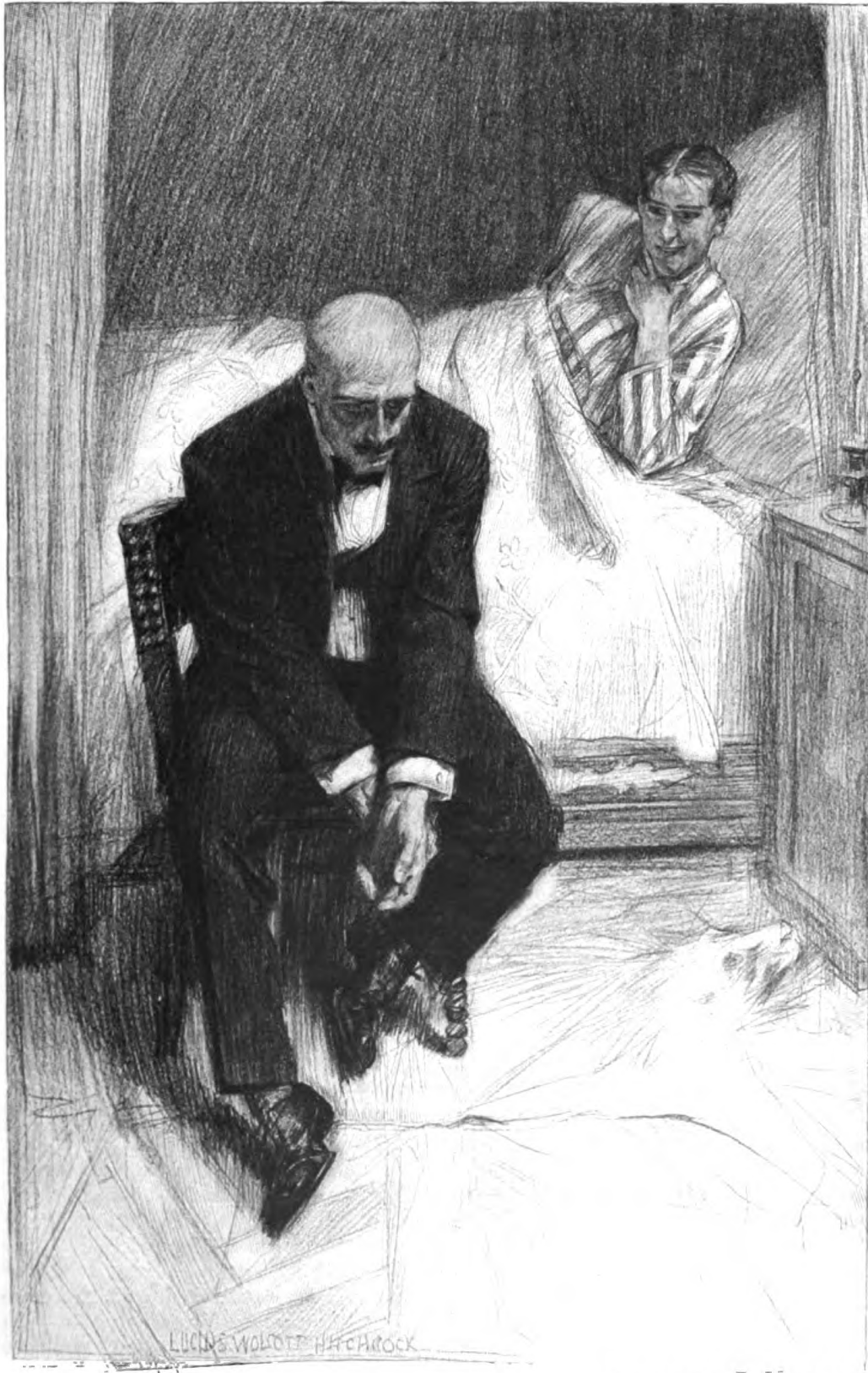
Longchamps was but the beginning of a series of days and nights which wore upon my constitution—not indeed with the intensity of mortification which my former conspicuousness had engendered, yet my sorrows were stringent. It is true that I had been, since the age of seventeen, no stranger to the gayeties and dissipations afforded by the capitals of Europe; I may say I had exhausted these, yet always with some degree of quiet, including intervals of repose. I was tired of all the great foolishness of youth, and had thought myself done with them. Now I found myself plunged into more uproarious waters than I had ever known. I, who had hoped to begin a life of usefulness and peace, was forced to dwell in the midst of a riot, following my extraordinary charge.

There is no need that I should describe those days and nights. They remain in my memory as a confusion of bad music, crowds, champagne, and motor-cars, of which Poor Jr. was a distributing centre. He could never be persuaded to the Louvre, the *Carnavalet*, or the *Luxembourg*; in truth, he seldom rose in time to reach the museums, for they usually close at four in the afternoon. Always with the same inscrutable meekness of countenance, each night he methodically danced the cake-walk at Maxim's or one of the *Montmartre* restaurants, to the cheers of acquaintances of many nationalities, to whom he offered libations with prodigal enormity. He carried with him, about the boulevards at night, in the highly powerful car he had hired, large parties of strange people, who would sing

loudly airs from the *Folie-Rouge* (to my unhappy shudderings) all the way from the fatiguing *Bal Bullier* to the *Café de Paris*, where the waiters soon became affluent.

And how many of those gayly dressed and smiling ladies whose bright eyes meet yours on the veranda of the *Théâtre Marigny* were provided with large suppers and souvenir fans by the inexhaustible Poor Jr.! He left a trail of pink hundred-franc notes, like running boys dropping paper in the English game; and he kept showers of gold louis dancing in the air about him, so that when we entered the various *cafés* or "American bars" a cheer (not vocal, but to me of perfect audibility) went up from the hungry and thirsty and borrowing, and from the attendants. Ah, how tired I was of it, and how I endeavored to discover a means to draw him to the museums, to *Notre Dame*, and the *Pantheon*! And how many times did I unwillingly find myself in the too enlivening company of those pretty supper-girls, and what jokings upon his head-top did the poor bald gentleman not undergo from those same *demoiselles* with the bright eyes, the wonderful hats, and the fluffy dresses! How often among those gay people did I find myself sadly dreaming of that gray pongee skirt and the beautiful heart that had understood. Should I ever see that lady? Not, I knew, alas! in the whirl about Poor Jr.! As soon look for a nun at the *Café Blanche*! More than this, for some reason I came to be persuaded that she had left Paris, that she had gone away; and I pictured her—a little despairingly—on the borders of *Lucerne*, with the white Alps in the sky above her,—or perhaps listening to the evening songs on the *Grand Canal*, and I would try to feel the little rocking of her gondola, making myself dream that I sat at her feet. Or I could see the gray flicker of the pongee skirt in the twilight distance of cathedral aisles with a chant sounding from a chapel; and, so dreaming, I would start to hear the red-coated orchestra of a *café* blare out into "*Bedelie*," and awake to the laughter and rouge and blague which that dear pongee had helped me for a moment to forget!

To all places Poor Jr., though never unkindly, dragged me with him, even to



Half-tone plate engraved by F. A. Pettit

"DIDN'T YOU SUPPOSE I KNEW?" HE ASKED

make the balloon ascent at the *Porte Maillot* on a windy evening. Without embarrassment, I confess that I was terrified, that I clung to the ropes with a clutch which frayed my gloves, while Poor Jr. leaned back against the side of the basket and gazed upwards at the great swaying ball, with his hands in his pockets, humming the strange air that was his favorite musical composition:

"The prettiest girl I ever saw
Was sipping cider through a straw-aw-haw!"

In that horrifying basket, scrambling for a foothold, while it swung through arcs that were gulfs, I believed that my sorrows approached a sudden conclusion, but finding myself again upon the secure earth, I decided to come to an understanding with the young man.

Accordingly, on the following morning, I entered his apartment and addressed myself to Poor Jr. as severely as I could (for, truthfully, in all his follies I had found no ugliness in his spirit—only a good-natured and inscrutable desire of wild amusement), reminding him of the authority his father had deputed to me, and having the venturesomeness to hint that the son should show some respect to my superior age.

To my consternation he replied by inquiring if I had shaved my head as yet that morning. I could only drop in a chair, stammering to know what he meant.

"Didn't you suppose I knew?" he asked, quietly, elevating himself slightly on his elbow from the pillow. "Three weeks ago I left my aged parent in London and ran over here for a day. I saw you at the *Café de la Paix*, and even then I knew that it was shaved, not naturally bald. When you came here I recognized you like a shot, and that was why I was glad to accept you as a guardian. I've enjoyed myself considerably of late, and you've been the best part of it,—I think you are a wonderation! I wouldn't have any other governess for the world, but you surpass the orchestra when you beg me to respect your years! I will bet you four dollars to a lead franc piece that you are younger than I am!"

Imagine the completeness of my dis-

may! Although he spoke in tones the most genial and without unkindness, I felt myself a man of tatters before him, ashamed to have him know my poor secret, and sorry to see all chance of authority over him gone at once, and with it my opportunity to earn a salary so generous, for if I was to continue to be but an amusement to him and only part of his deception of Lambert R. Poor, my sense of honor must be fit for the guillotine indeed.

I had a little struggle with myself, and I think I must have wiped some amounts of the cold perspiration from my absurd head before I was able to make an answer. It may be seen what a coward I was, and how I feared to begin again that search for employment. At least, however, I was in self-control, so that I might speak without being afraid that my voice would shake.

"I am sorry," I said. "It seemed to me that my deception would not cause any harm, and that I might be useful in spite of it, enough to earn my living. It was on account of my being very poor; and there are two little children I must take care of.—Well, at least, it is over now. I have had great shame, but I must not have greater."

"What do you mean?" he asked me, rather sharply.

"I will leave immediately," I said, going to the door. "Since I am no more than a joke, I can be of no service to your father or to you; but you must not think that I am so unreasonable as to be angry with you. A man whom you have beheld reduced to what I was, at the *Café de la Paix*, is surely a joke to the whole world! I will write to your father before I leave the hotel and explain that I feel myself unqualified—"

"You're going to write to him why you give it up!" he exclaimed.

"I shall make no report of espionage," I answered, with, perhaps, some bitterness, "and I will leave the letter for you to read and to send, of yourself. It shall only tell him that as a man of honor I cannot keep a position for which I have no qualification." I was going to open the door, bidding him adieu, when he called out to me.

"Look here!" he said, and he jumped out of bed in his pajamas and came

quickly, and held out his hand. "Look here, Ansolini, don't take it that way. I know you've had pretty hard times, and if you'll stay, I'll get good. I'll go to the Louvre with you this afternoon; we'll dine at one of the Duval restaurants, and go to that new religious tragedy afterwards. If you like, we'll leave Paris to-morrow. There's a little too much movement here, maybe. For God's sake

let your hair grow, and we'll go down to Italy and study bones and ruins if you want to, and delight the aged parent! It's all right, isn't it?"

I shook the hand of that kind Poor Jr. with a feeling in my heart that kept me from saying how greatly I thanked him—and I was sure that I could do anything for him in the world!

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

We—Grown Old

BY THEODOSIA GARRISON

I WHO yesterday was young,
 Now am old instead;
 All of youth a glad song sung,
 All a story said.
 It was Love who sang the song,
 Love the story told.
 Ah, but we remember long,
 We, grown old.

Only yesterday I quaffed
 Life's enkindling wine;
 Only yesterday I laughed
 Youth's light laugh divine.
 It was Love who played the host,
 Brimmed the cup of gold.
 Ah, but we remember most,
 We, grown old.

Only yesterday my eyes
 Held Youth's marvellings;
 Nay, it is not Time that flies—
 Love alone has wings.
 Time plods slow in very truth;
 Love—what man may hold?
 Ah, we know who filched our youth,
 We, grown old.

Radium and its Products

BY SIR WILLIAM RAMSAY, K.C.B., F.R.S.

CHEMISTRY and physics are experimental sciences; and those who are engaged in attempting to enlarge the boundaries of science by experiment are generally unwilling to publish speculations; for they have learned, by long experience, that it is unsafe to anticipate events. It is true, they must make certain theories and hypotheses. They must form some kind of mental picture of the relations between the phenomena which they are trying to investigate, else their experiments would be made at random, and without connection. Progress is made by trial and failure; the failures are generally a hundred times more numerous than the successes; yet they are usually left unchronicled. The reason is that the investigator feels that even though he has failed in achieving an expected result, some other more fortunate experimenter may succeed, and it is unwise to discourage his attempts.

In framing his suppositions, the investigator has a choice of five kinds; they have been classified by Dr. Johnstone Stoney. "A theory is a supposition which we hope to be true, a hypothesis is a supposition which we expect to be useful; fictions belong to the realm of art; if made to intrude elsewhere, they become either make-believes or mistakes." Now the "man in the street," when he thinks of science at all, hopes for a theory; whereas, the investigator is generally contented with a hypothesis, and it is only after forming and rejecting numerous hypotheses that he ventures to construct a theory. He has a rooted horror of fiction in the wrong place, and he dreads lest his hypothesis should turn out to be misplaced fiction.

I have thought it better to begin by these somewhat abstruse remarks, in order to place what I propose to discuss on a true basis. It is to be understood that any suppositions which I shall make use of are of the nature of hypotheses, de-

vised solely because they may prove useful. Events are not yet ripe for a theory.

It will be remembered by the readers of this Magazine that Professor Rutherford and Mr. Soddy announced a "view" that certain elements which possess the power of discharging an electroscope and which are therefore called "radioactive," are suffering disintegration—that is, they are splitting up into other elements, only one of which has as yet been identified. Three of these elements, namely, radium, thorium, and actinium, begin the process of disintegration by giving off an "emanation," or supposed gas; the proof of the gaseous nature of these emanations is that they can be confined by glass or metal, like gases, and that they can be liquefied or solidified when cooled to a sufficiently low temperature. It is necessary to pay attention to this peculiarity; for these radioactive elements, and two others, uranium and polonium, also give off so-called β -rays, which penetrate glass and metal, and which are believed from the discoveries of Professor J. J. Thomson and others to be identical with negative electricity.

Now, Rutherford and Soddy, reasoning on the premises that radium was always found associated with uranium and thorium, and also that the ores of these metals, pitchblende and thorite, had been found to contain the gas helium, made the bold suggestion, "The speculation naturally arises whether the presence of helium in minerals and its invariable association with thorium and uranium may not be connected with their radioactivity." Besides the premises already mentioned, they had evidence of the probable mass of the " α -particles," which appeared to be about twice that of an atom of hydrogen. Now, helium is the lightest gas next to hydrogen; and its atoms are four times as heavy as atoms of hydrogen. It was, therefore, a striking confirmation of the accuracy of this

view when Ramsay and Soddy discovered that helium can actually be obtained from radium.

Before giving an account of that discovery, a short description of the nature and properties of helium may not be out of place. When light passes through a prism, it is refracted, or bent; and Newton discovered that white light, such as is emitted from the sun or the stars, after passing through a prism, gives a spectrum consisting of colored images of the hole in the window-shutter through which the sunlight fell on his prism. Fraunhofer, a Berlin optician, conceived the idea of causing the light to pass through a narrow slit, instead of a round hole; and the spectrum then consisted of a number of images of the narrow slit, instead of the round hole. He was struck by one peculiarity shown by sunlight, when thus examined, namely, that the colored band, rainbowlike, and exhibiting a regular gradation of color from red at the one end, through orange, yellow, green, and blue, to violet at the other end, was interspersed by very numerous thin black lines. The nature of these lines was discovered by Kirchhof. The light emitted by a white-hot body shows a continuous spectrum; but if such white light be passed through the vapors of a metal, such as sodium, a portion is absorbed. For example, glowing sodium gas shows two yellow lines, very close together; but if this light is passed through the vapor of sodium, these lines are extinguished if the correct amount of vapor be interposed. Now it was found that the position of the two dark lines in the sun's spectrum, discovered by Fraunhofer, is identical with that of the two yellow lines visible in the spectrum of glowing sodium vapor; and Kirchhof concluded that this coincidence furnished a proof of the presence of sodium in the sun. Fraunhofer had named these lines D₁ and D₂. Similar conclusions were drawn from observations of the coincidence of other black solar lines with those of elements found on the earth; and the presence of iron, lead, copper, and a host of elements in the sun was proved.

In 1868 a total eclipse of the sun took place; an expedition was sent to India, from which a good view was to be ob-

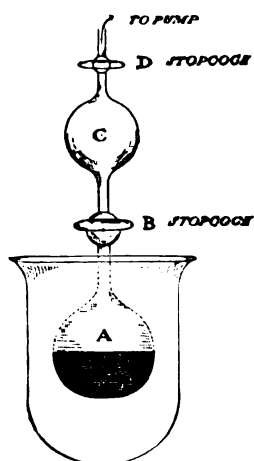
tained. Monsieur Janssen, the distinguished French astronomer, observed a yellow line, not a dark, but a bright one, in the light which reached the earth from the edge or "limb" of the sun, and which proceeded from its colored atmosphere or chromosphere. It was for some time suspected that this line, which was almost identical in position with the yellow lines of sodium, D₁ and D₂, and which Janssen named D₃, was due to hydrogen. But ordinary hydrogen had never been found to show such a line; and after Sir Edward Frankland and Sir Norman Lockyer had convinced themselves by numerous experiments that D₃ had nothing to do with hydrogen, they ascribed it to a new element, the existence of which on the sun they regarded as probable; and for convenience, they named this undiscovered element "helium" from the Greek word for the sun, *ἥλιος*.

It was not until the year 1895 that helium was found on the earth. After the discovery of argon in 1894, Ramsay repeated some experiments which had previously been made by Dr. Hillebrand, of the United States Geological Survey. Hillebrand had found that certain minerals, especially those containing the somewhat rare elements uranium and thorium, when heated, or when treated with acids, gave off a gas which he took for nitrogen. But the discovery of argon had taught Ramsay how to deal with such a gas. He examined it in the hope that it might lead to the discovery of a compound of argon; but its spectrum turned out to be identical with that of solar helium, and terrestrial helium was discovered. It proved to be a very light gas, only twice as heavy as hydrogen, the lightest substance known; its spectrum consists of nine very brilliant lines, of which D₃ is the most brilliant; it has never been condensed to the liquid state, and is the only gas of which that can now be said (for hydrogen has been liquefied within the last few years), and, like argon, it has not been induced to form any chemical compound. That it is an element is shown by the relation of its atomic weight, 4, to that of other elements, as well as by certain of its properties, the most important of which is the ratio between its specific heat at

constant volume and constant pressure; but to explain the bearing of this property on the reasoning which proves it to be an element would be foreign to the subject of this article.

This, then, was the elementary substance that Rutherford and Soddy suspected to be one of the decomposition products of radium. The word "decomposition," however, implies the disruption of a compound, and the change which takes place when radium produces helium is of such a striking nature that it is perhaps preferable to use the term "disintegration."

Having procured fifty milligrammes (about three-quarters of a grain) of radium bromide, Ramsay and Soddy placed the grayish-brown crystalline powder in a



APPARATUS USED BY RAMSAY AND SODDY IN PROVING THE EXISTENCE ON EARTH OF HELIUM

small glass bulb about an inch in diameter. This bulb was connected by means of a capillary tube with another bulb of about the same size; on each side of the second bulb there was a stop-cock, as shown in the sketch. To begin with, the bulb A was pumped empty of air; it contained the dry bromide of radium. The stop-cock B was then shut. Next, some water was placed in bulb C, and it, too, was pumped free from air, and the stop-cock D was closed. B was then opened, so that the water in C flowed into A, and dissolved up the bromide of radium. As it was dissolving, gas bubbles were evolved with effervescence, and that gas collected in the two bulbs, A and B. The sketch shows the state of matters after the water had been added and the gas evolved. The apparatus was then permanently sealed on to a tube connected with a mercury-pump, so contrived that gas could be collected. The stop-cocks having been

opened, the gas passed into the pump, and was received in a small test-tube. From the test-tube it was passed into a reservoir, where it was mixed with pure oxygen, and electric sparks were then passed through it for some hours, a little caustic soda being present. This process has the result of causing all gases except those like argon to combine, and they are therefore removed. It was easy to withdraw oxygen by heating a little phosphorus in the gas; and it was then passed into a small narrow glass tube, which had a platinum wire sealed in at each end—a so-called Plücker's vacuum-tube. On passing an electric discharge from a Ruhmkorff induction-coil through the gas in the tube, the well-known spectrum of helium was seen.

Thus helium was proved to be contained in radium bromide which had stood for some time. The specimen used was said to be about three months old, and the helium had accumulated. But whence came the helium? That was the next question to be settled.

A solution of radium bromide gives off gas continuously. That gas, on investigation, is found to be a mixture of oxygen and hydrogen, the constituents of the water in which the bromide is dissolved. It contains, however, a small excess of hydrogen, which implies that some oxygen has been absorbed, probably by the radium bromide, although what becomes of that excess has not yet been determined.

When an electric spark is passed through a mixture of oxygen and hydrogen, an explosion takes place; the gases combine, and water is formed. Any excess of hydrogen is, however, unaffected. Now, the gases evolved from a solution of radium bromide are luminous in the dark, and possess the power of discharging an electroscope, like radium bromide itself. Rutherford and Soddy discovered that when this mixture of gases is led through a tube shaped like a U, cooled to -185° C. by dipping in liquid air, the luminous gas condenses, and the gases which pass on have nearly ceased to be luminous in the dark, and no longer discharge an electroscope. To such condensable gases Rutherford applied the term "emanation"; this one is known as the "radium emanation."

The next question to be answered was: Is the helium evolved from the radium bromide directly, or is it a product of the emanation? It was necessary, therefore, to collect the emanation and to examine its spectrum. This was managed, after many unsuccessful trials, by exploding the mixture of oxygen and hydrogen containing the emanation, allowing the remaining hydrogen to pass into a tube containing a thin spiral of slightly oxidized copper wire kept at a red heat by an electric current: the hydrogen combined with the oxygen of the oxide of copper, and formed water. The apparatus was so arranged that mercury could be allowed to enter the tube from below, so as to sweep before it any remaining gas; and the water was removed from the gas by making it pass through a tube filled with a suitable absorbing agent, followed up by mercury. The gas finally entered a very small spectrum-tube, entirely made of capillary tubing, like the stem of a thermometer. On passing a discharge from a coil through the spectrum-tube after the emanation had been thus introduced, a spectrum was seen, consisting of some bright green lines; but it was extremely difficult to prevent the presence of traces of carbon compounds, and at this stage their spectrum was always seen. But the D_2 line of helium was absent. After a couple of days, however, a faint yellow hue began to appear, identical in position with D_2 ; and as time went on, that line became more distinct, and was followed by the other lines characteristic of helium, until, after a week, the whole helium spectrum was visible. It was thus proved that the radium emanation spontaneously changes into helium. Of course other substances might have been, and undoubtedly were, formed; but these it was not possible to detect.

The next problem was to measure the amount of emanation, resulting from a given weight of radium, in a given time. The method of procedure was similar to that already described, except in one respect: the spiral of oxidized copper wire was omitted, and the excess of hydrogen, mixed with the emanation, was cooled in a small bulb by help of liquid air. This condensed the emanation; and the hydrogen, which of course is not liquefied at the temperature of liquid air, was pump-

ed away. On removal of the liquid air the emanation became gaseous, and it was forced by means of mercury into a minute measuring tube, like the very narrow stem of a thermometer. It was thus possible to measure its volume. It is a well-known law that gases decrease in volume proportionally to increase of pressure; if the pressure is doubled, the volume of the gas is halved, and so on. Now this was found to be the case with the emanation; hence the conclusion that it is a gas, in the ordinary meaning of the word. But it is a very unusual gas; for not only is it luminous in the dark, but it slowly contracts, day by day, until it practically all disappears. It does not lose its luminosity, however; what remains, day by day, is as luminous as ever; but its volume decreased, until after about twenty-five days the gas had contracted to a mere luminous point. What had become of the helium? That was discovered on heating the tube. It is well known that glass, exposed to the radium emanation, turns purple, if it is soda glass; brown, if it is potash glass. This is due to the penetration of the glass by the electrons, which are exceedingly minute particles, moving with enormous velocity. When the emanation changes into helium, the molecules of that gas are also shot off with enormous velocity, although they move much more slowly than the electrons. It is sufficient, however, to cause them to penetrate the glass; but on heating they are evolved, and collect in the tube, and the volume of the helium can be measured. It turned out to be three and a half times that of the emanation. But as the emanation is probably fifty times as heavy as hydrogen, all the emanation is not accounted for by the volume of helium found; it is almost certain that solid products are formed, which are deposited on the glass, and which are radioactive. Up to the present these products have not been investigated.

It was possible, knowing the volume of the emanation, and knowing also the volume which the radium would have occupied had it, too, been gaseous (for a simple rule enables chemists to know the volume which a given weight of any element would occupy in the state of gas), to calculate how long it would take

for the radium to be converted into emanation, supposing that to be its only product. This gives for half of the radium to be decomposed about 1150 years. But there is a good deal of conjecture about the calculation; for many unproved assumptions have to be made.

A further experiment, conducted in a somewhat similar manner, but with the utmost precaution to exclude every trace of foreign gas, made it possible to measure the position of the lines of the spectrum of the emanation. In general it may be said that the spectrum has a similar character to those of argon and helium; it consists of a number of bright lines, chiefly green, appearing distinctly on a black background. It confirms the supposition, made after examination of the chemical properties of the emanation, that it is a gas belonging to the argon group, with a very heavy atomic weight. Some of the lines of the spectrum appear to be identical with lines observed in the spectra of the stars; and it may perhaps be inferred that such heavenly bodies are rich in radium.

If the diagram on page 54 be looked at, it will be seen that the bulb containing radium bromide was surrounded by a small beaker, as a precautionary measure. As a matter of fact, there were three such bulbs and three such beakers, on the principle of not putting all one's eggs in one basket. These beakers had never been in contact with the radium bromide, nor with the emanation; but they had been bombarded for months by β -rays, or electrons, which are so minute, and move so rapidly, that they penetrate thin glass with ease. It was found that these beakers were radioactive; and it is very remarkable that after washing with water, the beakers lost their radioactivity, which was transferred to the water. Evidently, then, some radioactive matter had been produced by the influence of the β -rays. On investigation, it was proved that more than one substance had been produced. For on bubbling air through the water, a radioactive gas passed away along with the air; it had the power of discharging an electroscope, but its life lasted only a few seconds. It was only while the current of air was passing through the electroscope that the gold-leaves fell together; on ceasing the

current, the leaves remained practically stationary. Now had radium emanation been introduced into the electroscope, its effect would have lasted twenty-eight days; had the emanation from thorium been introduced, it would have taken about a minute before it ceased to cause the gold-leaves to fall in. There is an emanation, however, that from actinium, which is very short-lived, and it looks probable that one of the substances produced from the β -rays is actinium. But it is not the only one. For the water with which the glass was washed gives a radioactive residue after evaporation to dryness; and it contains a substance which forms an insoluble chloride, sulphide, and sulphate, though the hydroxide is soluble in ammonia. Either, then, the β -rays have so altered the constituents of the glass that new radioactive elements are formed; or perhaps it is the air which surrounds the glass which has yielded these new elements; or it may be, though this appears less probable, that the β -rays themselves, which are identical with electrons, or "atoms" of negative electricity, have condensed to form matter.

Such are some of the results which have been obtained in a chemical examination of the products of change of radium. The work is merely begun, but it leads to a hypothesis as regards the constitution of radium and similar elements, which was first put forward by Rutherford and Soddy. It is that atoms of elements of high atomic weight, such as radium, uranium, thorium, and the suspected elements polonium and actinium, are unstable; that they undergo spontaneous change into other forms of matter, themselves radioactive, and themselves unstable; and that finally elements are produced which, on account of their non-radioactivity, are, as a rule, impossible to recognize, for their minute amount precludes the application of any ordinary test with success. The recognition of helium, however, which is comparatively easy of detection, lends great support to this hypothesis.

The natural question which suggests itself is: Are other elements undergoing similar change? Can it be that their rate of change is so slow that it cannot be detected? Professor J. J. Thomson

has attempted to answer this question, and he has found that many ordinary elements are faintly radioactive; but the answer is still incomplete, for, first, radium is so enormously radioactive that the merest trace of one of its salts in the salt of another element would produce such radioactivity; and, second, it is not proved that radioactivity is an invariable accompaniment of such change; or again, it may be evolved so slowly as to escape detection. A lump of coal, for example, is slowly being oxidized by the oxygen of the air; oxidation is attended by a rise of temperature, but the most delicate thermometer would detect no difference between the temperature of a lump of coal and that of the surrounding air, for the rate of oxidation is so slow.

Another question which arises is: Seeing that an element like radium is changing into other substances, and that its life is a comparatively short one, it must be in course of formation, else its amount would be exhausted in about 2500 years. An attempt has been made by Soddy to see if uranium salts, carefully purified from radium, have reproduced radium after an interval of a year; but his result was a negative one. Possibly some other form of matter besides uranium contributes to the synthesis of radium, and further experiments in this direction will be eagerly welcomed.

Lastly, the experiments of Ramsay

and Cook, of which an account has been given in the foregoing page, on the action of the β -rays appear to foreshadow results of importance. For while radium, during its spontaneous change, parts with a relatively enormous amount of energy, largely in the form of heat, it is a legitimate inference that if the atoms of ordinary elements could be made to absorb energy, they would undergo change of a constructive, and not of a disruptive, nature. If, as looks probable, the action of β -rays, themselves the conveyers of enormous energy, on such matter as glass, is to build up atoms which are radioactive, and consequently of high atomic weight; and if it be found that the particular matter produced depends on the element on which the β -rays fall, and to which they impart their energy:—if these hypotheses are just, then the transmutation of elements no longer appears an idle dream. The philosopher's stone will have been discovered, and it is not beyond the bounds of possibility that it may lead to that other goal of the philosophers of the dark ages—the *elixir vitæ*. For the action of living cells is also dependent on the nature and direction of the energy which they contain; and who can say that it will be impossible to control their action, when the means of imparting and controlling energy shall have been investigated?

Villa Borghese

BY ARTHUR SYMONS

A GRACE of winter breathing like the spring;
 Solitude, silence, the thin whispering
 Of water in the fountains, that all day
 Talk with the leaves; the winds, gentle as they,
 Rustle the silken garments of their speech
 Rarely, for they keep silence, each by each,
 The dim green silence of the dreaming trees,
 Cypress and pine and the cloaked ilexes,
 That winter never chills; and all these keep
 A sweet and grave and unawakening sleep,
 Reticent of its dreams, but hearing all
 The babble of the fountains as they fall,
 Chattering bright and irresponsible words
 As in a baby-speech of liquid birds.

The Gold

BY MARY E. WILKINS FREEMAN

THE colonies had but recently declared war with the old country; and Abraham Duke, being an able-bodied man, although no longer young, was going to fight for the cause. He was fastening on his old sword, which his father before him had wielded well, and his wife Catherine was standing watching him, with an angry cant to her head. "Wherefore cannot you tell me where the gold is, Abraham Duke?" said she.

Abraham Duke regarded his wife with stern melancholy, and his glance of fixedness in his own purpose was more impregnable than any fort.

"I can tell you not, Catherine," replied he, "because no man can tell any woman anything which he wants not the whole world to know, and there are plenty of evil-disposed folk abroad in these troublous times, and 'tis for your own sake, since in case robbers come, you can tell them without perjury that you know not where the gold is."

"For *my* sake!" returned Catherine, with a high sniff. "You tell me not for fear I shall spend the gold, and you always loved gold better than your wife. You fear lest I should buy a new gown to my back, or a new cap ribbon. Never fear, Abraham Duke, for I have gone poorly clad so long that, faith, a new cap ribbon even would frighten me."

"I have given you all that I could, Catherine," returned Abraham, gravely.

"But now that you have all this wealth, five thousand pounds, you hide it away, and tell me not where it is,—me, your wife, who has kept your house for scarce anything save a poor measure of daily bread, all these years. You wrong me, Abraham Duke."

But Abraham Duke only kept his mouth shut more tightly. He was perhaps ten years older than his wife, but he was handsome, with a stern, almost a sad, majesty of carriage. It was only some few weeks before that the money, a legacy

from his father in England, five thousand pounds in gold, had come on the English ship *The Queen Mary*. It was the day afterward that he had sent his wife away by stage-coach fifty miles inland on a visit to her sister, Mistress Abigail Endicott. He had charged her while on her visit to say nothing about the five thousand pounds, but well he knew that she had talked of nothing but the gold, and had bragged much, and now when she had returned and her husband was about to join the army, the gold was hidden, and she was to know nothing of it and have nothing of it all to spend until her husband's return. He regarded her at the last with the sort of restrained tenderness of his kind. She was still a most charming woman to look upon, fair-skinned and fair-haired, and, in spite of her complaints, attired daintily, although she had spun and woven the blue petticoat which she wore, and worked herself the lace kerchief which veiled her bosom, and the cap which crowned her fair head. "When I come home, you shall have what you will, to spend," said he, "but not now. Now is a time when a good wife needs nothing except the wherewithal to live, with her goodman away, and war in the land."

"Abraham, tell me where you have hid the gold?"

"I will not tell you, Catherine," said Abraham Duke, and now he was all equipped to start. "If perchance I should never come back, you may go to Parson Rawson, who holds a sealed letter for you, but in no case will he give it to you unless I fall and he has ample proof of it. He has promised me upon his honor, and no man living ever knew Parson Ebenezer Rawson to forswear his word."

"And in the mean time, while you fight I am to stay alone at home and starve."

"There is no need for a woman of industry to starve in a good home, with a

bound boy to cut wood and dig the garden for her, and cows and sheep and chickens," said Abraham.

"But should the enemy come and take them all, as they may do, since we are on the seashore!" cried Catherine.

"In that case you will go to your sister, Mistress Endicott, in Rexham," replied Abraham. He was advancing toward his wife for a decorous last embrace, should she be disposed to yield it in her rancor, when little Harry Evarts, the son of Abraham's friend and neighbor, the goldsmith, came rushing in, and he was all bloody, and his pretty face was deadly white, and his fair curls, like a girl's, seemed to stand up and wave like plumes over his head, he was in such a fright. Then Catherine Duke forgot the gold, for she had no child of her own, and she loved the boy. "Harry! Harry!" she shrieked, running to him, and holding him to her breast, "what is it, child? Speak; are you hurt?"

"Father, father," gasped the boy, and then he hung almost lifeless on Catherine's arm.

"What ails your father? Speak!" cried Catherine.

"Father is killed," replied the boy, faintly.

"Killed! What, your father killed! Abraham, do you hear? Joseph Evarts is killed! Hear what this child says! Run, quick! Abraham!"

But when Catherine turned to look at her husband there was no one there, and she for the moment thought nothing of it, inferring that at the child's first word he had hastened to see what had happened to his friend.

But Abraham Duke did not return, and it was known on good authority that he had never set foot in Joseph Evarts's house to ascertain what had happened to him, but had made his way straight out of the village to the army, the company of which he was a member being assembled in Suffield, about ten miles away.

Catherine, although she had had the difference with her husband concerning the hiding of the gold, felt hurt that he should have slipped away in such wise without a word of farewell while she was in such anxiety over the bereft child, but she had no suspicions then, or afterward, and nobody spoke of suspicions to

her. But suspicions there were, although they slumbered in the general excitement of the war and the ever-recurring rumors of a ship of the enemy in sight and about to land in the harbor of the little village of South Suffield. It was said that Abraham Duke was the last one seen entering and leaving the house of Joseph Evarts the evening before his dead body was found by his little son, who was returning from a visit to his grandmother; his mother was dead. Little Harry Evarts had, indeed, found the door of his home blocked by something, and pushed with all his childish strength, and found, when the door yielded a gap, that it was the body of his father, dead of a sword-thrust in the side, which blocked the door. Evarts had been a goldsmith by trade in the old country; since he had been in the new, finding little opportunity for the exercise of his craft, he had supported himself and his little son by working his farm. It was held that Abraham Duke had gone the night before to bid him farewell. Mistress Prudence Dexter, who lived next door, had distinctly seen him enter and leave, and she had seen no one else that evening, and it was bright moonlight and she had been sitting beside her window with no light, to save candles. Still, in spite of the sinister report, Abraham Duke's standing—he was tithing-man in the meeting-house, and esteemed by all—and the utter absence of any known motive served to keep the suspicion well within bounds, and would have done so even had not everybody's mind been distracted by the war and the rumors of strange sails on the horizon.

Meantime Catherine Duke lived on alone, save for the bound boy, who was none too bright as to his wits, although strong and a good worker, and night and day she searched for the gold, which she was confident her husband had hidden somewhere about the house, if he had not buried it in the field. Her husband had not been gone twenty-four hours before all the usual hiding-places of treasure were overhauled, such as old teapots, the drawers of dressers, secret drawers, and the clock. She searched the clock particularly, since she heard that her husband had been seen coming from Joseph Evarts's with some of the works

of the clock that night before he went away. Prudence Dexter had averred that she had distinctly seen the dangling pendulum of a clock from under Abraham's cloak as he went down the street. Catherine, knowing that the dead man Joseph Evarts had been a cunning workman in many ways, thought that he might have rigged for his friend a secret closet in the clock, and she searched it well, but found nothing. She thought that it might have been possible for her husband to carry the main body of the clock under his cloak, for the purpose of the secret closet, but although she sounded every inch and poked the inmost recesses of the clock well over, no gold did she discover. She therefore let it be, ticking with the solemn majesty of its kind; it was an eight-day clock, taller than a man, standing like Time itself in the corner of the living-room, and casting a shadow like the shadow of a man across the floor every morning when the sun shone into the room. But she searched, after she had searched the clock, every inch of the house. She even had the hearthstones taken up, she and the dull-witted bound boy, working by candle-light, with the curtains drawn, that the neighbors might suspect nothing, and she replaced them in a masterly fashion; for Catherine Duke was in reality a masterly woman. And then she had out many of the chimney bricks, as many as she dared, and she even had up some of the flooring, but she found nothing.

Then she and the bound boy dug up the cellar bottom, and then the bound boy ploughed every inch of land, which had hitherto remained uncultivated. She could do that openly, and people began to say that Catherine would make more of the farm than her husband had done. But the land that was too stony for the plough she was more secret about, she and the boy digging it up by moonlight and replacing the sods.

Once she ventured forth with a lantern in her impatience, but the light, seen flitting along the field near the shore, occasioned a rumor in the village that a ship of the British had landed, and a drum beat to arms. Then all the old men and boys left in the place sallied forth, and Catherine and the bound boy,

whose name, which belied his character, was Solomon—last name he had none at all that anybody knew, for he was a foundling,—had hard work to reach the house undiscovered, although she blew out the lantern, and scudded for her life with her petticoats lifted, while the boy sped with her, the more afraid that he knew not what he feared.

However, all Catherine's searching came to nothing, although she worked hard—and hard work it was, with what she had to do on the farm. No woman in South Suffield was considered a better housewife than she, and she had to live up to her reputation. She and the boy sheared and washed the sheep, and she spun and wove the wool. She tended the flax and made of that lengths of linen cloth; she made her soap and her candles, and kept her house as neat as wax, and all the while the search for the hidden gold was in her mind. Many a time in the dead of night would she, lying awake and pondering over it, and striving to place her own mind in the attitude of her husband's when he had hidden the treasure, think of another place where she had not looked, and be up, with her candle lit, and over the house, in her bedgown, to find nothing at all.

Catherine grew old with the loneliness and the ever-increasing wrath with her husband, who had so mistreated her after her years of self-denial and toil for his sake. The sense of injury is like a fermenting canker in the mind when once it is allowed to work with no protest. Catherine's pretty round face grew long and sour, her smooth forehead knitted. Her blue eyes got an expression of sharp peering which never left them. She even looked at her friends as if she suspected that the hiding-place of the gold might be in their minds. And yet all the time she had in reality no desire for the gold itself, for she had enough and to spare. Had she found the gold she would directly have hid it again and spent not one shilling until her husband's return, but the sense of injury ever spurred her on with a goading which almost produced madness. She asked herself over and over why she should not know,—why her husband, for whom she had saved and toiled, could not have trusted her? Of a Sabbath-day, when she

went to meeting, she regarded the parson, Ebenezer Rawson, with a covert hatred, since he held the sealed letter, and had been trusted to a greater extent than she. Sometimes, although, in spite of her wrath and sense of ill treatment, which warped her mind, she still loved her husband and prayed for his safety, the imagination would come to her how, in the case of his falling before the enemy, she should go to the parson and demand the sealed letter, and know at last what she had a right to know—the hiding-place of the gold.

After her husband had been away some six months and she had had one letter from him, with not a word about the gold, she dressed herself in her best—in her red cloak, which she had had as a bride and kept carefully, and a hat with a plume which would have become her had she not gotten the expression on her fair face of the seeker after dross, which disfigures more than aught in the world—and she made her way to the parson's house. He was a widower, and always had a kindly word for a pretty woman, although esteemed, as her husband had said, a man who kept his own counsel. Past the parson's housekeeper, an ancient aunt of his, declaring that she had need of spiritual consolation, and leaving her staring, suspicious because of the red cloak and the plume, she marched into the study, lined with books which damned all mankind by reason of the love of God, according to the tenets of the day, and she found the parson at his desk, with his forehead knitted over the tenthly of his next Sabbath-day's sermon. And then calling to her aid old blandishments of hers, she beset the parson for the letter, although the conditions of its delivery were not fulfilled, and she gave good and sufficient reasons why she should know the secret, since lately the rumors of the enemy on the coast had increased, and she argued that she should know the hiding-place of the treasure, that she might bury it safely away from the greed of the redcoats.

But Parson Ebenezer Rawson, who was a handsome man in a powdered wig and had something of the diplomat in him, only laughed, and spoke to her with a pleasant chiding, the while he noted that she was no longer, in spite of her

red cloak and her feather, as goodly to see as she had been, and had an apposite verse of Scripture concerning the frailty of the flesh and the evanescence of beauty enter his mind.

"Mistress Duke," said Parson Rawson, "it truly seemeth to me that since you yourself cannot find the gold, no safer hiding-place can be discovered from the enemy."

Catherine blushed high with anger. "But I am in want of goods for household use," said she. In response to that, Parson Rawson surveyed her rounded form and the sumptuous folds of her red cloak, and said that he could not betray his trust, since his word, once given, was like a lock and seal upon his soul, and that did she want for the necessities of life he would advance the money needful to her upon a loan.

At last Catherine Duke went away, still unsatisfied, and she walked—for thoroughly feminine she was—with a graceful movement, being conscious of the carriage of her head and the folds of her red cloak, until she was out of view of the parson's windows, and then she broke into an angry switch, and she even wept like a crossed child, as she went along, where there were no houses.

Before she came to her own house, some quarter of a mile distant, she had to pass the house where Joseph Evarts had lived and wherein he had come to his death by foul means. Catherine Duke was not a nervous woman, nor timid, but as stanch and stout-hearted as women needed to be in those times. Still, for all that, and although she had not heard of the suspicions which were directed against her husband, she never passed this house without an involuntary quickening of her steps, especially when it was night-fall, as now, and she was alone. The house had remained deserted since poor Joseph Evarts's dead body had been carried forth from it, for the little boy had been taken to live with his grandmother in an adjoining town. Now in this gray, weather-stained house seemed to abide the spirit of mystery and murder, and to glare forth from the desolate blanks of its windows upon all passers-by. Thus Catherine Duke, stout-hearted as she was, quickened her steps that evening, and scudded by in her red

cloak, with her best plume waving on the breeze; but as she passed she gave a terrified roll of her blue eyes at the house, and she could have sworn that she saw a gleam of light in one of the rooms of the second story. She looked instinctively at the opposite side of the road for a light which could produce a reflection, but there was no house there and no bonfire. She looked again, and it seemed certain to her that there was a candle-light in the east room on the second floor. Then she fairly ran, for a vague horror was upon her, and it seemed to her that she heard footsteps behind her, although, when she reached her own door and turned around, with the latch in her hand, and Solomon was gazing at her from the lighted living-room, there was not a person in sight on the road, which made a sharp turn a short distance from the Duke house. That turn swerved the road from the sea, and gave room on both sides for houses. The Evarts house was on the sea side of the road. All that could be seen from the front door of the Duke house was the desolate moaning waste of waters, which had lately acquired a terrible significance as a possible highway for the enemy, and the road with no dwelling as far as the turn. Catherine called Solomon to the door. "Look," said she, sharply, "and see if you can spy out anybody on the road."

Solomon came and stood beside her, projecting his simple gaping face, with its prominent light-blue eyes, into the gathering gloom, and whimpered—for he had some vague idea that he was being blamed, and he held his mistress in awe—that he saw no one. "Go as far as the turn in the road," said Catherine, imperiously, "and see if you see anybody; and if you do, come back quickly and let us lock the door."

Solomon started, although he was afraid, for he was more afraid of his mistress's anger than of any unknown quantity, but she called him back. "If you see no one on the road," said she, "keep on until you reach the Evarts house, and look and see if you spy a light in the east chamber." Solomon sped away, although his legs trembled under him, for the fear in his mistress's heart infected his own.

Catherine went into the house and hung on the porridge-kettle, and very soon Solomon came back, saying that he had seen no one, and there was no light in the east chamber of the Evarts house, but there was a boat moored behind the house, on the seashore.

"You cannot have seen rightly," said Catherine, for now her confidence had returned. "You saw the old wreck that has lain behind the house for the last three years."

"Nay, mistress, 'twas a boat," persisted the boy; but when Catherine insisted that he had seen wrongly, he yielded and agreed with her, and said it was the wreck, for he had no mind of his own when the pressure of another was brought to bear upon it.

But the poor lad was right, and it had been well for poor Catherine Duke had she heeded him and taken the candle-gleam in the chamber of the deserted house and the boat on the sand behind it as a warning, instead of recovering her bravery of outlook and going about her evening tasks as usual. After supper she set Solomon to paring apples to dry, and she herself spun at her flax-wheel. They found her hard by it the next day, and she was murdered even as Joseph Evarts had been; but she had not come to her death so easily, for she had been tortured first, and there were the marks of fire on her feet and hands. As for the bound boy, he had leaped out of the window as the men beat down the door, and he had sped away on his long legs, with what little wit he had ever owned well-nigh gone forever. When he was found and brought back, he shook like one with palsy, and he went through his life so, and he could only speak in disjointed stammers. As for answering questions to any purpose, there was no hope of it from him, although the people gathered some confirmation of what they at first suspected, that Catherine had been first tortured to make her reveal the hiding-place of her gold, and then when she did not reveal it, as she could not, poor soul, she was finished. Then the whole house had been ransacked for the gold, but the robbers and murderers found it no more than Catherine had done, although people were not sure of it. Indeed, it was said by many that the men, who were



PARSON RAWSON SPOKE TO HER WITH A PLEASANT CHIDING

supposed to have come ashore in the boat which had been moored behind the Evarts house, and which had been seen by a man passing as well as by Solomon, had found the gold and taken it away. Catherine had talked much, to her own hurt, about the treasure, and there were stragglers from the army, as well as the enemy, to fear. Some said they were British soldiers who had come ashore in the boat, and some said they were men from the Colonial army, a company of which had been recently stationed for a short time at Suffield, but no one ever knew certainly.

When Abraham Duke came home, with only one arm, having lost the other by a British shot, he found a deserted home and a devastated farm, for there had been a raid by the enemy after Catherine's death. They had left the house standing, with its contents, but the live stock had been taken.

Abraham lived on alone, and worked his poor fields painfully, being so crippled with only one sound arm and hand, and he barely kept soul and body together, for if the gold had not been stolen he made no use of it. Sometimes the neighbors, albeit grudgingly and doubtfully, being still uncertain as to whether he was hoarding his treasure or not, came and helped the poor man with his scanty harvesting. However, they seemed to meet with but little gratitude, for Abraham Duke, always taciturn and cold of bearing, had become more so. He spoke to no man unless he were first spoken to, and then he made scant reply. And although he still attended all the services on the Sabbath-day in the meeting-house, he had given up his office of tithing-man, and would not have it, and people said he had doctrinal doubts, because of his afflictions, which were not to his credit, even if he were innocent of the crime which those who were more ready to think evil laid at his door.

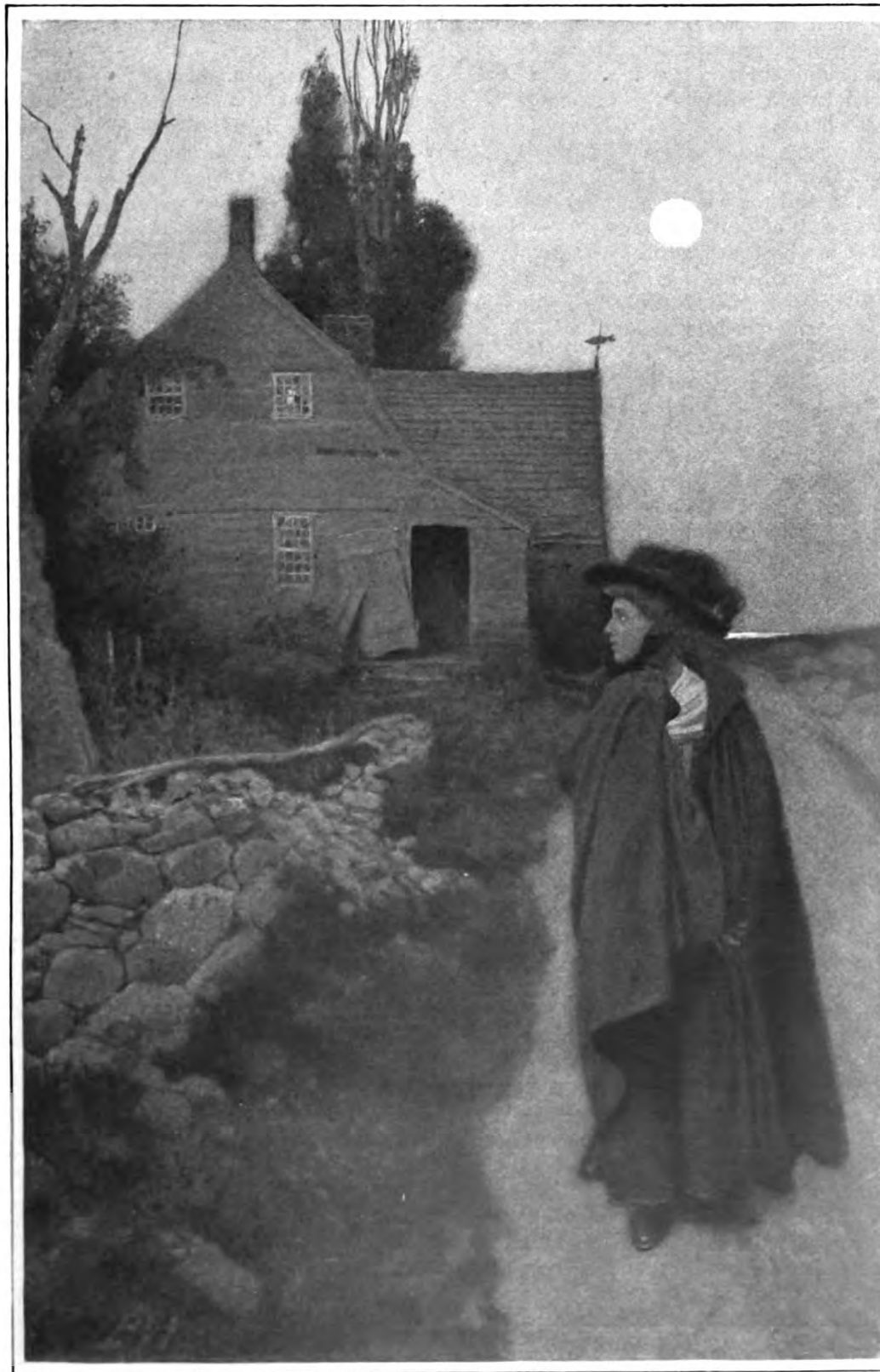
As time went on, people looked more and more askance at him, for his face grew more and more bitter and forbidding, even terrifying. The children became afraid of him, and gradually the old suspicion became more assured. He was held (although no one had any proof, and there being no known motive for the crime, there was no talk of bringing him

to justice) as a man accursed, and when he was helped it was more and more grudgingly and with serious doubts as to the blessing to be received for the deed.

Joseph Evarts's son had grown up, and he was living in his father's old house with his grandmother, who still lived, although very old, and never did Abraham Duke pass the house that he was not conscious of the young man's eyes upon him. Abraham had become aware of the suspicion, and it looked more keenly from Harry Evarts's eyes than any others. Abraham rarely looked the young man in the face, for it had become to him the face of an avenging fate. He went past the house with his head bent, but always he knew there was an eye upon him,—if not the young man's, his grandmother's, for she too suspected, and voiced her suspicions openly. Her old face set in the narrow window-frame was as malignant as a witch's upon Abraham Duke passing by, and he felt it although he did not look up.

Affairs grew worse and worse with him. Rheumatism beset him one winter, and he was crippled with that, as well as his maimed arm and his age, for he was now an old man. He sat all day by his fireless hearth; for it was often fireless, since he could not cut wood nor hire it cut, and often he went a day without food, for he was more and more abhorred by the shadow of suspicion of an evil deed which had fallen upon him. Old Parson Rawson had died years before. He had given up the sealed letter to Abraham when he returned from the army, and Abraham had taken it without a word, and nobody knew what had become of it.

Abraham Duke lived on, hanging to life with a feeble clutch, like an old leaf to an autumn bough, and he was near eighty, and suffering all that one could suffer and live. He was slowly freezing and starving to death, and the occasional aid from his kind only served to prolong his misery. At last when he was eighty there came a fierce winter, and one morning Harry Evarts, who had lately married, and whose heart, embittered with suspicion and the desire for vengeance, was somewhat softened by the thankfulness for love, thought of the old man, and walking down to the turn of



Half-tone plate engraved by W. H. C.

CATHERINE DUKE QUICKENED HER STEPS

the road, and seeing no smoke from the chimney, he returned home for his hand-sled, and drew a good store of fire-wood with a basket of provisions to the Duke house.

It was a bright, freezing morning, a day glittering as if strung with diamonds, and the wind from the north was like a flail of death. Harry Evarts shuddered as he dragged his sled up to the door of the Duke house, and he hesitated a second for dread of what he might find when he entered. Then he heard a sweet voice from behind calling, and the girl he had married came running to join him, her fair face all glowing with the cold.

When she came alongside Harry pounded on the door, and a horrible dull echo, as of the vacancy of death itself, came in their ears. The young wife, Elizabeth, caught hold of her husband's arm, and she was almost weeping. "Oh, Harry! oh, Harry!" she whispered. "The poor old man must be dead."

Harry shut his mouth hard and pounded again, and again came the echo like a voice of desolate mockery from the outside of life. Then Harry shut his mouth harder, and opened the door, which was unlocked, as if the old man had left it on the latch for death, and he entered, Elizabeth shrinking behind him.

And on the hearth sat old Abraham Duke, frozen and starven, but his face had an expression of such exceeding peace and humility that even the girl was not frightened, but she began to weep bitterly. "Poor old man! oh, poor old man!" she sobbed. "And he does not look, dead, as he did alive."

The room was full of brilliant sunlight, but bitter cold, and on the hearth were only ashes, but the andirons and the tops of the fire-set caught the sunlight and glowed warmly. So also did the ornaments on the desk and the high-boy and the clock, and the pendulum of the clock, which still ticked, seemed to swing in an arc of gold. Harry was deadly white, standing looking at the old man on the hearth. Elizabeth continued to sob; then, being led by her sweet womanly instincts, she went nearer to the old man, and placed one of her little hands with a caressing gesture like a

blessing on his sunken forehead. Then she started. "Harry," she said—"Harry, there is a letter in his hand."

Harry did not stir. He was thinking of his father, and how he had come home to find him lying dead across the door.

"Harry," said the girl again, "there is a letter." Then she reached down and softly took the letter from the dead man's hand, which seemed to yield it up willingly. "Harry, the letter is for you," cried Elizabeth, in an awed whisper.

Then she ran with the letter to her husband. "Open it," said she.

"I can't," said the young man, hoarsely, for he was fighting a fight with himself.

"I will open it," cried the girl, who was full of quick impulses, and she broke the seal. There were only a few words in the letter, which was, in fact, more a memorandum than a letter, and she read them aloud: "The andirons, the fire-set, the handles on the high-boy, the handles on the desk, the trimmings of the clock, the pendulum, the trimmings on the best bed, the handles on the dresser, the key of the desk—Gold."

"My father did the work; he made the things of gold instead of the brass, and he *knew*!" exclaimed Harry.

The girl was ghastly white. She continued to gaze with a wild gaze of awful understanding at the old man sitting stark and dead on his fireless hearth, where he had sat so long with the great god Mammon, whom he had not dared command to his own needs lest he destroy him. She reflected how he had sat there and starved with his wealth glittering in his eyes, and she also reflected, considering the look on his dead face, that perhaps his earthly retribution had won his heavenly peace. But she shuddered convulsively, and the gold light reflected from the tops of the andirons seemed to wink at her like eyes of infernal understanding and mockery. She looked at the letter again, and called out its contents again in a voice shrill with hysteria: "The andirons, the fire-set, the handles on the high-boy, the handles on the desk, the trimmings of the clock, the pendulum, the trimmings on the best bed, the handles on the dresser, the key of the desk—Gold."

London Films

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

WHOEVER carries a mental kodak with him (as I suspect I was in the habit of doing long before I knew it) must be aware of the uncertain value of the different exposures. Their success can be determined only by the process of developing, which requires a dark room and other apparatus not always at hand; and so much depends upon this process that it might be well if it could always be left to some one who makes a specialty of it, as in the case of the real amateur photographer. Then one's faulty impressions might be so treated as to yield a pictorial result of some interest, or frankly thrown away if they showed hopeless to the instructed eye. Otherwise, one must do one's own developing, and trust the result, whatever it is, to the imaginative kindness of the reader, who will surely, if he is the right sort of reader, be able to sharpen the blurred details, to soften the harsh lights, and blend the shadows in a subordination giving due relief to the best meaning of the print. This is what I fancy myself to be doing now, as best I may, in that want of a darkened room, and the requisite chemicals, which seem not included yet in the facilities supplied by the fertile genius of modern travel. If any one shall say that my little pictures are superficial, I shall not be able to gainsay him. I shall only answer that most pictures represent the surfaces of things, and I shall frankly own that I have at no time attempted to employ the Roentgen rays in my snap-shots of London aspects.

What appears to be a fact of unwavering certainty amidst many doubts is that whoever brings his sensitized surfaces to England in early March, as I did, is destined to have printed upon them a succession of meteorological changes quite past computation. Yet if one were as willing to be honest as one is willing to

be graphic, one would own that probably the weather on the other side of the Atlantic was then behaving with quite as swift and reckless caprice. The difference is that at home, having one's proper business, one leaves the weather to look after its own affairs in its own way; but being cast upon the necessary idleness of sojourn abroad, one becomes critical, becomes censorious. If I were to be a little honester still, I should confess that I do not know of any place where the month of March can be meaner, more *poison*, upon occasion, than in New York.

If you can keep out-of-doors in England you are very well, and that is why the English, who have been philosophizing their climate for a thousand and some odd years, keep out-of-doors so much. When they go indoors they take all the outer air they can with them, instinctively realizing that they will be more comfortable with it than in the atmosphere awaiting them. If their houses could be built reversible, so as to be turned inside out in some weathers, one would be very comfortable in them. Lowell always held that the English rain did not wet you, and he might have argued that the English cold would not chill you if only you stayed outdoors in it.

Why will not travellers be honest? Is it because they think they may some day come back? For my part, I am going to be heroic, and say that the indoors cold in England is constant suffering to the American born. It is not that there is no sizzling or crackling radiator, no tropic-breathing register; but that the grate in most of the houses that the traveller sees, the public houses namely, seems to have shrunk to a most sordid meanness of size. In Exeter, for example, where there is such a beautiful old cathedral, and an unbroken Christian tradition from the Roman days, one found a bedroom grate of the capacity of a quart pot, and the heating capabilities of a glow-

worm. I might say the same of the Plymouth grate, but not quite the same of the grates of Bath or Southampton; if I pause before arriving at the grate of London, it is because daring must stop somewhere. I think it is probable that the American, if he stayed long enough, would heed the injunction to suffer and be strong from the cold, as the Englishman has so largely done, but I am not sure. At one point of my devious progress to the capital I met an Englishman who had spent ten years in Canada, and who constrained me to a mild deprecation by the wrath with which he denounced the indoors cold he had found everywhere at home. He said that England was a hundred, five hundred, years behind in such matters; and I could not deny that, even when cowering over the quart pot to warm the hands and face, one was aware of a gelid medieval back behind one. To be warm all round in an English house is a thing impossible, at least to the traveller, who finds the natives living in what seems to him a whorl of draughts. In entering his own room he is apt to find the window has been let down, but this is not merely to let in some of the outside warmth; it is also to make a current of air to the open door. Even if the window has not been let down, it has always so much play in its frame, to allow for swelling from the damp, that in anything like dry weather the cold whistles round it, and you do not know which way to turn your medieval back.

In one of the provincial hotel corridors there were radiators, but not hot ones, and in one dining-room where they were, the natives found them oppressive, while the foreigners were warming their fingers on the bottoms of their plates. Yet it is useless for these to pretend that the suffering they experience has not apparently resulted in the strength they see. Our contemporary ancestors are a splendid-looking race, in the higher average, and if in the lower average they often look pinched and stunted, why, we are not ourselves giants without exception. The ancestral race does often look stunted and poor; persons of small build and stature abound; and nature is

"So careful of the single type"

of beefy Briton as to show it very rarely. But in the matter of complexion, if we count that a proof of health, we are quite out of it in comparison with the English, and beside them must look like a nation of invalids. There are few English so poor as not, in youth at least, to afford cheeks of a redness which money could not buy with us, or could buy only at the shops. I do not say the color does not look a little overdone in cases, or that the violent explosion of pinks and roses, especially in the cheeks of small children, does not make one pause in question whether paste or putty might not be more tasteful. But it is best not to be too critical. Putty and paste, apart from association, are not pretty tints, and pinks and roses are; and the English children look not only fresher but sturdier and healthier than ours. Whether they are really so I do not know; that is, like the merits of books, the affair of time; but I doubt if the English live longer than we for living less comfortably. The lower classes seem always to have colds; the middle classes, rheumatism; and the upper, gout, by what one sees or hears. Rheumatism one might almost say (or quite, if one did not mind what one said) is universal in England, and all ranks of society have the facilities for it in the indoors cold in which they otherwise often undeniably flourish. At the end, it is a question whether you would rather be warm and well, or cold and well; we choose the first course and they choose the last.

If we leave this question apart, I think it will be the experience of the careful observer that there is a summit of healthful looks in England, which we do not touch in America, whatever the large table-land or foot-hill average we reach; and in like manner there is an exceptional distinction of presence as one encounters it, rarely enough, in the London streets, which one never encounters with us. I am not envying the one, or at least not regretting the other. Distinction is the one thing for which I think humanity certainly pays too much; only, in America, we pay too much for too many other things to take any great comfort in our want of distinction. Matthew Arnold noted it, in his visit among us, to de-



THE ELDERLY GENTLEMAN BOWED TO HER

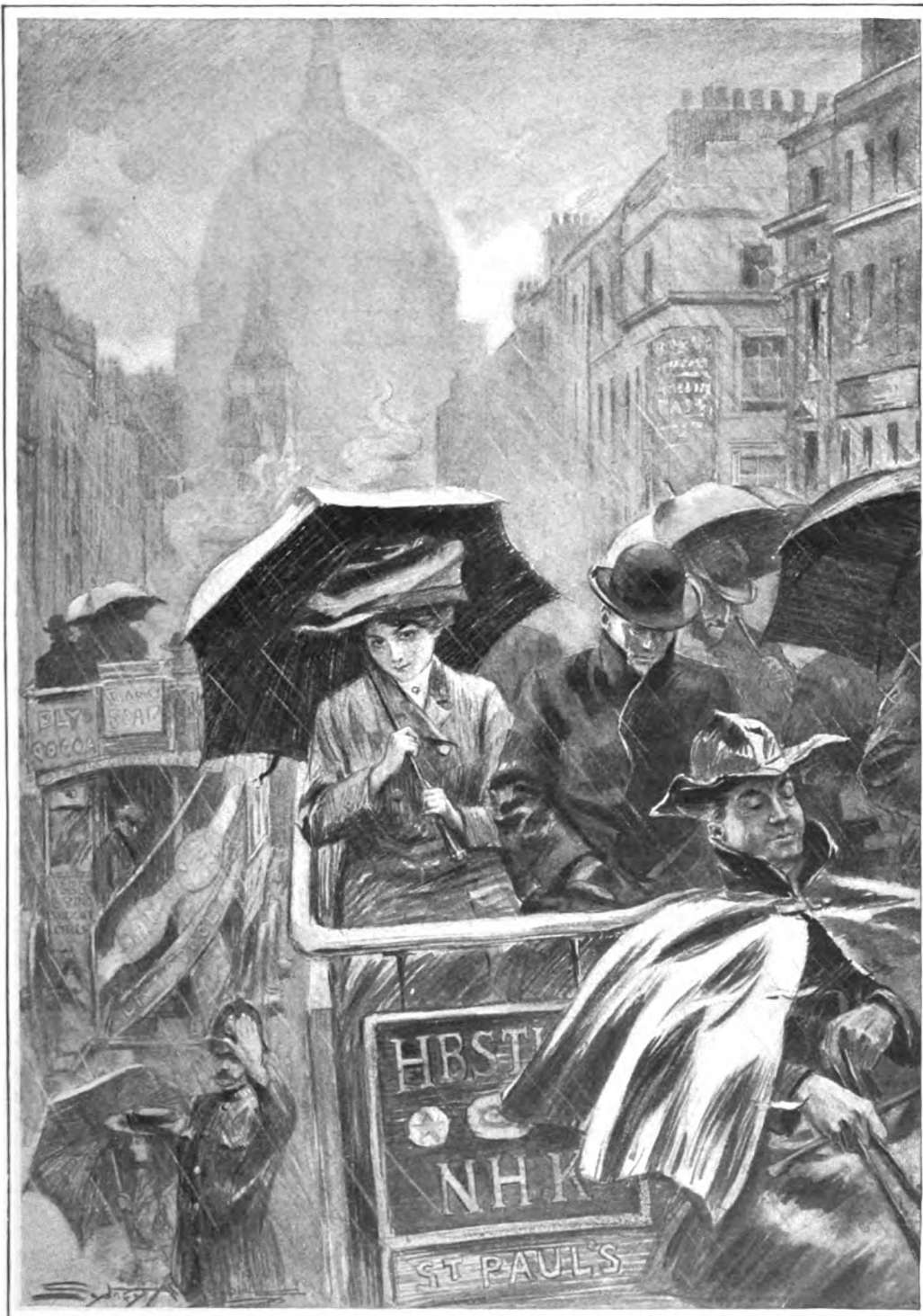
plore it; but I own it without grief or shame, while I enjoy the sight of distinction in England as I enjoy other spectacles for which I cannot help letting the English pay too much. I was not appreciably the poorer myself, perhaps I was actually the richer, in seeing, one fine chill Sunday afternoon, in the aristocratic region where I was taking my walk, the encounter of an elderly gentleman and lady who bowed to each other on the pavement before me, and then went and came their several ways. Of him I saw that his distinction was passive and resided largely in his drab spats, but hers I beheld active, positive, as she marched my way with the tall cane that helped her steps, herself tall in proportion, with a head, ashen gray, held high, and a straight well-fitted figure dressed so in keeping that there was nothing for the eye to dwell on in her various black. She looked not only authoritative; people often do that with us; she looked authorized; she had been empowered by the vested rights and interests to look so her whole life; one could not be mistaken in her, any more than in the black trees and their electric-green buds in the high-fenced square, or in the vast, high, heavy, handsome houses in the cellary or sepulchral cold of which she would presently resume the rheumatic pangs of which the comparative warmth of the outer air had momentarily relieved her stately bulk.

But what is this? While I am noting the terrors of the English clime, they have all turned themselves into delights and allures. There have come three or four days, since I came to London, of so fine and mellow a warmth, of skies so tenderly blue, and so heaped with such soft masses of white clouds, that one wonders what there was ever to complain of. In the parks and in the gardened spaces which so abound, the leaves have grown perceptibly, and the grass thickened so that you can smell it, if you cannot hear it, growing. The birds insist, and in the air is that miraculous lift, as if nature, having had this banquet of the year long a-simmering, had suddenly taken the lid off, to let you perceive with every gladdening sense what a feast you were going to have in the way of **summer** presently. From the delectable vision rises a subtle haze, which veils

the day just a little from its own loveliness, and lies upon the sighing and expectant city like the substance of a dream made visible. It has the magic to transmute you to this substance yourself, so that while you dawdle afoot, or whisk by in your hansom, or rumble earth-quakingly aloft on your omnibus-top, you are aware of being a part, very dim, very subtle, of the passer's blissful consciousness. It is very flattering, but you feel like warning him not to go indoors, or he will lose you and all the rest of it; for having tried it yourself you know that it is still winter within the house walls, and will not be April there till well into June.

It might be, somewhat overhardily, advanced that there is no such thing as positive fact, but only relative fact. The mind, in an instinctive perception of this hazardous truth, clings to contrast as the only basis of inference, and in now taking my tenth or twentieth look at London, I have been careful to keep about me a pocket vision of New York, so as to see what London is like by making constantly sure what it is not like. A pocket vision, say, of Paris, would not serve the same purpose. That is a city of a legal loveliness, of a beauty obedient to a just municipal control, of a grandeur studied and authorized in proportion and relation to the design of a magnificent entirety; is a capital nobly realized on lines nobly imagined. But New York and London may always be intelligibly compared because they are both the effect of an indefinite succession of anarchistic impulses, sometimes correcting and sometimes promoting, or at best sometimes annulling one another. Each has been mainly built at the pleasure of the private person, with the community now and then swooping down upon him, and turning him out of house and home to the common advantage. Nothing but our racial illogicality has saved us from the effect of our racial anarchism in the social structure as well as the material structure, but if we could see London and New York as lawless in the one way as in the other, we should perhaps see how ugly they collectively are.

The sum of such involuntary reflection with me has been the perception that



Half-tone plate engraved by G. F. Smith

YOU ARE A MOLECULE OF THAT VAST ORGANISM

London was and is and shall be, and New York is and shall be, but has hardly yet been. New York is therefore one-third less morally, as she is one-third less numerically than London. In her future she has no past but only a present to retrieve; though perhaps a present like hers is enough. She is also one less architecturally than London; she is scarcely two-thirds as splendid, as grand, as beautiful, as impressive. In fact, if I more closely examine my pocket vision, I am afraid that I must hedge from even this modest claim, for we have as yet nothing to compare with at least a half of London magnificence, whatever we may have in the seventeen or eighteen hundred years that shall bring us of her actual age. As we go fast in all things, we may then surpass her; but this is not certain, for in her more deliberate way she goes fast, too. In the mean time the materials of comparison, as they lie dispersed in the pocket vision, seem few. The sky-scrapers, Brooklyn Bridge, Madison Square Garden, and some vast rocketing hotels, offer themselves rather shrinkingly for the contrast with those miles of imperial and municipal architecture which in London make you forget the leagues of mean little houses, and remember the palaces, the courts, the great private mansions, the dignified and shapely flats, the large department stores, the immense hotels, the bridges, the parks, the monuments of every kind.

One reason, I think, why London is so much more striking is in the unbroken line which the irregularly divided streets often present to the passer. Here is a chance for architecture to extend, while with us it has only a chance to tower, on the short up-town block which is the extreme dimension of our proudest edifice, public or private. Another reason is in the London atmosphere, which deepens and heightens all the effects, while the lunar bareness of our perspectives mercilessly reveals the facts. After you leave the last cliff behind on lower Broadway the only incident of the long straight avenue which distracts you from the varied commonplace of the commercial structures on either hand is the loveliness of Grace Church; but in the Strand and Fleet Street you have a succession of edifices which overwhelm you with a sense

of a life in which trade is only one of the incidents. If the day is such as a lover of the picturesque would choose, or any other may rather often have without choosing, when the scene is rolled in vaporous smoke, and a lurid gloom hovers from the hidden sky, you have an effect of majesty and grandeur that no other city can offer. As the dim shadow momentarily thickens or thins in the absence or the presence of the yellowish-green light, the massive edifices are shown or hid, and the meaner houses render the rifts between more impressively chasmal. The tremendous volume of life that flows through the narrow and winding channel, past the dim cliffs and pinnacles, and the lower banks which the lesser buildings form, is such that the highest tide of Broadway or Fifth Avenue seems a scanty ebb beside it. The swelling and towering omnibuses, the huge trucks and wagons and carriages, the impetuous hansoms and the more sobered four-wheelers, the pony-carts, donkey-carts, hand-carts, and bicycles which fearlessly find their way amidst the turmoil, with foot-passengers winding in and out, and covering the sidewalks with their multitude, give the effect of a single monstrous organism, which writhes swiftly along the channel where it had run in the figure of a flood till you were tired of that metaphor. You are now a molecule of that vast organism, as you sit under your umbrella on your omnibus-top, with the public water-proof apron across your knees, and feel in supreme degree the insensate exultation of being part of the largest thing of its kind in the world, or perhaps the universe.

It is an emotion which supports the American visitor even against the immensity he shares, and he is able to reflect that New York would not look so relatively little, so comparatively thin, if New York were a capital on the same lines as London. If New York were, like London, a political as well as a commercial capital, she would have the national edifices of Washington added to the sky-scrapers in which she is now unrivalled, and her competition would be architecturally much more formidable than it is. She would be the legislative centre of the different States of the Union, as London is of the different countries of the United Kingdom; she would



Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

IN THE PARK ON A FAIR SUNDAY

have collected in her borders all their capitols and public buildings; and the variety if not the dignity of these would valiantly abet her in the rivalry from which one must now recoil on her behalf. She could not, of course, except on such rare days of fog as seem to greet Englishmen in New York on purpose to vex us, have the adventitious aid which the London atmosphere renders; her air is of such a limpid sincerity that nothing in it shows larger than it is; no mist clothes the sky-scraper in gigantic vagueness, the hideous tops soar into the clear heaven distinct in their naked ugliness; and the low buildings cower in unrelieved meanness about their bases. Nothing could be done in palliation of the comparative want of antiquity in New York, for the present, at least; but it is altogether probable that in the fulfilment of her destiny she will be one day as old as London actually is.

If one thinks, however, how old London is now, it is rather crazing; much more crazing than the same sort of thought is in the cities of lands more exclusively associated with antiquity. In Italy you forget the present; there seems nothing above the past, or only so thin a layer of actuality that you have scarcely the sense of it. In England you remember with an effort Briton, and Roman, and Saxon, and Norman, and the long centuries of the medieval and modern English; the living interests, ambitions, motives, are so dense that you cannot penetrate them and consort quietly with the dead alone. Men whose names are in the directory as well as men whose names are in history, keep you company, and push the shades of heroes, martyrs, saints, poets and princes to the wall. They do not shoulder them siftingly out of the way, but helplessly; and there is no place in the world where the material present is so reverently, so tenderly mindful of the material past. Perhaps therefore I felt safe in leaving the English past to the English present, and having in former visits to London long ago satisfied that hunger for the old which the new American brings with him to Europe, I now went about enjoying the modern in its manifold aspects and possibly fancying characteristic traits where I did not find them. Between you and me I did

not care how trivial some of these were, but I hesitate to confide to the more serious reader that I was at one moment much interested in what seemed the growing informality of Englishmen in dress, as I noted it in the streets and parks, or thought I noted it. To my vision or my illusion they wore every imaginable sort of careless cap, slouch felt hat and straw hat; every sort of tunic, jacket, and cutaway. With people on foot the top hat and frock coat still appear, but their combination is evidently no longer imperative, as it formerly was at all daytime functions. I do not mean to say that you do not often see that stately garment on persons of authority, but only that it is apparently not of the supremacy expressed in the drawings of Du Maurier in the eighties and nineties of the last century. Certainly, when it comes to the artist at Truefitt's wearing a frock coat while cutting your hair, you cannot help asking yourself whether its hour has not struck. Yet, when one has said this, one must hedge from a conjecture so extreme. The King wears a frock coat, a long gray one, with a white top hat, and lavender gloves, and those who like to be like a king conform to his taste. No one, upon his life, may yet wear a frock and a derby. Many people now wear top hats, though black ones, with sack coats, with any sort of coats; and above all the Londoner affects in summer a straw hat either of a flat top and a pasteboard stiffness, or of the operatically picturesque Alpine pattern, or of a slouching Panama shapelessness. What was often the derision, the abhorrence of the English in the dress of other nations has now become their pleasure, and with the English genius of doing what they like, it may be that they overdo their pleasure. But at the worst the effect is more interesting than our uniformity. The conventional evening dress alone remains inviolate, but how long this will remain, who can say? The simple-hearted American arriving with his scrupulous dress suit in London, may yet find himself going out to dinner with a company of Englishmen in white linen jackets or tennis flannels.

If, however, the men's dress in England is informal, impatient, I think one will be well within the lines of safety in say-

ing that above everything the English women's dress expresses sentiment, though I suppose it is no more expressive of personal sentiment than the chic of our women's dress is expressive of personal chic. Under correction of those countrywomen of ours who will not allow that the Englishwomen know how to dress, I will venture to say that their expression of sentiment in dress is charming, but how charming it comparatively is I shall be far from saying. I will only make so bold as to affirm that it seems more adapted to the slender fluency of youth than some realizations of the American ideal; and that after the azaleas and rhododendrons in the Park there is nothing in nature more suggestive of girlish sweetness and loveliness than the costumes in which the wearers flow by the flowery expanses in carriage or on foot. The colors worn are often as courageous as the vegetable tints; the dimming air softens and subdues crimsons and yellows that I am told would shriek aloud in our arid atmosphere; but mostly the shades worn tend to soft pallors, lavender, and pink, and creamy white. A group of girlish shapes in these hues, seen newly lighted at a doorway from a passing carriage, gave as they pressed eagerly forward a supreme effect of that sentiment in English dress, which I hope I am not recreant in liking. Occasionally, also, there was a scarf, lightly escaping, lightly caught, which, with an endearing sash, renewed for a fleeting moment a bygone age of Sensibility, as we find it recorded in many a graceful page, on many a glowing canvas.

Pictorial, rather than picturesque, might be the word for the present dress of Englishwomen. It forms in itself a lovely picture to the eye, and is not merely the material or the inspiration of a picture. It is therefore the more difficult of transference to the imagination of the reader who has not also been a spectator, and before such a scene as one may witness in a certain space of the Park on a fair Sunday after church in the morning, or before dinner in the early evening, the boldest Kodak may well close its single eye in despair. As yet even the mental photograph cannot impart the tints of nature, and the reader who wishes to assist at this scene must do his best

to fancy them for himself. At the right moment of the ripening season the foliage of the trees is densely yet freshly green, and flatteringly soft to the eye; the grass below has that closeness of texture which only English grass has the secret of. At fit distances the vast beds of rhododendrons and azaleas are glowing; the sky is tenderly blue, and the drifted clouds in it are washed clean of all suggestion of London grime. If it is in the afternoon these beautiful women begin to appear long after five, or about the time when you may have bidden yourself abandon the hope of them for that day. Some drift from the carriages that draw up on the drive beside the sacred close where they are to sit on penny chairs, spreading far over the green; others glide on foot from elect neighborhoods, or from vehicles left afar, perhaps that they may give themselves the effect of coming informally. They arrive in twos and threes, young girls commonly with their mothers, but sometimes together, in varied raptures of millinery, and with the rainbow range in their delicately floating, delicately clinging draperies. *But their hats, their gowns, always express sentiment, even when they cannot always express simplicity; and the just observer is obliged to own that their calm faces often express, if not simplicity, sentiment. Their beauty is very, very great, not a beauty of coloring alone, but a beauty of feature which is able to be patrician without being unkind; and if, as some American women say, they do not carry themselves well, it takes an American woman to see it. They move naturally and lightly; that is, the young girls do; mothers in England, as elsewhere, are apt to put on weight; but many of the mothers are as handsome in their well-bearing English way as their daughters.

Several irregular spaces are enclosed by low iron barriers, and in one of these the arriving groups of tacitly authorized people found other people of their kind, where the tacitly unauthorized people seemed by common consent to leave them. There was especially one enclosure, which seemed consecrated to the highest comers; it was not necessary that they should make the others feel they were not wanted there; the others felt it of themselves, and

did not attempt to enter that especial fairy ring, or fairy triangle. Those within looked as much at home as if in their own drawing-rooms, and after the usual greetings of friends sat down in their penny chairs for the talk which the present Kodak would not overhear if it could.

If any one were to ask me how I knew that these beautiful creatures were of supreme social value, I should be obliged to own that it was largely an assumption based upon hearsay. For all I can avouch personally in the matter they might have been women come to see the women who had not come. Still if the effects of high breeding are visible, then they were the sort they looked. Not only the women, but the men, old and young, had the aristocratic air which is not aggressive, the patrician bearing which is passive and not active; and which in the English seems consistent with so much that is human and kindly. There is always the question whether this sort of game is worth the candle; but that is a moral consideration which would take me too far from the little scene I am trying to suggest; it is sufficient for the English that they think it is worth it. A main fact of the scene was the constant movement of distinguished figures within the sacred close, and up and down the paths past the rows of onlookers on their penny chairs. The distinguished figures were apparently not the least molested by the multiplied and concentrated gazes of the onlookers, who were, as it were, outside the window, and of the street. What struck one accustomed to the heterogeneous Sunday crowds of Central Park, where any such scene would be so inexpressibly impossible, was the almost wholly English personnel of the crowd within and without the sacred close. Here and there a Continental presence, French, or German, or Italian, pronounced its nationality in dress and bearing; one of the many dark subject races of Great Britain was represented in the swarthy skin and lustrous black hair and eyes of a solitary individual; there were doubtless various colonials among the spectators, and in one's nerves one was aware of some other Americans. But these exceptions only accented the absolutely English dominance of the spec-

tacle. The alien elements were less evident in the observed than in the observers, where, beyond the barrier, which there was nothing to prevent their passing, they sat in passive rows, in passive pairs, in passive ones, and stared and stared. The observers were mostly men, and largely men of the age when the hands folded on the top of the stick express a pause in the emotions and the energies which has its pathos. There were women among them, of course, but the women were also of the age when the more personal sensibilities are taking a rest; and such aliens of their sex as qualified the purely English nature of the affair lost whatever was aggressive in their difference.

It was necessary to the transaction of the drama that from time to time the agents of the penny-chair company should go about in the close and collect money for the chairs; and it became a question, never rightly solved, how the ladies who had come unattended, managed, with their pocketless dresses, to carry coins unequalled in bulk since the iron currency of Sparta; or whether they held the pennies frankly in their hands till they paid them away. In England the situation, if it is really the situation, is always accepted with implicit confidence, and if it had been the custom to bring pennies in their hands, these ladies would have no more minded doing it than they minded being looked at by people whose gaze dedicated them to an inviolate superiority.

With us the public affirmation of class, if it were imaginable, could not be imaginable except upon the terms of a mutinous protest in the spectators which would not have been less real for being silent. But again I say the thing would not have been possible with us in New York; though in Newport, where the aristocratic tradition is said to have been successfully transplanted to our plutocratic soil, something analogous might at least be dramatized. Elsewhere that tradition does not come to flower in the open American air; it is potted and grown under glass; and can be carried outdoors only under special conditions. The American must still come to England for the realization of certain social ideals towards which we may be now

straining, but which do not yet enjoy general acceptance. The reader who knows New York, has but to try and fancy its best, or even its better, society dispersing itself on certain grassy limits of Central Park, on a Sunday noon or afternoon; or, on some week-day evening leaving its equipages along the drives and strolling out over the herbage; or receiving in its carriages the greetings of acquaintance who make their way in and out among the wheels. Police and populace would join forces in their several sorts to spoil a spectacle which in Hyde Park appeals, in high degree, to the æsthetic sense, and which might stimulate the historic imagination to feats of agreeable invention, if one had that sort of imagination.

The spectacle is a condition of that old, secure society which we have not yet lived long enough to have known, and which we very probably never shall know. Such civilization as we have will continue to be public and impersonal, like our politics, and our society in its specific events will remain within walls. It could not manifest itself outside without being questioned, challenged, denied; and upon reflection there might appear reasons why it is well so.

We are quite as domestic as the English, but with us the family is of the personal life, while with them it is of the general life, so that when their domesticity imparts itself to their outdoor pleasures, no one feels it strange. One has read of something like this without the sense of it which constantly penetrates one in London. One must come to England, in order to realize from countless little occasions, little experiences, how entirely English life, public as well as private, is an affair of family. We know from our reading how a comparatively few families administer, if they do not govern, but we have still to learn how the other families are apparently content to share the form in which authority resides, since they cannot share the authority. At the very top—I offer the conjecture towards the solution of that mystery which constantly bewilders the republican witness, the mystery of loyalty—is of course the royal family; and the rash conclusion of the

American is that it is revered because it is the *royal* family. But possibly a truer interpretation of the fact would be that it is dear and sacred to the vaster British public because it is the royal *family*. A bachelor king could hardly dominate the English imagination like a royal husband and father even if his being a husband and father were not one of the implications of that tacit Constitution in whose silence English power resides. With us, family has less and less to do with society, even; but with the English it has more and more to do, for the royal family is practically without political power, and not only may, but almost must, devote itself to society.

In the polite intelligence which we sometimes have cabled to our press at home, by more than usually ardent enterprise, one may have read that the king held a levee at St. James's; and one conceived of it as something dramatic, something historic, something, on the grand scale, civic. But if one happened to be walking in Pall Mall on the morning of that levee, one saw merely a sort of irregular coming and going in almost every kind of vehicle, or as regarded the spiritual and temporal armies, sometimes on foot. A thin fringe of rather incurious but not unfriendly bystanders lined the curbstone, and looked at the people arriving in the carriages, victorias, hansom and four-wheelers; behind the bystanders loitered dignitaries of the church; and military and naval officers made their way through the fringe and crossed the street among the wheels and horses. No one concerned seemed to feel anything odd in the effect, though to the unwonted American the sight of a dignitary in full canonicals or regimentals going to a royal levee in a cab or on foot, is not a vision which realizes the ideal inspired by romance. At one moment a middle-aged lady in the line of vehicles put her person well out of the window of her four-wheeler, and craned her head up to instruct her driver in something. She may not have been going to the levee, but one felt that if she had been she would still have done it, though it abashed the alien witness.

We are in fact much more exacting than the English in matters of English

state; we, who have no state at all, require them to live up to theirs, just as quite plain, elderly observers expect every woman to be young and pretty, and take it hard when she is not. But possibly the secret of enduring so much state as the English have lies in knowing how and when to shirk it; to drop it. No doubt, the alien who counted upon this fact, if it is a fact, would find his knuckles warningly rapped when he reached too confidingly through air that seemed empty of etiquette. But the rapping would be very gentle, very kindly, for this is the genius of English rule where it is not concerned with criminal offence. You must keep off well-nigh all the grass on the island, but you are "requested" to keep off it, and not forbidden in the harsh imperatives of our brief authorities. It is again the difference between the social and the public, which is perhaps the main difference between an oligarchy and a democracy. The sensibilities are more spared in the one and the self-respect in the other; though this is saying it too loosely, and may not be saying it truly; it is only a conjecture with which I am parleying while I am getting round to add that such part of the levee as I saw in plain day, though there was vastly more of it, was much less filling to the imagination than a glimpse which I had of a court one night. I am rather proud of being able to explain that the late queen held court in the early afternoon and the present king holds court at night; but lest any envious reader suspect me of having been at court, I hasten to say that the glimpse I had of the function that night only revealed to me in my cab a royal coach driving out of a palace gate, and showing larger than human, through a thin rain, the blood-red figures of the coachmen and footmen gowned from head to foot in their ensanguined colors, with the black-gleaming

body of the coach between them, and the horses trampling heraldically before out of the legendary past. The want of definition in the fact, which I beheld in softly blurred outline, enhanced its value, which was so supreme, that I could not perhaps do justice to the vague splendors of inferior courtward equipages as my cab flashed by them moving in a slow line toward the front of Buckingham Palace.

The carriages were doubtless full of titles, any one of which would enrich my page beyond the dreams of fiction, and it is said that in the time of the one-o'clock court they used to receive a full share of the attention which I could only so scantily and fleetingly bestow. They were often halted, as that night I saw them halting, in their progress, and this favored the plebeian witnesses, who ranged along their course and invited themselves and one another to a study of the looks and dresses of the titles, and to open comment on both. The study and the comment must have had their limits; the observed knew how much to bear if the observers did not know how little to forbear; and it is not probable that the London spectators went the lengths which our outsiders go in trying to verify an English duke who is about to marry an American heiress. The London vulgar, if not better bred than our vulgar, are better fed on the sight of social grandeur, and have not a lifelong famine to satisfy, as ours have. Besides, whatever gulf birth and wealth have fixed between the English classes, it is mystically bridged by that sentiment of family which I have imagined the ruling influence in England. In a country where equality has been glorified as it has been in ours, the contrast of conditions must breed a bitterness in those of a lower condition which is not in their hearts here; or if it is, the alien does not know it.



The Bystander

BY VAN TASSEL SUTPHEN

You are more truly that which you are in her eyes than that which in your soul you believe yourself to be.—MAETERLINCK.

"I AM going to marry Bruce Fordham." Perdita turned and looked straight at the man who was walking at her side. But Challoner had been subtly warned of the blow that was about to fall; the fact was already present in imagination, and words could do no more than confirm it. His face showed no sign of discomposure, and, indeed, he felt none. "I did not think that I could have carried it off so easily," he was saying to himself—a conclusion so amazing that its contemplation absorbed him entirely.

Perdita, for once at fault, frowned. "Aren't you going to say something nice to me?" she demanded.

"Why, of course. I hope you will be very happy. Fordham has done so well, hasn't he? he can give you everything you want."

"Yes," said Miss Allis, a trifle sharply. Her effect seemed to have fallen flat; evidently Challoner was not in the least inclined to play up to the situation.

"I am going in here," she said, a moment later, as they reached the establishment of a famous modiste. "My trousseau, you know; already I am in the whirl."

Challoner took off his hat and held out his hand. "Good-by," he said, simply.

"Of course we're going to stay good friends. It would hurt me terribly to think—"

"You needn't," he interrupted, quickly. "Why not? It would be too ridiculous."

"That's understood, then, and I am very glad." She gave him a brilliant parting smile and ran up the steps.

Challoner walked on a few paces and stopped to light a cigarette. The familiar action had a curious effect: suddenly the tide of his ordinary every-day life swept back upon him; with Macbeth he stood

and listened to the knocking at the gate. A physical pain contracted his heart; he realized now that he had been sorely wounded, and that the benumbing effects of the shock were passing off. "Oh!" he said, aloud; then set his teeth and walked on blindly.

Challoner, sitting in the omnibus-box at the New Academy, became suddenly aware that a crisis was impending. Yet neither to eye nor to ear had any definite warning presented itself; Marcella was singing, and up to an instant ago the great audience had been wholly hers. Even now it was not apparent that anything of consequence had happened. A man in the balcony had dropped his programme over the rail; and a woman sitting near him started, somewhat hurriedly, to replace her hat. A little murmur of disapproval arose against these triflers, and a masculine voice cried out, "Hush!" After that, silence once more—a curious silence.

A moment of half-puzzled expectancy, and the invisible tide swept in again; men and women exchanged looks, and then as hastily averted their eyes; a party of four left their places in the orchestra stalls and made their way out, followed by questioning glances. "What is it?"—"Somebody must have been taken ill."—"Keep your seats."—"It is nothing."

Two men rose in the gallery, and the standees along the orchestra rail shuffled their feet uneasily; you could see the impulse travelling down the line like to the wave of muscular contraction accompanying the progress of a snake. A few hisses came from the topmost gallery, where only the genuine enthusiasts are supposed to congregate; the conductor faltered in his beat, and one of the first violins stopped playing; his neighbor on the bench frowned and sawed away with redoubled energy; a woman uttered a half-stifled cry.

It was then that Challoner began to understand. It was fear that threatened—fear, deadly, unreasoning, and overpowering; it hovered in the air like to some unclean bird that watches the weakening progress of its destined victim. Already the vast assemblage had passed into a state of unstable equilibrium—a word, a touch, and the balance would be down. “If one more person starts to go out,” said Challoner to himself, “it will be all over with us.” He leaned forward to look, his hands clenched. A second or two dragged away, and then a man fairly shot out of his seat and dashed up the aisle. He was instantly followed by a dozen others, and the music plunged into an abyss of discord. A light puff of smoke curled over the fluted edge of the prompter’s shell; Challoner shrank back as though from the cut of a whip-lash, and an excruciating spasm contracted his throat.

The first rush had carried him into the lobby, and for a time he made good progress toward the main stairway. But now the crowd descending from the dress-circle and balconies added its quota to the struggle; some one stumbled and fell, and instantly the block had established itself. Challoner found himself forced steadily outward and sideways from the press; he made no resistance, and finally stood clear in a recess formed by the projecting side wall of the gallery stairs. There was a bench here for the convenience of the ushers, and Challoner saw that it had an occupant—a young woman. Their eyes met and fell apart; they were strangers. Challoner bowed slightly and stood to one side.

Well, he had often wondered how he would comport himself in the presence of a great emergency. Now he knew, and the self-revelation was the very thing that he had feared. He wanted to live—never before had life seemed so sweet. And yet the springs of action had suddenly failed; he had been beaten by the first blow, ignobly forced to sanctuary while yet his physical strength was in him. A coward, then—a weakling who must die because he did not deserve to live.

A movement behind him attracted his attention; the girl had risen and was standing at his side.

“Not much use in attempting it,” she

said, and looked calmly at the confusion that weltered about them.

“No; we’re better off here—at least for the present.”

“It’s a sort of backwater, isn’t it? If only there were something—anything that one might do.”

Challoner did not answer; he was thinking that the experience was not a new one for him. The backwater of life; he ought to know it pretty well by this time. Had he not failed at his profession and afterwards in two or three tentative excursions into the realm of business? And all because he could not bring himself to take a hand-to-hand part in the battle for success; the personal contact, inevitably associated with the life called strenuous, was inexpressibly distasteful to him; he might make a good fight with immaterial adversaries, or even as against wild beasts at Ephesus, but he could not contend at short arm’s length with his fellow man. A weakness that was like to cost him dear, for there are times when the only way lies across the bodies of the fallen. And this was one of them. Challoner ground his teeth; for a moment the shameful sense of his impotence possessed him wholly.

This was the lobby of the grand tier, and the box occupants had been among the foremost in the rush for safety. One *loge* had remained closed, and Challoner supposed it to be empty. He was surprised now to see the door flung open and three people make their appearance—a man, with one woman hanging on his arm, and another following close behind. The man was Bruce Fordham, but Challoner did not recognize his companion. But surely it could not be Perdita, for all that he had not seen her since the marriage three years ago. No; it was she who came behind: the small head with its glorious masses of chestnut hair was unmistakable. Half unconsciously, Challoner started forward, but checked himself. This thing might come to him, but he would never seek it.

Fordham was a powerful man, and he made his way steadily through the press, his big shoulders heaving and twisting as he forged ahead. One arm held the woman close to his side, and he used the other to clear a passage for them both. Now he was in the thick of the press;



"GOOD-BY," HE SAID, SIMPLY

twice and thrice his big fist shot out, and a gap opened before him.

"What a brute!"

Challoner turned at the sound of her voice; the girl's cheeks were flaming.

"It's the survival of the fittest," he said.

"Then why aren't you doing the same thing? You are as big as he is."

"A defect in temperament, doubtless; I have always played the part of the bystander—it's second nature."

"Isn't that Mrs. Fordham—the one behind?"

"Yes. If she can only keep her feet there is a chance—ah, she has fallen back."

Fordham was now lost to sight in the crowd beyond. Once he turned and shouted to his wife to keep close up. But he did not seem to notice whether or not she was obeying his injunction, and by this time her strength had become exhausted; she stopped and allowed the shifting current of the mob to carry her whither it would. Finally, Perdita found herself on the very edge of the stream, crushed against the wall; she gasped for breath, while her eyes grew dim. With a last effort she threw herself forward and felt the pressure on her right relaxing; she stumbled and would have fallen but that an outstretched hand caught her; she looked up and met Challoner's steady, unsmiling gaze. Then, as it seemed to her, the living picture passed, exactly as though it were a cinematograph exhibition—a blur, a snap, and darkness rushing over the illuminated screen.

Challoner stooped and lifted the unconscious woman to the bench.

"Leave her to me," said the girl, briefly, and he turned again to watch the progress of the larger tragedy.

It seemed as though the block were broken, for the mass was moving again, and the corridor was almost clear.

"I'm going forward to get a look at things," he called out, and did not wait for an answer. He ran swiftly down the corridor, but suddenly the smoke grew denser and drove him back. He felt his way along the wall until he reached the recess again. There was a counter-current of air here and the atmosphere was comparatively clear. The girl looked at him inquiringly.

"Not the ghost of a chance," he said. "Good God! and the emergency doors were supposed to provide against this."

"Where are they?"

"Right behind us, opening on the outside fire-escapes. They are all controlled by a single hydraulic lever; it only needed an order to the engine-room."

"Some one has blundered—"

"Or everybody has forgotten. It amounts to the same thing."

Down upon them rolled a great cloud of suffocating smoke and the electric lights went out. "This is the end," thought Challoner, and his hand sought and clasped that of the girl; a purely animal impulse, the instinct which, at times like this, seeks for the living touch of its kind, drew them together.

There came the sound of iron sliding in rusty grooves, and a rush of cold, fresh air followed. Challoner understood instantly that the emergency doors had been opened at last and that the way to safety was clear.

"To the left," he called to the girl. "You can't miss it."

But she would not leave him. "It is impossible for you to manage with her alone," she said, glancing at the unconscious woman on the bench. "Let me take her feet."

The firemen met them outside, and the further work of rescue fell into the official routine. Once on the street and through the fire-lines, Mrs. Fordham showed signs of returning consciousness; a coach was secured and she was placed inside.

"She will do very well now," said the girl, coolly. "You will take her home, of course."

"But what of you?"

"I shall manage very well, thank you, if you will kindly stop that hansom." She held out her hand as Challoner stood at the cab-step. "We'll talk it all over at some future time," she said, with a friendly nod. "It isn't likely that either of us will forget."

The hansom cab drove off; Challoner, left standing in the street, became suddenly aware that they had parted without even the bare exchange of names; he was not at all certain that he would be able to recognize her should they meet again. "A mouth like a flower," he told himself. "I don't seem to have noticed

anything else." He went back to the coach. Perdita, shaken but conscious, greeted him with a sob.

"Oh, Hugh!" she said.

Challoner gave the hackman the address and took his seat opposite her; the carriage drove on.

Perdita leaned forward dramatically. "You saved my life," she said, and her voice fell slightly in pitch; she was seeking the appropriate emotional key.

Challoner made a motion of dissent. "I did very little—" he began.

"Oh, we won't dwell upon the melodrama. It's simply that you pulled me out of a place where I couldn't help myself. It so happened that it was a fire, but it might have been something else, even anything else." She threw out her hands—the petulant gesture of an impulsive child. "I dare say I shouldn't be saying this to you, and if I had waited until to-morrow—well, I wouldn't have; I should just be owing it to you in silence. But to-night is to-night, and I am paying my debts in full."

Challoner frowned. "Don't give me more credit than I deserve," he said. "I had stepped aside purposely; I had given up the battle."

Perdita's eyes flashed. "Yes, I know. The ignoble struggle for life, *sans* everything that makes it worth while. Remember that I saw it too—men turned into mad, screaming brutes, women struck and trampled. I saw *him*—" The pause was eloquent.

Challoner turned away his eyes; it seemed as though she were trying to show him something at which he ought not to look. A half-block farther on the carriage stopped.

"You will come in," she said. "Bruce—he will want to thank you."

"Not to-night; I'd rather not, really."

"You must," she insisted, almost fiercely. "I couldn't meet him—now and alone. You must."

A coupé had driven up behind them, and a man and a woman alighted. Mrs. Fordham flung open the door of the coach.

"Is that you, Bruce?" she called.

"Perdita!" The man held back, but his companion came running.

"Oh, my dear!" she exclaimed, and kissed Perdita on both cheeks.

Somehow they all found themselves in the house. Mrs. Vannest rattled on volubly:

"Wasn't it dreadful! I shall never forget it—never. And Bruce was so splendid! He just carried me along. Of course I was frightened to death."

"Emily behaved like a trump," said Fordham, stolidly. "Never thought of fainting." His eyes wandered vaguely about the room. "I want a drink," he said, with an accession of decision, and summoned a servant. "You'll join me, Challoner?"

"I *did* faint," said Perdita, coolly, "but Mr. Challoner was good enough to overlook it." The silence seemed a little awkward, but it was fortunately dispelled by the entrance of the man with the liquor-tray. Everybody began talking at once, and the slippery place was bridged over. Shortly afterwards Challoner took his leave, and Perdita followed him into the hall.

"You will come and see me?" she said. "Yes."

"To-morrow? I will be in all afternoon."

"I can't be sure; I may have to go out of town."

"When you can, then; we have a telephone, of course."

Challoner paused a moment on the steps outside; he could still hear the incessant cackle of Mrs. Vannest's high-pitched voice, the words fairly falling over one another. "Poor child," he said to himself.

Challoner had made up his mind not to go and see Mrs. Fordham, and he stuck to his resolve. But a week later she picked him up in the Park, and he had no reasonable excuse for not accepting a seat in her victoria. Perdita, dressed entirely in black, was looking interestingly pale. Challoner noted the bunch of Russian violets at her breast, and remembered that he had always chosen that particular flower to send her.

"You have not even stopped to inquire," said the lady, gently reproachful.

"No," said Challoner, briefly.

"You had promised to continue my friend, and at least I thought—I thought—"

"Perdita!"

He had used her Christian name un-



IT SEEMED AS THOUGH THE BLOCK WERE BROKEN

consciously, and she was careful to let the *lapse* pass unnoticed.

"At least after what has happened," she continued, softly.

"It is impossible. I did try, but it couldn't be."

"But suppose I needed, desperately needed—a friend?"

"Oh!" said Challoner, impatiently, and looked away—looked straight into the eyes of a horsewoman who was trotting slowly along the adjacent bridle-path. It was his *donna incognita* of the opera-house, and the recognition was a mutual one.

"Who is that girl?" asked Challoner, as she passed.

"On horseback? Why, yes, it must be—it is that new Western heiress. Her name is Law—Evelyn Law."

"Evelyn Law?" repeated Challoner, thoughtfully; had he ever met her in the conventional way?

"Do you know her? But of course not, since you've just been inquiring who she is. She is called handsome."

"She is nice-looking."

"How particular you are not to commit yourself. I suppose that men really do possess opinions, even convictions, but they are always so careful not to whisper them to a woman. We are hot-house flowers, you see; and yet sometimes—to break the glass and get a breath of the outer air—no matter how sharp and rough—even if its touch withered and killed—"

"Miss Law is an extraordinarily pretty woman," said Challoner; he was determined at all hazards to steer clear of these sentimental shallows. "Isn't that expression of opinion definite enough?"

"Quite too pronounced. You really meant that."

"You see now the impracticability of that proposed friendship. Under no possible circumstances do I ever succeed in saying the right thing."

"The right thing," retorted Perdita, with daring distinctness, "is not what man in his wisdom is proposing to say, but that which the woman is waiting to hear." Imperceptibly she seemed to sway towards him, and Challoner's pulse bounded perilously. At that moment Miss Law passed them for the second time, and there was something of tonic

sharpness in the lightning glance she gave him which recalled Challoner to his senses.

"Put me down here, please," he said.

"Is it a business engagement?" she asked, mockingly. "Surely you have not become a captain of industry, and nothing less could justify—"

"I don't make excuses; I must go."

"On one condition, then. I must see you upon a matter of the utmost importance and within the week. You can't, you won't, deny me this."

Challoner should have declined, and, indeed, he honestly tried to do so. But the way in which she put it made a refusal impossible. "On Wednesday, then," he said, reluctantly.

"Very well, and at noon. Now don't begin with your objections; it's absolutely the only spare moment I shall have that day."

"Wednesday at twelve," he repeated, with a certain grimness of intonation, at which Perdita smiled inwardly. So they parted.

That same night Challoner was dining at the Barrs'.

"I'm doing you a good turn, Hugh," said his hostess, in an undertone, as he came up to shake hands. "You're to take out—" Challoner followed her glance across the room and recognized Evelyn Law. "Make the most of your opportunities," added Mrs. Barr. "They say that George Hemming is interested, and he doesn't wait for anybody."

There was a certain gravity in their greetings; the profound seriousness that the experience of a great crisis imparts still held them both and made the trivial word impossible.

"To have known the very heart of things," said Miss Law, musingly. "Not many of us have the chance to do that and then get away with a whole skin. It's like Moses looking upon God, and even he did not see His face."

Challoner felt the blood rush to his forehead. "You understood?" he said. "But no, you couldn't have—not all, not the worst part."

"Tell me, then."

"I am going to. You remember when I left you for a moment and ran down the corridor. The smoke drove me back. If the way had been clear, if my chance

had offered—well, I don't think I should have returned."

"And why not?"

"Frankly, then, I wanted my life—wanted it just as badly as the biggest brute in all that mob. Yes, and I would have bought it at the same price that Fordham paid. But I saw that there wasn't enough to go round, and I couldn't bring myself to the indecency of scrambling for the pieces. But afterwards, when the passage seemed to open—"

"You didn't go away with that idea?"

"No, of course not. But I know myself well enough to understand what would have happened if—"

"The smoke." •

"Yes, the smoke."

"But you did come back. That's the important thing, isn't it?"

"I shouldn't have done so if—if—"

"I don't believe you."

The hostess gave the signal, and they passed into the dining-room. A conversation so intimate could not be carried on under cover of a table-napkin, and, moreover, Mrs. Barr had a literary lion that evening—a sensitive beast, who always refused to roar unless perfect silence were guaranteed. So they sat and listened to a monologue on *L'Art Nouveau*.

But afterwards, in the drawing-room, Challoner picked up the thread where they had dropped it.

"It was good of you to say that," he began. "You know what I mean?" She nodded. "But you don't know me." She smiled. "Listen," said Challoner, and his voice shook a little. "There are men in the world who never have—who never will accomplish anything on their own initiative. I am one of them. Call it a disease of the will—anything you like. The fact, the shameful fact, remains.

"You are pleased to be incredulous. Very well. There was once a woman and I loved her. Love, you understand, the ultimate force in all the universe. But another man came along, and—and I couldn't stand up against him. I let him take her—without a struggle, without a word. I wouldn't fight; I stepped aside, just as you saw me on the night of the fire—the rôle of the bystander. He could give her everything that I

could not. But it wasn't that alone. It was the mastery of the man that swept her off her feet, and to which she had to submit. And I looked on."

"Since then you have seen but little of Mrs. Fordham?" Miss Law's tone was curiously even.

A red spot showed in Challoner's cheek. "You are mistaken," he said.

"Impossible. Remember that I saw you together in the Park this afternoon."

"As you like, then. Yes, I did keep away. Negation at least is possible of attainment even for the weakling. That night at the opera-house was the first time in three years—since her marriage."

"Go on."

"I recognized the woman I loved. Fate threw her back into my arms, but I looked at her wholly unmoved. All that concerned me was my own life; nothing else mattered in the least. It was only the accident of the smoke that compelled in me the semblance of decency."

"Again I say that I do not believe you."

"Why?"

"Intuition seldom deceives a woman, and never under such circumstances. I let you go willingly, knowing that you would return. I trusted you."

Challoner looked at her gratefully. "I believe you did," he said, slowly. "I must have felt that myself in some subconscious manner. But you haven't accounted for the incredible thing—my forgetfulness of the—the other one. I did not think of her at all when I called to you that I was going to see how matters stood at the stairway. You can't explain that away—the whole of it—from the very beginning, I mean."

Evelyn's lip curled amusedly. "On the contrary, the explanation is the simplest one possible."

"I don't understand."

"Of course I should never think of telling you. If you can't imagine—"

"How could I?"

"Then you'll have to remain unenlightened."

A heavy footstep sounded near. "I say, Challoner," came the words in Hemming's cool, incisive voice, "this sort of thing is clearly against public polity. I'm opposed to monopolies unless

I'm in them myself, and I propose to break up yours. Miss Law, you promised—faithfully promised—to sing for me." Hemming tucked Miss Law under his arm and walked away with her; she submitted gracefully.

"But you must come and see me," she called out over her shoulder.

Challoner stood still and watched her until she was lost to sight.

The next day but one he called upon Miss Law. But it was an unsatisfactory sort of visit, for Hemming was there too, and he outstayed Challoner—deliberately. He tried it again on Saturday, but she was out.

Sunday he saw Miss Law for an instant after church. He expressed his regrets, somewhat awkwardly, at having missed her. "I wanted to tell you," he went on, "that I've opened my office again; I'm an architect, you know."

"Good!" said Miss Law, heartily.

"You've given me some new sort of faith in myself. If only I can prove it by my works—"

"You will."

"May I come and tell you about it?" went on Challoner, eagerly.

Miss Law considered. "Father and I go to Tuxedo to-night," she said, "and I sha'n't be back until Wednesday. But I'll be at the Barlows' ball that night. Shall I save you a turn?"

"Will you? I'll be sure to claim it."

Mr. Law joined them, and the three walked slowly down to the corner. A carriage turned in from the side street, and Mrs. Fordham, leaning forward, bowed to Challoner; her eyes swept the others of the little group with studied hauteur.

"How very handsome she is," remarked Evelyn, calmly.

Challoner colored; really it had been so obvious of Perdita.

Hemming joined them.

"I've invited George to luncheon," explained Mr. Law. Evelyn intimated that that would be very nice; her manner had changed inexplicably, and she did not seem to resent the proprietary air with which Hemming carried her on ahead. Challoner walked another block with Mr. Law for form's sake, and then took his leave; the brightness of the day had suddenly departed. "That blackguard!" he

muttered, under his breath. "She can't possibly know." He walked home, unaccountably put out by this incident, and spent the two following days at his office working on a set of competitive plans for a public institution somewhere out West. It was a really big idea that had come to him, and as he went on with its development he knew that it was the best thing that he had ever done.

Wednesday morning, and Challoner remembered with a little pleasurable thrill that this was the day of Miss Law's return to town. And the Barlows' ball was in the evening; he would see her there, and she had promised him a dance. Later on, at the breakfast-table, he found a note, and the sight of the well-known handwriting sent the blood to his cheeks. It was from Perdita—merely a line reminding him of his engagement to call upon her at noon.

Perdita received him with an abstracted air. Challoner hazarded a few commonplaces, which were ignored; then he waited for her to speak.

"Will I surprise you," she began, "if I say that I am going to leave Bruce?"

Challoner remained silent.

"You saw how it was the night of the fire; it is impossible that things should go on in this way. That woman!"

"You mean—"

"I have engaged passage on the *Draconic*, sailing this afternoon at four o'clock, and the baggage is already on board." Perdita laid her hand on Challoner's arm. "Why don't you say something?" she demanded.

"As though words could answer you."

"Oh, I know what you are thinking about. But I have weighed the price which I shall have to pay, and it is nothing—nothing."

Challoner felt as though he were wandering in a mist. He could not doubt but that she was speaking the truth, but the revelation had repelled rather than attracted him. Yet she made a lovely and pathetic figure as she stood there, and a momentary weakness seized upon him. He had missed so much in life, and she was ready to give him—well, at least, the best that she had left. Was it worth while to grasp after shadows? Then he remembered one other thing. He blurted it out:

"You are a rich woman, Perdita."

"While you, foolish boy, are still trying to make ropes out of sand. Oh, I have heard about your keeping office-hours again. What is it? Has Miss Evelyn Law given you a commission for a Newport palace?"

Challoner stiffened. "We needn't bring her name into this," he said.

Perdita looked at him sharply; then she laughed. "Is that it?" she demanded. "Of course you know what George Hemming says about himself—that he has never yet failed to get what he wanted. The engagement will be announced to-morrow."

"How do you know that it exists?"

"It doesn't—as yet. That is the point. She is to be at the Barlow dance to-night."

"Hemming! Yes, I've heard him say that he had never failed in anything. It's an astonishing record, isn't it? What could I hope for against him?"

"Nothing."

"Yes, of course—nothing."

Challoner picked up his hat and stick; he rose to go quite as though there were nothing further to be said or done. And Perdita, clever as she was, failed to see that she had overshot the mark; the quietness of his manner deceived her utterly.

"You see, there is no other way," she whispered, for Bruce Fordham's step was at the door.

As in a trance, Challoner heard himself exchanging remarks about the weather with this man who was Perdita's husband. It appeared that Fordham was motoring up to Cheriton that afternoon, and a seat was at Challoner's service—if he cared to go along. Somehow he managed to get out an excuse, to make his adieux, and find his way to the street. At the curb stood Fordham's automobile, with Mrs. Vannest and Jack Crawford in the tonneau. Challoner lifted his hat and walked on. Perdita?—but he had not even thought of her again.

The clock on the office mantelpiece struck the hour of four, and Challoner looked up from the drawing upon which he had been engaged. Four o'clock! What was it that he had had in mind to do at this hour? He walked to a window.

Now, his office was on the twelfth floor of a sky-scraper near Washington Square, and from that elevation the Hudson River was plainly visible. A big liner with cream-colored funnels was being hauled into the stream; Challoner watched her as she slowly swung to her course and passed down the river. Even then the significance of the scene did not impress itself upon his consciousness; one thought possessed him wholly—that of Hemming, who had never yet failed in getting what he wanted. And he wanted Evelyn Law; by to-morrow, then—Challoner sat down again at the table and picked up his drawing instruments.

The December twilight was advancing, and now it was too dark for him to distinguish the lines he was tracing. It did not occur to him to switch on the electric light; he laid down his pen and sat there absorbed in thought.

The room was in pitch-darkness, and Challoner found himself shivering with cold. He rose and groped his way to the mantel to get a match. The little flame sputtered up and fell upon the clock-face, where the hands still pointed to the hour of four. The clock had stopped then and at the precise moment of time. Ah, now he remembered—Perdita!

He turned on the light and looked at his watch. Twelve o'clock! The Barlow ball must be in full swing, and Evelyn Law had told him that she would be there. He snatched at his coat and hat and dashed out of the room.

A quarter of an hour to dress, and Challoner was in a cab and on his way to the Barlows. Whereupon a cold fit of irresolution suddenly seized him, and twice he reached for the check-cord. "What am I doing?" he asked himself. It was long past midnight, and Hemming, the man of action, was in possession of the field. It was useless to persist, pure folly to enter the lists against such an antagonist. Then in full flood his courage returned upon him. "She promised, and I will have it so," he said, aloud. He let down the cab window. "Hurry!" he shouted to the driver.

Challoner walked straight to the se-



"OUR TURN," REPEATED CHALLONER, WALKING AWAY WITH HIS PRIZE

cluded divan where Miss Law and Hemming were seated: he put out his arm with stiff formality.

"I think this is our turn," he said, and stood waiting. Hemming, stupefied, stared at Challoner; he would have spoken, protested, stormed. But Miss Law gave him no opportunity; she rose and accepted Challoner's arm.

"Our turn," repeated Challoner, bowing to Hemming; a glorious sense of exhilaration possessed him as he walked away with his prize.

"Do not talk so loud," whispered Evelyn. "People are looking at us. And put your tie straight—that is it."

"I thought there was a conservatory opening off here."

"The next room."

The conservatory was unoccupied, and over by the fountain they would be entirely unobserved. Challoner confronted Miss Law, and his eyes shone.

"I want you," he said. "I want you."

Evelyn drew back by the merest fraction of an inch. "Wait a moment," she said.

"Well?"

"Have you heard about—about Bruce Fordham?"

"No; what is it?"

"There was a motor-car accident at Cheriton this afternoon, and Mr. Fordham was killed—instantly, I believe."

"This is true—you are quite certain?"

"Mr. Hemming told me; he helped carry him into the club-house."

Challoner drew a long breath. "What do you expect me to say?" he asked, bluntly. "I can't pretend to any particular sorrowiness."

"There is nothing, then, that you ought in honor to say—or do?"

"Nothing."

Evelyn moved nearer to him by that same fraction of an inch. "Mrs. Fordham sailed on the *Draconic* at four o'clock to-day, just too late to hear the news of the accident. The steamer has no wireless apparatus, and there were no means of communicating with her."

"Yes; I knew that she was going." Challoner's voice died in his throat; his knees smote together as though he had just opened his eyes to behold an abyss at his feet. Even as he looked the gulf had closed and it was solid ground

again. But the pit had yawned there, and the horror of the sight was still full upon him.

"I knew that she was going," he repeated, mechanically. His head was swimming; he realized that he had not eaten a mouthful since early morning, and the shock had momentarily stunned him. Now that consciousness was returning, he felt physically faint. He set his teeth and felt for the chair-back behind him. Suddenly the stars overhead and the girl's white face went out like a match-light in a draught; he held on to the chair with all his strength and waited. Now at last he seemed to be turning the corner; he opened his eyes and saw Evelyn looking at him anxiously.

"Are you ill?" she asked.

"Nothing of consequence. If I could sit down for a moment or two—"

Evelyn pulled forward the chair and Challoner sat down. Forgetful of the immaculateness of her white gown, she knelt on the dusty floor at his side. He put out his hand, as though seeking hers, and she gave it to him unhesitatingly.

"You see, I still want you," he began, slowly. "And, thank God, I would always have the right to think that, even if I had never been able to speak it aloud. Fordham, who knows now, will bear me out. Yet I ought to remember, and I do, that I am only Hugh Challoner—a failure, a bit of human driftwood, the bystander—"

"Don't!" she interrupted, hotly. "Nobody, not even you yourself, shall say such words."

"No," he said, and his hand tightened upon hers. "Say rather that I am a king who has come into his kingdom. But the faith that could work such a miracle—"

"Not even faith could have accomplished the impossible. The material must have been there, for I couldn't have fashioned my hero out of common clay. He wouldn't have known himself."

"He doesn't now."

"Then, foolish man, you will simply have to accept the opinion of one who does know. Who but a hero who believed in himself would have had the audacity to cut out a prize under the guns of an enemy's battery? Are you aware that at the moment of your arrival Mr. Hemming had made me a proposal of

marriage? I believe that he preserved no secrecy as to his intentions, and so I feel at liberty to publish them. A proposal of marriage, sir."

"And what was your answer?"

"You came and carried me off before I had time to make it."

"What would it have been?"

"My dear Mr. Challoner, this is not Mr. Hemming's affair that we are considering, but your own. Let us settle one thing at a time."

Challoner flushed. "I thought that I—that we—" he faltered.

"What subtle creatures men are! Now to the simple mind of a woman there are several obscure points that ought to be cleared up before we go any further. Let me state the case. Enter, upon a serious tête-à-tête, an impetuous youth—What an unmannerly interruption! The lady is whisked off as unceremoniously as though she were a Sabine damsel; she is transported to a dusty and, I fear, an earwiggy conserva-

tory, and there kept a prisoner, deprived even of her supper. The only explanation vouchsafed her is the enigmatic, 'I want you, I want you.' What is it, in plain terms, m'sieu, that you do want?"

"You."

"Perfectly. But why?"

"Because—"

"A woman's reason; I require a man's justification."

An overpowering light irradiated the dim recesses of Challoner's disordered brain. He took Miss Law in his arms and whispered in her ear.

"That," said the lady, releasing herself, "is what I had understood all along, but no woman could be expected to believe it until she had heard it for herself."

There was a little pause.

"Do you understand now," asked Evelyn, "why you couldn't—the other one, you know—"

"You were quite right," answered Challoner, gravely. "The explanation is the simplest one possible."

Serpent

BY ARCHER M. HUNTINGTON

THOU, clad in the moon's silver gleaming,
And kissed with the cold of the earth,
With voice that has mingled dark meaning
In the song of the stream at its birth,

Whose creeping at evening and morning
Gives unto the crushed leaf a cry.
The lightning's flash weaves a swift warning
Of thy venomous form slipping by.

Despair of the downtrodden grasses;
Lithe sinuous dread of the path;
Dark foe of the swift foot that passes;
All nature's concentrated wrath.

Thine eyes are the opal's dull flaming,
Specked ghost of the branches above;
Vine, flower,—thou gleam beyond naming;
Thou hate in the colors of love.

Warren Hastings's own Account of his Impeachment

A HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED DOCUMENT

Edited by S. ARTHUR STRONG

BURKE and Warren Hastings stand out in English history as the two most complete and imposing embodiments of opposite principles of politics—the principle of morality, the principle, in short, that the state has a conscience like any Non-conformist; and the opposite persuasion that statecraft is the application and balance of forces that are more akin to natural causes than to the specifically human impulses and emotions—forces which it is possible to adjust within limits, but impossible to initiate or to destroy.

Recent events have disclosed once more and excited the old antagonism of ideal and outlook which is summed up and symbolized in Hastings and Burke. Are we to think first of humanity or of ourselves? Burke as a practical influence is remembered for what he might have prevented in America, for what he fruitlessly endeavored to fortify and restore in France, and lastly in the present case for the attempt to discredit and destroy one of the greatest constructive powers in English history. And if politicians of this stamp loom large in English history, that is mainly due to the accidental fact that the custom of government by debate tends to exalt the talker, and the historians naturally follow suit. Now and then a discordant note makes itself heard; but the exceptions are not more than suffice to prove the rule. To employ Mr. Gladstone's contrast, the voice of Metternich has certainly been less audible than the bark without bite, the *très bien* of Lord John Russell. If only for its rarity the following utterance of D'Israeli is worth preserving; but it is in the strange tongue of the alien who from without saw most of the game: "I have had some experience of public life,

and during that time I have seen a great deal done and more pretended by what are called 'moral' means; and, being naturally of a thoughtful temperament, I have been induced to analyze what moral means are. I will tell you what I have found them to consist of. I have found them to consist of three qualities—enormous lying, inexhaustible boasting, intense selfishness."

The impeachment of Warren Hastings has been illuminated by genius, and it has not suffered either in tone or in bulk for the absence of competing partialities. There is no occasion to reenter the ground of details well known through the gossip of Miss Burney and the grandiose picture of Macaulay. But the letter here for the first time published introduces a note that it is not so easy to catch for the echoes of the orators and the disputations of their backers. We have the celebrated performances of Burke and Sheridan judged at the time by Hastings himself. What he says of Sheridan is instructive over against the view of Pitt, who, it is needless to say, dragged the ancients into comparison, and of Burke, who pronounced Sheridan's to be "the true style, something between poetry and prose, but better than either"; though, with due deference to those who in the eighteenth century talked about Greek more fluently than they read it, nothing can be conceived less like, for example, Demosthenes than the true style as here guaranteed.

The letter is addressed to Thompson, who had been secretary to Hastings in India, where he remained during the seven years of the trial for the purpose of collecting petitions in favor of Hastings from the natives. It is preserved at Nottell Priory among the papers of

Lord St. Oswald, by whose permission it is printed here:

BEAUMONT LODGE 17th July 1788.

MY DEAR THOMPSON

Your letters of the 18th of Decr. & 12th February have freed me from a great deal of painful anxiety on your account, & afforded me much satisfaction, though not unmixed, on my own. I am not oversanguine; and if the Rodney, wch I understand is to be the last Dispatch from Bengal of the Season, should disappoint me of the expected Testimonials, I am prepared for the Disappointment. I shall less feel its effect on my present Interests than the Baseness or Indifference of those to whom I shall impute it; as the greatest Benefits which I can derive from the successful termination of this Commission will affect me less (I think so, and am almost sure that it will) than that I shall owe it to the extended & uninfluenced attachment of a generous People, and primarily to the enthusiastic activity of genuine Friendship. To you, my dear Thompson, I acknowledge this obligation, whatever may have been the concluding events of your Exertions. I approve the caution of Lord Cornwallis. I try to suspend my Judgment on the conduct of Mr Shore: but I cannot think with temper of the meanness of Jonathan Duncan, or the unmerited discountenance of the Zemidarry Collectors. I suspect the cause of Prannkiston's Coldness, but no cause can acquit him. I almost suspect that the govt will not have chosen to be the channel of conveying ye Deeds, when they were presented. Báyed deed.*

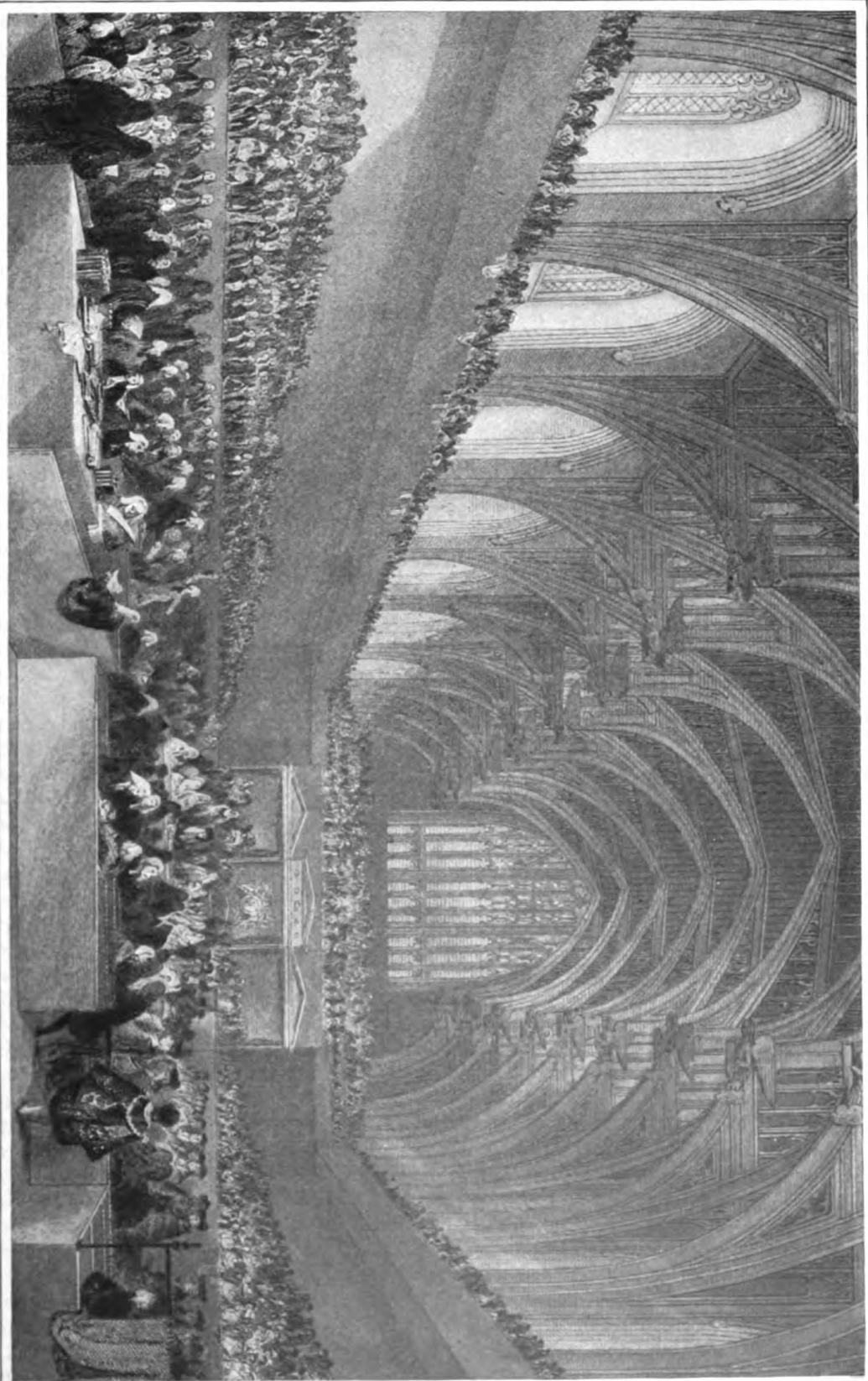
After all what have I to do with these external memorials? I am what I am, whether the whole Universe combine to applaud or to condemn me. And though the most complete acquittal should close ye present Trial, my Reputation will still be blasted by Writers yet unborn, and will continue to be so as long as the Events which are connected with it are deemed to deserve their place in the History of this Country.

Take the following Epitome of the trial to its latest Period. It commenced on the 13th of February. On

* This is a Persian phrase. It may be translated "one must be on the lookout."

the 29th it was adjourned to the 10th of April. This is (I am told) the first Instance in the history of English Jurisprudence of an Adjournment of a Criminal Trial; and I am also told that the three last Days of this Adjournment were given as an Accommodation to such of the Lords and managers as indispensably required them for their attendance at Newmarket.

On the 10th of April the Court met, and on the 13th of last month adjourned a second Time for an indefinite period, which cannot be well shorter than six months. Thirty-five are the number of sittings. The Prosecution alone has gone no further than to the close of two articles of the charge, which consists altogether of twenty. They talk of going through one more, that entitled Presents: but I do not believe it; for it is not the Interest of the managers to let the Trial come to an End, nor perhaps does the ministry wish it. I know not why. Of the 35 days thus employed 13 were wholly consumed in long speeches, 4 by Mr Burke in the genl. opening, 2 by Messrs Fox and Gray in the opening of the Benares charge, 1 by Mr Anstruther in the close of it, 2 by Adam & Pelham in ye opening of the Begum charge and four by Mr Sheridan in closing it:—besides occasional Harangues of considerable length in the intermediate Process. Of these I will send you copies; though I think you will never bear to read them. I cannot yet send them. I have not yet seen the last myself. People admire this as a perfect model of Eloquence. Many think it turgid nonsense, and much of it if fairly reduced to writing certainly is so. If my Judgment of it may be trusted, it consisted of impudent assertions of facts which were not in proof; dull, dry & fallacious applications of the Evidence, which he magnified, and suppressed, as either served his purpose; of some Wit, but much more buffoonery; of gross Invective, & foul Language throughout; many flights of fine Imagination; much Bombast, & even unintelligible Declamation; and Patches of highly wrought Oratory, evidently got by heart, & of perfect Composition had it borne any just Relation to the subject. I can truly assure you that a few pages of the Spectator, a few Extracts from Sterne's Sentl



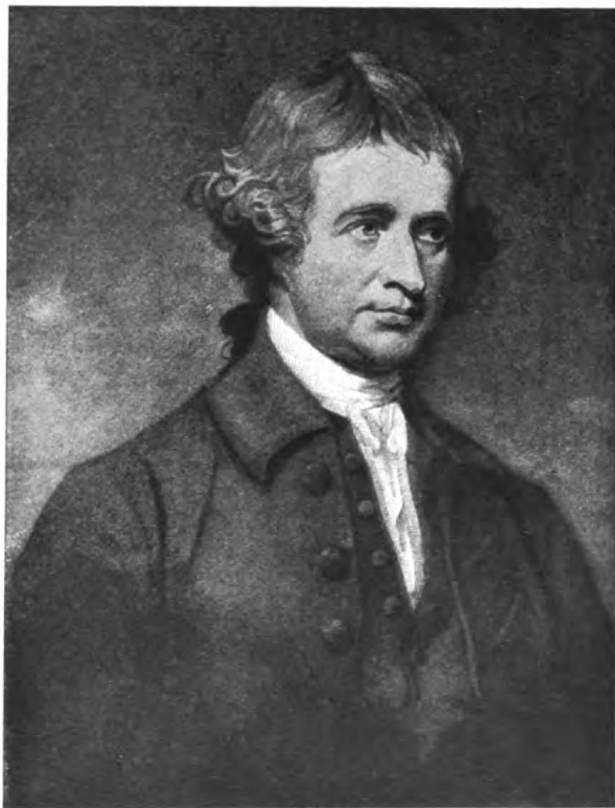
From the painting by Catermole and Dayes

WESTMINSTER HALL. TRIAL OF WARREN HASTINGS

"The long galleries were crowded by an audience such as has rarely excited the fears or the emulation of an orator."—MACAULAY.

Journey, or scraps from Bouffon, inserted at proper Intervals between the application of the Evidence to ye charge, wd compound just such a Speech as the best part of Sheridan's. Would you know the general character of all the oratory that

of pleasantry, put on the most comic arrangement of features, and convulse the assembly (I am sorry to say it) with laughter, his associates and their partizans who sat behind him, always (as if by a signal given) first striking up the chorus. Speaking of Sir E. Impey's visit to Lucnow, notwithstanding the danger which he ran from the *pretended* rebellion in Gorook-poor, he called him, *this giddy Chief Justice*, a conceit which excited abundant mirth; and compared him in his various excursions as they were marked by the dates of the affidavits to Hamlet's Ghost running round the stage, and crying out *Swear, Swear*: closing the allusion with a grave declaration that, "he protested he was almost tempted to exclaim with the young prince in the play: Ha! art thou there, old Truepenny?" Do not think that I exaggerate. What I have recited is, as far as I can trust to my memory, literally true: and true it is also that this Buffoonery met with its portion, and a large one, of applause.



EDMUND BURKE
From the portrait by Romney

has been exhibited on this occasion, take it in the following lines, of wch I take it for granted you will have the Context: and they are the finest that mortal Bard has ever sung, in this species of Poetry, since Poetry was invented.

"In vain have I studied the Art
With abuse to bespatter the foe,
And shoot it like mud from a cart,
With the true Ciceronian flow."

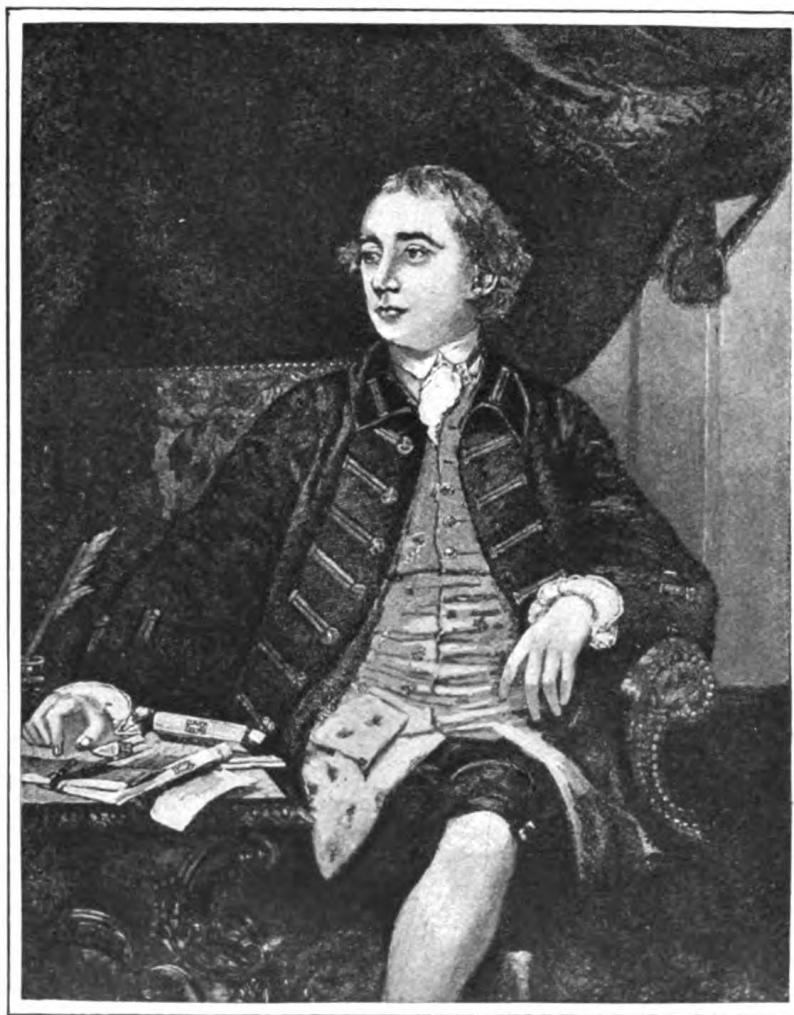
It was strange to hear a man after de-claiming against me as a monster much worse than Nero or Caligula (which he not only affirmed but attempted to prove) & roaring with assumed fury at the enormities which I had committed, pass in the transition of a minute to sallies

but his memory deserting him, he concluded it with a Bull. He admitted the plea in a case where the Hero, like an Eagle seated on the summit of his rock crushed the shrubs which grew on its sides, with his Wings in the defence of her nest, *being herself unassailable*. And to ridicule the idea of the Begum's disaffection, and the rebellion excited by her influence, he called it a rebellion planned by two old women, headed by two eunuchs, & *quelled by an affidavit*. Such is modern eloquence, and there are thousands in this blessed country who prefer Sheridan's speech to the best orations of Tully or Demosthenes. In length and multitude of words it certainly went beyond all the

orators of ancient or modern times; for it took up altogether fourteen hours and twelve minutes of time: and when it was finished (which was elegantly and emphatically announced by these words: "My Lords, I have done") some of his zealous Friends clapped their hands to complete the travesty of the Court into a theatre. The Lords (except Lord Loughborough & Ld. Derby) behaved with great dignity, decorum and attention. The assembly to which I have alluded consisted of the ladies who in virtue of their rank as peeresses, &

others of both sexes, who as the occasional possessors of tickets (many of which were purchased at a dear rate) in number more than a thousand on a medium of each day, eagerly crowded for admittance, & sat with patient expectation and attention, many from 7 in the morning till 5 & 6 in the evening.

Of the impression which the past process has made on the minds of the public you will be better informed by others. I am assured that it is completely for me. I know not. I have a most rooted contempt for my own countrymen, who not only bear to see the fundamental principles of the Law & Constitution openly violated to gratify the vengeance or policy of two factions in the government with the prosecution of an unpro-



WARREN HASTINGS

From the portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds

ted individual, but make his sufferings the subject of their entertainment, and the argument of convivial discourse. Had I committed murder, or excited a rebellion in the kingdom, the court must have sat from day to day till it had pronounced my Verdict, and my life would have been the forfeit of my guilt. Yet on a charge, to which the court have not the power to affix the sentence of death, I have already undergone a trial of one year, and by the rule of three, with an allowance of the same time for my defence as is taken up in the prosecution, nineteen years more remain for the close of it. The law of England presumes every man, however arraigned, to be innocent, until he is proved to be guilty, and places under the protection of its courts even the



RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN
From the portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds

most atrocious criminals that are brought before them. Yet the Court before which I have stood has permitted such foul invectives as would be worse than death to many minds to be uttered in its presence unreproved against me, even before a single witness was called, or the charge opened to show what I had done to deserve it. Every witness, but two gentlemen who were thought too irritable for that species of provocation, was abused if he gave testimony in my favour, & blazoned with panegyric if his evidence tended to criminate me. My counsel had

their share of invective, and if they were provoked to repel it were called to order, & intimations were privately given me that the Lords were much displeased at their intemperance. I am assured that if an advocate at the Old Bailey was to keep back any evidence which he knew would prove favourable to the prisoner, he would be deemed infamous by others of his profession. But the Managers of this prosecution have sent for every man that they thought capable of giving information upon the various matters of the charge, examined them in secret,

treated such as would bear it with menaces, & almost with outrage, set down in the minutes only what could be used against me, suppressing whatever was deposed in my favour; and such of these only were called for examination before the court as they knew would give testimony against me, or whose testimony they could pervert to that construction, or whom they could intimidate, as in the case of Middleton, and make his embarrassment an argument of my guilt. Others either were not summoned at all, or summoned to attend, but never called.

But I have imperceptibly got into a boundless field of observation, & shall quit it with one conclusion, which, if I am ever put upon my defence, I think to give to my judges: that if any friend of mine shall be hereafter brought to a similar trial, I shall advise him to plead guilty to the charge, to avoid the torture of the process; since the worst punishment that the Court can inflict upon him will fall short of that which he must suffer to obtain his acquittal; and to assign that reason for his motive. The world, frivolous as the English world is, will know it to be true, & the infamy which should attend the sentence will recoil on the accusers, not with much credit reflected on the judges.

What would poor Coote have suffered, had he lived to have been placed where I have been? The three first days would have killed him. I have sustained the trial, as I hope I possess that within me which would support me with equal fortitude under any bodily torture, if the managers should require, and the Lords permit it. But I owe no acknowledgment for this to those who have put my patience to such a proof, nor are my wrongs the less for my having shown myself superior to them. I told you, Thompson, before my trial commenced that my accusers should not triumph over me. They have yet no cause, nor shall they. There is one only way in which they can make

me suffer, and that is by the effects of this persecution on Mrs H.'s health, which has been for some time very languid, and her spirits less firm than they were.

I am satisfied, my dear friend, with all that you have done, nor can I suggest a single point which remains to be done.

I had the pleasure of seeing Mr Anstey in town about two months ago. He was then well.

Mrs Hastings desires to be kindly remembered to you. I hope you continue in peace. Happily for you the French with a despised monarch, a feeble administration, and intestine troubles, are unable to take any active measures immediately, either to embarrass our affairs, or retrieve their own. But their pompous reception of Tippoo's Embassadors, his precipitancy (if what we hear of his irruption into the Mar. frontier is true) the loss of their influence in Holland, which is not yet quite irrecoverable, all together indicate and require that they should begin speedily to exert themselves. If they do, will your governour have the virtue to despise the narrow policy of this country, and act from his own judgment of what will be necessary to its interests in India. I hope he will. If he does not, woe to him, and to you all!

Adieu, my dear friend. I have written you nothing; for I have nothing to write. As to what relates to myself, the little epitome of it which I have given you will receive in full detail from a thousand printed documents. By the blessing of God I have one quality of a public character, that my history may be read in a Nation's eyes, and almost in the eyes of all Europe; for people write abusive pamphlets against me in France, as virulently as in England; and many that justify me in both countries do it upon the assumption of unreal facts, or of principles which I do not avow.

I am ever, my dear Thompson,

Your most affectionate friend

WARREN HASTINGS.

An Encore

BY MARGARET DELAND

ACCORDING to Old Chester, to be romantic was just one shade less reprehensible than to put on airs. Captain Alfred Price, in all his seventy years, had never been guilty of *airs*, but certainly he had something to answer for in the way of romance.

However, in the days when we children used to see him pounding up the street from the post-office, reading, as he walked, a newspaper held at arm's length in front of him, he was far enough from romance. He was seventy years old, he weighed over two hundred pounds, his big head was covered with a shock of grizzled red hair; his pleasures consisted in polishing his old sextant and playing on a small mouth-harmonicon. As to his vices, it was no secret that he kept a fat black bottle in the chimney-closet in his own room; added to this, he swore strange oaths about his grandmother's nightcap. "He used to blaspheme," his daughter-in-law said, "but I said, 'Not in my presence, if you please!' So now he just says this foolish thing about a night-cap." Mrs. Drayton said that this reform would be one of the jewels in Mrs. Cyrus Price's crown; and added that she prayed that some day the Captain would give up tobacco and *rum*. "I am a poor, feeble creature," said Mrs. Drayton; "I cannot do much for my fellow men in active mission-work. But I give my prayers." However, neither Mrs. Drayton's prayers nor Mrs. Cyrus's active mission-work had done more than mitigate the blasphemy; the "*rum*" (which was good Monongahela whiskey) was still on hand; and as for tobacco, except when sleeping, eating, playing on his harmonicon, or dozing through one of Dr. Lavendar's sermons, the Captain smoked every moment, the ashes of his pipe or cigar falling unheeded on a vast and wrinkled expanse of waistcoat.

No; he was not a romantic object. But we girls, watching him stump past

the schoolroom window to the post-office, used to whisper to each other, "Just think! *he eloped*."

There was romance for you!

To be sure, the elopement had not quite come off, but, except for the very end, it was all as perfect as a story. Indeed, the failure at the end made it all the better: angry parents, broken hearts,—only, the worst of it was, the hearts did not stay broken! He went and married somebody else; and so did she. You would have supposed she would have died. I am sure, in her place, any one of us would have died. And yet, as Lydia Wright said, "How could a young lady die for a young gentleman with ashes all over his waistcoat?"

However, when Alfred Price fell in love with Miss Letty Morris, he was not indifferent to his waistcoat, nor did he weigh two hundred pounds. He was slender and ruddy-cheeked, with tossing red-brown curls. If he swore, it was not by his grandmother nor her nightcap; if he drank, it was hard cider (which can often accomplish as much as "*rum*"); if he smoked, it was in secret, behind the stable. He wore a stock, and (on Sunday) a ruffled shirt; a high-waisted coat with two brass buttons behind, and very tight pantaloons. At that time he attended the Seminary for Youths in Upper Chester. Upper Chester was then, as in our time, the seat of learning in the township, the Female Academy being there, too. Both were boarding-schools, but the young people came home to spend Sunday; and their weekly returns, all together in the stage, were responsible for more than one Old Chester match. . . .

"The air," says Miss, sniffing genteelly as the coach jolts past the blossoming May orchards, "is most agreeably perfumed. And how fair is the prospect from this hilltop!"

"Fair indeed!" responded her companion, staring boldly.

Miss bridles and bites her lip.

"I was not observing the landscape," the other explains, carefully.

In those days (Miss Letty was born in 1804, and was eighteen when she and the ruddy Alfred sat on the back seat of the coach)—in those days the conversation of Old Chester youth was more elegant than in our time. We, who went to Miss Bailey's school, were sad degenerates in the way of manners and language; at least so our elders told us. When Lydia Wright said, "Oh my, what an awful snow-storm!" dear Miss Ellen was displeased. "Lydia," said she, "is there anything 'awe'-inspiring in this display of the elements?"

"No, 'm," faltered poor Lydia.

"Then," said Miss Bailey, gravely, "your statement that the storm is 'awful' is a falsehood. I do not suppose, my dear, that you intentionally told an untruth; it was an exaggeration. But an exaggeration, though not perhaps a falsehood, is unladylike, and should be avoided by persons of refinement." Just here the question arises: what would Miss Ellen (now in heaven) say if she could hear Lydia's Lydia, just home from college, remark— But no: Miss Ellen's precepts shall protect these pages.

But in the days when Letty Morris looked out of the coach window, and young Alfred murmured that the prospect was fair indeed, conversation was perfectly correct. And it was still decorous even when it got beyond the coach period and reached a point where Old Chester began to take notice. At first it was young Old Chester which giggled. Later old Old Chester made some comments; it was then that Alfred's mother mentioned the matter to Alfred's father. "He is young, and, of course, foolish," Mrs. Price explained. And Mr. Price said that though folly was incidental to Alfred's years, it must be checked.

"Just check it," said Mr. Price.

Then Miss Letty's mother awoke to the situation, and said, "Fy, fy, Letitia! let me hear no more of this foolishness."

So it was that these two young persons were plunged in grief. Oh, glorious grief of thwarted love! When they met now, they did not talk of the landscape. Their conversation, though no doubt as genteel as before, was all of broken

hearts. But again Letty's mother found out, and went in wrath to call on Alfred's family. It was decided between them that the young man should be sent away from home. "To save him," says the father. "To protect my daughter," says Mrs. Morris.

But Alfred and Letty had something to say. . . . It was in December; there was a snow-storm—a storm which Lydia Wright would certainly have called "awful"; but it did not interfere with true love; these two children met in the graveyard to swear undying constancy. Alfred's lantern came twinkling through the flakes, as he threaded his way across the hillside among the tombstones, and found Letty just inside the entrance, standing with her black serving-woman under a tulip-tree. The negress, chattering with cold and fright, kept plucking at the girl's pelisse to hurry her; but once Alfred was at her side, Letty was indifferent to storm and ghosts. As for Alfred, he was too cast down to think of them.

"Letty, they will part us."

"No, my dear Alfred, no!"

"Yes. Yes, they will. Oh, if you were only mine!"

Miss Letty sighed.

"Will you be true to me, Letty? I am to go on a sailing-vessel to China, to be gone two years. Will you wait for me?"

Letty gave a little cry; two years! Her black woman twitched her sleeve.

"Miss Let, it's gittin' cole, honey."

"(Don't, Flora.)—Alfred, *two years!* Oh, Alfred, that is an eternity. Why, I should be—I should be twenty!"

The lantern, set on a tombstone beside them, blinked in a snowy gust. Alfred covered his face with his hands,—he was shaken to his soul; the little, gay creature beside him thrilled at a sound from behind those hands.

"Alfred,"—she said, faintly; then she hid her face against his arm; "my dear Alfred, I will, if you desire it—fly with you!"

Alfred, with a gasp, lifted his head and stared at her. His slower mind had seen nothing but separation and despair; but the moment the word was said he was aflame. What! Would she? Could she? Adorable creature!

"Miss Let, my feet done get col—"

("Flora, be still!)"—Yes, Alfred, yes. I am thine."

The boy caught her in his arms. "But I am to be sent away on Monday! My angel, could you—fly, *to-morrow?*"

And Letty, her face still hidden against his shoulder, nodded.

Then, while the shivering Flora stamped, and beat her arms, and the lantern flared and sizzled, Alfred made their plans, which were simple to the point of childishness. "My own!" he said, when it was all arranged; then he held the lantern up and looked into her face, blushing and determined, with snowflakes gleaming on the curls that pushed out from under her big hood. "You will meet me at the minister's?" he said, passionately. "You will not fail me?"

"I will not fail you!" she said; and laughed joyously; but the young man's face was white.

She kept her word; and with the assistance of Flora, romantic again when her feet were warm, all went as they planned. Clothes were packed, savings-banks opened, and a chaise abstracted from the Price stable.

"It is my intention," said the youth, "to return to my father the value of the vehicle and nag, as soon as I can secure a position which will enable me to support my Letty in comfort and fashion."

On the night of the elopement the two children met at the minister's house. (Yes, the very old Rectory to which we Old Chester children went every Saturday afternoon to Dr. Lavendar's Collect class. But of course there was no Dr. Lavendar there in those days.)

Well; Alfred requested this minister to pronounce them man and wife; but he coughed and poked the fire. "I am of age," Alfred insisted; "I am twenty-two." Then Mr. Smith said he must go and put on his bands and surplice first; and Alfred said, "If you please, sir." And off went Mr. Smith—and sent a note to Alfred's father and Letty's mother!

We girls used to wonder what the lovers talked about while they waited for the traitor. Ellen Dale always said they were foolish to wait. "Why didn't they go right off?" said Ellen. "If I were going to elope, I shouldn't bother to get

married. But, oh, think of how they felt when in walked those cruel parents!"

The story was that they were torn weeping from each other's arms; that Letty was sent to bed for two days on bread and water; that Alfred was packed off to Philadelphia the very next morning, and sailed in less than a week. They did not see each other again.

But the end of the story was not romantic at all. Letty, although she crept about for a while in deep disgrace, and brooded upon death—that interesting impossibility, so dear to youth,—*married*, if you please! when she was twenty, and went away to live. When Alfred came back, seven years later, he got married, too. He married a Miss Barkley. He used to go away on long voyages, so perhaps he wasn't really fond of her. We tried to think so, for we liked Captain Price.

In our day Captain Price was a widower. He had given up the sea, and settled down to live in Old Chester; his son, Cyrus, lived with him, and his languid daughter-in-law—a young lady of dominant feebleness, who ruled the two men with that most powerful domestic rod—foolish weakness. This combination in a woman will cause a mountain (a masculine mountain) to fly from its firm base; while kindness, justice, and good sense leave it upon unshaken foundations of selfishness. Mrs. Cyrus was a Goliath of silliness; when billowing black clouds heaped themselves in the west on a hot afternoon, she turned pale with apprehension, and the Captain and Cyrus ran for four tumblers, into which they put the legs of her bed, where, cowering among the feathers, she lay cold with fear and perspiration. Every night the Captain screwed down all the windows on the lower floor; in the morning Cyrus pulled the screws out. Cyrus had a pretty taste in horseflesh, but Gussie cried so when he once bought a trotter that he had long ago resigned himself to a friendly beast of twenty-seven years, who could not go much out of a walk because he had string-halt in both hind legs.

But one must not be too hard on Mrs. Cyrus. In the first place, she was not born in Old Chester. But, added to that, just think of her name! The effect of names upon character is not considered



WHEN ALFRED PRICE FELL IN LOVE WITH MISS LETTY MORRIS

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as it should be. If one is called Gussie for thirty years, it is almost impossible not to become gussie after a while. Mrs. Cyrus could not be Augusta; few women can; but it was easy to be gussie—irresponsible, silly, selfish. She had a vague, flat laugh, she ate a great deal of candy, and she was afraid of— But one cannot catalogue Mrs. Cyrus's fears. They were as the sands of the sea for number. And these two men were governed by them. Only when the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed will it be understood why a man loves a fool; but why he obeys her is obvious enough: Fear is the greatest power in the world; Gussie was afraid of thunder-storms, or what not; but the Captain and Cyrus were afraid of Gussie! A hint of tears in her pale eyes, and her husband would sigh with anxiety and Captain Price slip his pipe in his pocket and sneak out of the room. Doubtless Cyrus would often have been glad to follow him, but the old gentleman glared when his son showed a desire for his company.

"Want to come and smoke with me? 'Your granny was Murray!'—you're sojering. You're first mate; you belong on the bridge in storms. I'm before the mast. Tend to your business!"

It was forty-eight years before Letty and Alfred saw each other again—or at least before persons calling themselves by those old names saw each other. Were they Letty and Alfred—this tousled, tangled, good-humored old man, ruddy and cowed, and this small, bright-eyed old lady, led about by a devoted daughter? Certainly these two persons bore no resemblance to the boy and girl torn from each other's arms that cold December night. Alfred had been mild and slow; Captain Price (except when his daughter-in-law raised her finger) was a pleasant old roaring lion. Letty had been a gay, high-spirited little creature, not as retiring, perhaps, as a young female should be, and certainly self-willed; Mrs. North was completely under the thumb of her daughter Mary. Not that "under the thumb" means unhappiness; Mary North desired only her mother's welfare, and lived fiercely for that single purpose. From morning until night (and, indeed, until morning again, for she rose often

from her bed to see that there was no draught from the crack of the open window), all through the twenty-four hours she was on duty.

When this excellent daughter appeared in Old Chester and said she was going to hire a house, and bring her mother back to end her days in the home of her girlhood, Old Chester displayed a friendly interest; when she decided upon a house on Main Street, directly opposite Captain Price's, it began to recall the romance of that thwarted elopement.

"Do you suppose she knows that story about old Alfred Price and her mother?" said Old Chester; and it looked sidewise at Miss North with polite curiosity. This was not altogether because of her mother's romantic past, but because of her own manners and clothes. With painful exactness, Miss North endeavored to follow the fashion; but she looked as if articles of clothing had been thrown at her and some had stuck. As to her manners, Old Chester was divided. Mrs. Barkley said she hadn't any. Dr. Lavendar said she was shy. But, as Mrs. Drayton said, that was just like Dr. Lavendar, always making excuses for wrong-doing!—"Which," said Mrs. Drayton, "is a strange thing for a minister to do. For my part, I cannot understand impoliteness in a *Christian* female. But we must not judge," Mrs. Drayton ended, with what Willy King called her "holy look." Without wishing to "judge," it may be said that, in the matter of manners, Miss Mary North, palpitatingly anxious to be polite, told the truth. She said things that other people only thought. When Mrs. Willy King remarked that, though she did not pretend to be a good housekeeper, she had the backs of her pictures dusted every other day, Miss North, her chin trembling with shyness, said, with a panting smile:

"That's not good housekeeping; it's foolish waste of time." Which was very rude, of course—though Old Chester was not as displeased as you might have supposed.

While Miss North, timorous and truthful (and determined to be polite), was putting the house in order before sending for her mother, Old Chester invited her to tea, and asked her many questions about Letty and the late Mr. North.

But nobody asked whether she knew that her opposite neighbor, Captain Price, might have been her father;—at least that was the way Miss Ellen's girls expressed it. Captain Price himself did not enlighten the daughter he did not have; but he went rolling across the street, and pulling off his big shabby felt hat, stood at the foot of the steps, and roared out: "Morning! Anything I can do for you?" Miss North, indoors, hanging window-curtains, her mouth full of tacks, shook her head. Then she removed the tacks and came to the front door.

"Do you smoke, sir?"

Captain Price removed his pipe from his mouth and looked at it. "Why! I believe I do, sometimes," he said.

"I inquired," said Miss North, smiling tremulously, her hands gripped hard together, "because, if you do, I will ask you to desist when passing our windows."

Captain Price was so dumbfounded that for a moment words failed him. Then he said, meekly, "Does your mother object to tobacco smoke, ma'am?"

"It is injurious to all ladies' throats," said Miss North, her voice quivering and determined.

"Does your mother resemble you, madam?" said Captain Price, slowly.

"Oh no! my mother is pretty. She has my eyes, but that's all."

"I didn't mean in looks," said the old man; "she did not look in the least like you; not in the least! I mean in her views?"

"Her views? I don't think my mother has any particular views," Miss North answered, hesitatingly; "I spare her all thought," she ended, and her thin face bloomed suddenly with love.

Old Chester rocked with the Captain's report of his call; and Mrs. Cyrus told her husband that she only wished this lady would stop his father's smoking.

"Just look at his ashes," said Gussie; "I put saucers round everywhere to catch 'em, but he shakes 'em off anywhere—right on the carpet! And if you say anything, he just says, 'Oh, they'll keep the moths away!' I worry so for fear he'll set the house on fire."

Mrs. Cyrus was so moved by Miss North's active mission-work that the very next day she wandered across the street to

call. "I hope I'm not interrupting you," she began, "but I thought I'd just—"

"Yes; you are," said Miss North; "but never mind; stay, if you want to." She tried to smile, but she looked at the duster which she had put down upon Mrs. Cyrus's entrance.

Gussie wavered as to whether to take offence, but decided not to;—at least not until she could make the remark which was buzzing in her small mind. It seemed strange, she said, that Mrs. North should come, not only to Old Chester, but right across the street from Captain Price!

"Why?" said Mary North, briefly.

"Why?" said Mrs. Cyrus, with faint animation. "Why, don't you know about your mother and my father-in-law?"

"Your father-in-law?—my mother?"

"Why, you know," said Mrs. Cyrus, with her light cackle, "your mother was a little romantic when she was young. No doubt she has conquered it now. But she tried to elope with my father-in-law."

"What!"

"Oh, bygones should be bygones," Mrs. Cyrus said, soothingly; "forgive and forget, you know. If there's anything I can do to assist you, ma'am, I'll send my husband over;" and then she lounged away, leaving poor Mary North silent with indignation. But that night at tea Gussie said that she thought strong-minded ladies were very unladylike; "they say she's strong-minded," she added, languidly.

"Lady!" said the Captain. "She's a man-o'-war's man in petticoats."

Gussie giggled.

"She's as thin as a lath," the Captain declared; "if it hadn't been for her face, I wouldn't have known whether she was coming bow or stern on."

"I think," said Mrs. Cyrus, "that that woman has some motive in bringing her mother back here; and *right across the street*, too!"

"What motive?" said Cyrus, mildly curious.

But Augusta waited for conjugal privacy to explain herself: "Cyrus, I worry so, because I'm sure that woman thinks she can catch your father again.—Oh, just listen to that harmonicon downstairs! It sets my teeth on edge!"

Then Cyrus, the silent, servile first mate, broke out: "Gussie, you're a fool!"

And Augusta cried all night, and showed herself at the breakfast-table lantern-jawed and sunken-eyed; and her father-in-law judged it wise to sprinkle his cigar ashes behind the stable.

The day that Mrs. North arrived in Old Chester, Mrs. Cyrus commanded the situation; she saw the daughter get out of the stage, and hurry into the house for a chair so that the mother might descend more easily. She also saw a little, white-haired old lady take that opportunity to leap nimbly, and quite unaided, from the swinging step.

"Now, mother!" expostulated Mary North, chair in hand, and breathless, "you might have broken your limb! Here, take my arm."

Meekly, after her moment of freedom, the little lady put her hand on that gaunt arm, and tripped up the path and into the house, where, alas! Augusta Price lost sight of them. Yet even she, with all her disapproval of strong-minded ladies, must have admired the tenderness of the man-o'-war's man. Miss North put her mother into a big chair, and hurried to bring a dish of curds.

"I'm not hungry," protested Mrs. North.

"Never mind. It will do you good."

With a sigh the little old lady ate the curds, looking about her with curious eyes. "Why, we're right across the street from the old Price house!" she said.

"Did you know them, mother?" demanded Miss North.

"Dear me, yes," said Mrs. North, twinkling; "why, I'd forgotten all about it, but the eldest boy— Now, what was his name? Al—something. Alfred,—Albert; no, Alfred. He was a beau of mine."

"Mother! I don't think it's refined to use such a word."

"Well, he wanted me to elope with him," Mrs. North said, gayly; "if that isn't being a beau, I don't know what is. I haven't thought of it for years."

"If you've finished your curds you must lie down," said Miss North.

"Oh, I'll just look about—"

"No; you are tired. You must lie down."

"Who is that stout old gentleman going into the Price house?" Mrs. North said, lingering at the window.

"Oh, that's your Alfred Price," her daughter answered; and added that she hoped her mother would be pleased with the house. "We have boarded so long, I think you'll enjoy a home of your own."

"Indeed I shall!" cried Mrs. North, her eyes snapping with delight. "Mary, I'll wash the breakfast dishes, as my mother used to do!"

"Oh no," Mary North protested; "it would tire you. I mean to take every care from your mind."

"But," Mrs. North pleaded, "you have so much to do; and—"

"Never mind about me," said the daughter, earnestly; "you are my first consideration."

"I know it, my dear," said Mrs. North, meekly. And when Old Chester came to make its call, one of the first things she said was that her Mary was such a good daughter. Miss North, her anxious face red with determination, bore out the assertion by constantly interrupting the conversation to bring a footstool, or shut a window, or put a shawl over her mother's knees. "My mother's limb troubles her," she explained to visitors (in point of modesty, Mary North did not leave her mother a leg to stand on); then she added, breathlessly, with her tremulous smile, that she wished they would please not talk too much. "Conversation tires her," she explained. At which the little, pretty old lady opened and closed her hands, and protested that she was not tired at all. But the callers departed. As the door closed behind them, Mrs. North was ready to cry.

"Now, Mary, really!" she began.

"Mother, I don't care! I don't like to say things like that, though I'm sure I always try to say them politely. But to save you I would say anything!"

"But I enjoy seeing people, and—"

"It is bad for you to be tired," Mary said, her thin face quivering still with the effort she had made; "and they sha'n't tire you while I am here to protect you." And her protection never flagged. When Captain Price called, she asked him to please converse in a low tone, as noise was bad for her mother. "He had been here a good while before I came in," she defended herself to Mrs. North, afterwards; "and I'm sure I spoke politely."

The fact was, the day the Captain



THE CAPTAIN AND CYRUS WERE AFRAID OF GUSSIE

came, Miss North was out. Her mother had seen him pounding up the street, and hurrying to the door, called out, gayly, in her little, old, piping voice, "Alfred—Alfred Price!"

The Captain turned and looked at her. There was just one moment's pause; perhaps he tried to bridge the years, and to believe that it was Letty who spoke to him—Letty, whom he had last seen that wintry night, pale and weeping, in the slender green sheath of a fur-trimmed pelisse. If so, he gave it up; this plump, white-haired, bright-eyed old lady, in a wide-spreading, rustling black silk dress, was not Letty. It was Mrs. North.

The Captain came across the street, waving his newspaper, and saying, "So you've cast anchor in the old port, ma'am?"

"My daughter is not at home; do come in," she said, smiling and nodding. Captain Price hesitated; then he put his pipe in his pocket and followed her into the parlor. "Sit down," she cried, gayly. "Well, Alfred!"

"Well,—*Mrs. North!*" he said; and then they both laughed, and she began to ask questions: Who was dead? Who had so and so married? "There are not many of us left," she said. "The two Ferris girls and Theophilus Morrison and Johnny Gordon—he came to see me yesterday. And Matty Dilworth; she was younger than I,—oh, by ten years. She married the oldest Barkley boy, didn't she? I hear he didn't turn out well. You married his sister, didn't you? Was it the oldest girl or the second sister?"

"It was the second—Jane. Yes, poor Jane. I lost her in fifty-five."

"You have children?" she said, sympathetically.

"I've got a boy," he said; "but he's married."

"My girl has never married; she's a good daughter,"—Mrs. North broke off with a nervous laugh; "here she is, now!"

Mary North, who had suddenly appeared in the doorway, gave a questioning sniff, and the Captain's hand sought his guilty pocket; but Miss North only said: "How do you do, sir? Now, mother, don't talk too much and get tired." She stopped and tried to smile, but the painful color came into her face. "And—if you please, Captain Price, will you speak

in a low tone? Large, noisy persons exhaust the oxygen in the air, and—"

"*Mary!*" cried poor Mrs. North; but the Captain, clutching his old felt hat, began to hoist himself up from the sofa, scattering ashes about as he did so. Mary North compressed her lips.

"I tell my daughter-in-law they'll keep the moths away," the old gentleman said, sheepishly.

"I use camphor," said Miss North. "Flora must bring a dust-pan."

"Flora?" Alfred Price said. "Now, what's my association with that name?"

"She was our old cook," Mrs. North explained; "this Flora is her daughter. But you never saw old Flora?"

"Why, yes, I did," the old man said, slowly. "Yes. I remember Flora. Well, good-by,—Mrs. North."

"Good-by, Alfred. Come again," she said, cheerfully.

"Mother, here's your beef tea," said a brief voice.

Alfred Price fled. He met his son just as he was entering his own house, and burst into a confidence: "Cy, my boy, come aft and splice the main-brace. Cyrus, what a female! She knocked me higher than Gilroy's kite. And her mother was as sweet a girl as you ever saw!" He drew his son into a little, low-browed, dingy room at the end of the hall. Its grimy untidiness matched the old Captain's clothes, but it was his one spot of refuge in his own house; here he could scatter his tobacco ashes almost unrebuked, and play on his harmonium without seeing Gussie wince and draw in her breath; for Mrs. Cyrus rarely entered the "cabin." "I worry so about its disorderliness that I won't go in," she used to say, in a resigned way. And the Captain accepted her decision with resignation of his own. "Crafts of your bottom can't navigate in these waters," he agreed, earnestly; and, indeed, the room was so cluttered with his belongings that voluminous hoop-skirts could not get steerageway. "He has so much rubbish," Gussie complained; but it was precious rubbish to the old man. His chest was behind the door; a blow-fish, stuffed and varnished, hung from the ceiling; two colored prints of the "Barque *Letty M.*, 800 tons," decorated the walls; his sextant, polished daily by

his big, clumsy hands, hung over the mantelpiece, on which were many dusty treasures—the mahogany spoke of an old steering-wheel; a whale's tooth; two Chinese wrestlers, in ivory; a fan of spreading white coral; a conch-shell, its beautiful red lip serving to hold a loose bunch of cigars. In the chimney-breast was a little door, and the Captain, pulling his son into the room after that call on Mrs. North, fumbled in his pockets for the key. "Here," he said; ("as the Governor of North Carolina said to the Governor of South Carolina)—Cyrus, she gave her mother *beef tea!*"

But Cyrus was to receive still further enlightenment on the subject of his opposite neighbor:

"She called him in. I heard her, with my own ears! 'Alfred,' she said, 'come in.' Cyrus, she has designs; oh, I worry so about it! He ought to be protected. He is very old, and, of course, foolish. You ought to check it at once."

"Gussie, I don't like you to talk that way about my father," Cyrus began.

"You'll like it less later on. He'll go and see her to-morrow."

"Why shouldn't he go and see her to-morrow?" Cyrus said, and added a modest bad word; which made Gussie cry. And yet, in spite of what his wife called his "blasphemy," Cyrus began to be vaguely uncomfortable whenever he saw his father put his pipe in his pocket and go across the street. And as the winter brightened into spring, the Captain went quite often. So, for that matter, did other old friends of Mrs. North's generation, who by and by began to smile at each other, and say, "Well, Alfred and Letty are great friends!" For, because Captain Price lived right across the street, he went most of all. At least, that was what Miss North said to herself with obvious common sense—until Mrs. Cyrus put her on the right track. . . .

"What!" gasped Mary North. "But it's impossible!"

"It would be very unbecoming, considering their years," said Gussie; "but I worry so, because, you know, nothing is impossible when people are foolish; and of course, at their age, they are apt to be foolish."

So the seed was dropped. Certainly he did come very often. Certainly her

mother seemed very glad to see him. Certainly they had very long talks. Mary North shivered with apprehension. But it was not until a week later that this miserable suspicion grew strong enough to find words. It was after tea, and the two ladies were sitting before a little fire. Mary North had wrapped a shawl about her mother, and given her a footstool, and pushed her chair nearer the fire, and then pulled it away, and opened and shut the parlor door three times to regulate the draught. Then she sat down in the corner of the sofa, exhausted but alert.

"If there's anything you want, mother, you'll be sure and tell me?"

"Yes, my dear."

"I think I'd better put another shawl over your limbs?"

"Oh no, indeed!"

"Mother, are you *sure* you don't feel a draught?"

"No, Mary; and it wouldn't hurt me if I did!"

"I was only trying to make you comfortable,—"

"I know that, my dear; you are a very good daughter. Mary, I think it would be nice if I made a cake. So many people call, and—"

"I'll make it to-morrow." .

"Oh, I'll make it myself," Mrs. North protested, eagerly; "I'd really enjoy—"

"Mother! Tire yourself out in the kitchen? No, indeed! Flora and I will see to it."

Mrs. North sighed.

Her daughter sighed too; then suddenly burst out: "Old Captain Price comes here pretty often."

Mrs. North nodded, pleasantly. "That daughter-in-law doesn't half take care of him. His clothes are dreadfully shabby. There was a button off his coat to-day. And she's a foolish creature."

"Foolish? she's an unladylike person!" cried Miss North, with so much feeling that her mother looked at her in mild astonishment. "And coarse, too," said Mary North; "I think married ladies are apt to be coarse. From association with men, I suppose."

"What has she done?" demanded Mrs. North, much interested.

"She hinted that he—that you—"

"Well?"

"That he came here to—to see you."

"Well, who else would he come to see? Not you!" said her mother.

"She hinted that he might want to—to marry you."

"Well,—upon my word! I knew she was a ridiculous creature, but really—!"

Mary's face softened with relief. "Of course she is foolish; but—"

"Poor Alfred! What has he ever done to have such a daughter-in-law? Mary, the Lord gives us our children; but *Somebody Else* gives us our in-laws!"

"Mother!" said Mary North, horrified, "you do say such things! But really he oughtn't to come so often. I'll—I'll take you away from Old Chester rather than have him bother you."

"Mary, you are just as foolish as his daughter-in-law," said Mrs. North, impatiently.

And, somehow, poor Mary North's heart sank.

Nor was she the only perturbed person in town that night. Mrs. Cyrus had a headache, so it was necessary for Cyrus to hold her hand and assure her that Willy King said a headache did not mean brain fever.

"Willy King doesn't know everything. If he had headaches like mine, he wouldn't be so sure. I am always worrying about things, and I believe my brain can't stand it. And now I've got your father to worry about!"

"Better try and sleep, Gussie. I'll put some Kaliston on your head."

"Kaliston! Kaliston won't keep me from worrying.—Oh, listen to that harmonicon!"

"Gussie, I'm sure he isn't thinking of Mrs. North."

"Mrs. North is thinking of him, which is a great deal more dangerous. Cyrus, you *must* ask Dr. Lavendar to interfere."

As this was at least the twentieth assault upon poor Cyrus's common sense, the citadel trembled.

"Do you wish me to go into brain fever before your eyes, just from worry?" Gussie demanded. "You *must* go!"

"Well, maybe, perhaps, to-morrow—"

"To-night—to-night," said Augusta, faintly.

And Cyrus surrendered.

"Look under the bed before you go." Gussie murmured.

Cyrus looked. "Nobody there," he

said, reassuringly; and went on tiptoe out of the darkened, cologne-scented room. But as he passed along the hall, and saw his father in his little cabin of a room, smoking placidly, and polishing his sextant with loving hands, Cyrus's heart reproached him.

"How's her head, Cy?" the Captain called out.

"Oh, better, I guess," Cyrus said.—("I'll be hanged if I speak to Dr. Lavendar!")

"That's good," said the Captain, beginning to hoist himself up out of his chair. "Going out? Hold hard, and I'll go 'long. I want to call on Mrs. North."

Cyrus stiffened. "Cold night, sir," he remonstrated.

"Your granny was Murray, and wore a black nightcap!" said the Captain; "you are getting delicate in your old age, Cy." He got up, and plunged into his coat, and tramped out, slamming the door heartily behind him;—for which, later, poor Cyrus got the credit. "Where you bound?"

"Oh—down-street," said Cyrus, vaguely.

"Sealed orders?" said the Captain, with never a bit of curiosity in his big, kind voice; and Cyrus felt as small as he was. But when he left the old man at Mrs. North's door, he was uneasy again. Maybe Gussie was right! Women are keener about those things than men. And his uneasiness actually carried him to Dr. Lavendar's study, where he tried to appear at ease by patting Danny.

"What's the matter with you, Cyrus?" said Dr. Lavendar, looking at him over his spectacles. (Dr. Lavendar, in his wicked old heart, always wanted to call this young man Cipher; but, so far, grace had been given him to withstand temptation.) "What's wrong?" he said.

And Cyrus, somehow, told his troubles.

At first Dr. Lavendar chuckled; then he frowned. "Gussie put you up to this, Cy—*rus*?" he said.

"Well, my wife's a woman," Cyrus began, "and they're keener on such matters than men; and she said perhaps you would—would—"

"What?" Dr. Lavendar rapped on the table with the bowl of his pipe, so loudly that Danny opened one eye. "Would what?"

"Well," Cyrus stammered, "you know, Dr. Lavendar, as Gussie says, 'there's no fo—'"

"You needn't finish it," Dr. Lavendar interrupted, dryly; "I've heard it before. Gussie didn't say anything about a young fool, did she?" Then he eyed Cyrus. "Or a middle-aged one? I've seen middle-aged fools that could beat us old fellows hollow."

"Oh, but Mrs. North is far beyond middle age," said Cyrus, earnestly.

Dr. Lavendar shook his head. "Well, well!" he said. "To think that Alfred Price should have such a— And yet he is as sensible a man as I know!"

"Until now," Cyrus amended. "But Gussie thought you'd better caution him. We don't want him, at his time of life, to make a mistake."

"It's much more to the point that I should caution you not to make a mistake," said Dr. Lavendar; and then he rapped on the table again, sharply. "The Captain has no such idea—unless Gussie has given it to him. Cyrus, my advice to you is to go home and tell your wife not to be a goose. I'll tell her, if you want me to?"

"Oh no, no!" said Cyrus, very much frightened. "I'm afraid you'd hurt her feelings."

"I'm afraid I should," said Dr. Lavendar.

He was so plainly out of temper that Cyrus finally slunk off, uncomfortable and afraid to meet Gussie's eye, even under its bandage of a cologne-scented handkerchief.

However, he had to meet it, and he tried to make the best of his own humiliation by saying that Dr. Lavendar was shocked at such an idea. "He said father had always been so sensible; he didn't believe he would think of such a dreadful thing. And neither do I, Gussie, honestly," Cyrus said.

"But Mrs. North isn't sensible," Gussie protested, "and she'll—"

"Dr. Lavendar said 'there was no fool like a middle-aged fool,'" Cyrus agreed.

"Middle-aged! She's as old as Methuselah!"

"That's what I told him," said Cyrus.

By the end of April Old Chester smiled. How could it help it? Gussie worried so

that she took frequent occasion to point out possibilities; and after the first gasp of incredulity, one could hear a faint echo of the giggles of forty-eight years before. Mary North heard it, and her heart burned within her.

"It's got to stop," she said to herself, passionately; "I must speak to his son."

But her throat was dry at the thought. It seemed as if it would kill her to speak to a man on such a subject—even to such a man as Cyrus. But, poor, shy tigress! to save her mother, what would she not do? In her pain and fright she said to Mrs. North that if that old man kept on making her uncomfortable and conspicuous, they would leave Old Chester!

Mrs. North twinkled with amusement when Mary, in her strained and quivering voice, began, but her jaw dropped at those last words; Mary was capable of carrying her off at a day's notice! The little old lady trembled with distressed reassurances;—but Captain Price continued to call.

And that was how it came about that this devoted daughter, after days of exasperation and nights of anxiety, reached a point of tense determination. She would go and see the man's son, and say . . . that afternoon, as she stood before the swinging glass on her high bureau, tying her bonnet-strings, she tried to think what she would say. She hoped God would give her words—polite words; "for I *must* be polite," she reminded herself desperately. When she started across the street her paisley shawl had slipped from one shoulder, so that the point dragged on the flagstones; she had split her right glove up the back, and her bonnet was jolted over sidewise; but the thick Chantilly veil hid the quiver of her chin.

Gussie met her with effusion, and Mary, striving to be polite, smiled painfully, and said,

"I don't want to see you; I want to see your husband."

Gussie tossed her head; but she made haste to call Cyrus, who came shambling along the hall from the cabin. The parlor was dark; for though it was a day of sunshine and merry May wind, Gussie kept the shutters bowed, but Cyrus could see the pale intensity of his visitor's face. There was a moment's silence, broken by a distant harmonicon.

"Mr. Price," said Mary North, with pale, courageous lips, "you must stop your father."

Cyrus opened his weak mouth to ask an explanation, but Gussie rushed in.

"You are quite right, ma'am. Cyrus worries so about it (of course we know what you refer to). And Cyrus says it ought to be checked immediately, to save the old gentleman!"

"You must stop him," said Mary North, "for my mother's sake."

"Well—" Cyrus began.

"Have you cautioned your mother?" Gussie demanded.

"Yes," Miss North said, briefly. To talk to this woman of her mother made her wince, but it had to be done. "Will you speak to your father, Mr. Price?"

"Well, I—"

"Of course he will!" Gussie broke in; "Cyrus, he is in the cabin now."

"Well, to-morrow I—" Cyrus got up and sidled towards the door. "Anyhow, I don't believe he's thinking of such a thing."

"Miss North," said Gussie, rising "I will do it."

"What, *now*?" faltered Mary North.

"Now," said Mrs. Cyrus, firmly.

"Oh," said Miss North, "I—I think I will go home. Gentlemen, when they are crossed, speak so—so earnestly."

Gussie nodded. The joy of action and of combat entered suddenly into her little soul; she never looked less vulgar than at that moment. Cyrus had disappeared.

Mary North, white and trembling, hurried out. A wheezing strain from the harmonicon followed her into the May sunshine, then ended, abruptly;—Mrs. Price had begun! On her own door-step Miss North stopped and listened, holding her breath for an outburst. . . . It came. A roar of laughter. Then silence. Mary North stood, motionless, in her own parlor; her shawl, hanging from one elbow, trailed behind her; her other glove had split; her bonnet was blown back and over one ear; her heart was pounding in her throat. She was perfectly aware that she had done an unheard-of thing. "But," she said, aloud, "I'd do it again. I'd do anything to protect her. But I hope I was polite?" Then she thought how courageous Mrs. Cyrus was. "She's as brave as a lion!" said Mary North.

Yet had Miss North been able to stand at the Captain's door, she would have witnessed cowardice.

"Gussie, I wouldn't cry. Confound that female, coming over and stirring you up! Now don't, Gussie! Why, I never thought of— Gussie, I wouldn't cry—"

"I have worried almost to death. Promise!"

"Oh, your granny was Mur— Gussie, my dear, now *don't*."

"Dr. Lavendar said you'd always been so sensible; he said he didn't see how you could think of such a dreadful thing."

"What! Lavendar? I'll thank Lavendar to mind his business!" Captain Price forgot Gussie; he spoke "earnestly." "Dog-gone these people that pry into— Oh, now, Gussie, *don't*!"

"I've worried so awfully," said Mrs. Cyrus. "Everybody is talking about you. And Dr. Lavendar is so—so angry about it; and now the daughter has charged on me as though it is my fault!—Of course, she is queer, but—"

"Queer? she's queer as Dick's hat-band! Why do you listen to her? Gussie, such an idea never entered my head,—or Mrs. North's either."

"Oh yes, it has! Her daughter said that she had had to speak to her—"

Captain Price, dumbfounded, forgot his fear and burst out: "You're a pack of fools, the whole caboodle! I swear I—"

"Oh, *don't* blaspheme!" said Gussie, faintly, and staggered a little, so that all the Captain's terror returned. *If she fainted!*

"Hi, there, Cyrus! Come aft, will you? Gussie's getting white around the gills—Cyrus!"

Cyrus came, running, and between them they got the swooning Gussie to her room. Afterwards, when Cyrus tiptoed down stairs, he found the Captain at the cabin door. The old man beckoned mysteriously.

"Cy, my boy, come in here;"—he hunted about in his pocket for the key of the cupboard;—"Cyrus, I'll tell you what happened: that female across the street came in, and told poor Gussie some cock-and-bull story about her mother and me!" The Captain chuckled, and picked up his harmonicon. "It scared the life out of Gussie," he said; then, with sudden angry

gravity,—“These people that poke their noses into other people’s business ought to be thrashed. Well, I’m going over to see Mrs. North.” And off he stumped, leaving Cyrus staring after him, open-mouthed.

If Mary North had been at home, she would have met him with all the agonized courage of shyness and a good conscience. But she had fled out of the house, and down along the River Road, to be alone and regain her self-control.

The Captain, however, was not seeking Miss North. He opened the front door, and advancing to the foot of the stairs, called up: “Ahoy, there! Mrs. North!”

Mrs. North came trotting out to answer the summons. “Why, Alfred!” she exclaimed, looking over the banisters, “when did you come in? I didn’t hear the bell ring. I’ll come right down.”

“It didn’t ring; I walked in,” said the Captain. And Mrs. North came downstairs, perhaps a little stiffly, but as pretty an old lady as you ever saw. Her white curls lay against faintly pink cheeks, and her lace cap had a pink bow on it. But she looked anxious and uncomfortable.

(“Oh,” she was saying to herself, “I do hope Mary’s out!)—Well, Alfred?” she said; but her voice was frightened.

The Captain stumped along in front of her into the parlor, and motioned her to a seat. “Mrs. North,” he said, his face red, his eye hard, “some jack-donkeys have been poking their noses (of course they’re females) into our affairs; and—”

“Oh, Alfred, isn’t it horrid in them?” said the old lady.

“Darn ’em!” said the Captain.

“It makes me mad!” cried Mrs. North; then her spirit wavered. “Mary is so foolish; she says she’ll—she’ll take me away from Old Chester. I laughed at first, it was so foolish. But when she said that—oh *dear!*”

“Well, but, my dear madam, say you won’t go. Ain’t you skipper?”

“No, I’m not,” she said, dolefully. “Mary brought me here, and she’ll take me away, if she thinks it best. Best for *me*, you know. Mary is a good daughter, Alfred. I don’t want you to think she isn’t. But she’s foolish. Unmarried women are apt to be foolish.”

The Captain thought of Gussie, and sighed. “Well,” he said, with the simple candor of the sea, “I guess there ain’t much difference in ’em, married or unmarried.”

“It’s the interference makes me mad,” Mrs. North declared, hotly.

“Damn the whole crew!” said the Captain; and the old lady laughed delightedly.

“Thank you, Alfred!”

“My daughter-in-law is crying her eyes out,” the Captain sighed.

“Tck!” said Mrs. North; “Alfred, you have no sense. Let her cry. It’s good for her!”

“Oh no,” said the Captain, shocked.

“You’re a perfect slave to her,” cried Mrs. North.

“No more than you are to your daughter,” Captain Price defended himself; and Mrs. North sighed.

“We are just real foolish, Alfred, to listen to ’em. As if we didn’t know what was good for us.”

“People have interfered with us a good deal, first and last,” the Captain said, grimly.

The faint color in Mrs. North’s cheeks suddenly deepened. “So they have,” she said.

The Captain shook his head in a discouraged way; he took his pipe out of his pocket and looked at it absent-mindedly. “I suppose I can stay at home, and let ’em get over it?”

“Stay at home? Why, you’d far better—”

“What?” said the Captain, dolefully.

“Come oftener!” cried the old lady.

“Let ’em get over it by getting used to it.” Captain Price looked doubtful. “But how about your daughter?”

Mrs. North quailed. “I forgot Mary,” she admitted.

“I don’t bother you, coming to see you, do I?” the Captain said, anxiously.

“Why, Alfred, I love to see you. If our children would just let us alone!”

“First it was our parents,” said Captain Price. He frowned heavily. “According to other people, first we were too young to have sense; and now we’re too old.” He took out his worn old pouch, plugged some shag into his pipe, and struck a match under the mantelpiece. He sighed, with deep discouragement.

Mrs. North sighed too. Neither of them spoke for a moment; then the little old lady drew a quick breath and flashed a look at him; opened her lips; closed them with a snap; then regarded the toe of her slipper fixedly. The color flooded up to her soft white hair.

The Captain, staring hopelessly, suddenly blinked; then his honest red face slowly broadened into beaming astonishment and satisfaction. "*Mrs. North—*"

"Captain Price!" she parried, breathlessly.

"So long as our affectionate children have suggested it!"

"Suggested—what?"

"Let's give 'em something to cry about!"

"*Alfred!*"

"Look here: we are two old fools; so they say, anyway. Let's live up to their opinion. I'll get a house for Cyrus and Gussie,—and your girl can live with 'em, if she wants to!" The Captain's bitterness showed then.

"She could live here," murmured Mrs. North.

"What do you say?"

The little old lady laughed excitedly, and shook her head; the tears stood in her eyes.

"Do you want to leave Old Chester?" the Captain demanded.

"You know I don't," she said, sighing.

"She'd take you away *to-morrow*," he threatened, "if she knew I had—I had—"

"She sha'n't know it."

"Well, then, we've got to get spliced to-morrow."

"Oh, Alfred, no! I don't believe Dr. Lavendar would—"

"I'll have no dealings with Lavendar," the Captain said, with sudden stiffness; "he's like all the rest of 'em. I'll get a license in Upper Chester, and we'll go to some parson there."

Mrs. North's eyes snapped; "Oh, no, no!" she protested; but in another minute they were shaking hands on it.

"Cyrus and Gussie can live by themselves," said the Captain, joyously, "and I'll get that hold cleaned out; she's kept the ports shut ever since she married Cyrus."

"And I'll make a cake! And I'll take care of your clothes; you really are dreadfully shabby;" she turned him round to

the light, and brushed off some ashes. The Captain beamed. "Poor Alfred! and there's a button off! that daughter-in-law of yours can't sew any more than a cat (and she *is* a cat!). But I love to mend. Mary has saved me all that. She's such a good daughter—poor Mary. But she's unmarried, poor child."

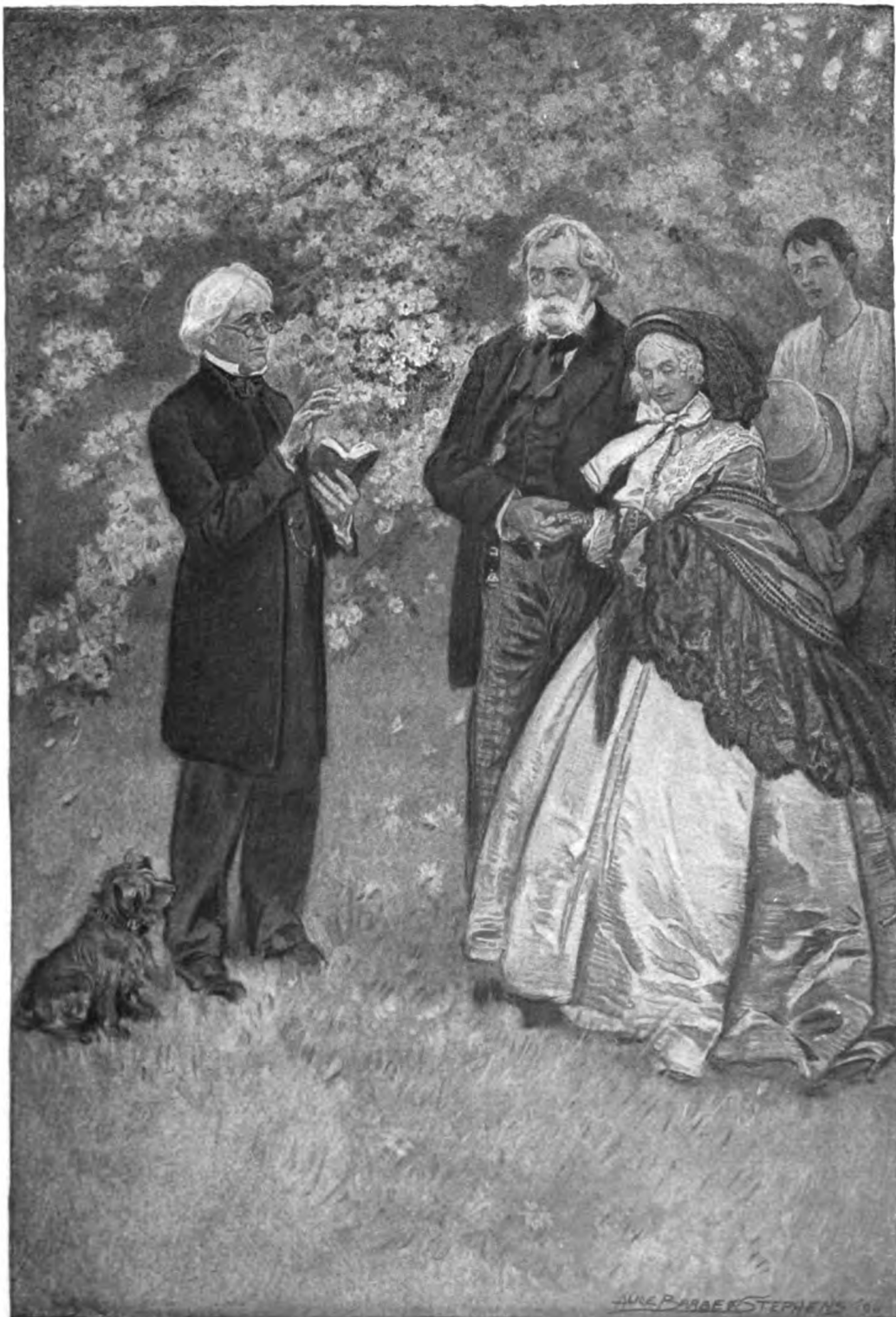
However, it was not to-morrow. It was two or three days later that Dr. Lavendar and Danny, jogging along behind Goliath under the buttonwoods on the road to Upper Chester, were somewhat inconvenienced by the dust of a buggy that crawled up and down the hills just a little ahead. The hood of this buggy was up, upon which fact—it being a May morning of rollicking wind and sunshine—Dr. Lavendar speculated to his companion: "Daniel, the man in that vehicle is either blind and deaf, or else he has something on his conscience; in either case he won't mind our dust, so we'll cut in ahead at the watering-trough. G'on, Goliath!"

But Goliath had views of his own about the watering-trough, and instead of passing the hooded buggy, which had stopped there, he insisted upon drawing up beside it. "Now, look here," Dr. Lavendar remonstrated, "you know you're not thirsty." But Goliath plunged his nose down into the cool depths of the great iron caldron, into which, from a hollow log, ran a musical drip of water. Dr. Lavendar and Danny, awaiting his pleasure, could hear a murmur of voices from the depths of the eccentric vehicle which put up a hood on such a day; when suddenly Dr. Lavendar's eye fell on the hind legs of the other horse. "That's CIPHER's trotter," he said to himself, and leaning out, cried: "Hi! Cy?" At which the other horse was drawn in with a jerk, and Captain Price's agitated face peered out from under the hood.

"Where! Where's Cyrus?" Then he caught sight of Dr. Lavendar. "*The devil and Tom Walker!*" said the Captain with a groan. The buggy backed erratically.

"Look out!" said Dr. Lavendar,—but the wheels locked.

Of course there was nothing for Dr. Lavendar to do but get out and take Goliath by the head, grumbling, as he did so, that Cyrus "shouldn't own such a spirited beast."



THERE WAS A LITTLE SILENCE, AND THEN DR. LAVENDAR BEGAN

"I am somewhat hurried," said Captain Price, stiffly.

The old minister looked at him over his spectacles; then he glanced at the small, embarrassed figure shrinking into the depths of the buggy.

("Hullo, hullo, hullo!" he said, softly. "Well, Gussie's done it.) You'd better back a little, Captain," he advised.

"I can manage," said the Captain.

"I didn't say 'go back,'" Dr. Lavendar said, mildly.

"Oh!" murmured a small voice from within the buggy.

"I expect you need me, don't you, Alfred?" said Dr. Lavendar.

"What?" said the Captain, frowning.

"Captain," said Dr. Lavendar, simply, "if I can be of any service to you and Mrs. North, I shall be glad."

Captain Price looked at him. "Now, look here, Lavendar, we're going to do it this time, if all the parsons in—well, in the church, try to stop us!"

"I'm not going to try to stop you."

"But Gussie said you said—"

"Alfred, at your time of life, are you beginning to quote Gussie?"

"But she said you said it would be—"

"Captain Price, I do not express my opinion of your conduct to your daughter-in-law. You ought to have sense enough to know that."

"Well, why did you talk to her about it?"

"I didn't talk to her about it. But," said Dr. Lavendar, thrusting out his lower lip, "I should like to."

"We were going to hunt up a parson in Upper Chester," said the Captain, sheepishly.

Dr. Lavendar looked about, up and down the silent, shady road, then through the bordering elderberries into an orchard. "If you have your license," he said, "I have my prayer-book. Let's go into the orchard. There are two men working there we can get for witnesses,—Danny isn't quite enough, I suppose."

The Captain turned to Mrs. North. "What do you say, ma'am?" he said. She nodded, and gathered up her skirts to get out of the buggy. The two old

men led their horses to the side of the road and hitched them to the rail fence; then the Captain helped Mrs. North through the elder-bushes, and shouted out to the men ploughing at the other side of the orchard. They came,—big, kindly young fellows, and stood gaping at the three old people standing under the apple-tree in the sunshine. Dr. Lavendar explained that they were to be witnesses, and the boys took off their hats.

There was a little silence, and then, in the white shadows and perfume of the orchard, with its sunshine, and drift of petals falling in the gay wind, Dr. Lavendar began. . . . When he came to "Let no man put asunder—" Captain Price growled in his grizzled red beard, "Nor woman, either!" But only Mrs. North smiled.

When it was over, Captain Price drew a deep breath of relief. "Well, this time we made a sure thing of it, Mrs. North!"

"Mrs. North?" said Dr. Lavendar; and then he did chuckle.

"Oh—" said Captain Price, and roared at the joke.

"You'll have to call me Letty," said the pretty old lady, smiling and blushing.

"Oh," said the Captain; then he hesitated. "Well, now, if you don't mind, I—I guess I won't call you Letty; I'll call you Letitia?"

"Call me anything you want to," said Mrs. Price, gayly.

Then they all shook hands with each other, and with the witnesses, who found something left in their palms that gave them great satisfaction, and went back to climb into their respective buggies.

"We have shore leave," the Captain explained; "we won't go back to Old Chester for a few days. You may tell 'em, Lavendar."

"Oh, may I?" said Dr. Lavendar, blankly. "Well, good-by, and good luck!"

He watched the other buggy tug on ahead, and then he leaned down to catch Danny by the scruff of the neck.

"Well, Daniel," he said, "'if at first you don't succeed'—"

And Danny was pulled into the buggy.

Ballad of the Sinful Lover

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

FOUR years he sinned, because she died—
With base corroding anodyne
He numbed the noble pain in him,
Four years he herded with the swine.

And then at last he died, and went,
With hurry of immortal feet,
To seek in the Eternal Life
The face that he had died to meet.

Up all the stairways of the sky
Laughing he ran, at every door
Of the long corridors of heaven
He knocked, and cried out "Heliodore!"

In shining rooms sat the sweet saints,
Each at her little task of joy;
Old eyes, all young again with heaven,
Watched angel girl and angel boy.

And o'er the fields of Paradise,
Scattered like flowers, the lovers passed,
All rainbows—saying each to each
Heaven's two words: "At last! At last!"

But nowhere in that place of peace
Found he the face that was his own,
Till, on a sudden, by a stream
He found her sitting all alone.

With outstretched hands, he cried her name;
She turned on him her quiet eyes:
"Who art thou that so foul with sin
Darest to walk in Paradise?"

Amazed, he answered: "If I sinned,
My sin was sorrow for thy sake;
The pain, O Heliodore, the pain!
I sinned—O lest my heart should break."

"I know thee not," the saint replied,
"Thy sorrow is all changed to sin;"
And, moving towards a golden door,
She turned away, and entered in.



PORTRAIT OF A LADY

*Engraved on Wood by Henry Wolf, from the original Painting by
J. J. Shannon, A.R.A.*

A Portrait by J. J. Shannon

MODERN art in its highest manifestations shows not only greater technical knowledge than marks the work of the past, but at the same time gives evidence of a wider consciousness and greater subtlety of observation. A painter, to place himself in the foremost rank to-day, must be not only a craftsman of dexterity, but a penetrant thinker and an acute observer. He must present the inner meaning, whether it be of life or of landscape, in addition to the outer semblance. In Tennysonian phrase, a portrait should be "the shape and color of a mind and life"; that is, its emotional expression should be of the first importance, and by this means it should arrest and hold the attention, however detached personally the observer may be from association with the sitter.

While lyrical in its more external aspects, Mr. Shannon's art is interpretative as well. So in this portrait he inspires his presentment with the breath of universal life and offers us something more than a reflection in a mirror. Its subjective quality is felt at once.

"The shape and color," says Tennyson. There is, indeed, an inherent expressional value in sheer color which we are but slowly coming to appreciate. In this instance the color scheme, symphonic, rhythmic, and refined, becomes a direct means of emotional interpretation. Technically admirable as is the treatment of details, the hair, the hands, the dreamy eyes, painted with the square brushwork that tells of French training, yet over all insistently hangs the charm of delicacy and mystery—in a word, the poetic charm, the almost psychological value of color.

W. STANTON HOWARD.

The Marriage of William Ashe

BY MRS. HUMPHRY WARD

CHAPTER XIII

THERE was silence for a few moments except for Kitty's crying. Ashe still stood beside his writing-table, his hand resting upon it, his eyes on Kitty. Once or twice he began to speak, and stopped. At last he said, with obvious difficulty,

"It's cruel to keep me waiting, Kitty."

"I sent you a telegram first thing this morning." The voice was choked and passionate.

"I never got it."

"Horrid little fiend!" cried Kitty, sitting up and dashing back her hair from her tear-stained cheeks. "I gave a boy half a crown this morning to be at the station with it by eight o'clock. And I couldn't possibly either write or telegraph last night—it was too late."

"Where were you?" said Ashe, slowly. "I went to the Alcots this morning, and—"

"—the butler told you Madeleine was in bed? So she is. She was ill yesterday morning. There was no coach and no party. I went with Geoffrey."

Kitty held herself erect; her eyes, from which the tears were involuntarily dropping, were fixed on her husband.

"Of course I guessed that," said Ashe.

"It was Geoffrey brought me the news—here, just as I was starting to go to the Alcots. Then he said he had something to read me—and it would be delicious to go to Pangbourne—spend the day on the river—and come back from Windsor—at night—by train. And I had a horrid headache—and it was so hot—and you were at the office,"—her lip quivered,— "and I wanted to hear Geoffrey's poems—and so—" She interrupted herself, and once more broke down—hiding her face against the chair. But the next moment she felt herself roughly drawn forward, as Ashe knelt beside her.

"Kitty!—look at me! That man behaved to you like a villain?"

She looked up—she saw the handsome good-humored face transformed,—and wrenched herself away.

"He did," she said, bitterly,— "like a villain." She began to twist and torment her handkerchief as Ashe had seen her do once before, the small white teeth pressed upon the lower lip,—then suddenly she turned upon him—

"I suppose you want me to tell you the story?"

All Kitty in the words! Her frankness, her daring, and the impatient realistic tone she was apt to impose upon emotion,—they were all there.

Ashe rose and began to walk up and down.

"Tell me your part in it," he said at last,— "and as little of that fellow as may be."

Kitty was silent. Ashe, looking at her, saw a curious shade of reverie, a kind of dreamy excitement, steal over her face.

"Go on, Kitty!" he said, sharply. Then, restraining himself, he added with all his natural courtesy,— "I beg your pardon, Kitty, but the sooner we get through with this the better."

The mist in which her expression had been for a moment wrapped fell away. She flushed deeply.

"I told you I had done nothing vile!" she said, passionately. "Did you believe me?"

Their eyes met in a shock of challenge and reply.

"Those things are not to be asked between you and me," he said with vehemence, and he held out his hand. She just touched it,—proudly. Then she drew a long breath.

"The day was—just like other days. He read me his poems—in a cool place we found under the bank. I thought he was rather absurd now and then,—and different from what he had been. He talked of our going away—and his not seeing me—and how lonely he was. And

of course I was awfully sorry for him. But it was all right till—"

She paused and looked at Ashe—

"You remember the inn near Hamel Weir—a few miles from Windsor—that lonely little place."

Ashe nodded.

"We dined there. Afterwards we were to row to Windsor and come home by a train about ten. We finished dinner early. By the way, there were two other people there—Lady Edith Manley and her boy. They had rowed up from Eton—"

"Did Lady Edith—"

"Yes—she spoke to me. She was going back to town—to the Holland House party—"

"Where she probably met mother?"

"She did meet her!" cried Kitty. She pointed to a letter which she had thrown down as she entered. "Your mother sent round this note to me this morning—to ask when I should be at home. And Wilson sent word— There!—of course I know she thinks I'm capable of anything."

She looked at him, defiant, but very miserable and pale.

"Go on, please," said Ashe.

"—We finished dinner early. There was a field behind the inn, and then a wood. We strolled into the wood, and then Geoffrey—well, he went mad! He—"

She bit her lip fiercely, struggling for composure,—and words.

"He proposed to you to throw me over?" said Ashe, as white as she.

With a sudden gesture she held out her arms—like a piteous child.

"Oh! don't stand there—and look at me like that—I can't bear it."

Ashe came—unwillingly. She perceived the reluctance, and with a flaming face she motioned him back, while she controlled herself enough to pour out her story. Presently Ashe was able to reconstruct with tolerable clearness what had occurred. Cliffe, intoxicated by the long day of intimacy and of solitude, by Kitty's beauty and Kitty's folly, aware that parting was near at hand, and trusting to the wildness of Kitty's temperament, had suddenly assumed the language of the lover,—and a lover by no means uncertain of his ultimate answer. So long as they understood each other,—that, indeed, for the

present was all he asked. But she must know that she had broken off his marriage with Mary Lyster, and reopened in his nature all the old founts of passion and of storm. It had been her sovereign will that he should love her; it had been achieved. For her sake—knowing himself for the seared and criminal being that he was,—for Ashe's sake—he had tried to resist her spell. In vain. A fatal fusion of their two natures—imagination—sympathies—had come about. Each was interpenetrated by the other; and retreat was impossible.

A kind of sombre power indeed—the power of the poet and the dreamer,—seemed to have spoken from Cliffe's strange wooing. He had taken no particular pains to flatter her, or to conceal his original hesitation. He put her own action in a hard, almost a brutal light. It was plain that he thought she had treated her husband badly; that he warned her of a future of treachery and remorse. At the same time he let her see that he could not doubt but that she would face it. They still had the last justifying cards in their hands:—passion—and the courage to go where passion leads. When those were played, they might look each other and the world in the face. Till then they were but triflers,—mean souls—fit neither for heaven nor for hell.

Ashe's whole being was soon in a tumult of rage under the sting of this report, as he was able to piece it out from Kitty. But he kept his self-command, and by dint of it he presently arrived at some notion of her own share in the scene. Horror, recoil, disavowal;—a wild resentment of the charges heaped upon her, of the pitiless interpretation of her behavior which broke from those harsh lips, of the incredulity passing into something like contempt with which Cliffe had endured her wrath and received her protestations;—then a blind flight through the fields to the little wayside station where she hoped to catch the last train;—the arrival and departure of the train while she was still half a mile from the line, and her shelter at a cottage for the night:—these things stood out plainly, whatever else remained in obscurity. How far she had provoked her own fate, and how far even now she was delivered

from the morbid spell of Cliffe's personality, Ashe would not allow himself to ask. As she neared the end of her story, it was as though the great tempest wave in which she had been struggling died down, and with a merciful rush bore him to a shore of deliverance. She was there beside him; and she was still his own.

He had been leaning over the side of a chair, his chin on his hand, his eyes fixed upon her, while she told her tale. It ended in a burst of self-pity, as she remembered her collapse in the cottage, the impossibility of finding any carriage in the small hamlet of which it made part, the faint weariness of the night—

"I never slept," she said, piteously. "I got up at eight for the first train,—and now I feel"—she fell back in her chair, and whispered desolately with shut eyes—"as if I should like to die!"

Ashe knelt down beside her.

"It's my fault too, Kitty. I ought to have held you with a stronger hand. I hated quarrelling with you. But—oh, my dear, my dear!"

She met the cry in silence, the tears running over her cheeks. Roughly, impetuously, he gathered her in his arms, and kissed her, as though he would once more reknit and reconsecrate the bond between them. She lay passively against him, the tangle of her fair hair spread over his shoulder—too frail and too exhausted for response.

"This won't do," he said, presently, disengaging himself; "you must have some food and rest. Then we'll think what shall be done."

She roused herself suddenly as he went to the door.

"Why aren't you at the Foreign Office?"

"I sent a message early. Lawson came,"—Lawson was his private secretary,—"but I must go down in an hour."

"William!"

Kitty had raised herself, and her eyes shone large and startled in the small tear-stained face.

"Yes." He paused a moment.

"William!—is the list out?"

"Yes."

Kitty tottered to her feet.

"Is it all right?"

"I suppose so," he said, slowly. "It doesn't affect me."

And then, without waiting, he went into the hall and closed the door behind him. He wrote a note to the Foreign Office to say that he should not be at the office till the afternoon, and that important papers were to be sent up to him. Then he told Wilson to bring wine and sandwiches into the library for Lady Kitty, who had been detained by an accident on the river the night before, and was much exhausted. No visitors were to be admitted, except, of course, Lady Tranmore or Miss French.

When he returned to the library he found Kitty with crimson cheeks, her hands locked behind her, walking up and down. As soon as she saw him, she motioned to him imperiously.

"Shut the door, William. I have something very important to say to you."

He obeyed her, and she walked up to him deliberately. He saw the fluttering of her heart beneath her white dress—the crushed, bedraggled dress, which still in its soft elegance, its small originalities, spoke Kitty from head to foot. But her manner was quite calm and collected.

"William!—we must separate!—You must send me away."

He started.

"What do you mean?"

"What I say. It is—it is intolerable—that I should ruin your life like this."

"Don't please exaggerate, Kitty! There is no question of ruin. I shall make my way when the time comes,—and Lady Parham will have nothing to say to it!"

"No. Nothing will ever go well—while I'm there—like a millstone round your neck. William!"—she came closer to him,—“take my advice—do it! I warned you when you married me. And now you see—it was true."

"You foolish child," he answered, slowly, "do you think I could forget you for an hour, wherever you were?"

"Oh yes," she said, steadily. "I know you would forget me,—if I wasn't here. I'm sure of it. You're very ambitious, William,—more than you know. You'll soon care—"

"More for politics than for you? Another of your delusions, Kitty. Nothing of the sort. Moreover, if you will only let me advise you—trust your husband a little,—think both for him and yourself,—I see nothing either in politics, or in our life together, that cannot be retrieved."



HE GATHERED HER IN HIS ARMS

He spoke with manly kindness and reasonableness. Not a trace of his habitual indolence or indifference. Kitty, listening, was conscious of the most tempestuous medley of feelings,—love, remorse, shame, and a strange gnawing desolation. What else, what better *could* she have asked of him? And yet,—as she looked at him, she thought suddenly of the moonlit garden at Grosville Park, and of that young headlong chivalry with which he had thrown himself at her feet. This man before her,—so much older and maturer,—counting the cost of his marriage with her in the light of experience, and magnanimously, resolutely paying it,—Kitty, in a flash, realized his personality as she had never yet done, his moral independence of her, his separateness as a human being. Her passionate self-love instinctively, unconsciously, had made of his life the appendage of hers. And now—? His devotion had never been so plain, so attested; and all the while, bitter terrifying voices rang upon the inner ear, voices of fate, vague and irrevocable.

She dropped into a chair beside his table, trembling and white.

"No, no," she said, drawing her handkerchief across her eyes, with a gesture of childish misery. "It's all been a—horrid mistake. Your mother was quite right. Of course she hated your marrying me—and now—now she'll see what I've done. I guess perfectly what she's thinking about me to-day! And I can't help it—I shall go on—if you let me stay with you. There's a twist—a black drop in me. I'm not like other people."

Her voice, which was very quiet, gave Ashe intolerable pain.

"You poor, tired, starved child," he said, kneeling down beside her. "Put your arms round my neck. Let me carry you up-stairs."

With a sob, she did as she was told. Ashe's library, a comparatively late addition to the rambling old-fashioned house, communicated by a small staircase at the back with his dressing-room above. He lifted the small figure with ease, and half-way up-stairs he impetuously kissed the delicate cheek.

"I'm glad you're not Polly Lyster, darling!"

Kitty laughed through her tears. Presently he deposited her on the large sofa

in her own room, and stood beside her, panting a little.

"It's all very well," said Kitty, as she nestled down among the pillows,—*"but we're none of us feathers!"*

Her eyes were beginning to recover a little of their sparkle. She looked at him with attention.

"You look horribly tired. What—what did you do—last night?" She turned away from him.

"I sat up reading,—then went to sleep down-stairs. I thought the coach had come to grief,—and you were somewhere with the Alcots."

"If I had known that," she murmured, "I might have gone to sleep. Oh, it was so horrible!—the little stuffy room—and the dirty blankets." She gave a shiver of disgust. "There was a poor baby too with whooping-cough.—Lucky I had some money. I gave the woman a sovereign. But she wasn't at all nice—she never smiled once—I know she thought I was a bad lot."

Then she sprang up.

"Sit there!" She pointed to the foot of the sofa. Ashe obeyed her.

"When did you know?"

"About the Ministry? Between six and seven. I saw Lady Parham afterwards driving in St. James's Street. She never enjoyed anything so much in her life as the bow she gave me."

Kitty groaned, and subsided again, a little crumpled form among her cushions.

"Tell me the names."

Ashe gave her the list of the Ministry. She made one or two shrewd or bitter comments upon it. He fully understood that in her inmost mind she was registering a vow of vengeance against the Parhams; but she made no spoken threat. Meanwhile in the background of each mind there lay that darker and more humiliating fact, to which both shrank from returning; while yet both knew that it must be faced.

There was a knock at the door, and Blanche appeared with the tray which had been ordered down-stairs. She glanced in astonishment at her mistress.

"We had an accident on the river last night, Blanche," said Kitty. "Come back in half an hour. I'm too tired to change just yet."

She kept her face hidden from the

maid, but when Blanche had departed Ashe saw that her cheeks were flaming.

"I hate lying!" she said with a kind of physical disgust—"and now I suppose it will be my chief occupation for weeks."

It was true that she hated lying, and Ashe was well aware of it. Of such a battle-stroke, indeed, as she had played at the ball, when her prompt falsehood snatched Cliffe from Mary Lyster, she was always capable. But in general her pride, her very egotism and quick temper, kept her true.

Perhaps the fact represented one of those deep sources whence the well of Ashe's tenderness was fed. At any rate, consciously or not, it was at this moment one of his chief motives for not finding the past intolerable, or the future without hope. He took some wine and a sandwich from the tray and began to feed her. In the middle, she pushed his hands away, and her eyes brimmed again with tears.

"Put it down," she commanded. And when he had done so, she raised his hands deliberately one after the other and kissed them—crying.

"William!—I have been a horrible wife to you!"

"Don't be a goose, Kitty. You know very well that—till this last business—And don't imagine that I feel myself a model either!"

"No," she said, with a long sigh. "Of course you ought to have beaten me."

He smiled, with an unsteady lip.

"Perhaps I might still try it."

She shook her head.

"Too late. I am not a child any more."

Then throwing her soft arms round his neck, she clung to him, saying the most adorable and poignant things, dissolved indeed in a murmuring anguish of remorse; until, with the same unexpectedness as before, she again disengaged herself—urging, insisting, that he should send her away.

"Let me go and live at Haggart, baby and I." (Haggart was one of the Tranmore "places," recently handed over to the young people.) "You can come and see me sometimes. I'll garden,—and write books. Half the smart women I know write stories—or plays. Why shouldn't I?"

"Why, indeed? Meanwhile, madame, I take you to Scotland—next week."

"Scotland?" She pressed her hands over her eyes. "'Anywhere—anywhere—out of the world!'"

"Kitty!" Startled by the abandonment of her words, Ashe caught her hands and held them. "Kitty!—you regret—"

"That man? Do I?" She opened her eyes, frowning. "I loathe him! When I think of yesterday, I could drown myself. If I could pile the whole world between him and me,—I would. But"—she shivered—"but yet,—if he were sitting there—"

"You would be once more under the spell?" said Ashe, bitterly.

"Spell!" she repeated with scorn. Then snatching her hands from his, she threw back the hair from her temples with a wild gesture. "I warned you," she said—"I warned you."

"A man doesn't pay much attention to those warnings, Kitty."

"Then it is not my fault. I don't know what's wrong with me," she said, sombrely; "but I remember saying to you that sometimes my brain was on fire. I seem to be always in a hurry—in a desperate, desperate hurry!—to know or to feel something,—while there is still time,—before one dies. There is always a passion—always an effort. More life!—*more life!*—even if it lead to pain—and agony—and tears."

She raised her strange, beautiful eyes, which had at the moment almost a look of delirium, and fixed them on his face. But Ashe's impression was that she did not see him.

He was conscious of the same pang, the same sudden terror, that he had felt on that never-to-be-forgotten evening when she had talked to him of the Masque in *The Tempest*. He thought of the Blackwater stories he had heard from Lord Grosville. "*Mad, my dear fellow, mad!*"—the old man's frequent comment ran through his memory. Was there, indeed, some unsound spot in Kitty?

He sat dumb and paralyzed for a moment; then recovering himself, he said as he tenderly recaptured the cold little hands:

"'More *light*'—Kitty,—was what Goethe said, in dying. A better prayer—don't you think?"

There was a strong, even a stern, insistence in his manner which quieted

Kitty. Her face, as it came back to full consciousness, was exquisitely sweet and mournful.

"That's the prayer of the *calm*," she said in a whisper, "and my nature is hunger and storm. And Geoffrey Cliffe is the same. That's why I couldn't help his being—"

She sprang up.

"William, don't let's talk nonsense. I can't ever see that man again. How's it to be done?"

She moved up and down,—all practical energy and impatience—her mood wholly altered. His own adapted itself to hers.

"For the present, fear nothing," he said, dryly. "For his own sake, Cliffe will hold his tongue, and leave London. And as to the future,—I can get some message conveyed to him,—by a man he won't disregard. Leave it to me."

"You can't write to him, William!" cried Kitty, passionately.

"Leave it to me," he repeated. "Then suppose you take the boy—and Margaret French?—to Haggart till I can join you?"

"And your mother?" she said, timidly coming to stand beside him, and laying a hand on each shoulder.

"Leave that also to me."

"How she'll hate the sight of me," she said under her breath. Then with another tone of voice—"How long, William, do you give the government?"

"Six months perhaps,—perhaps less. I don't see how they can last beyond February."

"And then—we'll *fight*!" said Kitty, with a long breath, smoothing back the hair from his brow.

"Allow me, please, to command the forces! Well, now then, I must be off!" He tried to rise, but she still held him.

"Did you have any breakfast, William?"

"I don't remember."

"Sit still and eat one of my sandwiches." She divided one into strips, and standing over him began to feed him. A knock at the door arrested her.

"Don't move!" she said, peremptorily, before she ran to open the door.

"Please, my lady," said Blanche, "Lady Tranmore would like to see you."

Kitty started and flushed. She looked round uncertainly at Ashe.

"Ask her ladyship to come up," said Ashe, quietly.

The maid departed.

"Feed me if you want to, Kitty," said Ashe, still seated.

Kitty returned, her breath hurried, her step wavering. She looked doubtfully at Ashe,—then her eyes sparkled—as she understood. She dropped on her knees beside him, kissing the sleeve of his coat, against which her cheek was pressed,—in a passion of repentance.

He bent towards her, touching her hair, murmuring over her. His mind meanwhile was torn with feelings which, so to speak, observed each other. This thing which had happened was horribly serious—important. It might easily have wrecked two lives. Had he dealt with it as he ought, made Kitty feel the gravity of it?

Then the optimist in him asked impatiently what was "the good of exaggerating the damned business"? That fellow had got his lesson,—could be driven headlong out of his life and Kitty's henceforward. And how could he doubt the love shown in this clinging penitence, these soft kisses? How would the Turk theory of marriage, please, have done any better? Kitty had had her own wild way. No fiat from without had bound her; but love had brought her to his feet. There was something in him which triumphed alike in her revolt and her submission.

Meanwhile, in the cool drawing-room, to which the green *persiennes* gave a pleasant foreign look, Lady Tranmore had been waiting for the maid's return. She shrank from every sound in the house; from her own reflection in Kitty's French mirrors; from her own thoughts most of all.

Lady Ethel Manley—at Holland House—had been the most innocent of gossips. A little lady who did no wrong herself,—and thought no wrong of others; as white-minded and unsuspicious as a convent child. "Poor Lady Kitty!—something seemed to have gone wrong with the Alcots' coach, and they were somehow divided from all their party. I can't remember exactly what it was they said,—but Mr. Cliffe was confident they would catch their train. Though my boy—you

remember my boy? they've just put him in the eight!—thought they were running it *rather* fine."

Then five minutes later, in the supper-room, Lady Tranmore had run across Madeleine Alcot's husband, who had given her, in passing, the whole story of the frustrated expedition—Mrs. Alcot's chill, and the despatch of Cliffe to Bruton Street. "Horrid bore to have to put it off! Hope he got there in time to stop Lady Kitty getting ready. Oh! thanks, Madeleine's all right."

And then no more, as the rush of the crowd swept them apart.

After that, sleep had wholly deserted Lady Tranmore,—if indeed, after the publication of the cabinet list in the afternoon, and William's letter, following upon it, any had been still possible. And in the early morning she had sent her note to Kitty,—a *ballon d'essai*, despatched in a horror of great fear.

"Her ladyship has not yet returned." The message from Bruton Street, delivered by the footman's indifferent mouth, struck Lady Tranmore with trembling.

"Where is William?" she said to herself in anguish. "I must find him,—but—what shall I say to him?" Then she went up-stairs, and, without calling for her maid, put on her walking things with shaking hands.

She slipped out unobserved by her household, and took a hansom from the corner of Grosvenor Street. In the hansom she carefully drew down her veil, with the shrinking of one on whom disgrace—the long pursuing, long expected—has seized at last. All the various facts, statements, indications,—as to Kitty's behavior, which through the most diverse channels had been flowing steadily towards her, for weeks past,—were now surging through her mind and memory—a grievous, damning host. And every now and then, as she caught the placards in the streets, her heart contracted anew. Her son, her William, in what should have been the heyday of his gifts and powers,—baffled, tripped up, defeated!—by his own wife, the selfish, ungrateful, reckless child, on whom he had lavished the undeserved treasures of the most generous and untiring love. And had she not only checked, or ruined, his career,—was he to be also dishonored, struck to the heart?

She could scarcely stand, as she rang the bell at Bruton Street, and it was only with a great effort that she could ask her question—

"Is Mr. Ashe at home?"

"Mr. Ashe, my lady, is, I believe, just going out," said Wilson. "Her ladyship arrived just about an hour ago, and that detained him."

Elizabeth betrayed nothing. The training of her class held good.

"Are they in the library?" she asked—"or up-stairs?"

Wilson replied that he believed her ladyship was in her room, and Mr. Ashe with her.

"Please ask Mr. Ashe if I can see him for a few minutes."

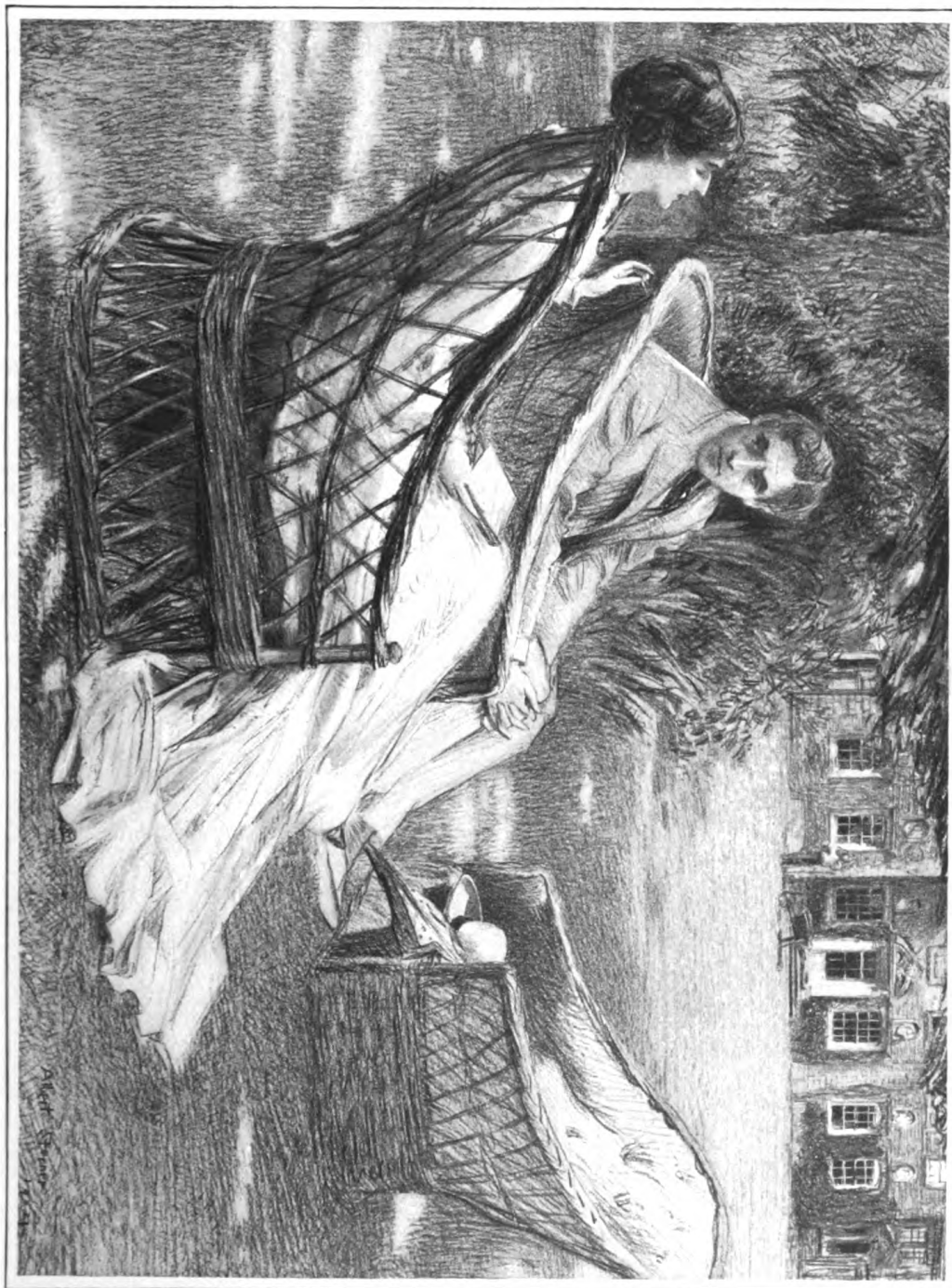
Wilson disappeared, and Lady Tranmore stood motionless, looking round at William's books and tables. She loved everything that his hand had touched, every sign of his character:—the prize books of his college days; the pictures on the wall, many of which had descended from his Eton study; the photographs of his favorite hunter; the drawing she herself had made for him of his first pony.

On his writing-table lay a despatch-box from the Foreign Office. Lady Tranmore turned away from it. It reminded her intolerably of the shock and defeat of the day before. During the past six months she had become more conscious, rejoicingly conscious, than ever before of his secret deepening ambition; and her own heart burned with the smart of his disappointment. No one else, however, should guess at it through her! No sooner had she received his letter from the club, than, after many weeks of withdrawal from society, she had forced herself to go to the Holland House party, that no one might say she hid herself, that no one might for an instant suppose that any hostile act of such a man as Lord Parham, or any malice of that low-minded woman, could humiliate her son or herself.

Suddenly, she saw Kitty's gloves—Kitty's torn and soiled gloves—lying on the floor. She clasped her trembling hands, trying to steady herself. Husband and wife were together. What tragedy was passing between them?

Of course there *might* have been an accident; her thoughts might be all mistake and illusion.—But Lady Tranmore hardly

.. WHAT DOES LADY KITTY DO WITH HERSELF HERE?.. SAID DARRELL.



allowed herself to encourage the alternative of hope. It was like Kitty's audacity to have come back. Incredible—unfathomable!—like all she did.

"Her ladyship says, my lady, would you please go up to her room?"

The message was given in Blanche's timid voice. Lady Tranmore started, looked at the girl, longed to question her, and had not the courage. She followed mechanically, and in silence. Could she, must she face it? Yes,—for her son's sake. She prayed inwardly that she might meet the ordeal before her with Christian strength and courage.

The door opened. She saw two figures in the pretty, bright-colored room. William sat astride upon a chair, in front of Kitty, who, like some small mother-bird, hovered above him, holding up what seemed to be a tiny strip of bread and butter, which she was dropping with dainty deliberation into his mouth. Her face, in spite of the red and swollen eyes, was alive with fun, and Ashe's laugh reflected hers. The domesticity, the intimate affection of the scene:—before these things, Elizabeth Tranmore stood gasping.

"Dearest mother!" cried Ashe, starting up.

Kitty turned. At sight of Lady Tranmore, she hung back; her smiles departed; her lip quivered.

"William!"—she pursued him and touched him on the shoulder. "I—I can't—I'm afraid. If mother ever means to speak to me again—come and tell me."

And hiding her face, Kitty escaped like a whirlwind.—The dressing-room door closed behind her, and mother and son were left alone.

"Mother!" said Ashe, coming up to her gayly, both hands outstretched. "Ask me nothing, dear. Kitty has been a silly child—but things will go better now. And as for the Parhams,—what does it matter?—come and help me send them to the deuce!"

Lady Tranmore recoiled. For once the good humor of that handsome face—pale as the face was—seemed to her an offence,—nay, a disgrace. That what had happened had been no mere *contre-temps*, no mere accident of trains and coaches, was plain enough from Kitty's eyes,—

from all that William did *not* say, no less than from what he said. And still this levity!—this inconceivable levity! Was it true, as she knew was said, that William had no high sense of honor, that he failed in delicacy, and dignity?

In reality, it was the same cry as the Dean's,—upon another and smaller occasion. But in this case it was unspoken. Lady Tranmore dropped into a chair, one hand abandoned to her son, the other hiding her face. He talked fast and tenderly, asking her help—neither of them quite knew for what—her advice as to the move to Haggart,—and so forth. Lady Tranmore said little. But it was a bitter silence; and if Ashe himself failed in indignation, his mother's protesting heart supplied it amply.

CHAPTER XIV

"WHAT does Lady Kitty do with herself here?" said Darrell, looking round him. He had just arrived from town on a visit to the Ashes, to find the Haggart house and garden completely deserted, save for Mrs. Alcot, who was lounging in solitude, with a cigarette and a novel, on the wide lawn which surrounded the house on three sides.

As he spoke he lifted a chair and placed it beside her, under one of the cedars which made deep shade upon the grass.

"She plays at Lady Bountiful," said Mrs. Alcot. "She doesn't do it well, but—"

"—The wonder is, in Johnsonian phrase, that she should do it at all? Anything else?"

"I understand—she is writing a book,—a novel."

Darrell threw back his head and laughed long and silently.

"Il ne manquait que cela," he said,—"that Lady Kitty should take to literature!"

Mrs. Alcot looked at him rather sharply.

"Why not? We frivolous people are a good deal cleverer than you think."

The languid arrogance of the lady's manner was not at all unbecoming. Darrell made an inclination.

"No need to remind me, madame!"—A recent exhibition at an artistic club of Mrs. Alcot's sketches had made a considerable mark.—"Very soon you will leave us poor professionals no room to live."

The slight disrespect of his smile annoyed his companion, but the day was hot and she had no repartee ready. She only murmured as she threw away her cigarette,

"Kitty is much disappointed in the village."

"They are greater brutes than she thought?"

"Quite the contrary. There are no poachers—and no murders. The girls prefer to be married, and the Tranmores give so much away that no one has the smallest excuse for starvation. Kitty gets nothing out of them whatever."

"In the way of literary material?"

Mrs. Alcot nodded.

"Last week she was so discouraged that she was inclined to give up fiction and take to journalism."

"Heavens! Political?"

"Oh, *la haute politique*, of course."

"H'm. The wives of cabinet ministers have often inspired articles. I don't remember an instance of their writing them."

"Well, Kitty is inclined to try."

"With Ashe's sanction?"

"Goodness, no! But Kitty, as you are aware,"—Mrs. Alcot threw a prudent glance to right and left,—"*goes her own way*. She believes she can be of great service to her husband's policy."

Darrell's lip twitched.

"If you were in Ashe's position, would you rather your wife neglected or supported your political interests?"

Mrs. Alcot shrugged her shoulders.

"Kitty made a considerable mess of them last year."

"No doubt. She forgot they existed. But I think if I were Ashe, I should be more afraid of her remembering. By the way—the glass here seems to be at 'Set Fair'?"

His interrogative smile was not wholly good-natured. But mere benevolence was not what the world asked of Philip Darrell,—even in the case of his old friends.

"Astonishing!" said Mrs. Alcot, with lifted brows. "Kitty is immensely proud of him,—and immensely ambitious. That, of course, accounts for Lord Parham's visit."

"Lord Parham!" cried Darrell, bounding on his seat.—"Lord Parham!—coming here?"

"He arrives to-morrow. On his way from Scotland,—to Windsor."

Mrs. Alcot enjoyed the effect of her communication on her companion. He sat open-mouthed, evidently startled out of all self-command.

"Why, I thought that Lady Kitty—"

"Had vowed vengeance? So, in a sense, she has. It is understood that she and Lady Parham don't meet, except—"

"On formal occasions, and to take in the groundlings," said Darrell, too impatient to let her finish her sentence. "Yes, that I gathered. But you mean that Lord Parham is to be allowed to make his peace?"

Madeleine Alcot lay back and laughed.

"Kitty wishes to try her hand at managing him."

Darrell joined her in mirth. The notion of the white-lashed, white-haired, bullet-headed, shrewd and masterful man who at that moment held the Premiership of England managed by Kitty, or any other daughter of Eve,—always excepting his wife,—must needs strike those who had the slightest acquaintance with Lord Parham as a delicious absurdity.

Suddenly Darrell checked himself, and bent forward.

"Where—if I may ask—is the poet?"

"Geoffrey? Somewhere in the Balkans, isn't he?—making a revolution."

Darrell nodded. "I remember. They say he is with the Revolutionary Committee at Marinitza. Meanwhile there is a new volume of poems out—to-day," said Darrell, glancing at a newspaper, thrown down beside him.

"I have seen it. The 'portrait' at the end—"

"Is Lady Kitty." They spoke under their breaths.

"Unmistakable, I think," said Kitty's best friend. "As poetry it seems to me the best thing in the book, but the audacity of it!" She raised her eyebrows in a half-unwilling, half-contemptuous admiration.

"Has she seen it?"

Mrs. Alcot replied that she had not noticed any copy in the house, and that Kitty had not spoken of it, which, given the Kitty nature, she probably would have done had it reached her.

Then they both fell into reverie, from which Darrell emerged with the remark,

"I gather that last year some very important person interfered?"

This opened another line of gossip, in which, however, Mrs. Alcot showed herself equally well informed. It was commonly reported, at any rate, that the old Duke of Westmoreland, the head of Lady Eleanor Cliffe's family, the great Tory evangelical of the north, who was a sort of patriarch in English political and aristocratic life, had been induced by some undefined pressure to speak very plainly to his kinsman on the subject of Lady Kitty Ashe. Cliffe had expectations from the Duke which were not to be trifled with. He had accordingly swallowed the lecture, and after the loss of his election, had again left England, with an important newspaper commission to watch events in the Balkans.

"May he stay there!" said Darrell. "Of course the whole thing was absurdly exaggerated."

"Was it?" said Mrs. Alcot, coolly. "Kitty richly deserved most of what was said." Then, on his start: "Don't misunderstand me, of course. If twenty actions for divorce were given against Kitty, I should believe nothing—*nothing!*" The words were as emphatic as voice and gesture could make them. "But as for the tales that people who hate her tell of her, and will go on telling of her—"

"They are merely the harvest of what she has sown?"

"Naturally. Poor Kitty!"

Madeleine Alcot rested her thin cheek on a still frailer hand and looked pensively out into the darkness of the cedars. Her tone was neither patronizing nor unkind; rather, the shade of ironic tenderness which it expressed suited the subject, and that curious intimacy which had of late sprung up between herself and Darrell. She had begun, as we have seen, by treating him *de haut en bas*. He had repaid her with manner of the same type; in this respect he was a match for any archangel. Then some accident—perhaps the publication by the man of a volume of essays which expressed to perfection his acid and embittered talent,—perhaps a casual meeting at a northern country-house, where the lady had found the journalist her only resource amid a

crowd of uncongenial nonentities—had shown them their natural compatibility. Both were in a secret revolt against circumstances and their own lives; but whereas the reasons for the man's attitude—his jealousies, defeats, and ambitions—were fairly well understood by the woman, he was almost as much in the dark about her as when their friendship began.

He knew her husband slightly—an eager, gifted fellow, of late years a strong High-Churchman, and well known in a certain group as the friend of Mrs. Armagh, that Muse—fragile, austere, and beautiful—of several great men, and great Christians, among the older generation. Mrs. Alcot had her own intimates, generally men; but she tired of them and changed them often. Mr. Alcot spent part of every year within reach of the Cornish home of Mrs. Armagh; and during that time his wife made her round of visits.

Meanwhile her thin lips were sealed as to her own affairs. Certainly she made the impression of an unhappy woman, and Darrell was convinced of some tragic complication. But neither he nor any one of whom he had yet inquired had any idea what it might be.

"By the way—where is Lady Kitty?—and are there many people here?"

Darrell turned, as he spoke, to scrutinize the house and its approaches. Haggart Hall was a large and commonplace mansion, standing in the midst of spreading "grounds" and dull plantations, beyond which could be sometimes seen the tall chimneys of neighboring coal-mines. It wore an air of middle-class Tory comfort which brought a smile to Darrell's countenance as he surveyed it.

"Kitty is at the Agricultural Show—with a party."

"Playing the great lady? *What* a house!"

"Yes. Kitty abhors it. But it will do very well for the party to-morrow."

"Half the county?—that kind of thing?"

"*All* the county—some Royalties—and Lord Parham."

"Lord Parham being the end and aim? I thought I heard wheels."

Mrs. Alcot rose, and they strolled back towards the house.

"And the party?" resumed Darrell.

"Not particularly thrilling. Lord Grosville—"

"Also, I presume, *en garçon*."

Mrs. Alcot smiled.

"—the Manleys, Lady Tranmore, Miss French, the Dean of Milford and his wife, Eddie Helston—"

"That I understand is Lady Kitty's undergraduate adorer?"

"It's no use talking to you—you know all the gossip. And some county bigwigs whose names I can't remember—come to dinner to-night." Mrs. Alcot stifled a yawn.

"I am very curious to see how Ashe takes his triumph," said Darrell, as they paused half-way.

"He is just the same. No!" said Madeleine Alcot, correcting herself,—"*no*—not quite. He *meant* to triumph,—and he *knows* that he has done so."

"My dear lady!" cried Darrell,—"*a* quite *enormous* difference! Ashe never took stock of himself or his prospects in his life before."

"Well, now—you will find he takes stock of a good many things."

"Including Lady Kitty?"

His companion smiled.

"He won't let her interfere again."

"*L'homme propose*," said Darrell.

"You mean he has grown ambitious?"

Mrs. Alcot seemed to find it difficult to cope with these high things. Fanning herself, she languidly supposed that the English political passion, so strong and unspent still in the aristocratic families, had laid serious hold at last on William Ashe. He had great schemes of reform, and do what he might to conceal it, his heart was in them. His wife, therefore, was no longer his occupation, but—

Mrs. Alcot hesitated for a word.

"Scarcely his repose?" laughed Darrell.

"I really won't discuss Kitty any more," said Mrs. Alcot, impatiently. "Here they are!—Hullo! What has Kitty got hold of now?"

Three carriages were driving up the long approach, one behind the other. In the first sat Kitty, a figure beside her in the dress of a nurse, and opposite to them both an indistinguishable bundle, which presently revealed a head. The carriage drew up at the steps. Kitty jumped down, and she and the nurse lifted the bundle

out. Footmen appeared; some guests from the next carriage went to help; there was a general movement and agitation; in the midst of which Kitty and her companions disappeared into the house.

Lady Edith Manley and Lord Grosville began to cross the lawn.

"What is the matter?" asked Mrs. Alcot as they converged.

"Kitty ran over a boy," said Lord Grosville, in evident annoyance. "The rascal hadn't a scratch, but Kitty must needs pick him up and drive him home with a nurse. 'I ain't hurt, mum,' says the boy. 'Oh, but you must be,' said Kitty. I offered to take him to his mother and give him half a crown. 'It's my duty to look after him,' says Kitty. And she lifted him up herself—dirty little vagabond!—and put him in the carriage. There were some laborers and grooms standing near, and one of them sang out, 'Three cheers for Lady Kitty Ashe!' Such a ridiculous scene as you never saw!"

The old man shrugged his shoulders contemptuously.

"Lady Kitty is always so kind," said the amicable Lady Edith. "But her pretty dress—I *was* sorry!"

"Oh no!—only an excuse for a new one," said Mrs. Alcot.

The Dean and Lady Tranmore approached—behind them again Ashe and Mrs. Winston.

"Well, old fellow!" said Ashe, clapping a hand on Darrell's shoulder. "Uncommonly glad to see you. You look as though that d—d London had been squeezing the life out of you. Come for a stroll before dinner."

The two men accordingly left the talkers on the lawn, and struck into the park. Ashe in a straw hat and light suit made his usual impression of strength and good-humor. He was gay, friendly, amusing as ever. But Darrell was not long in discovering or imagining signs of change. Any one else would have thought Ashe's talk frankness—nay, indiscretion itself. Darrell at once divined or imagined in it shades of official reserve, tracts of reticence, such as an old friend had a right to resent.

"One can see what a personage he feels himself!"

Yet Darrell would have been the first

to own that Ashe had some right to feel himself a personage. The sudden revelation of his full intellectual power and of his influence in the country, for which the general election of the preceding winter had provided the opportunity, was still an exciting memory among journalists and politicians. He had gone into the election a man slightly discredited, on whose future nobody took much trouble to speculate. He had emerged from it—after a series of speeches laying down the principles and vindicating the action of his party—one of the most important men in England, with whom Lord Parham himself must henceforth treat on quasi-equal terms. Ashe was now Home Secretary, and if Lord Parham's gout should take an evil turn, there was no saying to what height fortune might not soon conduct him.

The will—the iron purpose—with which it had all been done,—that was the amazing part of it. The complete independence, moreover. Darrell imagined that Lord Parham must often have regretted the small intrigue by which Ashe's promotion had been barred in the crisis of the summer. It had roused an indolent man to action, and freed him from any particular obligation towards the leader who had ill-treated him. Ashe's campaign had not been in all respects convenient; but Lord Parham had had to put up with it.

The summer evening broadened as the two men sauntered on through the park, beside a small stream fringed with yellow flags. Even the dingy Midland landscape, with its smoke-blackened woods and lifeless grass, assumed a glory of great light; the soft interlacing clouds parted before the dying sun; the water received the golden flood, and each coot and water-hen shone jet and glossy in the blaze. A few cries of birds, the distant shouts of harvesters, the rustling of the water-flags along the stream, these were the only sounds—traditional sounds of English peace.

"Jolly, isn't it?" said Ashe, looking round him,—“even this spoilt country! Why did we go and stifle in that beastly show!"

The sensuous pleasure and relaxation of his mood communicated itself to Darrell. They talked more intimately, more

freely than they had done for months. Darrell's gnawing consciousness of his own meaner fortunes, as contrasted with the brilliant and expanding career of his school friend, softened and relaxed. He almost forgave Ashe the successes of the winter, and that subtly heightened tone of authority and self-confidence which here and there bore witness to them, in the manner or talk of the minister. They scarcely touched on politics, however. Both were tired, and their talk drifted into the characteristic male gossip: "What's — doing now?" "Do you ever see So-and-So?" "You remember that fellow at Univ?"—and the like,—to the agreeable accompaniment of Ashe's best cigars.

So pleasant was the half-hour, so strongly had the old college intimacy reasserted itself, that suddenly a thought struck upward in Darrell's mind. He had not come to Haggart bent merely on idle holiday,—far from it. At the moment he was weary of journalism, and sharply conscious that the time for vague ambitions had gone by. A post had presented itself—a post of importance—in the gift of the Home Office. It meant, no doubt, the abandonment of more brilliant things; Darrell was content to abandon them. His determination to apply for it seemed, indeed, to himself an act of modesty—almost of sacrifice. As to the technical qualifications required, he was well aware there might be other men better equipped than himself. But, after all, to what may not general ability aspire—general ability properly stiffened with interest?

And as to interest, when was it ever to serve him, if not now?—through his old friendship with Ashe. Chivalry towards a much-solicited mortal, also your friend,—even the subtler self-love,—might have counselled silence,—or at least approaches more gradual. It had been far from his purpose, indeed, to speak so promptly. But here were the hour and the man! And there, in a distant country town, a woman—whereof the mere existence was unsuspected by Darrell's country-house acquaintance—sat waiting, in whose eyes the post in question loomed as a condition,—perhaps indispensable. Darrell's secret eagerness could not withstand the temptation.

So with a nervous beginning—"By the way, I wished to consult you about a personal matter.—Of course, answer or not, as you like.—Naturally I understand the difficulties!"—the plunge was taken, and the petitioner soon in full career.

After a first start, a lifted brow of astonishment, Ashe was uncomfortably silent,—till suddenly, in a pause of Darrell's eloquence, his face changed, and, with a burst of his old careless freedom and affection, he flung an arm along Darrell's shoulder, with an impetuous,

"I say, old fellow,—don't be a damned fool!"

An ashen white overspread the countenance of the man thus addressed. His lips twitched. He walked on in silence. Ashe looked at him,—stammered,—apologized,—and still holding his friend captive, descanted on the special requirements of the post—not one of which did Darrell possess,—hinted at the men applying for it, at the scientific and professional influences then playing upon himself, at his strong sense of responsibility—"Too bad, isn't it, that a duffer like me should have to decide these things?"—and so on.

In vain. Darrell laughed, recovered himself, changed the subject; but as they walked quickly back to the house, Ashe knew perchance that he had lost a friend; and Darrell's smarting soul had scored another reckoning against a day to come.

As they neared the house they found a large group still lingering on the lawn, and Kitty just emerging from a garden door. She came out accompanied by the handsome Cambridge lad who had been her partner at Lady Crashaw's dance. He was evidently absorbed in her society, and they approached in high spirits, laughing and teasing each other.

"Well, Kitty, how's the bruised one?" said Ashe, as he sank into a chair beside Mrs. Alcot.

"Doing finely," said Kitty. "I shall send him home to-night."

"Meanwhile, you have put him up in my dressing-room? I only ask for information."

"There wasn't another corner," said Kitty.

"There!" Ashe appealed to gods and men. "How do you expect me to dress for dinner?"

"Oh, now, William, don't be tiresome!" said Kitty, impatiently. "He was bruised black and blue"—("Serve him right for getting in the way," grumbled Lord Grosville)—"and nurse and I have done him up in arnica."

She came to stand by Ashe, talking in an undertone and as fast as possible. The little Dean, who never could help watching her, thought her more beautiful—and wilder—than ever. Her eyes—it was hardly enough to say they shone,—they glittered—in her delicate face; her gestures were more extravagant than he remembered them; her movements restlessness itself.

Ashe listened with patience,—then said, "I can't help it, Kitty—you really must have him removed."

"Impossible!" she said, her cheek flaming.

"I'll go and talk to Wilson; he'll manage it," said Ashe, getting up.

Kitty pursued him, arguing incessantly.

He lounged along, turning every now and then to look at her, smiling and demurring,—his hat on the back of his head.

"You see the difference," said Mrs. Alcot, in Darrell's ear. "Last year Kitty would have got her way. This year she won't."

Darrell shrugged his shoulders.

"These domesticities should be kept out of sight, don't you think?"

Madeleine Alcot looked at him curiously.

"Did you have a pleasant walk?" she said.

Darrell made a little face.

"The great man was condescending."

Madeleine Alcot's face was still interrogative.

"A touch of the *folie des grandeurs*?"

"Well, who escapes it?" said Darrell, bitterly.

Most of the party had dispersed. Only Lady Tranmore and Margaret French were on the lawn. Margaret was writing some household notes for Kitty; Lady Tranmore sat in meditation, with a book before her which she was not reading. Miss French glanced at her from time to time. Ashe's mother was beginning to show the weight of years far more plainly than she had yet done. In these last three years the face had perceptibly al-

tered; so had the hair. The long strain of nursing, and that pathetic change which makes of the husband who has been a woman's pride and shelter her half-conscious dependent, had no doubt left deep marks upon a beauty which had so long resisted time. And yet Margaret French believed it was rather with her son than with her husband that the constant and wearing anxiety of Lady Tranmore's life should be connected. All the ambition, the pride of race and history which had been disappointed in her husband, had poured themselves into her devotion to her son. She lived now for his happiness and success. And both were constantly threatened by the personality and the presence of Kitty.

Such at least, as Margaret French well knew, was the inmost persuasion—fast becoming a fanaticism—of Ashe's mother. William might indeed for the moment have triumphed over the consequences of Kitty's bygone behavior. But the reckless untamed character was there still at his side, preparing Heaven knew what pitfalls and catastrophes. Lady Tranmore lived in fear. And under the outward sweetness and dignity of her manner, was there not developing something worse than fear,—that hatred which is one of the strange births of love?

If so, was it just? There were many moments when Margaret would have indignantly denied it.

It was true indeed that Kitty's eccentricity seemed to develop with every month that passed. The preceding winter had been marked, first by a mad folly of table-turning,—involving the pursuit of a particular medium whose proceedings had ultimately landed him in the dock; then by a headlong passion for hunting, accompanied by a series of new flirtations, each more unseemly than its predecessor, as it seemed to Lady Tranmore. Afterwards,—during the general election,—a political phase! Kitty had most unfortunately discovered that she could speak in public, and had fallen in love with the sound of her own voice. In Ashe's own contest, her sallies and indiscretions had already begun to do mischief, when Lady Tranmore had succeeded in enticing her to London by the bait of a French *clairvoyante*; with whom Kitty nightly tempted the gods who keep watch

over the secrets of fate,—till William's poll had been declared.

All this was deplorably true. And yet no one could say that Kitty in this chequered year had done her husband much harm. Ashe was no longer her blind slave; and his career had carried him to heights with which even his mother might have been satisfied. Sometimes Margaret was inclined to think that Kitty had now less influence with him, and his mother more, than was the just due of each. She—the younger woman—felt the tragedy of Ashe's new and growing emancipation. Secretly—often—she sided with Kitty.

“Margaret!”

The voice was Kitty's. She came running out, her pale-pink skirts flying round her. “Have you seen the babe?”

Margaret replied that he and his nurse were just in sight.

Kitty fled over the lawn to meet the child's perambulator. She lifted him out, and carried him in her arms towards Margaret and Lady Tranmore.

“Isn't it piteous?” said Margaret, under her breath, as the mother and child approached. Lady Tranmore gave her a sad assenting look.

For during the last six months the child had shown signs of brain mischief—a curious apathy, broken now and then by fits of temper. The doctors were not encouraging. And Kitty varied between the most passionate attempts to rouse the child's failing intelligence, and days—even weeks—when she could hardly bring herself to see him at all.

She brought him now to a seat beside Lady Tranmore. She had been trying to make him take notice of a new toy. But the child looked at her with blank and glassy eyes, and the toy fell from his hand.

“He hardly knows me,” said Kitty, in a low voice of misery, as she clasped her hands round the baby of three, and looked into his face, as though she would drag from it some sign of mind and recognition.

But the blue eyes betrayed no glimmer of response, till suddenly—with a gesture as of infinite fatigue, the child threw itself back against her, laying its fair head upon her breast, with a long sigh.

Kitty gave a sob, and bent over him, kissing—and kissing him.

"Dear Kitty!" said Lady Tranmore, much moved, "I think—partly—he is tired with the heat."

Kitty shook her head.

"Take him!" she said to the nurse,—
"take him! I can't bear it."

The nurse took him from her, and Kitty dried her tears, with a kind of fierceness.

"There is the post!" she said, springing up, as though determined to throw off her grief as quickly as possible; while the nurse carried the child away.

The footman brought the letters across the lawn. There were some for Lady Tranmore, and for Margaret French. In the general opening and reading that ensued neither lady noticed Kitty for a while. Suddenly Margaret French looked up. She saw Kitty sitting motionless with a book on her lap—a book of which the wrapper lay on the grass beside her. Her finger kept a page; her eyes, full of excitement, were fixed on the distant horizon of the park; the hurried breathing was plainly noticeable under the thin bodice.

"Kitty—time to dress!" said Margaret, touching her.

Kitty rose, without a word to either of them, and walked quickly away, her hands, still holding the book, dropped in front of her, her eyes on the ground.

"Oh, Kitty!" cried Margaret, in laughing protest, as she stooped to pick up the litter of Kitty's letters, some of them still unopened, which lay scattered on the grass as they had fallen unheeded from her lap.

But the little figure in the trailing skirts was already out of hearing.

At dinner Kitty was in her wildest spirits,—a sparkling vision of diamonds and lace, much beyond—so it seemed to Lord Grosville—what the occasion required. "Dressed out like a comedy queen at a fair!" was his inward comment, and he already rolled the phrases in which he should describe the whole party to his wife. Like the expected Lord Parham, he was there in sign of semi-reconciliation. Nothing would have induced Kitty to invite her aunt; the memory of a certain Sunday was too

strong. On her side Lady Grosville averred that nothing would have induced her to sit at Kitty's board. As to this, her husband cherished a certain scepticism. However, her resolution was not tried. It was Ashe, in fact, who had invited Lord Grosville; and Lord Grosville, who was master in his own house, had no mind to break with William Ashe just as that gentleman's company became even better worth having than usual,—had accepted the invitation.

But his patience was sorely tried by Kitty. After dinner she insisted on table-turning, and Lord Grosville was dragged breathless through the drawing-room window, in pursuit of a table that broke a chair and finally danced upon a flower-bed. His theology was harassed by these proceedings, and his digestion upset. The Dean took it with smiles; but then the Dean was a Latitudinarian.

Afterwards Kitty and the Cambridge boy—Eddie Helston—performed a duologue in French for the amusement of the company. Whatever could be understood in it had better not have been understood,—such at least was Lord Grosville's impression. He wondered how Ashe—who laughed immoderately—could allow his wife to do such things; and his only consolation was that, for once, the Dean—whose fancy for Kitty was ridiculous!—seemed to be disturbed. He had at any rate walked away to the library in the middle of the piece. Kitty was of course making a fool of the boy all through. Any one could see that he was head over ears in love with her. And she seemed to have all sorts of mysterious understandings with him. Lord Grosville was certain they passed each other notes and made assignations. And one night, on going up himself to bed very late, he had actually come upon the pair, pacing up and down the long passage after midnight!—Kitty in such a *négligé* as only an actress should wear, with her hair about her ears,—and the boy out of his wits, and off his balance, as any one could see. Kitty, indeed, had been quite unabashed,—trying even to draw *him* into their unseemly talk, about some theatrical nonsense or other; and such blushes as there were had been entirely left to the boy.

He supposed there was no harm in it.

The lad was not a Geoffrey Cliffe, and it was no doubt Kitty's mad love of excitement which impelled her to these defiance of convention. But Ashe should put his foot down; there was no knowing, with a creature so wild and so lovely, where these things might end. And after the scandal of last year—

As to that scandal, Lord Grosville, as a man of the world, by no means endorsed the lurid imaginations of his wife. Kitty and Cliffe had certainly behaved badly at Grosville Park—that is to say, judged by any ordinary standards. And the gossip of the season had apparently gathered and culminated round some incident of a graver character than the rest,—though nobody precisely knew what it might be. But it seemed that Ashe had at last asserted himself; and if in Kitty's abrupt departure to the country, and the sudden dissolution of the intimacy between herself and Cliffe, those who loved her not had read what dark things they pleased, her uncle by marriage was quite content to see in it a mere disciplinary act on the part of the husband.

Lord Grosville believed that some rumors as to Cliffe's private character had entered into the decisive defeat—in a constituency largely Non-conformist—which had befallen that gentleman at the polls. Poor Lady Tranmore! He saw her anxieties in her face, and was truly sorry for her. At the same time, inveterate gossip that he was, he regarded her with a kind of hunger. If she only *would* talk things over with him!—So far, however, she had given him very little opening. If she ever did, he would certainly advise her to press something like a temporary separation on her son. Why should not Lady Kitty be left at Haggart when the next session began? Lord Grosville, who had been a friend of Melbourne's, recalled the early history of that great man. When Lady Caroline Lamb had become too troublesome to a political husband, she had been sent to Bocket. And then Mr. Lamb was only Irish Secretary,—without a seat in the cabinet. How was it possible to take an important share in steering the ship of state, and to look after a giddy wife at the same time?

Ashe and his wife lingered late below-

stairs. When, somewhere about one o'clock, he entered his dressing-room, he was suddenly alarmed by a smell of burning. It seemed to come from Kitty's room. He knocked hastily at her door.

"Kitty!"

No answer. He opened the door, and stood arrested.

The room was in complete darkness save for some weird object in the centre of it, on which a fire was burning, sending up a smoke which hung about the room. Ashe recognized an old Spanish brazier of beaten copper, standing on iron feet, which had been a purchase of his own in days when he trifled with bric-à-brac. Upon it, a heap of some light material, which fluttered and crackled as it burnt, was blazing and smoking away, while beside it, her profile set and waxen amid the drifts of smoke, her fair hair blanched to whiteness by the strange illumination from below, and all her slight form, chequered with the light and shade of the fire, drawn into a curve of watchfulness vindictive and intent—stood Kitty.

"What in the name of fortune are you doing, Kitty?" cried Ashe.

She made no answer, and he approached. Then he saw that in the centre of the pile, and propped up against some small pieces of wood, a photograph of Geoffrey Cliffe was consuming slow and dismally. The fire had just sent a line across his cheek. The lower limbs were already charred, and the right hand was shrivelling.

All around were letters, mostly consumed. While at the top of the pile above the culprit's head, stuck in a cleft stick, and just beginning to be licked by the flames, was what seemed to be a leaf torn out of a book. The book from which it had apparently been wrenched lay open on a chair near.

Kitty drew a long breath as Ashe came near her.

"Keep off," she said,—*"don't touch it!"*

"You little goose!" cried Ashe, "what are you about?"

"Burning a coward in effigy," said Kitty, between her teeth.

Ashe thrust his hands into his pockets.

"I wish to God you'd forget the creature, instead of flattering him with these attentions!"

Kitty made no reply, but as she drew the fire together Ashe captured her hand.

"What's he been doing now, Kitty?"

"There are his poems," said Kitty, pointing to the chair. "The last one is about me."

"May I be allowed to see it?"

"It isn't there."

"Ah!—I see. You've topped the pile with it. With your leave, I'll delay its doom." He snatched the leaf from its stick, and bending down, read it by the light of the burning paper. Kitty watched him, frowning, her hand on her hip, the white wrap she wore over her night-dress twining round her in close folds,—a slender, brooding sorceress, some Canidia or Simaetha, interrupted in her ritual of hate.

But Ashe was in no mood for literary reminiscence. His lip was contemptuous, his brow angry, as he replaced the leaf in its cleft stick, whither the flames immediately pursued it.

"Wretched stuff, and damned impertinence!—that's all there is to say. For Heaven's sake, Kitty, don't let any one

suppose you mind the thing—for an instant!"

She looked at him with strange eyes.

"But if I do mind it?"

His face darkened to the shade of hers.

"Does that mean—that you still think of him,—still wish to see him?"

"I don't know," said Kitty, slowly.

The fire had died away. Nothing but a few charred remnants remained in the brazier. Ashe lit the gas, and disclosed a tragic Kitty, flushed by the audacity of her last remark. He took her masterfully in his arms.

"That was bravado," he said, kissing her. "You love *me*! And I may be a poor stick—but I'm worth a good many Cliffes. Defy me—and I'll write you a better poem, too!"

The color leapt afresh in Kitty's cheek. She pushed him away and, holding him, perused his handsome, scornful face, and all the manly strength of form and attitude. Her own lids wavered.

"What a silly scene!" she said, and fell—a little soft, yielding form—into his arms.

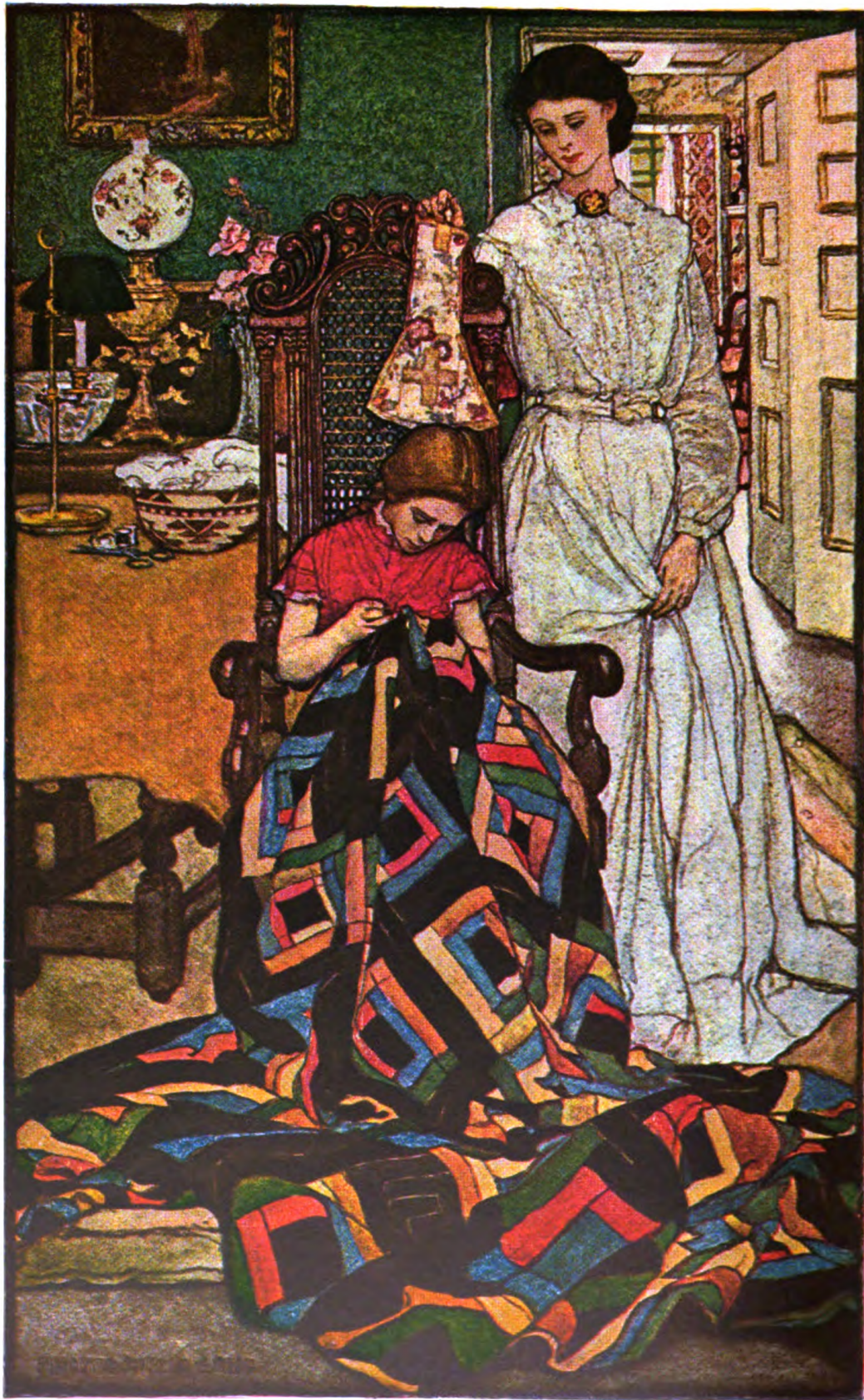
[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Redivivus

BY LOUISE MORGAN SILL

LIFT me, O stars, far up into the heights,
That I may breathe with thee immortal air;
Burn from the soul's poor record days and nights
Of listless work, and fretful dreams of care,
And shine into my spirit's cool, sheer deeps
Wherein thine own ethereal essence sleeps.

Sleeps as the sap within the oaken boll,
That, waking on the winter's dull decline,
Yearns Springward,—so if thou but call my soul
Its latent fire will leap to merge with thine,
And rediscover in the piercing flame
What heaven hath wrought, and earth hath put to shame.



"IT'S MY THOUSAND QUILT I'M MAKING," EXPLAINED REBECCA MARY

The Thousand Quilt

BY ANNIE HAMILTON DONNELL

"GOOD afternoon," Rebecca Mary said, politely.

The minister's wife was cutting little trousers out of big ones—the minister's big ones. It was the old puzzle of how to steer clear of the thin places.

"Boys grow so!" sighed, tenderly, the minister's wife, over her work. She had not heard the voice from the doorway.

"Good afternoon," again.

It was a quaint little figure in tight, red calico, standing there. It might easily have stepped down from some old picture on the wall. Rebecca Mary had a bundle in her arms. It was so large that it obscured breast and face, and only a pair of grave blue eyes, presided over by thin, light brows, seemed visible to the minister's wife. The trousers puzzle merged into this one. Now who could—

"Oh! Oh, I wonder if you aren't Miss Plummer's little girl Rebecca?" tentatively but cordially.

"Rebecca Mary—her *niece*," came, a little muffled, from behind the great bundle.

"Rebecca Mary's nie— Oh, you mean Miss Plummer's niece, and your whole name is that! But I suppose she calls you Rebecca or Becky, for short? Walk in, Rebecca."

But Rebecca Mary was struggling with the paralyzing vision of Aunt Olivia calling her Becky. She had passed by the lesser wonder of being called Rebecca without the Mary.

"Oh, no'm, indeed; Aunt 'Livia never shortens me," gently gasped the child. And the minister's wife, measuring from the bundle down, smiled to herself. There did not seem much room for shortening.

"But walk in, dear,—you're going to walk in? I hope you have come to make me a little call."

Rebecca Mary struggled out of her

paralysis. Here was occasion for new embarrassment. For Rebecca Mary was honest.

"N-o'm,—I mean, not a *little* call. I've come to spend the afternoon," she said, slowly, "and I've brought my work."

The bundle—the great bundle—was her work! She advanced into the room and began carefully to unroll it. It was the turn of the minister's wife to be paralyzed. She pushed forward a chair, and the child sat down in it.

"It's my Thousand Quilt that I'm making for Aunt 'Livia," explained Rebecca Mary. "It's 'most done; there's a thousand pieces in it, and I'm on the nine hundred and ninety-oneth. I thought properly you'd have some work, so I brought mine."

"Yes, I see—" The minister's wife stood looking down at the tight little red figure among the gorgeous waves of the Thousand Quilt. They eddied and surged around it in dizzy reds and purples and greens. She was conscious of being a little seasick, and for relief she turned back to the puzzle of the little trousers. It had been in her mind at first to express sorrow at Rhoda's being unfortunately away,—and the boys. Now she was glad she hadn't, for it was quite plain enough that the visitor had not come to spend the afternoon with the minister's children, but with the minister's wife.

"It isn't she that's young—it's I," thought the minister's wife, with kind, laughing eyes. "She's old enough to be my mother. How old are you, dear?" she added, aloud.

"Me? I guess you mean Aunt 'Livia, don't you? It's Aunt 'Livia's birthday I'm making it for,—it's going to be a present. Once she gave me a present on my birthday."

Once—the minister's wife remembered Rhoda's birthdays and the boys'. Taken all together, such a host of little birth-

days! But this little old, old visitor seemed to have had but one.

"My birthday is two days quicker than Aunt 'Livia's is," volunteered the visitor, sociably. "We're 'most twins, you see. Aunt 'Livia was fifty-six that time she gave me the present. She's a-going to be fifty-nine when I give her this quilt,—it's taken me ever since to make it."

The minister's wife looked up from her cutting. So Rebecca Mary was only fifty-nine!

"It's quite a *long* quilt," sighed Rebecca Mary. But pride woke in her eyes as she gazed out on the splendors of the green and purple sea. "A Thousand Quilt has so many stitches in it, but when you sew 'em all yourself—when you sew every single stitch—" The pride in Rebecca Mary's grave blue eyes grew and grew.

"Robert," the minister's wife said that night to the minister, "it's an awful quilt, but you ought to have seen her eyes! It's taken her three years to make it—maybe you wouldn't be proud yourself!"

"Maybe *you* wouldn't, if Rhoda had made it."

"*Rhoda!* Robert, she sewed one square of patchwork once and it made her sick. I had to put her to bed. Speaking of 'once' reminds me,—once Rebecca Mary had a birthday present, Robert." She waited a little anxiously for him to understand. The minister always understood, but sometimes he made her wait.

"Felicia, are you trying to make me cry?" he said, and she was satisfied. She went across to him, as she always did when she wanted to cry herself. The floor was strewn with the tiniest boy's engine and cars, and she remembered, as she zigzagged among them, that they had been one of his very last birthday presents.

"It was— Robert, what do you think the present was? I'll give you three guesses, but I advise you to guess a rooster."

"Thomas Jefferson," murmured the minister, as one who was acquainted.

"Yes, that is his name. How did you know? She is very fond of him—he is her intimatest friend, she says. So she is under great obligations to her aunt. It's a large quilt, but it's none too large

to 'cover' Thomas Jefferson. I'm going to help her buy a lining and cotton batting."

"Cracked corn will make a good lining, but cotton bat—"

"Robert, this is not a comedy! If you'd seen Rebecca Mary—and the quilt, you'd call it a tragedy. You couldn't surprise me any if you told me she'd quilted it herself!"

Down the road from Aunt Olivia's farm, across its southern boundary fence, romped and shouted all day long the Tony Trumbullses. No one, except possibly their mother, was quite certain how many of them there were; it was a dizzy process to take their census. They were never still, in little brown bare limbs nor shrill voices. From sunup to sundown the Tony Trumbullses raced and laughed. Certainly they were happy.

The minister's wife had not dared to tell her caller of the afternoon that the minister's children were down there shouting and racing with the little Tony Trumbullses. Dear, no!—not after Rebecca Mary in the course of conversation had said that Aunt Olivia did not countenance the Tony Trumbullses.—Rebecca Mary did not say "countenance," but it meant that.

"Her aunt won't let her play with them, Robert. And she'd like to,—you needn't tell me Rebecca Mary wouldn't like to! I saw it in her poor little solemn eyes. Besides, she said she asked her aunt once to let her. Robert, aunts are cruel; I never knew it before. They've no business bringing up little Rebecca Marys!"

"My dear!—Felicia!" but in the minister's eyes was agreement.

Aunt Olivia took afternoon naps with punctilious regularity—Aunt Olivia herself was punctilious regularity. At half past one, day upon day, she hung out the dish-towel, hung up her kitchen apron, and walked with unswerving course into her bedroom. There, disposed upon the dainty bed in rigid lines of unrest, she rested. The naps were often long ones.

A little after the afternoon that Rebecca Mary spent at the minister's, the birthday quilt was finished. The thousandth tiny piece was neatly over-n'-overed to its gorgeous expanse. But Rebecca Mary was not content. She



AUNT OLIVIA WENT IN SEARCH OF THE CHILD

longed to make it more complete. She wanted to surprise Aunt 'Livia with it, as Aunt 'Livia on that momentous birthday of her own had surprised her with the little fluff-ball of yellow down that had grown into Thomas Jefferson. That had been such a beautiful surprise, but this—Aunt 'Livia had seen the quilt so many, many times! She had taught Rebecca Mary's stiff little fingers to set the first stitches in it; she had made her rip out this purple square and that pink-checked one, and this one and that one and *that*. Oh, Aunt 'Livia was *acquainted* with the quilt! It would not be much of a surprise.

But Rebecca Mary set her little pointed chin between her little brown palms and pondered, and out of the pondering grew a plan so ambitious and so daring that Rebecca Mary gasped in the throes of it. But she held her ground and entertained it intrepidly. She even grew on friendly terms with it in the end. Here was a way to surprise Aunt 'Livia; Rebecca Mary would do it! That it would entail an almost endless amount of work did not daunt her,—Rebecca Mary was a Plummer, and Plummers were not to be daunted. The long vista of patient hours of trying labor that the plan opened up before her set her blood tingling like a warrior's on the eve of war. What were long, patient hours to a Plummer? Rebecca Mary girded up her loins and went to meet them.

Thereafter at Aunt Olivia's nap-times Rebecca Mary disappeared. Day upon day, week upon week, she stole quietly away when the door of Aunt Olivia's bedroom shut. The first time she went oddly loaded down with what would have appeared—if there had been any one for it to "appear" to—like a bundle of long sticks. She made two trips into the unknown that first day. The second time the bundle looked much like that one over which her grave blue eyes had peered at the minister's wife when she went to spend the afternoon with her.

It was spring when the mysterious disappearances began. It was summer before Aunt Olivia woke up—not from her nap, but from her inattention. Quite suddenly she came upon the realization that Rebecca Mary was not about the

house; nor about the grounds, for she instituted prompt search. She went to all the child's odd little haunts—the grapery, the orchard, the corn-house, even to her own beloved back yard, full of sweet-scented hiding-nooks dear to a child, but sacred ground to Aunt Olivia. Rebecca Mary sometimes did her "stents" there as a special privilege,—she might be there now, unprivileged. Aunt Olivia's back yard was almost as full of flowery delights to Rebecca Mary as it was to Aunt Olivia.

The child was not there—not anywhere. Aunt Olivia sought for Thomas Jefferson to inquire of him, but Thomas Jefferson was missing too. She went the rounds again. Where could the child be?

It was a hot, stinging day in late June when Aunt Olivia's suspicions awoke. They had been long in rousing, but, once alert, they developed rapidly into certainties. Her pale eyes glistened, her thin nostrils dilated—Aunt Olivia's whole lean, sharp, unemotional person put on suspicion. The child had gone to see the Tony Trumbullses.

"My land!" ejaculated Aunt Olivia, "after all my forbidding! And she a Plummer!" She sat down suddenly as though a little faint. She had never known a Plummer to disobey before; it was a new experience. It took time to get used to it, and she sat still a long time, rigid and grim, on the edge of the chair. Then as suddenly as she had sat down she got up. It could not be—she refused to entertain the suspicion longer. Rebecca Mary had *not* gone there to that forbidden place; she was in the garden somewhere. Aunt Olivia, a little stiff as if from a chill, went once more in search of the child.

"Rebecca! Rebecca Mary!" she called, at regular intervals. Then sharply, "Rebecca Mary Plummer!" Her voice had thin cadences of suspicion lurking in it against its will.

But there seemed really no doubt. One by one incriminating circumstances occurred to Aunt Olivia. Rebecca Mary had longed to go so much; the Tony Trumbullses, one at a time or in a tumultuous body, had urged her so often; she herself had more than once caught the child gazing wistfully, in passing by,

at the bewildering, deafening frolics of the little Tony Trumbullses. Once Rebecca Mary had asked to go barefoot, as they went. Once she had let out the tight little braids in her neck and rumpled her thin little hair. Once Aunt Olivia had come upon her *playing*. The remembrance of it now tightened the lines around Aunt Olivia's lips. The child had been running wildly about the yard, shouting in a strange, excited, ridiculous way. When Aunt Olivia in stern displeasure had demanded explanations, she had run on recklessly, calling back over her shoulder: "Don't stop me! I'm a Tony Trumbull!"

"My land!" breathed Aunt Olivia, taking back the suspicion to her breast. "After all my forbidding she's gone down there. She's *been* going down there dear knows how long. She's waited till I took my naps an' then went. A *Plummer!*"

There was really nowhere else she could have gone. She had never wanted to go anywhere else, except to the minister's, and Rebecca Mary was punctilious and would not think of going *there* again till the minister's wife had returned her visit.

But Aunt Olivia waited. As usual, she went to her room next day at nap-time and closed the door behind her. But when a little figure slipped down the road toward the forbidden place a moment later, she was watching behind her blinds. She was groaning as if in pain.

The little figure began to run staidly. Aunt Olivia groaned again. The child was in a hurry to get there—she couldn't wait to walk! There was guilt in every motion of the little figure.

"And she runs like a *Plummer!*" groaned Aunt Olivia.

The next day, and the next, Aunt Olivia watched behind her blinds. The fourth day she put on her afternoon dress and followed the hurrying little figure. Not at once—Aunt Olivia did not hurry. There was a sad reluctance in every movement. It seemed a terrible thing to be following Rebecca Mary—Rebecca Mary *Plummer*—to a forbidden place.

Afar off Aunt Olivia heard faintly the shoutings that always heralded an approach to the Tony Trumbullses, and

shuddered. The tumult kept growing clearer; she thought she detected a wild, excited little shout that might be Rebecca Mary's. Her thin lips set into a stern straight line.

A splash of red caught Aunt Olivia's eye as she drew nearer the joyous whirl of little children. Rebecca Mary wore a little tight red dress. The coil seemed closing in about the child.

Close to the southern boundary fence of Aunt Olivia's land stood an old empty barn. It had been a place for storing surplus hay once, when there had been surplus hay. For many years now it had been empty. As Aunt Olivia approached it, she noticed that its great sliding door was open. Strange, when for so long it had been shut!

"If that old barn door ain't open!" breathed Aunt Olivia, stopping in her astonishment. "I ain't seen it open before in these ten years. Now what I want to know is, who opened it! Likely as not those screeching little wild Injuns." She strode across the stubby grass-ground to the barn and peered into its cool dim depths. Then Aunt Olivia uttered a little bewildered cry. Gradually the dimness took on light and the whole startling picture within unfolded itself to her astonished eyes.

Rebecca Mary was quilting. She was stooping earnestly over a gay expanse of purples and reds and greens. Her little tight red back was toward Aunt Olivia; it looked bent and strained. Rebecca Mary's eyes were very close to the gay expanse.

Suddenly Rebecca Mary began to speak, and Aunt Olivia's widened eyes discovered a great white rooster pecking about under the quilt. His big snowy bulk stood out distinct in the shadow of it.

"I'm glad we're 'most through. Aren't you, Thomas Jefferson? It's been a pretty *long* quilt. You get sort of tired when you quilt a *long* quilt. It makes your back creak when you unbend it; and when you quilt in a barn, of course you can't see without squinching, and it hurts your eyes to squinch."

Silence again, except for the industrious peck-peck of the great white rooster. Aunt Olivia stood very still.

"You've been a great help, Thomas Jefferson," began again the voice of Rebecca Mary, after a little. "I'm ve-ry



REBECCA MARY WAS QUILTING

much obliged to you, as I've said before. I don't know what I should have done without you. No, you needn't answer. I couldn't hear a word you said. You can't hear with cotton in both o' your ears," Rebecca Mary sighed. There was no cotton in Aunt Olivia's ears to shut out the soft little sound. "But of course you have to wear it in, on account o' your conscience. It's conscience cotton, Thomas Jefferson. I've explained before, but I don't know's you understood. It seems a little unpolite to wear it in my ears, with you here keeping me comp'ny. I s'pose you think it's un—unsociable. But Aunt Olivia doesn't allow me to 'sociate with the Tony Trumbulls. Oh, Thomas Jefferson, I wish she'd allow me to 'sociate!"

Aunt Olivia found herself wishing she had conscience cotton in both o' her ears.

"They're such nice, *cheerful* little children! It makes you want to go right over their fence and hollow too."—Rebecca Mary pronounced it "hollow" with careful precision. Aunt Olivia would not approve of "holler." "And when you can't, you like to listen. But I s'posed listening to them hollow would be 'sociating. So I put the cotton in."

The joyous "hollowing" broke in waves of glee on Aunt Olivia's eardrums. It seemed to be assaulting her heart. Oddly, now it did not sound unmannerly and dreadful. It sounded nice and cheerful. A Plummer, even, might be happy like that.

"Cotton is a very strange ex—experience, Thomas Jefferson," ran on the little voice. "At first you 'most can't stand it, but you get over the worst of it by-and-by. Besides, we're getting 'most through now. Ain't that splendid, Thomas Jefferson! And it's pretty lucky, too, because Aunt 'Livia's birthday is getting ve-ry near to. It—it almost scares me. Doesn't it you? For I don't know how Aunt 'Livia looks when she's pleased—you think she'll look pleased, don't you, Thomas Jefferson? It's such a long quilt, and when you've sewed every stitch yourself—"

If Rebecca Mary had turned round then she would have seen how Aunt Olivia looked when she was pleased. But the little figure at the quilting-frame bent steadily to its task, only an-

other soft sigh stealing into Aunt Olivia's uncottoned ears. Thomas Jefferson pecked his way toward the open door, and the lean figure there started back guiltily; Aunt Olivia did not want to be recognized.

"You there under the quilt, Thomas Jefferson?" The little voice put on tenderness. "Because I'm a-going to tell you something. Once Aunt 'Livia gave *me* a birthday present, and it was *you*. Such a little mite of a yellow chicken! That's why I'm making the quilt for Aunt 'Livia. It was three years ago; I've loved you ever since," added Rebecca Mary, simply.

For an instant Aunt Olivia stopped being a Plummer. A sob crept into her throat.

"Rebecca! Rebecca Mary! Rebecca Mary Plummer!" she cried, involuntarily. Then she stepped back hastily, glad for the cotton in Rebecca Mary's ears. For the surprise—she must not spoil the child's hard-earned surprise. And besides, Aunt Olivia wanted to be surprised!

It was a relief to get away. She could not look any longer at the picture in the great cobwebby barn—the gorgeous quilt spread out to its full extent, the empty scaffolds above, Rebecca Mary stooping to her work, Thomas Jefferson pecking about the floor. Aunt Olivia was not old; through all the years ahead of her she would remember that picture.

She went straight to the southern boundary fence and looked across at the jubilant little Tony Trumbulls. The one in a red dress like Rebecca Mary's she singled out with a pointing finger.

"*You* come here," she called. "I won't hurt you; you no need to look scairt. Do you know who I am? I'm Rebecca Mary's aunt. You know who Rebecca Mary is, don't you?"

"Gracious!" shrilled the little red Tony Trumbull, which Aunt Olivia took for yes.

"Well, then, you know where I live. You see here,—I want you all, the whole kit o' you, to come to my house to-morrow morning to see Rebecca Mary. I'm going to say it over again. To-morrow morning, to see Rebecca Mary!" setting apart the syllables with the pointing finger. "You can play in my back yard," said Aunt Olivia, sublimely unconscious of slang.

The Unfortunate Birds of the Night

BY ERNEST INGERSOLL

A NIGHT-LIVING bird seems an anomaly and wrong in nature. A bird appeals to us as a creature of lightness and brightness and joy—a song with wings, as Higginson wrote long ago.

But even for this light-hearted race life is striving and winning or striving and losing, and some get crowded from the highway, and must struggle along rugged side-paths or fall altogether. It seems strange that any part of the race of birds should be compelled to earn their living at night, and secrete themselves by day in obscurity. Perhaps some disability forced their remote ancestors to this aberrant life, which has confirmed itself upon their descendants, who have now become adapted in mind and body to a nocturnal existence.

After all, the strictly nocturnal birds are few. Some herons and a few water-fowl, such as the smaller petrels, get their food mainly after dark, and rest by day, and here and there a singer seems wakeful and tuneful on moonlit nights, but only two groups in the whole avine tribe are truly nocturnal—the owls and the nightjars.

These embody two opposite ideas of action, for the owls choose the night to enable them to prey on the sleeping birds and wandering animals which they have not the speed and power to chase and seize in the freedom of the day, as do the bolder and swifter hawks; while the nightjars, having become almost the most feeble and defenceless of birds, hide by day and hunt by night as a measure of safety. When the two meet, the plan of the stronger usually succeeds, here as elsewhere; and the bandit of the night no doubt strikes down his weaker brother, despite the shadows, as the latter strikes down the moths and chafers.

Singularities of structure and plumage make a noticeable resemblance in outward features between the owls and the nightjars—or “goatsuckers,” as we used to call

them (more exactly “goat-milkers,” translating Pliny’s Latin, *caprimulgidæ*)—and show how the process of adaptation to a nocturnal life has brought about similar furnishings in creatures looking very different at first glance. Until recently, indeed, deceived by their manners and weapons, the owls were classed with the falcons, and simply regarded as true birds of prey doing nocturnal work; but their adaptations to this end seem to have proceeded from another source than that from which the falcons arose, and ornithologists now recognize that the owls and the whippoorwills and their kin are really much nearer relatives than are the owls and the hawks, which have so long been associated on the criterion of similar beak and claws.

Whatever the history of the two groups may be, their adaptations for getting a living during the hours of darkness are much alike, beyond the fact that one seizes large prey mainly with its feet, and the other captures its insect food in its open mouth. Otherwise the modifications of night-birds for their peculiar career seem almost wholly in the direction of safety by means of invisibility. This is of double advantage—preventing their prey from becoming aware of their presence, and guarding them in their own off hours from attack by enemies.

To this end the colors of nearly all owls, and of all the nightjars, are neutral grays and dull reds, variegated with white and black in small patches or pencillings—a plumage highly inconspicuous amid the gloom of the woods by day, and invisible at night, yet often exquisitely beautiful to our eyes in its modulations of tint when examined minutely. There is a considerable variety among the owls, several of which are nearly or wholly diurnal in their habits—the great white arctic owl, for example; but some of the other group exhibit temporary or sexual phases of plumage that are exceedingly

strange. What I wish to point out here is simply that the quietest tones prevail in the plumage of nocturnal birds as a group; they would have no opportunity to display to each other the brilliant tints in which the day-birds rejoice if they had them; and, indeed, would suffer by their possession.

Coincidentally, there is little or no distinction of dress between the sexes. Similar characteristics belong to the night-herons, and to the few birds of predominantly day-flying families which have strayed into nocturnal habits. A remarkable example of such parallelism is furnished in the New Zealand night-parrot, which in taking on the habits of an owl has become so like one in appearance that the name "owl-parrot" was given it by common consent. The likeness is singularly complete. Similarly, many of the parallelisms among birds which proved such stumbling-blocks to the systemists in the earlier days, when they relied mainly on external characteristics, indicate a history of convergent specific development, produced by acquiring like means to like ends. Such similitudes go much farther, however,—a pertinent example being found in the remarkable resemblance of the pencillings of color on many owls and nightjars to the pale-tinted ornamentation on the upper surface of the wings of nocturnal moths.

A rather curious tradition has long been current in respect to night-herons, namely, that they bear upon their breasts a highly phosphorescent bunch of feathers, which shines upon the water so brightly that, like a pickerel-spearer with a jack-light, they can see where to strike at their swimming food. The only foundation for this pretty story is the existence of certain concealed tufts of pulverulent feathers called powder-down.

The general features of the owls, and the fact that they are scattered all over the world, are sufficiently familiar to readers. The nightjars are not so well known, but are equally universal in their distribution. Night sweeps round the whole globe, and everywhere offers possibilities for making a living to birds which have learned how to utilize them. It should be added, however, that no caprimulgids occur in New Zealand or Polynesia, doubtless owing to the impossibil-

ity of these comparatively weak flyers making their way across wide spaces of ocean.

The nightjars range from the size of a lark to that of a crow, and all have flat heads, very small soft bills, weak legs and feet, and immense mouths, giving them structurally a close alliance with the swifts and humming-birds. This fact connotes another strange divarication of the type, for no birds are more thoroughly creatures of the daylight and sunshine than are the last named. Nothing in ornithology is more surprising than differences which have been gradually developed in form and habit—adoption of new habits bringing about new forms—among birds shown by anatomy and paleontology to have been derived from closely related or identical sources.

But color is not all. The plumage of these night-birds is singularly soft and downy. The stems and the delicate horny sprays which constitute the vanes of the feathers are not rigid and firmly hooked together, but are slender, loose, and flexible, so that their flight is noiseless. There is no swish or *whit* of wings as they pass, yet they have great speed and agility in the air, though lacking power for long-sustained effort, which is not required in their manner of life. When any unusual ornament is added, as in some of the nightjars, it is not in the way of color, but in the form of extra feather-growths, as in the greatly prolonged plumes which sprout from the wings or tail of certain tropical nightjars, and look like floating ribbons as the birds dodge about in the twilight, giving them a quaint resemblance to big long-tailed butterflies. Another peculiarity is the long and numerous bristles about the mouth, especially in nightjars, which serve a double purpose—as sensitive feelers (reminding one of the similar furnishings of the nocturnal cats, weasels, and civets), and as an aid in capturing insects in the air.

All these birds, like other nocturnal or cave-dwelling animals, have very large eyes, highly adjustable in size, both of the whole eye and of the pupil, so that in the dark they may be widely expanded to obtain every trifle of light there is, while the glare of day may be excluded by contraction of all the parts. In day-

light a nightjar's eyes are closed by the thick inner eyelid or nictitating membrane; but I have seen a whippoorwill's eye blaze in the dark like a great self-luminous ruby, reflecting the light from my fire, when the bird itself could not be seen at all. Hudibras refers to the way the big staring orbs of the night-feeding woodcock reveal its presence, when he says:

"Fools are found by looking wise,
As men find woodcocks by their eyes."

The huge yellow eyes of the owls (the pupils of which, however, are always circular, not slitlike, as in the cats and some serpents), and the roundness of the head and face, often accented by erect ear-tufts of feathers, give a strikingly catlike look to the countenance, which often is the only part seen when the birds are encountered in daylight; and this is perhaps of decided benefit to them, as likely to scare away disturbers. To this alarming aspect they add a very catlike or snakelike hiss or snarl, with widely opened mouth.

The nightjars make no such pretensions to defence, for they are unable, as are the owls, to back up their threats by a terrific onslaught with "teeth and toenail." They trust for peace in their resting-hours to hiding in shady places and being overlooked; and they will aid this evasion by sitting lengthwise on logs or level tree-limbs, where they may easily be passed by as merely old knots. Certain species increase this deception (as do also the seminocturnal bitterns) by stretching out and holding rigidly a fixed position, which gives them an astonishing likeness to a dead and broken stub protruding from the log or stump or fence-rail on which they perch. All these birds may close the true lid down over the eye much more readily and completely than day-birds are able to do.

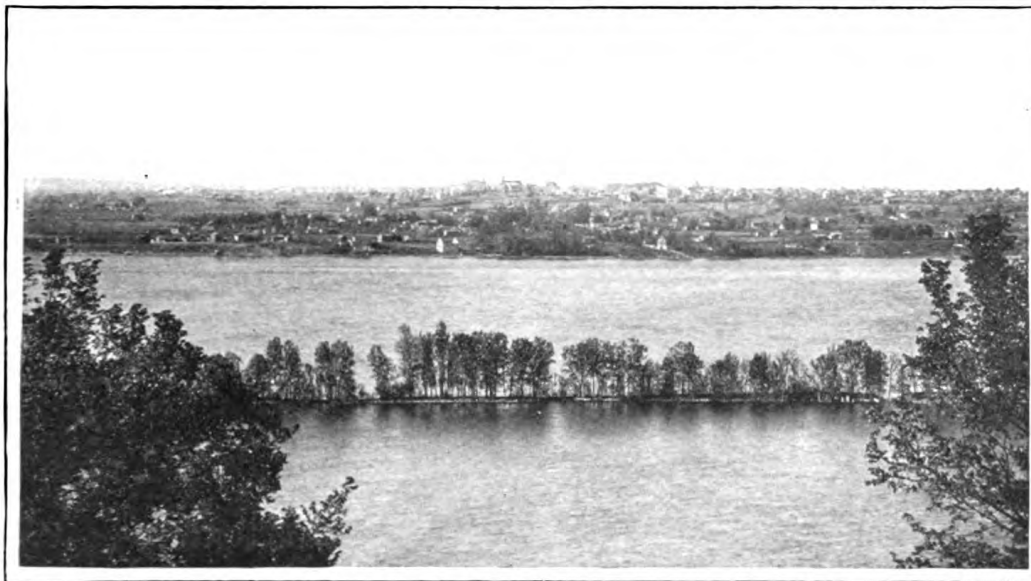
Attacked at night, they practise with extraordinary agility in the air the dodging, doubling tactics of the equally defenceless hare on the ground, baffling the skill of aerial pursuers, for none of these have been compelled to acquire such nimbleness by generations of coping with the supreme activity of insects on the wing. They are most in danger when sitting on or near the ground, calling.

I have seen a whippoorwill all but caught by the rush of a small dog—and a conspicuously white one at that. A stealthy cat, weasel, or snake would probably have succeeded.

At best vision must be limited and indistinct in the gloom of night, and an animal abroad at such times needs the aid of good hearing. It is not surprising, therefore, to find the organs of the ear enlarged, and their sensitiveness greatly quickened in nocturnal species. The owls, indeed, not only have the internal parts of the ear relatively of great size, but the external opening is ample, and so developed by a ridge of skin and a growth of enclosing feathers as really to form a conch, or external ear, not elsewhere to be seen among birds. The nocturnal bats have similar extensive aural endowments.

All the night-birds are noisy. They cannot consort with one another in happy companies as do the warblers and thrushes and finches, and sing and whisper, but must call loudly and long to one another in the darkness. On coasts where petrels and certain other night-hunting sea-birds abound, all day sitting on their eggs or hiding in burrows, you will hear no sound from morning till night, but after dark the air is filled with shrill cries. The loud, reiterated calling of the Southern chuck-will's-widow, and of its Northern cousin, are familiar. A whippoorwill will sound its cry several hundred times in succession without a pause. Owls hoot, or utter a harsh sort of laughter, rarely pleasant to listen to, and night-herons and bitterns squawk and boom. Sweet songs occasionally heard in the darkness are those of wakeful day-birds, as the nightingale, or our own oven-bird.

Night-birds and most other nocturnal animals are in reality outcasts, which somehow were forced aside from what seems the legitimate path of bird life, and have been compelled with varying success to make the best of unfortunate circumstances. They have developed in curiously parallel lines in their effort to meet untoward conditions which were largely alike for all, and are, on the whole, inferior to their more fortunate diurnal brethren.



NAUVOO, AS SEEN FROM BLUFF PARK, IOWA

The Icarian Community

BY KATHARINE HOLLAND BROWN

THE story of most of the communistic associations which have striven to reorganize society in the United States may be told in exceeding short and simple annals. The Year of Enthusiasm; the Month of Success; the Day of Demolition. Yet their brave failures should win more than the passing line of reference which is their sole epitaph; and among them all none has deserved more and has received less of praise and interest than the little forgotten Republic of Unity and Brotherhood, Icaria.

Its founder, Étienne Cabet, was born in Dijon, January 1, 1788, son of a cooper. "A beautiful child, quick and keen at his studies," he was the pride of all his townspeople. He was educated under the patronage of Jacotot, the famous Revolutionary patriot, and later studied medicine, then law, under Proudhon. By 1825 he was making his mark in Paris as a leader in the democratic movement against the reactionary policy of Charles X. He was equally active in the secret doings of the Carbonari. The revolution

of 1830 found him in the front rank; but his views were too radical, and he was made Procureur-Général of Corsica. Here his democratic zeal led him into strange paths, and the ministry presently removed him. Thereupon his friends in his birthplace promptly elected him to serve them as Deputy in the Lower Chamber, where he might reproach the ministry and scourge the reactionists to his heart's content.

Thus did he; and after a few months of endurance, the exasperated ministry unseated him, and gave him choice of two years' imprisonment or five years of exile. He chose banishment, and went to England.

Up to this time Cabet had been a patriot, but by no means a socialist. Study in exile convinced him that only in the equality of communism could happiness be won for all humanity.

To present his new beliefs in attractive form he first wrote and published that admirable piece of propaganda, *Le Voyage en Icarie*.

The tale is written in the form of a jour-

nal, kept by a young English nobleman, Lord Carisdall, who travels to the ends of the earth to study a marvellous commonwealth, Icaria; a "New Paradise," decked with every beauty, free from crime and suffering, advanced beyond all other lands in civilization. This blissful state of affairs is due entirely to the form of government. Equality in all things, class, possessions, labor, forms its basic principle. Icaria is a democratic republic, divided on the ten system into a multitude of tiny self-governing communes. Representatives elected from these communes form an Assembly which transacts all legislative and administrative affairs for the nation as a whole. All industrial and social functions are under control of the state. All property is held in common. The family life alone is strictly individualistic. Equality is absolute: therefore comfort prevails.

The novel met with a great and an immediate success. It came to be the magnet about which all the discontent of the time crystallized.

Within three years Cabet counted his disciples by tens of thousands. By 1847 four hundred thousand had signed the Social Compact. In May of that year he published a glowing proclamation, calling upon all faithful Icarians to join him and build up a real Icaria, a true Utopia, in America.

The idea of a migration to America, that Land of Promise, swept France like wild-fire. Applications for membership poured in by thousands, and in a few weeks plans for the colony were well under way. For years Cabet had been in close touch with Robert Owen and other communistic leaders in America. Through Owen's advice, Cabet obtained a large tract of land in Texas; and on the 3d of February, 1848, the first avant-garde of sixty-nine chosen men sailed from Havre, to take up the pioneer duties of the settlement.

Their departure was a dramatic and touching scene. Standing on the pier at Havre, in the presence of thousands of friends, they took the solemn oaths of the Social Compact, declaring their devotion to the cause of humanity, and vowing their eternal allegiance to their potent motto, Equality. As the vessel glided away, amid shouts and cheers, they

sang in unison the farewell hymn, "Partons pour Icarie."

Three weeks later came the revolution of February 24 and the establishment of the Second Republic. Many Icarians saw in the downfall of Louis Philippe a magical opportunity to build up Icaria in France, and thus change France itself by slow steps into an ideal commonwealth. These men, the "home party," urged Cabet to recall the avant-garde and to devote himself to communism at home. For a day Cabet hesitated; for we find his name written with those of Cavaignac and Lamartine as a possible candidate for the French Presidency. When this glittering chance escaped him, he declared himself "as ever" for the New Icaria; whereat the home party left the ranks. Many disciples remained faithful; but the cause was hopelessly crippled. The second avant-garde, which was to have been another picked regiment, of fifteen hundred, went at the time appointed. But it was a regiment not of fifteen hundred, but of nineteen!

In the mean while the pioneers were in a most forlorn plight. Their lands, so vividly described as fertile fields bordering directly on the Red River, proved to be scattered sections of unbroken prairie, which they reached only after a terrible overland march of two hundred and fifty miles. They were loaded down with absurd and useless baggage; not one of them could speak English; they were artisans and professional men, every soul of them, and knew nothing whatever of farming, still less of pioneer life. Their courage was magnificent: but the odds against them were overwhelming. They toiled like slaves through the cruel summer, but could not even put in a crop. By mid-July half the camp was down with malarial fever. At last they realized the hopelessness of attempting a colony in Texas, and made their way back painfully to New Orleans, aided by the second guard, who reached the settlement barely in time to rescue their exhausted brethren.

Cabet, early in 1849, reached New Orleans and took command of the united forces of Icaria—a band of five hundred, including many women and children.

For several months the Icarians huddled together in New Orleans while their

agents searched for a location. When the scouts finally returned, bringing a favorable report of Nauvoo, Illinois, there was much dispute. Two hundred members withdrew, taking with them \$5000, nearly one-third of the community means. The rest held with Cabet; the glory of their dream still blinded them to the hardships which already pressed so heavily upon them. In March, 1849, they started up the Mississippi to their new home.

The journey was a fearful one. Cholera broke out aboard the steamer; the Icarians were not allowed to take their sick ashore, and in consequence many died from lack of proper care. When the boat reached Warsaw, twenty miles below Nauvoo, floating ice made the channel impassable; and the worn-out voyageurs were forced to tramp the rest of the way through knee-deep snow and slush, carrying the children and the sick as best they could. One mighty consolation awaited them. Instead of the wilderness they had dreaded, Nauvoo proved to be a ready-made town, with houses and tilled fields, made ready as by miracle. Two years before, the Mormons had been driven from the town. The Icarians found the sternest of their pioneer labors already accomplished.

Yet there were privations enough. The climate was cruel; the water was unwholesome; food was costly, and wretched in quality. For the first months they

lived almost entirely upon beans, sold them at a bargain by a thrifty neighbor. In the words of a charter member: "Beans are good, madame, yes. But not for the months entire. Also, the grand part of heem is sprout'. No man of us has



ÉTIENNE CABET, THE FOUNDER OF ICARIA

tasted of meat that year. No, nor coffee, nor fine bread. We'll be dressed in those clothes, some of silk, some of rags, which we'll bring into the commune; there'll be no money to buy of new. Madame my wife has the robe of lace, but no shawl; I'll have five velvet waistcoats, but no shoes. Happy? Surely, madame. We'll be making the most grand work that the world will ever see. Ah, we make of mistakes, yes. And we have failed. But the plan was perfect."

Such was the spirit of Icaria. For all its flaws, it held a spark of the divine.

By slow degrees they put together their

little commonwealth, a toy village beside the stately city which they had gone forth to build, but ruled by the same laws which governed the Icaria of their dreams. The administration was controlled by six directors, elected annually; the laws were made by a General Assembly, including all men over twenty. Cabet was elected President from year to year: but the office was hardly more than a title. The members put every possession, even to books and heirlooms, into the common fund. Furniture and tools were divided, as equally as might be; intricate schedules of hours and tasks were planned, so that actual labor might be shared evenly also. Each household had its cabin apart, however; the family life was held rigidly sacred, uncompromisingly individualistic. At the same time a colony school was opened, where the children were reared in the very nurture and admonition of communism, being separated in so far as possible from home and home-making influences.

Their table was a common one, spread in the great hall of the Assembly building; but there was a captivating note of individualism in the rule which provided that their scanty supply of milk should be poured into the great pots of coffee served at the women's table. For all their vows of equal right and share, there was an occasional touch of nature in their rulings.

By 1855 the community was fairly prosperous. They had built mills and workshops; their farms flourished; their school had won the interest and the praise of educators throughout the country. By careful purchase they had acquired a library of six thousand standard volumes—their greatest pride. Scenes from *Andromaque* and *Le Cid* were acted with spirit and understanding in the little commune theatre. Their orchestra was the marvel of their pioneer neighbors. The colony published a weekly magazine in three languages, which was read widely in France as well as at home. Madame Cabet, who had remained in Paris, opened a bureau there, through which money and recruits were sent to America from time to time. The personnel of its membership, too, was steadily improving. Most of the avant-garde had been of what one writer calls "the thinking artisan"

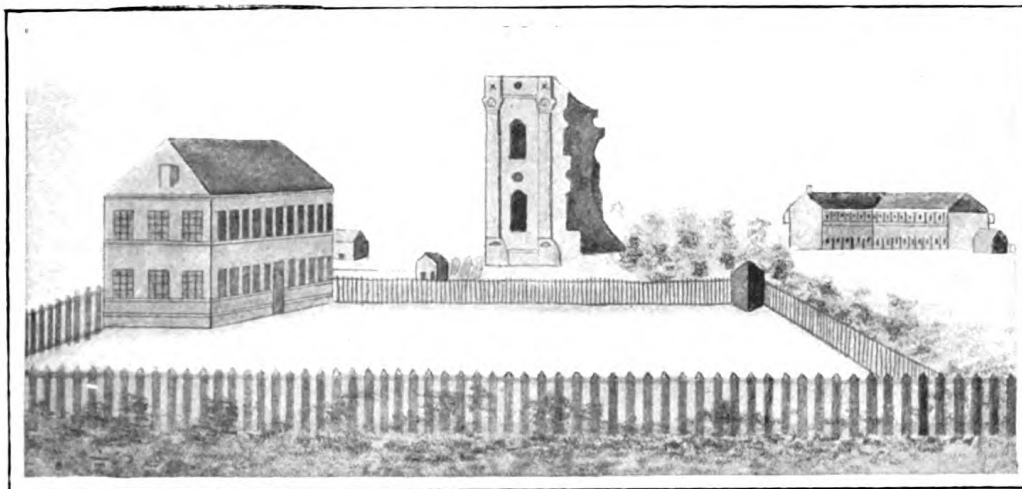
class. But now it enrolled many men and women of gentle birth and brilliant talent. There were several musicians; two painters of wide reputation; a famous civil engineer; a physician who had stood at the head of his profession in Vienna; Dadant, the authority on bee-culture; Piquenard, afterward architect of the Capitol buildings of Illinois and Iowa, famous on two continents; Vallet, the sociologist; von Gauvain, nobleman, officer, and teacher, one of the gentlest as well as one of the ablest of men. Icaria's prospects were surely bright. But this period of success was rudely broken.

Late in 1855 Cabet grew tired of his lofty but narrow office of President, and commanded the Assembly to do away with the Board of Directors and place the administration in his hands. Moreover, he announced that the constitution was to be revised, so as to lengthen the President's term to four years, and to give him power to name and remove all other officials without limitation.

The commune was utterly astonished. In 1848, when the members signed the Social Compact, they had agreed to give Cabet dictatorial powers for ten years. But within a year Cabet had concluded that these powers contradicted the very principles that he had gone forth to teach; and of his own free will he gave up his office, and called upon the people to form a constitution which should give equal rights to all. He was, of course, elected to what was practically a perpetual Presidency, but the real control lay in the hands of the governing committee.

For all their bewilderment, the colonists rose at once to the issue. Every man took sides, and within a week the town was split into two hostile camps, the majority opposing this amazing and lawless demand. In a few weeks came the presidential election. The majority thereupon made real their disapproval by choosing a new President, J. B. Gérard, over Cabet's head. Cabet, surprised in his turn, withdrew his demands, in the midst of a dramatic scene; and the colony, thus placated, joined hands and gave him the Presidency once more, by unanimous vote.

There was peace for a short time, but



A PORTION OF ICARIA

From a drawing made in 1855 by Elsie Fleury, then a pupil in the Commune School. Phalanstery to the right; Icarian school to the left; fragment of Mormon temple in the middle.

it was only a surface calm. In August, 1856, came a directory election. The majority put in their anti-Cabet candidates; the old officials, at Cabet's order, refused to give up their places to their lawful successors. This was the spark of revolt. The new directors were put in by force, whereupon the Cabetists promptly dropped their tools and stopped all work. Both parties were pitifully vindictive. They would not speak to each other; they turned aside when they met in the streets. The majority placed their tables in the Assembly hall so that they would not face Cabet at meal-times. The children in the school took opposite benches, and glared across at each other with all the hatred bred of the angry talk heard at home.

The Assembly met, and tried to make peace; but neither side would concede enough to save the dignity of the other. At last, after weeks of idleness, the new directory seized the storehouses, and declared that those who would not work should not eat. The Cabetists were given a week in which to reflect upon the error of their ways before rations were cut off.

On the seventh day the directory weakened. It was too unfair to let the women and children suffer for the stubbornness of the fathers. It was announced that a share for each family would be doled out at the Assembly steps at noon each day.

The majority held the keys; so the

minority sullenly acceded. But the plan was too humiliating. The Cabetists, urged by need, stalked in line to the Phalanstery steps that first morning and took their dole in silence. As they turned away, one of them, angered by a whispered taunt, threw his bread upon the ground and trampled upon it. That was the signal for a scene at once absurd and pitiable. The minority followed him to a man. They turned on the majority with curses and abuse: they destroyed the food to the last crumb. Luckily the majority kept itself in hand, and the riot was checked without bloodshed. But after such an outbreak reconciliation was impossible.

That night the bolder spirits of the majority met secretly and burned their copies of Cabet's *Icarie* which had served them as a creed. This superstitious performance seemed to break the last link of their reverence for him. Immediately they set about a legal division of the community; and in October the committee brought a series of formal charges against Cabet, which resulted in his expulsion from the commune.

The faithful minority declared themselves expelled also. Early in November Cabet left Nauvoo for St. Louis, accompanied by the one hundred and eighty disciples who held with him—a forlorn handful against the eight hundred who remained.

He planned to set up a new Icaria near St. Louis, but a week after reaching St. Louis he was smitten with apoplexy, and died within the hour.

His disciples bought an estate called Cheltenham, six miles from St. Louis, and there built up a new community. For a few years it prospered; but the inevitable rift came on the question of administration, and finally dissolution ensued.

The majority who stayed in Nauvoo in 1855 were crippled by the loss of the Cabetists; but they still owned some little property, besides unbroken lands in Iowa, where Cabet had planned to build the final transcendent Icaria. But their migration to Iowa was slow and painful. It was nearly two years before they could settle the litigation which followed Cabet's death and feel themselves free.

The story of the Iowa commune is one of splendid effort, but of utter failure. For ten years they toiled with heart and soul, learning the trade of the pioneer through every weary experience. Their life was a gray round of drudgery. Even the books and music which had fed their souls must be put aside. At last, in 1875, they found themselves fairly comfortable. For a year or so the colony bid fair to make real its founder's dream. Their life was harsh and plain; yet it was lived graciously and generously. Save for the strictness of family ties, the old motto of each for all and all for each still guided. The rule, "From each, according to his powers; to each, according to his needs," was carried out to the end of the letter. Alas that one cannot say as much for the spirit!

Through the early seventies swept a revival of the great socialist movement of 1848. The younger men of the commune felt its stir; more keenly than ever before, they realized the meaning of their commune life, and set themselves to further its purposes with eager zeal. They urged new rules, which should restrict the rights of the individual even more severely than did the old Social Compact. They demanded that every hoarded treasure be brought out and thrown into the treasury, no matter how valuable the article might be from a money standpoint, no matter how priceless in association. They even accused

the elder members of bad faith in holding the "little gardens," those tiny plots allowed each family for the handful of vegetables and the yard of grape-trellis, the one pitiful bit of selfish pleasure they had ever allowed themselves. Above all, they besought the older men to open the commune to all who might choose to sign the commune pledges, regardless of what their earlier records might reveal.

The elder members protested. Their zeal was tempered with caution; their enthusiasm knew the harsh curb of experience. The younger party—for in a week's time came the inevitable schism—demanded; the elder flatly refused. Once more the colony was rent asunder; and after a long and bitter struggle two new villages were formed, the Old and the Young Icaria.

The tale of the divided associations hardly needs to be told; it can so readily be imagined. Within a few months New Icaria had lost half her members. A small group went to California and there set up "Icaria-Speranza"—a last flickering attempt at communism; but a short time sufficed for its demolition, and of the new community not a rack remained.

The old party took a very different path. It contented itself with what it already had. It did not refuse would-be members, but it offered no inducements. It did not try to increase its holdings: Icaria was not a commercial enterprise. Its real mission was to uplift and to enlighten the minds within its bounds. The music was taken up again in half-hearted fashion: there were so few young voices to help along. Classes for study were formed, then dropped for lack of interest. One by one the younger men slipped out and took up farms of their own, or drifted away to the cities. The older families stayed on—a peaceful, narrowing circle. There was little if any dissension among them. The flame of their mighty purpose had burned itself out. They had no cause left to champion.

So perished in 1895 the last vestige of the great Icarian movement. Perhaps no other reform has so stirred a continent at its beginning, only to sink without a ripple at its end.

Fordham Castle

BY HENRY JAMES

SHARP little Madame Massin, who carried on the pleasant *pension* and who had her small hard eyes everywhere at once, came out to him on the terrace and held up a letter addressed in a manner that he recognized even from afar, held it up with a question in her smile, or a smile, rather a pointed one, in her question—he could scarce have said which. She was looking, while so occupied, at the German group engaged in the garden, near by, with aperitive beer and disputation—the noonday luncheon being now imminent; and the way in which she could show prompt lips while her observation searchingly ranged might have reminded him of the object placed by a spectator at the theatre in the seat he desires to keep during the entr'acte. Conscious of the cross-currents of international passion, she tried, so far as possible, not to mix her sheep and her goats. The view of the bluest end of the Lake of Geneva—she insisted in persuasive circulars that it *was* the bluest—had never, on her high-perched terrace, wanted for admirers, though thus early in the season, during the first days of May, they were not so numerous as she was apt to see them at midsummer. This, precisely, Abel Taker could infer, was the reason of a remark she had made him before the claims of the letter had been settled. "I shall put you next the American lady—the one who arrived yesterday. I know you'll be kind to her; she had to go to bed, as soon as she got here, with a sick-headache brought on by her journey. But she's better. Who isn't better as soon as they get here? She's coming down, and I'm sure she would like to know you."

Taker had now the letter in his hand—the letter intended for "Mr. C. P. Ad-dard"; which was not the name inscribed in the two or three books he had left out in his room, any more than it matched the initials, "A. F. T.," attached

to the few pieces of his modest total of luggage. Moreover, since Madame Massin's establishment counted, to his still somewhat bewildered mind, so little for an hotel, as hotels were mainly known to him, he had avoided the act of "registering," and the missive with which his hostess was practically testing him represented the very first piece of postal matter taken in since his arrival that hadn't been destined to some one else. He had privately blushed for the meagreness of his mail, which made him look unimportant. That, however, was a detail, an appearance he was used to; indeed the reasons making for such an appearance might never have been so pleasant to him as on this vision of his identity formally and legibly denied. It was denied there in his wife's large straight hand; his eyes, attached to the envelope, took in the failure of any symptom of weakness in her stroke; she at least had the courage of his passing for somebody he wasn't, of his passing rather for nobody at all, and he felt the force of her character more irresistibly than ever as he thus submitted to what she was doing with him. He wasn't used to lying; whatever his faults—and he was used, perfectly, to the idea of his faults—he hadn't made them worse by any perverse theory, any tortuous plea, of innocence; so that probably, with every inch of him giving him away, Madame Massin didn't believe him a bit when he appropriated the letter. He was quite aware he could have made no fight if she had challenged his right to it. That would have come of his making no fight, nowadays, on any ground, with any woman: he had so lost the proper spirit, the necessary confidence. It was true that he had had to do for a long time with no woman in the world but Lily, and of the practice of opposition so far as Lily was concerned the end had been determined early in his career. His hostess

fortunately accepted his word, but the way in which her momentary attention bored into his secret like the turn of a gimlet gave him a sense of the quantity of life that passed before her as a dealer with all comers—gave him almost an awe of her power of not wincing. She knew he wasn't, he couldn't be, C. P. Addard, even though she mightn't know, or still less care, who he was; and there was therefore something queer about him if he pretended to be. That was what she didn't mind, there being something queer about him; and what was further present to him was that she would have known when to mind, when really to be on her guard. She attached no importance to his trick; she had doubtless, somewhere at the rear, amid the responsive underlings with whom she was sometimes heard volubly, yet so obscurely, to chatter, her clever French amusement about it. He couldn't at all events have said if the whole passage with her most brought home to him the falsity of his position or most glossed it over. On the whole perhaps it rather helped him, since from this moment his masquerade had actively begun.

Taking his place for luncheon, in any case, he found himself next the American lady, as he conceived, spoken of by Madame Massin—in whose appearance he was at first as disappointed as if, a little, though all unconsciously, he had been building on it. Had she loomed into view, on their hostess's hint, as one of the vague alternatives, the possible beguilements, of his leisure—presenting herself solidly where so much else had refused to crystallize? It was certain at least that she presented herself solidly, being a large, mild, smooth person with a distinct double chin, with gray hair arranged in small, flat, regular circles, figures of a geometrical perfection; with diamond earrings, with a long-handled eye-glass, with an accumulation of years and of weight and presence, in fine, beyond what his own rather melancholy consciousness acknowledged. He was forty-five, and it took every year of his life, took all he hadn't done with them, to account for his present situation—since you couldn't be, conclusively, of so little use, of so scant an application, to any mortal career, above all to your own,

unless you had been given up and cast aside after a long succession of experiments tried with you. But the American lady with the mathematical hair, which reminded him in a manner of the old-fashioned "work," the weeping willows and mortuary urns represented by the little glazed-over flaxen or auburn or sable or silvered convolutions and tendrils, the capillary flowers, that he had admired in the days of his innocence—the American lady had probably seen her half-century; all the more that, before luncheon was done, she had begun to strike him as having, like himself, slipped slowly down over its stretched and shiny surface, an expanse as insecure to fumbling feet as a great cold curved ice-field, into the comparatively warm hollow of resignation and obscurity. She gave him from the first—and he was afterwards to see why—an attaching impression of being, like himself, in exile, and of having, like himself, learned to butter her bread with a certain acceptance of fate. The only thing that puzzled him, on this head, was that to parallel his own case she would have had openly to consent to be shelved; which made the difficulty, here, that that was exactly what, as between wife and husband, remained unthinkable on the part of the wife. The necessity for the shelving of one or the other was a case that appeared often to arise, but this wasn't the way he had, in general, seen it settled. She made him in short, through some influence he couldn't immediately reduce to its elements, vaguely think of her as sacrificed—without blood, as it were; as obligingly and persuasively passive. Yet this effect, a reflection of his own state, would doubtless have been better produced for him by a mere melancholy man. She testified unmistakably to the greater energy of women; for he could think of no manifestation of spirit, on his own part, that might pass for an equivalent, in the way of resistance, of protest, to the rhythmic, though rather wiggly, water-waves that broke upon her bald-looking brow as upon a beach bared by a low tide. He had cocked up often enough—and as with the intention of doing it still more under Lily's nose than under his own—the two ends of his half "sandy," half grizzled mustache,

and he had in fact given these ornaments an extra twist just before coming in to luncheon. That, however, was but a momentary flourish; the most marked ferocity of which hadn't availed not to land him—well, where he was landed now.

His new friend mentioned that she had come up from Rome and that Madame Massin's establishment had been highly spoken of to her there, and this, slight as it was, straightway contributed in its degree for Abel Taker to the idea that they had something in common. He was in a condition in which he could feel the drift of vague currents, and he knew how highly the place had been spoken of to *him*. There was but a shade of difference in his having had his lesson in Florence. He let his companion know, without reserve, that he too had come up from Italy, after spending three or four months there: though he remembered in time that, being now C. P. Addard, it was only as C. P. Addard he could speak. He tried to think, in order to give himself something to say, what C. P. Addard would have done; but he was doomed to feel always, in the whole connection, his lack of imagination. He had had many days to come to it and nothing else to do; but he hadn't even yet made up his mind who C. P. Addard was or invested him with any distinguishing marks. He felt like a man who, moving in this, that, or the other direction, saw each successively lead him to some danger; so that he began to ask himself why he shouldn't just lie, outright, boldly and inventively, and see what that could do for him. There was an excitement, the excitement of personal risk, about it—much the same as would belong, for an ordinary man, to the first trial of a flying-machine; yet it was exactly such a course as Lily had prescribed on his asking her what he should do. "Anything in the world you like but talk about *me*: think of some other woman, as bad and as bold as you please, and say you're married to *her*." Those had been literally her words, together with others, again and again repeated, on the subject of his being free to "kill and bury" her as often as he chose. This was the way she had met his objection to his own death and interment; she had asked him, in her bright, hard,

triumphant way, why he couldn't defend himself by shooting back. The real reason was of course that he was nothing without her, whereas she was everything, could be anything in the wide world she liked, without him. That question, precisely, had been a part of what was before him while he strolled in the projected green gloom of Madame Massin's plane-trees; he wondered what she *was* choosing to be and how good a time it was helping her to have. He could be sure she was rising to it, on some line or other, and that was what secretly made him say, "Why shouldn't I get something out of it too, just for the harmless fun—?"

It kept coming back to him, naturally, that he hadn't the breadth of fancy, that he knew himself as he knew the taste of ill-made coffee, that he was the same old Abel Taker he had ever been, in whose aggregation of items it was as vain to feel about for latent heroisms as it was useless to rummage one's trunk for presentable clothes that one didn't possess. But did that absolve him (having so definitely Lily's permission) from seeing to what extent he might temporarily make believe? If he were to flap his wings very hard and crow very loud and take as long a jump as possible at the same time—if he were to do all that perhaps he should achieve for half a minute the sensation of soaring. He knew only one thing Lily couldn't do, from the moment she didn't divorce him: she couldn't get rid of his name, unaccountably, after all, as she hated it; couldn't get rid of it because she would have always, sooner or later, to come back to it. She might consider that her being a thing so dreadful as Mrs. Abel Taker was a stumbling-block in her social path that nothing but his real, his official, his advertised, circulated demise (with "American papers please copy") would avail to dislodge: she would have none the less to reckon with his continued existence as the drop of bitterness in her cup that seasoned, undisguisably, each draught. He might make use of his present opportunity to row out into the lake with his pockets full of stones and there quietly slip overboard; but he could think of no shorter cut for her ceasing to be what her marriage and the law of

the land had made her. She was not an inch less Mrs. Abel Taker for these days of his sequestration, and the only thing she indeed claimed was that the concealment of the source of her shame, the suppression of the person who had divided with her his inherited absurdity, made the difference of a shade or two for getting honorably, as she called it, "about." How she had originally come to incur this awful inconvenience—that part of the matter, left to herself, she would undertake to keep vague; and she wasn't really left to herself so long as he too flaunted the dreadful flag.

This was why she had provided him with another and placed him out at board, to constitute, as it were, a permanent *alibi*; telling him she should quarrel with no colors under which he might elect to sail, and promising to take him back when she had got where she wanted. She wouldn't mind so much then—she only wanted a fair start. It wasn't a fair start—*was* it? she asked him frankly—so long as he was always there, so terribly, cruelly there, to speak of what she *had* been. She had been nothing worse, to his sense, than a very pretty girl of eighteen out in Peoria, who had seen at that time no one else she wanted more to marry, nor even any one who had been so supremely struck by her. That, absolutely, was the worst that could be said of her. It was so bad, at any rate, in her own view—it had grown so bad in the widening light of life—that it had fairly become more than she could bear and that something, as she said, had to be done about it. She hadn't known herself, originally, any more than she had known him—hadn't foreseen how much better she was going to come out, nor how, for her individually, as distinguished from him, there might be the possibility of a big future. He couldn't be explained away—he cried out, with all his dreadful presence, that she *had* been pleased to marry him; and what they therefore had to do must transcend explaining. It was perhaps now helping her, off there in London, and especially at Fordham Castle—she was staying last at Fordham Castle, Wilts—it was perhaps inspiring her even more than she had expected, that they were able to try together this particular substitute: news

of her progress in fact—her progress on from Fordham Castle, if anything could be higher—would not improbably be contained in the unopened letter he had lately pocketed.

There was a given moment, at luncheon, meanwhile, in his talk with his countrywoman, when he did try that flap of the wing—did throw off, for a flight into the blue, the first falsehood he could think of. "I stopped in Italy, you see, on my way back from the East, where I had gone—to Constantinople"—he rose actually to Constantinople—"to visit Mrs. Addard's grave." And after they had all come out to coffee in the rustling shade, with the vociferous German tribe at one end of the terrace, the English family keeping silence with an English accent, as it struck him, in the middle, and his direction taken, by his new friend's side, to the other unoccupied corner, he found himself oppressed with what he had on his hands, the burden of keeping up this expensive fiction. He had never been to Constantinople—it could easily be proved against him; he ought to have thought of something better, have got his effect on easier terms. Yet a funnier thing still than this quick repentance was the quite equally fictive ground on which his companion had affected him—when he came to think of it—as meeting him.

"Why, you know, that's very much the same errand that took me to Rome. I visited the grave of my daughter—whom I lost there some time ago."

She had turned her face to him after making this statement, looked at him with an odd blink of her round, kind, plain eyes, as if to see how he took it. He had taken it on the spot, for this was the only thing to do; but he had felt how much deeper down he was himself sinking as he replied: "Ah, it's a sad pleasure, isn't it? But those are places one doesn't want to neglect."

"Yes—that's what I feel. I go," his neighbor had solemnly pursued, "about every two years."

With which she had looked away again, leaving him really not able to emulate her. "Well, I hadn't been before. You see it's a long way."

"Yes—that's the trying part. It makes you feel you would have done better—"

"To bring them right home and have it done over there?" he had asked as she let the sad subject go a little. He quite agreed. "Yes—that's what many do."

"But it gives of course a peculiar interest." So they had kept it up. "I mean in places that mightn't have so *very* much."

"Places like Rome and Constantinople?" he had rejoined while he noticed the cautious, anxious sound of her "very." The tone was to come back to him, and it had already made him feel sorry for her, with its suggestion of her being at sea like himself. Unmistakably, poor lady, she too was trying to float—was striking out in timid, convulsive movements. Well, he wouldn't make it difficult for her, and immediately, so as not to appear to cast any ridicule, he observed that, wherever great bereavements might have occurred, there was no place so remarkable as not to gain an association. Such memories made at the least another object for coming. It was after this recognition, on either side, that they adjourned to the garden—Taker having in his ears again the good lady's rather troubled or muddled echo: "Oh yes, when you come to all the *objects*—!" The grave of one's wife or one's daughter was an object quite as much as all those that one looked up in Baedeker—those of the family of the Castle of Chillon and the Dent du Midi, features of the view to be enjoyed from different parts of Madame Massin's premises. It was very soon, none the less, rather as if these latter presences, diffusing their reality and majesty, had taken the color out of all other evoked romance; and to that degree that when Abel's interlocutress happened to lay down on the parapet of the terrace three or four articles she had brought out with her, her fan, a couple of American newspapers and a letter which had obviously come to her by the same post as his own, he availed himself of the accident to jump at a further conclusion. Their coffee, which was "extra," as he knew and as, in the way of benevolence, he boldly warned her, was brought forth to them, and while she was giving her attention to her *demi-tasse* he let his eyes rest for three seconds on the superscription of her letter. His mind was by this time

made up, and the beauty of it was that he couldn't have said why: the letter was from her daughter, whom she had been burying for him in Rome, and it would be addressed in a name that was really no more hers than the name his wife had thrust upon him was his. Her daughter had put *her* out to board, pending important operations, just as Lily had put him—so that there was a logic not other than fine in his notifying her of what coffee every day might let her in for. She was addressed on her envelope as "Mrs. Vanderplank," but he had privately arrived, before she so much as put down her cup, at the conviction that this was a borrowed and lawless title, for all the world as if, poor dear innocent woman, she were a bold bad adventuress. He had acquired furthermore the moral certitude that he was on the track, as he would have said, of her true identity, such as it might be. He couldn't think of it as in itself either very mysterious or very impressive; but, whatever it was, her duplicity had as yet mastered no finer art than his own, inasmuch as she had positively not escaped, at table, inadvertently dropping a name which, while it lingered on Abel's ear, gave her quite away. She had spoken, in her solemn sociability and as by the force of old habit, of "Mr. Magaw," and nothing was more to be presumed than that this gentleman was her defunct husband, not so very long defunct, who had permitted her while in life the privilege of association with him, but whose extinction had left her to be worked upon by different ideas.

These ideas would have germed, infallibly, in the brain of the young woman, her only child, under whose rigid rule she now—it was to be detected—drew her breath in pain. Madame Massin would abysmally know, Abel reflected, for he was at the end of a few minutes more intimately satisfied that Mrs. Magaw's American newspapers, coming to her straight from the other side and not yet detached from their wrappers, would not be directed to Mrs. Vanderplank, and that, this being the case, the poor lady would have had to invent some pretext for a claim to articles likely still perhaps to be lawfully called for. And she wasn't formed for duplicity, the large,

simple, scared, foolish, fond woman, the vague anxiety in whose otherwise so uninhabited and unreclaimed countenance, as void of all history as an expanse of Western prairie seen from a car window, testified to her scant aptitude for her part. He was far from the thought of questioning their hostess, however—for the study of his companion's face on its mere inferred merits had begun to dawn upon him as the possible resource of his ridiculous leisure. He might verily have some fun with her—or he would so have conceived it had he not become aware before they separated, half an hour later, of a kind of fellow-feeling for her that seemed to plead for her being spared. She *wasn't* being, in some quarter still indistinct to him—and so no more was he, and these things were precisely a reason. Her sacrifice, he divined, was an act of devotion, a state not yet disciplined to the state of confidence. She had presently, as from a return of vigilance, gathered in her postal property, shuffling it together at her further side and covering it with her pocket-handkerchief—though this very betrayal indeed but quickened his temporary impulse to break out to her, sympathetically, with a “Had you the misfortune to *lose* Magaw?” or with the effective production of his own card and a smiling, an inviting, a consoling “That’s who *I* am if you want to know!” He really made out, with the idle human instinct, the crude sense for other people’s pains and pleasures that had, on his showing, to his so great humiliation, been found an inadequate outfit for the successful conduct of the coal, the commission, the insurance, and, as a last resort, desperate and disgraceful, the book-agency business—he really made out that she didn’t want to know, or wouldn’t for some little time; that she was decidedly afraid in short, and covertly agitated, and all just because she too, with him, suspected herself dimly in presence of that mysterious “more” than, in the classic phrase, met the eye. They parted accordingly, as if to relieve, till they could recover themselves, the conscious tension of their being able neither to hang back with grace nor to advance with glory; but flagrantly full, at the same time, both of the recognition that they couldn’t in such a place avoid each

other even if they had desired it, and of the suggestion that they wouldn’t desire it, after such subtlety of communion, even were it to be thought of.

Abel Taker, till dinner-time, turned over his little adventure and extracted, while he hovered and smoked and mused, some refreshment from the impression the subtlety of communion had left with him. Mrs. Vanderplank was his senior by several years, and was neither fair, nor slim, nor “bright,” nor truly, nor even falsely, elegant, nor anything that Lily had taught him, in her wonderful way, to associate with the American woman at the American woman’s best—that best than which there was nothing better, as he had so often heard her say, on God’s great earth. Lily would have banished her to the wildest waste of the unknowable, would have looked over her head in the manner he had often seen her use—as if she were in an exhibition of pictures, were in front of something bad and negligible that had got itself placed on the line, but that had the real thing, the thing of interest for those who *knew* (and when didn’t Lily know?) hung above it. In Mrs. Magaw’s presence everything would have been of more interest to Lily than Mrs. Magaw; but that consciousness failed to prevent his feeling the appeal of this inmate much rather confirmed than weakened when she reappeared for dinner. It was impressed upon him, after they had again seated themselves side by side, that she was reaching out to him, indirectly, guardedly, even as he was to her; so that later on, in the garden, where they once more had their coffee together—it *might* have been so free and easy, so wildly foreign, so almost Bohemian—he lost all doubt of the wisdom of his taking his plunge. This act of resolution was not, like the other he had risked in the morning, an upward flutter into fiction, but a straight and possibly dangerous dive into the very depths of truth. Their instinct was unmistakably to cling to each other, but it was as if they wouldn’t know where to take hold till the air had really been cleared. Actually, in fact, they required a light—the aid prepared by him in the shape of a fresh match for his cigarette after he had extracted, under cover of the scented dusk, one of his cards from his pocket-book.

"There I honestly am, you see—Abel F. Taker; which I think you ought to know." It was relevant to nothing, relevant only to the grope of their talk, broken with sudden silences, where they stopped short for fear of mistakes; but as he put the card before her he held out to it the little momentary flame. And this was the way that, after a while and from one thing to another, he himself, in exchange for what he had to give and what he gave freely, heard all about "Mattie"—Mattie Magaw, Mrs. Vanderplank's beautiful and high-spirited daughter, who, as he learned, found her two names, so dreadful even singly, a combination not to be borne, and carried on a quarrel with them no less desperate than Lily's quarrel with—well, with everything. She had, quite as Lily had done, declared her need of a free hand to fight them, and she was, for all the world like Lily again, now fighting them to the death. This similarity of situation was completed, wondrously, by the fact that the scene of Miss Magaw's struggle was, as her mother explained, none other than that uppermost walk of "high" English life which formed the present field of Mrs. Taker's operations; a circumstance on which Abel presently produced his comment. "Why, if they're after the same thing in the same place, I wonder if we sha'n't hear of their meeting."

Mrs. Magaw appeared for a moment to wonder too. "Well, if they do meet I guess we'll hear. I will say for Mattie that she writes me pretty fully. And I presume," she went on, "Mrs. Taker keeps *you* posted?"

"No," he had to confess—"I don't hear from her in much detail. She knows I back her," Abel smiled, "and that's enough for her. 'You be quiet and I'll let you know when you're wanted'—that's her motto; I'm to wait, wherever I am, till I'm called for. But I guess she won't be in a hurry to call for me"—this reflection he showed he was familiar with. "I've stood in her light so long—her 'social' light, outside of which everything is for Lily black darkness—that I don't really see the reason she should ever want me back. That, at any rate, is what I'm doing—I'm just waiting. And I didn't expect the luck of being

able to wait in your company. I couldn't suppose—that's the truth," he added—"that there was another, anywhere about, with the same ideas or the same strong character. It had never seemed to be possible," he ruminated, "that there could be any one like Mrs. Taker."

He was to remember afterwards how his companion had appeared to consider this approximation. "Another, you mean, like my Mattie?"

"Yes—like my Lily. Any one that really comes up to her. It will be," he declared, "the first one I've seen."

"Well," said Mrs. Vanderplank, "my Mattie's remarkably handsome."

"I'm sure—! But Mrs. Taker's remarkably handsome too. Oh," he added, both with humor and with earnestness, "if it wasn't for that I wouldn't trust her so! Because, for what she wants," he developed, "it's a great help to be fine-looking."

"Ah, it's always a help for a lady!"—and Mrs. Magaw's sigh fluttered vaguely between the expert and the rueful. "But what is it," she asked, "that Mrs. Taker wants?"

"Well, she could tell you herself. I don't think she'd trust me to give an account of it. Still," he went on, "she *has* stated it, more than once, for my benefit, and perhaps that's what it all finally comes to. She wants to get where she truly belongs."

Mrs. Magaw had listened with interest. "That's just where Mattie wants to get! And she seems to know just where it is."

"Oh, Mrs. Taker knows—you can bet your life," he laughed, "on that. It seems to be somewhere in London, or in the country round, and I dare say it's the same place as your daughter's. Once she's there, as I understand it, she'll be all right; but she has got to get there—that is to be seen there thoroughly fixed and photographed, and have it in all the papers—first. After she's fixed, she says, we'll talk. We *have* talked a good deal; when Mrs. Taker says 'We'll talk' I know what she means. But this time we'll have it out."

There were communities in their fate that made his friend turn pale. "Do you mean she won't want you to come?"

"Well, for me to 'come,' don't you see? will be for me to come to life. How can

I come to life when I've been as dead as I am now?"

Mrs. Vanderplank looked at him with a dim delicacy. "But surely, sir, I'm not conversing with a corpse!"

"You're conversing with C. P. Addard. *He* may be alive—but even this I don't know yet; I'm just trying him," he said: "I'm trying him, Mrs. Magaw, on you. Abel Taker's in his grave, but does it strike you that Mr. Addard is at all above ground?"

He had smiled for the slightly gruesome joke of it, but she looked away as if it made her uneasy. Then, however, as she came back to him, "Are you going to wait here?" she asked.

He held her, with some gallantry, in suspense. "Are you?"

She postponed her answer, visibly not quite comfortable now; but they were inevitably, the next day, up to their necks again in the question; and then it was that she expressed more of her sense of her situation. "Certainly I feel as if I must wait—as long as I *have* to wait. Mattie likes this place—I mean she likes it for *me*. It seems the right *sort* of place," she opined with her perpetual earnest emphasis.

But it made him sound again the note. "The right sort to pass for dead in?"

"Oh, she doesn't want me to pass for *dead*."

"Then what does she want you to pass for?"

"Well, only for Mrs. Vanderplank."

"And who, or what, is Mrs. Vanderplank?"

Mrs. Magaw considered this personage, but didn't get far. "She isn't any one in particular, I guess."

"That means," Abel returned, "that she isn't alive."

"She isn't more than *half* alive," Mrs. Magaw conceded. "But it isn't what I *am*—it's what I'm passing for. Or rather"—she worked it out—"what I'm just not. I'm not passing—I don't, can't, here, where it doesn't matter, you see—for her mother."

Abel quite fell in. "Certainly—she doesn't want to have any mother."

"She doesn't want to have *me*. She wants me to lay low. If I lay low, she says—"

"Oh, I know what she says"—Abel

took it straight up. "It's the very same as what Mrs. Taker says. If you lie low she can fly high."

It kept disconcerting her, in a manner, as well as steadying, his free possession of their case. "I don't feel as if I *was* lying—I mean as low as she wants—when I talk to you so." She broke it off thus, and again and again anxiously, responsibly—her sense of responsibility made Taker feel, with his braver projection of humor, quite ironic and sardonic; but as for a week, for a fortnight, for many days more, they kept frequently and intimately meeting, it was natural that the so extraordinary fact of their being, as he put it, in the same sort of box, and of their boxes having so even more remarkably bumped together under Madame Massin's *tilleuls*, should not only make them reach out to each other across their queer coil of communications cut so sharp off in other quarters, but should prevent their pretending to any real consciousness but that of their ordeal. It was Abel's idea, promptly enough expressed to Mrs. Magaw, that they ought to get something out of it; but when he had said that a few times over (the first time she had met it in silence), she finally replied, and in a manner that he thought quite sublime: "Well, we *shall*—if they do all they want. We shall feel we've helped. And it isn't so *very* much to do."

"You think it isn't so very much to do—to lie down and die for them?"

"Well, if I don't hate it any worse when I'm really dead—I!" She took herself up, however, as if she had skirted the profane. "I don't say that if I didn't *believe* in Mat—! But I do believe, you see. That's where she *has* me."

"Oh, I see more or less. That's where Lily has *me*."

Mrs. Magaw fixed him with a milder solemnity. "But what has Mrs. Taker against you?"

"It's sweet of you to ask," he smiled; while it really came to him that he was living with her under ever so much less strain than what he had been feeling, for ever so long before, from Lily. Wouldn't he have liked it to go on and on—wouldn't that have suited C. P. Addard? He seemed to be finding out who C. P. Addard was—so that it came back

again to the way Lily fixed things. She had fixed them so that C. P. Addard could become quite interested in Mrs. Vanderplank, and quite soothed by her—and so that Mrs. Vanderplank as well, wonderful to say, had lost her impatience for Mattie's summons a good deal more, he was sure, than she confessed. It was from this moment, none the less, that he began, with a strange but distinct little pang, to see that he couldn't be sure of her. Her question had produced in him a vibration of the sensibility that even the long series of mortifications, of publicly proved inaptitudes, springing originally from his lack of business talent, but owing an aggravation of aspect to an absence of nameable "type" of which he had not been left unaware, had not availed wholly to toughen. Yet it struck him, positively, as the prettiest word ever spoken to him, so straight a surprise at his wife's dissatisfaction; and he was verily so unused to tributes to his adequacy that this one lingered in the air a moment and seemed almost to create a possibility. He wondered, honestly, what she could see in him, in whom Lily now at last saw really less than nothing; and his fingers instinctively moved to his mustache, a corner of which he twiddled up again, also wondering if it were perhaps only *that*—though Lily had as good as told him that the undue flourish of this feature but brought out to her view the insignificance of all the rest of him. Just to hang in the 'ridescent ether with Mrs. Vanderplank, to whom he wasn't insignificant, just for them to sit on there together, protected, indeed positively ennobled, by their loss of identity, struck him as the foretaste of a kind of felicity that he hadn't in the past known enough about really to miss it. He appeared to have become aware that he should miss it quite sharply, that he would find that he had already learned to, if she should go; and the very sadness of his apprehension quickened his vision of what would work with her. She would want, with all the roundness of her kind, plain eyes, to see Mattie fixed—whereas he'd be hanged if he wasn't willing, on his side, to take Lily's elevation quite on trust. For the instant, however, he said nothing of that; he only followed up a little his acknowledgment of her having

touched him. "What you ask me, you know, is just what I myself was going to ask. What has Miss Magaw got against *you*?"

"Well, if you were to see her I guess you'd know."

"Why, I should think she'd like to show you," said Abel Taker.

"She doesn't so much mind their *seeing* me—when once she has had a look at me first. But she doesn't like them to hear me—though I don't talk so very much. Mattie speaks in the real English style," Mrs. Magaw explained.

"But isn't the real English style not to speak at all?"

"Well, she's having the best kind of time, she writes me—so I presume there must be some talk in which she can shine."

"Oh, I've no doubt at all Miss Magaw *talks*!"—and Abel, in his contemplative way, seemed to have it before him.

"Well, don't you go and believe she talks too much," his companion rejoined with spirit; and this it was that brought to a head his prevision of his own fate.

"I see what's going to happen. You only want to go to her. You want to get your share, after all. You'll leave me without a pang."

Mrs. Magaw stared. "But won't you be going too? When Mrs. Taker sends for you?"

He shook, as by a rare chance, a competent head. "Mrs. Taker won't send for me. I don't make out the use Mrs. Taker can ever have for me again."

Mrs. Magaw looked grave. "But not to enjoy your seeing—?"

"My seeing where she has come out? Oh, that won't be necessary to *her* enjoyment of it. It would be well enough perhaps if I could see without being seen; but the trouble with me—for I'm worse than you," Abel said—"is that it doesn't do for me either to be heard *or* seen. I haven't got *any* side—!" But it dropped; it was too old a story.

"Not any possible side at all?" his friend, in her candor, doubtfully echoed. "Why, what do they want over there?"

It made him give a comic, pathetic wail. "Ah, to know a person who says such things as that to me, and to have to give her up!"

She appeared to consider with a cer-

tain alarm what this might portend, and she really fell back before it. "Would you think I should be able to give up Mattie?"

"Why not—if she's successful? The thing you wouldn't like—you wouldn't, I'm sure—would be to give her up if she should find, or if you should find, she wasn't."

"Well, I guess Mattie will be successful," said Mrs. Magaw.

"Ah, you're a worshipper of success!" he groaned. "I'd give Mrs. Taker up, definitely, just to remain C. P. Addard with you."

She gave it her thought—but, as he felt, superficially. "She's your wife, sir, you know, whatever you do."

"'Mine'? Ah, but whose? She isn't C. P. Addard's."

She rose at this as if they were going too far; yet she showed him, he seemed to see, the first little concession—which was indeed to be the only one—of her inner timidity; something that suggested how she must have preserved as a token, laid away among spotless properties, the visiting-card he had originally handed her. "Well, I guess the one I feel for is Abel F. Taker!"

This, in the end, however, made no difference; since one of the things that inevitably came up between them was that if Mattie had a quarrel with her name her most workable idea would be to get somebody to give her a better. That, he easily made out, was fundamentally what she was after, and, though, delicately and discreetly, as he felt, he didn't reduce Mrs. Verplank to so stating the case, he finally found himself believing in Miss Magaw with just as few reserves as those with which he believed in Lily. If it was a question of her "shining" she would indubitably shine; she was evidently, like the wife by whom he had been, in the early time, too provincially, too primitively accepted, of the great radiating substance, and there were times, here at Madame Massin's, while he strolled to and fro and smoked, when Mrs. Taker's distant lustre fairly peeped at him over the opposite mountain-tops, fringing their silhouettes as with the little hard bright rim of a coming day. It was clear that Mattie's mother couldn't be expected not to want to see her mar-

ried; the shade of doubt bore only on the stage of the business at which Mrs. Magaw might safely be let out of the box. Was she to emerge, abruptly, as Mrs. Magaw?—or was the lid simply to be tipped back so that, for a good look, she might sit up a little straighter? She had got news, at any rate, he inferred, which suggested to her that the term of her suppression was in sight; and she even let it out to him that, yes, certainly, for Mattie to be ready for her—and she did look as if she were going to be ready—she must be right down sure. They had had further lights by this time, moreover, lights much more vivid, always, in Mattie's bulletins than in Lily's; which latter, as Abel insistently imaged it, were really, each time, on Mrs. Taker's part, as limited as a peep into a death-chamber. The death-chamber was Madame Massin's terrace; and—he completed the image—how could Lily *not* want to know how things were looking for the funeral, which was in any case to be thoroughly "quiet"? The vivid thing seemed to pass before Abel's eyes the day he heard of the bright compatriot, just the person to go round with, a charming, handsome, witty widow, whom Miss Magaw had met at Fordham Castle, whose ideas were, on all important points, just the same as her own, whose means also (so that they could join forces on an equality) matched beautifully, and whose name, in fine, was Mrs. Sherrington Reeve. "Mattie has felt the want," Mrs. Magaw explained, "of some lady, some real lady, like that, to go round with: she says she sometimes doesn't find it very pleasant going round alone."

Abel Taker had listened with interest—this information left him staring. "By Gosh then, she has struck Lily!"

"'Struck' Mrs. Taker—?"

"She isn't Mrs. Taker now—she's Mrs. Sherrington Reeve." It had come to him with all its force—as if the glare of her genius were, at a bound, high over the summits. "Mrs. Taker's dead: I thought, you know, all the while, she must be, and this makes me sure. She died at Fordham Castle. So we're both dead."

His friend however, with her large blank face, lagged behind. "At Fordham Castle too—died there?"

"Why, she has been as good as *living*

there!" Abel Taker emphasized. "'Address Fordham Castle'—that's about all she has written me. But perhaps she died before she went"—he had it before him, he made it out. "Yes, she must have gone as Mrs. Sherrington Reeve. She had to die to go—for it would be for her like going to heaven. Marriages, sometimes, they say, are made in heaven; and so, sometimes, then, apparently, are friendships—that, you see, for instance, of our two shining ones."

Mrs. Magaw's understanding was still in the shade. "But are you sure—?"

"Why, Fordham Castle settles it. If she wanted to get where she truly belongs she has got *there*. She belongs at Fordham Castle."

The noble mass of this structure seemed to rise at his words, and his companion's grave eyes, he could see, rested on its towers. "But how has she become Mrs. Sherrington Reeve?"

"By my death. And also, after that, by her own. I had to die first, you see, for *her* to be able to—that is for her to be sure. It's what she has been looking for, as I told you—to *be* sure. But oh—she was sure from the first. She knew I would die, when she had made it all right for me—so she felt no risk. She simply became, the day I became C. P. Addard, something as different as possible from the thing she had always so hated to be. She's what she always would have liked to be—so why shouldn't we rejoice for her? Her baser part, her vulgar part, has ceased to be, and she lives only as an angel."

It affected his friend, this elucidation, almost with awe; she took it at least, as she took everything, stolidly. "Do you call Mrs. Taker an angel?"

Abel had turned about, as he rose to the high vision, moving, with his hands in his pockets, to and fro. But at Mrs. Magaw's question he stopped short—he considered with his head in the air. "Yes—now!"

"But do you mean it's her idea to marry?"

He thought again. "Why, for all I know she *is* married."

"With you, Abel Taker, living?"

"But I'm not living. That's just the point."

"Oh, you're too dreadful"—and she

gathered herself up. "And I won't," she said as she broke off, "help to bury you!"

This office, none the less, as she practically had herself to acknowledge, was in a manner, and before many days, forced upon her by further important information from her daughter, in the light of the true inevitability of which they had, for that matter, been living. She was there before him with her telegram, which she simply held out to him as from a heart too full for words. "Am engaged to Lord Dunderton, and Lily thinks you can come."

Deep emotion sometimes confounds the mind—and Mrs. Magaw quite flamed with excitement. But on the other hand it sometimes illumines, and she could see, it appeared, what Lily meant. "It's because he's so much in love."

"So far gone that she's safe?" Abel frankly asked.

"So far gone that she's safe."

"Well," he said, "if Lily feels it—!" He had so much, he showed, to go by. "Lily *knows*."

Mrs. Magaw visibly yearned, but she could look at all sides. "I'm bound to say, since you speak of it, that I've an idea Lily has helped. She'll like to have her there."

"Mattie will like to have Lily?"

"No, Lily will like to have Mattie." Elation raised to such a point was in fact already so clarifying that Mrs. Magaw could come all the way. "As Lady Dunderton."

"Well," Abel smiled, "one good turn deserves another!" If he meant it, however, in any such sense as that Mattie might be able in due course to render an equivalent of aid, this notion clearly had to reckon with his companion's sense of its strangeness, exhibited in her now at last upheaved countenance. "Yes," he accordingly insisted, "it will work round to that—you see if it doesn't. If that's where they were to come out, and they *have* come—by which I mean if Lily has realized it for Mattie and acted as she acts when she does realize, then she can't neglect it in her own case: she'll just *have* to realize it for herself. And for that matter, you'll help her too. You'll be able to tell her, you know, that you've seen the last of me." And on the morrow, when, starting for London, she had taken

her place in the train, to which he had accompanied her, he stood by the door of her compartment and repeated this idea. "Remember, for Mrs. Taker, that you've seen the last—!"

"Oh, but I hope I haven't, sir."

"Then you'll come back to me? If you only will, you know, Lily will be delighted to fix it."

"To fix it—how?"

"Well, she'll tell you how. You've seen how she can fix things, and that will be the way, as I say, you'll help her."

She stared at him from her corner, and he could see she was sorry for him; but it was as if she had taken refuge behind her large high-shouldered reticule, which she held in her lap, presenting it almost as a bulwark. "Mr. Taker," she launched at him over it, "I'm afraid of you."

"Because I'm dead?"

"Oh sir!" she pleaded, hugging her

morocco defence. But even through this alarm her finer thought came out. "Do you suppose I shall go to Fordham Castle?"

"Well, I guess that's what they're discussing now. You'll know soon enough."

"If I write you from there," she asked, "won't you come?"

"I'll come as the ghost. Don't old castles always have one?"

She looked at him darkly; the train had begun to move. "I *shall* fear you!" she said.

"Then there you are." And he moved an instant beside the door. "You'll be glad, when you get there, to be able to say." But she got out of hearing, and, turning away, he felt as abandoned as he had known he should—felt left, in his solitude, to the sense of his extinction. He faced it completely now, and to himself at least he could express it without fear of protest. "Why, certainly, I'm dead."

"Whom the Gods Love"

BY JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY

MY lad is ever gone from me.
 The roads all beckon him away;
 And all day long, and every day,
 The wide world bids him come and see!
 Unto my lad, the Spring we met
 Was no more fair than any spring;—
 A listless bud, a wayside thing
 To strip of petals and forget
 At some clear call from out a pine.
 My lad, he is no lad of mine:
 I think I shall not ever set
 My eyes on his, again.—And yet,
 My heart like some dull talking-bird
 Learns not from sorrow, but must say
 Over and over, one poor word
 Against the throb of sad or glad;—
 Over and over, all the day,
 "My lad."

Editor's Easy Chair.

A PICTURE—it was of course a French picture, being so gayly malicious—has survived far worthier things in our memory from the first sight of it many years ago. It was called the *Return from a Good Action*, and it represented an elderly lady and gentleman much exposed to the weather: the lady short and stout, the gentleman long and lank. You saw them from the rear, walking along an open place over a very wet quay; the gentleman's umbrella was blown inside out, and the lady's skirts were scandalously carried over her head by the force of the wind, and it was raining dismally. No clue to the good action that they were returning from, with this ironical reward from fate, was given; and you were left to imagine it whatever errand of mercy you liked. We will not therefore hold ourselves responsible to the reader for the history we read into the picture, as we suffered with the victims of their own goodness, and rejoiced with the impartial spectator of their rage and mortification. The picture remained with us a warning against what we may call wanton benevolences, and we seldom afterwards did a good deed of any sort without remembering it. We were in fact withheld from many idle and foolish kindnesses by the fear of appearing ridiculous in the event, and we shall probably have fewer errors of that sort to answer for than we should if it were not for the lesson conveyed to us at the early age of forty-five by that picture.

We have been lately reminded of the lesson by the letter of a friend whose grievance we will state before trying to view it in the light of the picture. He is writing of other things (so complimentary to this department that we suppress them) and he suddenly breaks off to say of international copyright, if you please, which we carried some years ago with such a profound sense of self-righteousness: "It seems to me that the Devil has got hold of the job, and turned it to his own ends. For what has been the result? In the old times we had lots

of good reading at the lowest price. It recurred to me yesterday when I took down one of the fifteen-cent volumes of the Humboldt Science Library, that now could be bought only in full splendor at the English price. Then, there was the *Life of Tennyson*. In the old days — & — would have printed it at \$1.25 the volume, and it would have been in every genteel bookcase. Now, it is offered in the antiquated, bulky English form at \$10.00. Consequently I have never read it except as I've run across it in rich men's libraries. No solid English book (if there is any) is reprinted here, and our presses vomit forth millions of so-called historical novels, which are neither historical nor novels, or books on Nature which are the product of Artifice. Publishers don't look at a serious book; perhaps serious books don't look at them; at any rate none appear, for *Histories of American Literature*, of the *War of 1812*, etc., are not books at all. It seems to me that the result is most degrading. No one now reads anything but this trash; the art is lost, and people are growing up ignorant and without interest. Forty or fifty years ago the young read real books. Compare — & —'s list, and —'s, then, with those of to-day! We shall relapse into barbarism, and then resort to piracy, which will so improve our minds that we shall again seek a lawful alliance, then degenerate again, and so on and so on."

Our friend laughs as one without hope, it will have been seen; but there are several grains of weighty truth in his volatile chaff. There are so many, indeed, as to suggest that we are, as a people, in the case of the excellent pair shown by the French artist, returning from a good action and suffering its penalties. It is not at all impossible that, goaded on by the pangs of a clean conscience, we shall again plunge into crime, as our friend suggests, and supply our mental and moral needs at the cost of the English authors as in "the old days" which he regrets. But before we abandon ourselves to this extreme, we ought to justify ourselves by as full a view of the facts as we can

command, so that we shall not be hurried from our comfortable and profitable lapse into premature and unconsidered reform again. At present, after burying our old acquaintance Piracy, we certainly seem to be treading an exposed path, with our umbrellas blown inside out, while it rains dismally. Let us not rashly repent our virtues, however, but first look about us, and see how great and sufficient reason for mortification we have because of our righteous behavior.

The international copyright act which the best of our authors and publishers joined some ten years ago in extorting from a reluctant Congress, has been disappointing not only in the expected ways, such as our friend notes, but in some quite unexpected ones. We have not only been deprived of the best English literature which we had so cheap because we stole it, but the law has strangely and curiously resulted in alienating the international public which the authors of the two countries chiefly concerned used to enjoy, or rather which used to enjoy them. English authors have now less currency in America than they had before the passage of the act, and American authors have less currency in England, although in the social, political and commercial interests there has been so great an affinity of their respective nations. In the case of the English authors this can perhaps be explained by reference to that condition of our law which obliges them to have their books put in type and printed here. This excludes all English books which do not promise an exceptional popularity, that is to say most of the good English books; for it is as notorious as it is disheartening that extremely few good books promise an exceptional popularity. Formerly, under the ruthless but kindly rule of the pirate, some English authors made their reputations here first; but this never happens now; and such authors perish by the way in the crowded and thorny paths of their own land.

The case of the American author in England is much the same, though as American authors have rarely had the vogue there that English authors have often had with us, the case is not quite

so bad. Still, it is bad enough; not even our worst authors are now popular in England, let alone our best ones; whereas, twenty years ago, in the halcyon days of piracy, our best authors enjoyed a prevalence which ought to have been very flattering to them, if not remunerative. Mark Twain and Bret Harte, and before them Artemus Ward, must be left out of the count; they are preternatural authors, who became almost simultaneously known on both sides of the Atlantic. But in the times we are thinking of, Mr. Aldrich, Mr. Cable, Mr. Burroughs, Mr. Stockton, Mr. C. W. Stoddard, Miss Jewett, Miss Wilkins and others became known in non-copyright editions, and they still remain favorites with English people who were then forming the taste for our good literature. But their later books are not known even to these people, and the chances are that if you were to ask now for one of their earlier books at an English bookseller's you would not find it.

The younger English readers do not know our good authors; and there is unhappily growing up in the racially and lingually related countries, a generation reciprocally ignorant of their respective literatures. Mrs. Humphry Ward alone continues the tradition of the binational fiction which flourished under the benign piratical régime; no American author shares in bearing it on. The two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon race no longer drink from the same wells of English.

The spectacle of a whole nation plunged in unavailing regret for a just, a generous error of judgment is too painful to dwell upon exclusively, and we must turn our view to more private instances.

One of these, which offered itself to our knowledge almost as many years ago as that picture of the return from a good action was that of a man who had done a great deal of good, as it is called, in his earlier life. He had lent money to struggling, or at least aspiring, people of all sorts; he had given money outright to people who needed it; and though he did not want his money back, he had come to think that of all the money he had wasted, the money lavished in these benevolences was the most mischievously wasted. After doing so much good he

had come to believe that he had done more harm than good, and now he was going down the vale of years with his umbrella blown inside out, and exposed to the full fury of the elements. He perceived too late that money not earned was doubly cursed, and that if he had let those striving and starving wretches alone they would have somehow helped themselves and fed themselves, and he would not have poisoned their lives with the sense of a hopeless gratitude.

The consequences of a good action are terribly far-reaching, and can never be distinctly forecast. Perhaps if they could there would be fewer good actions in a world filled with the effects of idle and thoughtless sensibility. The rôle played by grateful kings and appreciative princes in times past has lighted up history with sufficiently glaring examples, and has resulted, in most of the old countries, in the aristocracies which still cumber the earth. The sovereign in recognizing some deed of valor, or some important public service, rashly ennobles a family which goes on ignobling itself forever after, and becomes more and more a stumbling-block in the way of merit to the end. In like manner, the millionaires of our day have employed their dearly earned leisure in devising gifts of larger or lesser magnitude to libraries and universities, in which students may read the books they have not bought, or fit themselves for the professions and unfit themselves for the industries.

It is still very questionable whether the book borrowed from a library and hurriedly read ever truly becomes part of the reader's mind, as the book does which the reader has wintered and summered on his own shelf.

About the time we Americans were girding ourselves up for the effort of renouncing the advantages of piracy and repairing the disaster to letters which we are now supposed to be facing, there began to be talk in England of reforming the method of publishing fiction. Till then, the novel was published in three volumes which sold for thirty shillings, or it was not published at all. The small edition of 750 or 1500 was taken by the lending libraries, or by a few rich per-

sons; and it paid both the author and publisher something. But it was argued by the libraries that if the novel were published in one volume and sold at six shillings, the editions would be indefinitely larger, and the author and publisher would be much better paid. The system was adopted; the libraries ordered 750 or 1500 copies, as before, and then stood from under, while the author and publisher came to the ground together with the rest of their editions. A novel in three volumes at thirty shillings had become intolerable, but it may have somewhat safeguarded the interests of literature. A publisher would think twice before bringing out a poor novel on these conditions, and he seems now to think only once, and oftenest to think wrong. On both shores of the ocean the American plan of the \$1.50 novel obtains; but with our vast buying public it works, while with the borrowing public of Great Britain it does not work.

The British authors and publishers cordially joined with ours in pressing the passage of international copyright, hoping perhaps that they would then profit by the sale here of anything they brought out at home, good, bad or indifferent. But it appears that we prefer our own trash, and will not buy theirs. It even appears that we will not reprint their good books unless there are great chances that they will sell here like our own trash. Their meritorious young writers are unknown here, as our meritorious authors are less and less known there. But perhaps this is not entirely the effect of international copyright; perhaps it is not at all the effect. The facts seem to be as the friend quoted at the outset has stated them; but it is well not to attribute all the evil in the world to the good done in it. However we may deplore the consequences of a righteous measure become inevitable through the advance of civilization, we should not be the first or even the second to hail the renascence of piracy in the form of a return to the old conditions, no matter how great the enlightenment flowing from them. Better our historical novels and a good national conscience than the best English fiction and the sense of having robbed the author.

Editor's Study.

IF truth were only the objective of our thought, of mental recognizance, the writer in his pursuit of it and in his expression of so much of it as he has apprehended would seem to have a plain course before him, though not therefore an easy one, if the truth is to have novelty and yield to the reader any high degree of intellectual satisfaction.

There would still be a majority of shallow writers, because there are so many shallow thinkers. The scientific writer, dealing with physics, biology, or psychology, must, in order to be interesting, have made some new discovery in one of these fields or be able to add new significance to something already discovered, by luminous coordination of it with other known facts, or, like Clerk-Maxwell, he must have that prophetic scientific imagination which anticipates discovery.

The truths of Nature are not obvious any more than are those of human life. Science even has its dramatic masques in what are called its working hypotheses, which postulate the ether, the atom, the electron, so long as these assumptions serve; and they do serve even after their disintegration—as in the case of the atom,—since from the first they were only serviceable shadows, unknown quantities in equations which never depended upon their actual existence for the values that remained after their elimination. Forever new orders of equations arise in which these ghosts are rehabilitated, and so the masquerade goes on into new variations of the everlasting theme.

But any truth of Nature, however great the thought involved in its discovery, and however profound, or even creative, the scientific imagination anticipating it or coordinating it with other truths into a better understood harmony, has its full prosperity in a purely mental apprehension, and its perfect expression in a colorless medium, undisturbed by human feeling or by the individual mood and temperament.

The negative quality of lucidity is the one essential attribute of the scientific writer's style—so well exemplified in all of Tyndall's essays. Illustrations, even

those taken from human life, are useful; the spirit of ardent enthusiasm is alluring and inspiring; the far-reaching imagination widens the scope of vision and discloses the harmony of related things; but the elucidation of an impersonal truth must not be obscured nor suffer distraction through any image or suggestion prompted by errant fancy or by human interest and passion. The writer's expression has the precision if not the soulless mechanism of the instruments he uses in his laboratory or observatory, and is quite as impersonal; the distinctively literary style is not pertinent to it. The imitation of the most perfect model would pass unchallenged, being noticeable as an excellence rather than as a fault.

On the other hand, when a poet—pre-eminently a poet like Wordsworth—interprets Nature, it is first of all with the personal regard, and he gives us a transcript of the thought and feeling which Nature prompts in him; his expression is imbued with the characteristic traits of his own spirit and temperament, and his style is as inviolate as it is individual.

In science, even when it is concerned with human factors—as in psychology and sociology,—the impersonal view is maintained, and the elucidation has an appeal absolutely direct and formal, addressed to the understanding. We do not read Kant or Herbert Spencer for their literary charm. Only by some departure from the rigidly scientific aim and method does the writer on these themes assume the æsthetic graces or attempt the dramatic guise and poetic trope which belong to the "literature of power"; he transcends the special scientific scope by becoming even, in a general sense, the philosopher. It has been said, rather speciously, that William James writes on psychology as if he were writing fiction, and, still more speciously, that his brother Henry writes fiction as if it were psychology. In reality the only meaning in this comment on Professor James is, that, whatever he treats, he is a picturesque and brilliant writer in the literary sense, as his father was before him. He

is that, *plus* the technical psychologist. Thus the philosophy of Plato transcended his own dialectic and the subsequent formulas of Aristotle, becoming a part of the world's creative literature.

It is a significant fact that the most comprehensive consideration of science in general in ancient literature was embodied—"reasons shut in rythm"—in Lucretius's *De Rerum Natura*; a poem which for its art has commended itself to poets, and whose scientific views more nearly than those of any ancient work correspond with the ideas of the modern evolutionist. But he is read for his originality of thought, often containing the prophecy of a scientific imagination, and for his felicity of phrase, rather than as an authority in physics, biology, or psychology. Even in such blendings of the poetic with the scientific imagination—exemplified in a great deal of Wordsworth's poetry and in some of Tennyson's—we are enabled to more clearly see the distinction between the formal appeal to the mind for the purposes of information and the appeal of individual genius to human sensibility in art and literature. We see also that, without any such scientific pretensions as Lucretius put forth, the poet and the novelist may treat Nature and the human mind, availing of physical and psychical truths, as Richard Jefferies has done in the one field and Henry James in the other. No theme of the real world, without us or within, is excluded from the literature of power. The notional world alone is forbidden; neither logic nor mathematics, of whatever value the latter might be, implicitly, to the musician, sculptor, and architect, could furnish a theme to artist, poet, or novelist.

It looks like a contradiction to lay stress upon personality as the dominant element in the literature of power when every great writer's as every great artist's purpose seems to be to get away from himself—to make his work impersonal; and with this apparent contradiction is bound up that other, that the real world alone is significant to the writer and artist while it is the ideal that is the object of their quest. It is not difficult to comprehend that the ideal is the essential reality; and a moment's consideration

will show us that the creative worker is so absorbed in his pursuit of that essential reality which underlies the obvious surface aspects of things, is so lost in the vision, that he forgets himself. This self-oblivion is a positive condition to a spontaneous revelation of personality, while that of the scientific writer is merely negative, simply a matter-of-course and indispensable condition, in no way apparent in the result—that is, his personality is impertinent and in the way, while that of the creative worker is the way itself, the heart of the thing it creates, but is these only through utter unconsciousness of self.

The impress of the personality is indicated in the individuality of style—the distinction between a play by Euripides and one by Sophocles, or between a poem by Tennyson and one by Swinburne.

It is in getting away from himself that the writer is most himself—his personality the most impressive. The individuality of style is not the result of conscious endeavor—it is inevitable, the expression of a tendency to variation as characteristic of human genius as of the universal life. The most curious thing about its development is that it is contrary to conscious inclination.

Conformity in all matters of conscious volition is a conspicuous trait of human nature; its line is that of least resistance. The spirit of dissent lies dormant, awakened only in a period of renaissance, when the ascendant life seeks difficulty, depending for its uplift upon reactions. How much renaissance, so much protest. Genius, which is native to childhood—the period of difficulty, of ascent through so many forms of reaction, physical and psychical,—asserts itself in these historic moments of renaissance, and in lines of variation, of eminent individual distinction. The ascent of art and literature is in the line of greatest resistance, involving variation, not as an incident but inevitably.

In a historical retrospect covering the development of art and literature, it is clearly manifest that, in the early stages, so far from individuality being a matter of conscious consideration, it was deliberately avoided. The myth and the legend—never the creations of an individual—were not only the background but furnished the woof of the web woven

by the epic poet and the dramatist. The poet had no chance of an audience save through the familiarity of his theme. We have here the only plausible, indeed the only possible, explanation of the immense audiences attending the stage representations of Greek tragedy. Shakespeare for the same reason worked over plays which had already been presented, for an audience already prepared to recognize the familiar types of his principal characters. Variation, the individual distinction of the writer, was, simply as a matter of spontaneous evolution in literature, inevitable, but it was not consciously sought.

It is only at an advanced stage of human culture that either the writer or his audience is able or willing to forego the value of familiar types and features. It is the value of the refrain, of ever-recurrent associations, never, indeed, wholly surrendered at any stage of literary development. The familiarity of thought and feeling is always the essential ground of sympathy between the reader and the author; upon it depends the prosperity of the modern book no less than that of the early drama. But our modern culture, both in the writer and in the reader, is free from the tyranny of traditionally fixed types and images. Shakespeare was freer than Æschylus; and Browning found a responsive audience in a field denied to Shakespeare.

As we have said, the earliest writers, by compulsion, if there had not been the inclination, took the race into partnership in their creations. They met a race expectation in ways already opened. The lyrical poet did not escape this obligation; obviously not at first, when the lyric retained the old communal form of expression, nor later when, however individual in form, it must give utterance to emotions and passions common to the race. All representative art—including so much of literature as, in history, poetry, fiction, and interpretation, may be called a representation of life—from first to last avails of the dramatic masque. This is the postulate of art—the self-oblivion of the artist. The lyrical poet wears the masque himself, the individual standing for the universal; the epic and dramatic poets distribute their masquerade. The culture of the audience which

witnessed the *Prometheus Bound* was something wonderful, when we consider what is implied in their absorbing interest in such a play, but for the most part it was generic rather than individual. It called for a fixed type in every masque, and the dramatist must not trifle with it by the introduction of strange features. The "constant epithet" in Homer was a response to the same demand—that of all children, who resent alterations in their favorite stories, or of a rustic audience at the circus who look always for the old familiar features, and are disappointed by their absence or violent variation. Ancient comedy, presenting, as comedy always must, contemporary types, which of course were familiar, if it was not so impressive, was more flexible in its structure and less constrained in manner. A writer like Plato who addressed a select audience having individual culture had a correspondingly more individual style.

We are very far removed from that period when the writer, however much a master, was himself willingly the subject of a mastery outside of himself, embodied in images and types obstinately fixed; when a man who, like Socrates, listened to his own private dæmon suffered the mortal penalty. A wonderful period, too, it was when we consider the products of the partnership of individual genius with the race imagination, with reference to the mighty values contributed by each of these partners. The partnership remains, but each party to it has changed with the advance of distinctly individual culture, and there has been a corresponding change in all our modern art and literature. That external impressiveness necessary in the ancient appeal to an audience in the open, and listening, the whole mass as one man, has been replaced by the inherent majesty of living truth, wholly human and appealing to the individual human spirit. The dramatic masque has become as flexible as life itself. Renaissance, moreover, is constant, with complex reactions, giving genius its native difficulty and opportunity, and therewith the unlimited scope of variation in individual expression. But now, as ever before, individuality of style is a spontaneous disclosure and not the result of conscious determination.

EDITOR'S DRAWER

Beverly's Bear-killing

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER

"**B**EVERLY was one of those many-sided men," said the Colonel, explanatorily, "whose characters bristle with contradictions. On one of his sides he truly was a genuine sportsman; but I must admit that his plan for killing the bear—your point is well taken, Judge—in some of its details was at odds with accepted sporting rules. In forming it, you see, the scientific and mechanical side of his nature happened to be uppermost. His ingenuity in applying scientifically conceived mechanical devices to the affairs of every-day life—as in the case of his apparatus for keeping his trousers properly creased by means of compressed air—truly was remarkable."

"How did it work?" asked the Doctor.

"I am not prepared to say how it worked," the Colonel answered. "Personally I have no knowledge of mechanics. I only know that it did work. His pneumatic carpet-sweeper, I am satisfied, would have been equally successful—had it not, while still in the experimental stage, unfortunately exploded and killed Mrs. Beverly and the cat and two maid servants. Out of that seeming misfortune, however, came Beverly's patented crematory—which, as you doubtless know, is in widespread and highly profitable use—and his patented device known as the 'Household Rat Ridder.'"

"The latter invention was an accident—if any side blow of genius may be so called—that had its inception in his desire to preserve what he could of the cat as a memorial

of the general family wreck in which it had prematurely perished. His first notion was merely to stuff the cat—he was an accomplished taxidermist—and to keep it under a glass case in the drawing-room where the fatal explosion had occurred. Presently his fertile mind evolved the larger plan of fitting the skin of the deceased animal with a clockwork interior—so arranged that a single winding of the powerful mechanism

would suffice to send the cat-simulacrum trotting about the cellar all night, at intervals emitting miaus loud enough to alarm any rats on the premises, but not loud enough to disturb the family. The practical advantages claimed for the 'Household Rat Ridder' are that it does all the work of a real cat, in the way of driving out rats and mice, without giving any real cat trouble either in the house or in the back yard. The public appreciation of this useful invention, I may add, is shown by the fact that more than nineteen thou-



TROTTING ABOUT AND EMITTING MIAUS

sand 'Rat Ridders' have been sold during the past three years.

"Because of his sporting tastes—I am not now referring to his domestic high explosives nor to his clockwork cat—Beverly's most ingenious inventions were on sporting lines. His device for killing mountain-sheep, for example, well illustrates his inventive faculty in that direction. Mountain-sheep undoubtedly are the shyest of shy game. As you come around one corner of a mountain, they go around the next corner—and such

alternations of mountain-sheep and mountain corners have continued, when the animals have been pursued by really earnest hunters, for days at a time.

"Beverly attacked this difficult problem in his usual masterful way. During the winter, while the sheep were hibernating—"

"Sheep don't hibernate," put in the Bishop.

"During the hibernating period of the sheep," the Colonel continued, "Beverly had a system of enormous plate-glass mirrors erected at convenient points around a suitable mountain—being a man of large means, he was indifferent to the great expense involved in the purchase of his mirrors and their transportation to, and erection in, those remote solitudes—and in the early spring he repaired to the mountain, armed with a specially-made rifle of extraordinary range, having a curved barrel and fitted with ad-

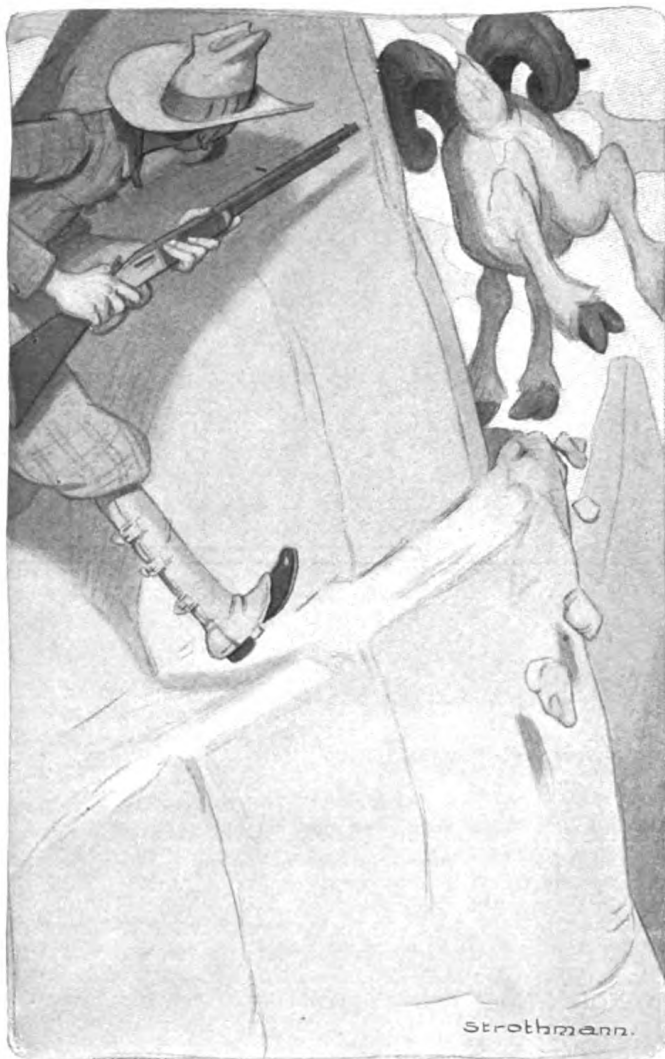
justable telescopic sights. His ingenious appliances, as you readily will understand, enabled him—standing at a predetermined spot—both to see and to shoot around the entire mountain; and therefore to kill with ease any animal visible at any point within the circuit. A little practice, of course, was required before he became expert in his calculations of angles and distances; but, that initial difficulty being overcome, his slaughter of mountain-sheep was so prodigious that the government was compelled to intervene to save those interesting animals from extermination.

"Merely to show how fortunately things turn out sometimes, I may add that a valuable deposit of telluride was discovered upon the mountain within a week of the time that Beverly's sheep-shooting was put a stop to; that a flourishing mining-camp immediately sprang into existence; and that Beverly

actually sold his mirrors to the proprietor of the principal dance-hall at a price that more than covered his original outlay. Those details, of course, have no real bearing upon the matter. I mention them merely as interesting independent facts.

"I will admit, Judge, that many sportsmen objected to the mirrors and the curved rifle on the same grounds that you have objected to the bear-killing plan. But Beverly's contention in the premises, I think, was a sound one. He said that the same objection could be urged against every method of killing wild animals—with the exception, possibly, of stone-throwing—from bows and arrows right along up to repeating rifles; and that, since the keenest sportsmen habitually used scientifically prepared gunpowder, there was no limit that logically could be set to the use of scientific appliances in the pursuit and capture of game.

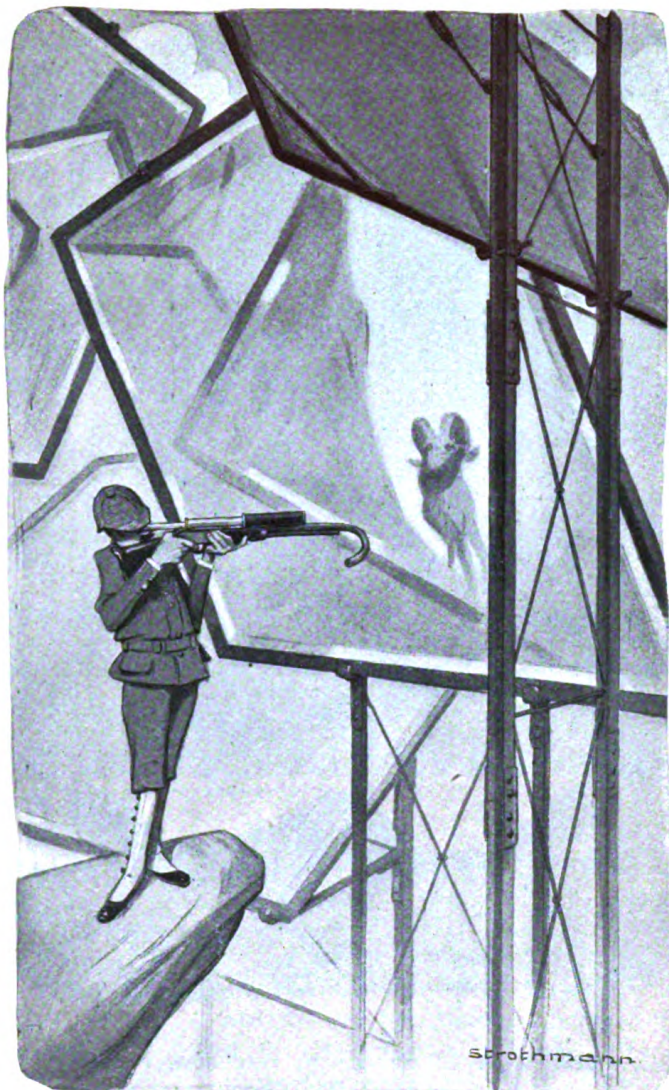
"But Beverly's intention was not to kill the bear with electricity. When I began by saying that he used electricity in his bear-hunting, you jumped, Judge, to an unwarranted conclusion that does the sporting side of my many-sided friend's character great injustice. I will concede that your hastily outlined series of



THEY GO AROUND THE NEXT CORNER

suggestions, while eminently unsportsmanlike, is ingenious and might be realized. Under possible conditions, a bear might be induced to seat himself upon a sheet of zinc (effectively insulated upon empty bottles or other readily obtainable non-conductors, connected by a wire with the negative pole of a dynamo; and, being so seated, he farther might be induced to bite at a piece of meat suspended above the zinc sheet by another wire connected with the positive pole of the same mechanism. Supposing those conditions to be realized, and supposing the dynamo to be of a sufficient energy to generate the required number of volts, the completion of the circuit in the manner indicated undoubtedly would so disarrange the bear's interior economy as to produce fatally damaging results. But I assure you, sir, no true sportsman would have anything to do with so dastardly a manner of compassing a sporting animal's destruction.

"My friend Beverly would have been the very last man in the world to put into operation a plan of that low-down sort. On his sporting side, I repeat, he was a sportsman all the way through—and he lived up to his code. A single instance will suffice to show in its true light this commendable phase of his character. On one occasion—it was a bitterly cold March morning—we had walked together for some miles along the Jersey coast to engage in duck-shooting. On our arrival at the blind, Beverly discovered to his chagrin that the plungers were missing from the lock of his gun. By an unfortunate oversight, after cleaning the lock on the previous evening, he had neglected to replace those essential portions of the mechanism. In such a case, in such weather, most men—you will excuse me, Bishop?—would have done some very hard swearing and would have gone straight back home. Whether Beverly did or did not swear is immaterial. The character-revealing fact is that he remained in the blind, and that during the ensuing three hours he went through all the motions of shooting ducks—except shooting



THE MIRRORS ENABLED HIM TO SEE AND SHOOT AROUND AN ENTIRE MOUNTAIN

them—with his usual impassioned enthusiasm: raising his empty piece as the birds approached; pulling the useless trigger at the appropriate moment; lowering his piece after he had gone through the form of firing it; opening and closing the breech as for ejecting and recharging—and starting again the same series of futile actions when fresh birds appeared. All that I myself, with my own eyes, saw him do—and I say without any qualification whatsoever, gentlemen, that a finer exhibition of truly sportsmanlike conduct under exceptionally trying conditions never has come within my knowledge, much less within my personal view.

"To such a man, as you cannot but perceive, the direct electrocution of a bear would have seemed nothing short of an impossible outrage. His plan was of a different sort—embodying the use of electricity.



A BEAR MIGHT BE INDUCED TO SEAT HIMSELF UPON A SHEET OF ZINC

but embodying it in a manner that did not shatter every sporting rule.

"As was to be expected of a man of his inquiring mind and inventive disposition, Beverly had given much attention to electrical investigation—with results, in several instances, of great practical value. I need only refer to his simple but ingenious device for the destruction of potato-bugs (accomplished by means of a filmy network of delicate wires introduced among the plants and at regular intervals highly electrified) in order to demonstrate—"

The Doctor at this point broke in violently with, "Potato-bugs and filmy networks of delicate wires be—" and stopped short as the Bishop deprecatingly raised his hand.

"Right you are, Bishop," he resumed after a momentary pause, "and I sincerely beg your pardon. But the fact of the matter is that the way the Colonel's holding his head

open, and nothing in particular's emptying out of it, makes me tired. What I want to know is: Is he coming to a point, or isn't he? And if he isn't, and means to keep on all night this way with side issues, I must say I'd like him to tie up his jaw and let some of the rest of us have a chance."

"Formulated in slightly different terms," observed the Bishop, suavely. "I confess to entertaining like thoughts in my own mind. Our friend has been accorded a liberal opportunity to develop his thesis—Mr. Beverly's bear-killing—but we still seem to be about as far from both Mr. Beverly and the bear, save that we are in possession of various irrelevant facts touching the former's personal attributes and inventive achievements, as we were at the start. To employ a professional simile, I rarely have listened to a sermon that seemed to be more widely dissociate from, or less in the way to resume connection with, its ostensible text."

"To sum up," said the Judge, speaking in magisterial tones, "the sense of the court is that this long-winded yarn of the Colonel's had better get somewhere in a hurry and stop."

"Yes, that's the notion," added the Doctor.

"Give us what's left in about ten words, Colonel—and then quit."

The expectant hush that followed this general outburst became more tense as the Colonel slowly arose from his seat.

"Gentlemen," he said with a withering severity, "I am happy to comply with your courteously expressed request, and in doing so I shall keep within the word-limit that the Doctor very obligingly has defined." Opening the door and standing upon the threshold, he added coldly and incisively: "Mr. Beverly's plan miscarried. No bear was killed."

And then the Colonel, withdrawing from the apartment, closed the door firmly from the outside.

"Gosh!" said the Judge with feeling.

The Doctor, more deeply moved, exclaimed, "Well, I'll be—"

But again the Bishop checked his utterance by an upraised deprecating hand.



The Ambitious Crow

BY BURGESS JOHNSON

A CROW, who had chanced by a school
 one day
 And listened a bit too long,
 Unburdened his soul to an oriole
 Who advertised lessons in song;
 "They say," he stormed, "that the lark is
 king,
 And all because he assumes to sing!"

The oriole called for an *E in alt*.
 Then hastily cried, "Pray pause!
 For singing, in short, is not your forte,—
 'Tis easy to tell the caws.
 Your obvious bent 'll be instrumental;
 My little bill will be incidental."

She started him in with a violin,
 And oft his ambition stirred
 By a little praise in the well-known phrase,
 "You certainly are a bird!"
 In a month she said, with a fine de-
 cision,
 There never was music equal to his'n.

The crow contentedly paid the bill,
 And flew on his homeward way;
 And he called the court to his pine re-
 sort,—
 They gathered and heard him play,
 With *timbre* rare, a popular air,
 And a bit of Grieg and "The Maiden's
 Prayer."

The hullabaloo ere he'd gotten through
 Was a truly deafening thing:
 "Oh, what is the sense of instruments,"
 They cried, "if one can but sing?
 And every one knows the song of a crow's
 The best of music as music goes!"

They broke the fiddle in bits, to teach
 The moral each child should know:
*That discontent with one's lot is not
 Becoming a decent crow;
 And if you would thwart its growth, you
 ought
 To mingle only with your own sort.*



A Dangerous Animal

THE NEW PUPPY. "Say, Tige, what's this fence for, anyway?"

TIGER (modestly). "The boss says it's to keep me from taking the ugly bull out there by the neck and throwing him into the river."

Gathered by the Wayside

MR. O'FALVEY, whose hands and whose stationery were not as immaculate as they might have been, was laboriously writing a business letter of some importance.

"There!" exclaimed the scribe, mopping his brow after an hour's hard work. "'Tis finished it is. Joost be handin' me an invilope, Nora."

"Sure," said Nora, critically inspecting the only envelope the house afforded, "'tis none too clane."

"Oi'll fix thot," said O'Falvey, seizing his pen. "Oi'll joost add a wee postscript."

And he did. It read:

"Kindly excuse the dirt. This envelope was perfectly clean when it left my hands."

CARROLL WATSON RANKIN.

Embarrassed

AN elderly gentleman of large proportions and sarcastic tongue was annoyed by the fact that although the car in which he was riding contained a number of vacant seats, and his two hundred pounds filled more than two-thirds of the one in which he sat, he was, nevertheless, obliged to move up to allow another man to squeeze in beside him. His irascibility getting the better of his good nature, he turned upon the man and

asked ironically, "My dear sir, will you kindly tell me why, when there are a dozen empty seats in this train, you selected one beside the largest person present?"

The poor man, completely taken aback, could only blurt out in his embarrassment, "I couldn't tell you, sir; I'm a stranger."

H. T. COOKE.

Partisan

A LITTLE boy of my acquaintance, who is an intense Southerner, and whose journeys beyond the nursery have just begun, went with his mother to the Episcopal church one day. His interest in the service was very apparent, and the family waited anxiously for his criticism, which shows the attention he had given the minister:

"Well, I don't think much of Mr. Goodman, mother, for he kept on saying 'Grant, O Lord,' and never once mentioned Lee or Jackson."

M. L. PRESTON.

The Lost Playmate

ALL in the pleasant afternoon

I saw a pretty baby moon,
And oh! I loved its silver shine;
It was a little friend of mine.

Through rainy days and sunny weather
I thought we two should grow together;
But then, alas! I did not know
How fast a little moon can grow.

And now when I go out to play
I cannot find the moon all day,
But she has grown so big and bright
They let her keep awake all night!

Though I may not sit up to see,
In bed she comes and smiles at me:
But oh! I miss the little moon
Who played there in the afternoon.

ABBIE FARWELL BROWN.



Illustration for "Mellicent"

See page 257

MELLICENT STOOD MOTIONLESS, LIKE A WILD THING AT GAZE

HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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A Doctor to Kings

BY EDMUND GOSSE

IN a glass case at the Royal College of Physicians, in London, there reposes, and has reposed since 1825, a curious relic of English medical science in the seventeenth century,—the gold-headed cane which the famous Dr. Radcliffe used to carry with him whenever he was driven down to Kensington Palace to feel the pulse of kings and queens. When he died, Radcliffe left this cane to the most brilliant and most devoted of his younger contemporaries, Dr. Richard Mead, who carried it about with him until the close of his useful life, when his successor bore it. It is unlike all other known physicians' canes of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries in that, instead of a metal knob containing a cavity for aromatic vinegar—to protect against deadly smells and infections,—the gold head takes the form of a cross-bar. It was specially made to the order of the most original and imperious doctor of his day, in defiance of tradition and custom; and in the angularity of its richly chased top we may see reflected the gifts and the tempers which made Dr. Radcliffe alternately doted on and rejected by a succession of royal patients.

Whatever regrets we may feel for the romantic surroundings of life two hundred years ago, there is certainly not one of us who is unwell who can wish to be transplanted to the seventeenth century. It is true that medical science was beginning to make rapid progress, but in the practical part of the business there

was a vast need of improvement. The physicians of the day were empirical and they were rough. Voltaire said that doctors poured drugs of which they knew little into human bodies of which they knew less, and what was true in 1750 had been trebly true in 1650. We know that the dramatists made ceaseless fun of the doctors, and their gibes were not ill-deserved. The professional conditions of the exercise of medicine were not yet fixed, and the genuine physician was hampered by the existence of legions of quacks, with whom the law was almost powerless to deal. These charlatans greatly impressed the vulgar, whom they received in fantastic dresses, seated in a velvet chair, with a dried crocodile hanging over their heads, and the celestial and terrestrial globes on either hand.

The vogue of these popular quacks was greatly encouraged by the pomposity and exclusiveness of the regular practitioners. There were very good men, of course, among these latter, but the tendency was not favorable to the finest virtue. Down to the Restoration there was nothing that could compare with the honorable abnegation of a modern country practitioner. The physician had little or no private practice among people who could not pay him, and the element of pity had hardly come into existence. The most successful members of the profession were those who secured the most fashionable practice, and no doctor was expected to waste an hour of his time over a patient who

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could not reward him handsomely. It is unfortunate that we possess so few particulars about the life of that truly great and admirable man Thomas Sydenham, who seems to have been the earliest prac-

way in which they were used was arrogant and unfeeling. The physicians in charge seem to have treated the poor patients with haughty neglect. Sir Samuel Garth, one of themselves, describes the feasts of doctors at the hospitals, and how the want of elbow-room was made up for by the abundance of wine:

Cloy'd with variety, they
surfeit there,
Whilst the wan patients
on thin gruel fare.

Sydenham, we know, devoted himself to the poor, and was rewarded by the hatred of the rest of the doctors. After the Restoration, an improvement set in. It was not, however, until 1663 that the College of Physicians took pains to bar their fold against black sheep, and raise the status of the profession. All were not quacks, however, who were not recognized practitioners. Mrs. Holder, the "rare she-surgeon," who earned the envy and hatred of the court doctors by curing a wound in the hand of Charles II., was doubtless a very skilful dresser; and Valentine Greatorex

(or Greatrakes), "the stroker," was the unconscious father of the whole science of massage.

The apothecaries ground down the poor by the high prices which they charged for necessary drugs, of which they held a monopoly. In that curious poem "The Dispensary" we find a picture of what sick people found when they scraped enough money together to venture upon a visit to the apothecary:

His shop the gazing vulgar's eyes employs
With foreign trinkets and domestic toys.
Here mummies lay most reverently stale,
And here the tortoise hung her coat of mail;



DR. THOMAS SYDENHAM (1624-89)
Painted by an unknown artist

itioner in England to conceive for his profession a loftier aim than the making of money. Sydenham leads off the splendid roll of doctors who have been public benefactors. In his early youth at Oxford his studies were delayed by the wretched teaching in the medical school, which consisted entirely in reading the Greek and Latin texts of certain ancient writers, particularly Galen and Hippocrates, but still more by the extraordinary fact that in 1640, and much later, there existed no sort of hospital in the city of Oxford.

There were hospitals, of course, in London, ancient and well endowed, but the

Not far from some huge shark's devouring
head
The flying-fish their finny pinions spread;
Aloft in rows large poppy-heads were strung,
And, near, a scaly alligator hung;
In this place, drugs in musty heaps decayed,
In that, dried bladders and drawn teeth
were laid.

The apothecary was willing and even anxious to draw up prescriptions himself, and to persuade his clients that it was useless to apply to a doctor at all. For their own advantage, therefore, as well as for that of the poor, the College of Physicians determined to prescribe gratis at the London hospitals, and to supply medicines at cost price. In 1688 a public dispensary was opened in Warwick Lane, but the apothecaries were so powerful that this charity was practically stifled, and it was not until 1697 that it was started on a firm basis by the active and benevolent Sir Samuel Garth.

It was about the same year that Dr. Richard Short surprised the town by attending the sick poor in their own cellars and garrets—a thing that had never before been attempted. When this estimable man died, in 1708, his death was attributed to these unselfish labors in visiting the sick.

An amiable poet, whose "soft Ovidian verse" was admired by two generations—those of Dryden and of Pope,—Garth was physician in ordinary to George I. From early times kings had had doctors attached to their persons, and in the seventeenth century it became the reasonable ambition of every clever young physician to climb, through some aristocratic connection, to court itself. The honor and the reward did not prevent the doctors from adopting a curious attitude of independence that seems out of harmony with the obsequiousness which was cultivated in high social circles. When James I. sent for Dr. William Butler to attend him in sudden illness at Newmarket, the distinguished practitioner was very unwilling to come. Persuaded at last that he must, he rode out of Cambridge with the soldier who had been sent to fetch him at his side. When they had gone half-way, Dr. Butler pretended to pause for some purpose, and bolted home as fast as he could. The messenger galloped after him and caught him, and

making the doctor ride in front, kept the point of his halberd in the small of his back until he had convoyed him safely to the bedside of royalty.

Much of this rough reluctance marked the conduct of the great Dr. John Radcliffe, who, among so many learned and famous men, takes his place at the head of all English practitioners at the close of the seventeenth century. He was, without doubt, a great reformer in his own day, but his soul was mightily vexed by the ill doings of his neighbors. He did not bear fools gladly, nor did he hasten to put the best possible construction on what his learned brethren did or failed to do. There was a very rough edge to Radcliffe's tongue, and he did not hesitate to use it. He used it towards his rival as a court doctor, Dr. William Gibbons, whom he had hated from his undergraduate days. But it is not Radcliffe, but Radcliffe's eminent political opponent, Garth, who says the cruelest things of Gibbons. The latter was supposed to let his patients slip through his fingers, and it is Garth, not Radcliffe, who makes Gibbons say:

Oxford and all her passing-bells can tell
By this right arm what mighty numbers fell;
Whilst others merely asked whole months
to slay,
I oft dispatch'd the patient in a day. . . .
Some fell by laudanum, and some by steel,
And death in ambush lay in every pill.

Radcliffe had quarrelled with Gibbons and called him an "old Nurse" when they were young men together at Oxford during the Civil War, and he had had the mortification of seeing the hated rival rise to the height of a fashionable practice. Like Sydenham, Radcliffe ridiculed the lectures in Galen and Hippocrates, which were the sole instruction in his profession which a medical student got at Oxford in those days, and he did much to enlarge the field of medical teaching in England and make it practical. He was an uncompromising bear, growling at everything and everybody. In 1677 he was kept out of a faculty in Lincoln College because he had jeered at the rector's fondness for Gothic studies. Master Radcliffe had his joke and lost his faculty. But when an epidemic of smallpox broke over Oxford, the young man showed his

genius, and the curing of a certain Lady Spencer made his fame. He came up to London, where Dr. Richard Lower "was esteemed the most noted physician

is extremely interesting and curious as that of a great leader of physic towards the end of the seventeenth century. We learn that by 1684—that is to say, only some six years after he came up to London—Radcliffe was substantially wealthy, and he was able to do what it is generally supposed was invented by Gull two centuries later, namely, insist on being paid two guineas instead of one for a consultation. If he was sent for from the country, he charged twenty guineas a day, and in the time of his great celebrity he seems to have made this charge for a single town visit. No wonder that, though he died comparatively early and spent largely, he left a fortune of £100,000—a very large sum indeed in those days.

The boldness of his wit was very diverting to those of his clients who were not offended by it. When he perceived, however, that his company was only required that he might act as a buffoon, he had ready ways of revenging himself, and a de-



Photo by Walker and Cockerell, London

SIR SAMUEL GARTH, POET AND PHYSICIAN (1661-1719)

Painted by Sir Godfrey Kneller

in London and Westminster," but in those days politics had all to do with a court doctor's success. Dr. Lower got mixed up with the Titus Oates Plot, and joined the Whigs in 1678. This was Radcliffe's chance, and, a very vigorous, ambitious, and undaunted young fellow of eight-and-twenty, he struck a blow for Lower's practice and secured it.

Almost all that can still be learned about the career of Radcliffe is found in a diverting volume, now quite scarce, published in 1715 by a man called William Pittis—rather a disreputable hack-writer, who had stood three times in the pillory. The portrait he gives of Radcliffe

lightful tale is told of his mode of dealing with a noble lord who had nothing the matter with him, and who sent for Radcliffe to be entertained by his conversation. The reply he made was witty and final, but cannot be repeated. Radcliffe rose but slowly into the highest practice. At last he had the opportunity of curing two of the favorites of King William III., who doted upon those whom he admitted to his intimacy. At this moment the favor of the Orange court was open to him, but Radcliffe had the prudence to draw back, not choosing, so Pittis conjectures, "to declare himself in that ticklish state of public affairs."



DR. JOHN RADCLIFFE

From the celebrated portrait by Sir Godfrey Kneller, owned by the Royal College of Physicians, and, by its special permission, herewith reproduced for the first time

He became, however, body-physician to the Princess of Denmark, and, against his will, he was firmly pushed up-stairs into court favor. He was famous, beyond all other doctors of his time, for his skill in treating asthma, and although William III. never really liked his rough tongue, a complication of ailments forced the King to consult him. On one occasion, we are quaintly told, he saved the King's life by "keeping him spitting for the space of half a quarter of an hour." The King's sister, afterwards Queen Anne,—a narrow-minded and dictatorial woman,—disliked Radcliffe from the first, but she was obliged to employ him for herself, and then for the sickly succession of her children. Queen Mary gave him, in 1691, a fee of 1000 guineas for having prolonged a little the life of her royal nephew, the Duke of Gloucester, who would have been King of England, perhaps, if his mother had not given way to temper and dismissed the great doctor. When Queen Mary herself was dangerously ill with smallpox, Radcliffe was not consulted until too late. At last, the doctors in attendance losing their heads, Radcliffe was implored to take up the case, but he refused, saying that he did not need to see more than the doctors' prescriptions to know that she was virtually a dead woman, whom nothing could save from the results of "unskilful hands" and "improper medicines."

This was not courtly; and still less obsequious was Radcliffe to the Princess Anne, who sent for him, only to be told that "your Highness's distemper is nothing but the vapors, and you are in as good a state of health as any woman breathing." Anne immediately dismissed him, and sent

for the hated rival, "Nurse" Gibbons, nor when she came to the throne did she forget the affront. William III., however, learned to value Radcliffe's skill, and to forgive his surly tongue; and when he cured the Earl of Albemarle in 1695, the King offered to make him a baronet. Radcliffe characteristically, but not graciously, replied that a baronet's patent was "likely to be of no use to him." Extraordinary were the liberties which Radcliffe took with William III., who came at last to depend upon him implicitly. But the doctor's tongue went too far at last, for early in 1700 the King, being in distress with dropsy, bid Radcliffe examine his ankles and say what he thought of them. The doctor roughly replied, "Why, truly, I would not have your two legs for your three kingdoms." This was too much, and Radcliffe was banished from court. As he went, by way of an agreeable com-



Photo by Walker and Cockerell, London

QUEEN ANNE

Painted by John Closterman (1656-1713) about 1698

pliment, he predicted the date of the King's speedy death, and he predicted it correctly.

When Anne came to the throne she

Prince's bedside. He consented, however, to give an alleviating prescription, and in his former obliging manner predicted, correctly, the day on which the patient would die.

The culmination, however, of Radcliffe's amazing independence was reached when Queen Anne herself was stricken with mortal illness. It is not quite certain what did actually happen upon this occasion, for conflicting stories are told in the memoirs of the times. But it seems clear that again, as in so many previous instances, the fashionable doctors tried to do without Radcliffe until it was too late. In a letter of his own he excuses himself for not going to the Queen when he was summoned by saying, "I know the nature of attending crowned heads, in their last moments, too well to be fond of waiting upon them without being sent for by a proper authority." According to one account, he



Photo by Walker and Cockerell, London

DR. RICHARD MEAD (1673-1754)

Painted by Allan Ramsay

did not forget her deep resentment against the bold physician. Urged by the Earl of Godolphin to consult him for the gout, she said that if she did so, Dr. Radcliffe would not come to see her, but would send her a message "that her ailment was nothing else but the vapors." Those about the Queen, however, continued to consult him privately, "behind the curtains," although she would never see him. At last, when her unhappy husband, Prince George, was in the agonies of death, the Queen consented to call for Radcliffe, and promised him every favor he could ask for. He came, but bluntly told her that the Prince's disease had been treated so unskilfully "that nothing but death could relieve his Royal Highness," and refused to go to the

replied to the order of Council that it would be time enough to wait upon her Majesty the next day. Pittis says that he knew the Queen's case was desperate, and did not think it at all proper to disturb her "in her last moments." At any rate, he did not go, and Queen Anne died.

The popular cry imputed Queen Anne's death, most unfairly, to Dr. Radcliffe's neglect. His former friend, Sir John Pakington, moved in the House of Commons that the physician should be summoned to the bar. This was not done, but Radcliffe received several anonymous letters, informing him that if he appeared in any public place he would be torn in pieces, and his terror of being murdered brought on a fit of apoplexy, from which he died on the 1st of November, 1714.

“And Angels Came—”

BY ANNE O'HAGAN

THE full effulgence of cloudless midsummer enveloped the place. The lawns, bright and soft, sloped for half a mile to the sweetbrier hedge. Among them wound the drive, now and again crossing the stone bridges of the small, curving lake which gave the estate its affected name—Lakeholm. To the left of the house a coppice of bronze beeches shone with dark lustre; clumps of rhododendrons enlivened the green with splashes of color. Lombardy poplars, with their gibbetlike erectness, bordered the roads and intersected them with mathematical shadows; here and there rose a feathery elm or a maple of wide-branched beauty. To the right, a shallow fall of terraces led to the Italian garden, Mrs. Dinsmore's chief pride, now a glory of matched and patterned color and a dazzle of spray from marble basins. Beyond all the careful, exotic beauty of the place, the wide valley dipped away, alternate meadow and grove, until it met the silvery shiver of willows marking the course of the river. Beyond that again, the hills, solemn in unbroken green, rose to cloud-touched heights.

Before the house Brockton's new automobile waited. He himself leaned against a stone pillar of the piazza, facing his hostess, who sat on the edge of a chair in the tense attitude of protest against delay. She had scarcely recovered from her waking crossness yet, and found herself more irritated than amused at the eccentricities of her guest. She was wondering with unusual asperity why a man with such lack-lustre blue eyes dared to wear a tie of such brilliant contrast. He interrupted her musings.

“Miss Harned seems mighty standoffish these days.”

“Millicent is a little difficult,” admitted Millicent's cousin.

“What do you suppose it is? She seemed all smooth enough in New York last winter, and even in the spring aft-

er— But now—” He paused again without finishing his sentence. “And I had counted on your influence to make her more approachable.”

“Oh, Millicent is having a struggle with her better nature, that is all,” laughed Mrs. Dinsmore. “It's hard living with her during the process, but she's adorable once her noble impulses have been vanquished and she's comfortably like the rest of the world again.”

“I don't know what you mean,” said the downright Mr. Brockton.

“No?” Mrs. Dinsmore was sure that the impertinence of her monosyllable would be lost upon her elderly protégé. “I'll make it clear to you, if I can. Millicent, you know, has nothing—”

“With that figure and that face?” interrupted Brockton, with gallant enthusiasm.

“I was speaking in your terms, Mr. Brockton,” said the lady, with suave hauteur. “Of course all of us count my cousin's charm and accomplishments, though we do not inventory them as possessions far above rubies. But in the valuation of the 'change she has nothing. Oh, she may manage to extract five or six hundred a year from some investments of my uncle, and she has the old Harned place in New Hampshire. That might bring in as much as seven hundred dollars if the abandoned farm-fever were still on—”

“By ginger!” boasted Brockton, whose expletives lacked *ton*, “it's more than I had when I started.”

“So I remember your saying before. But I fear that my cousin is not a financial genius. What I meant by her struggles with her better nature is that she sometimes tries to thwart us when we want to make things easy for her. Her better nature had a fearful tussle with her common sense about five years ago, when Aunt Jessie asked her to go abroad; and it nearly overcame her frivolity and

her vanity last winter when I met her at the dock and insisted upon having her spend the winter with me, and our second cousin, Alicia Broome, offered to be responsible for her wardrobe. But, thanks be," she added, laughing, "the world, the flesh, and the devil won. So cheer up, Mr. Brockton. It may happen again."

"Oh, I'm not hopeless by any manner of means. I want her pretty badly, and I'm used to getting what I want. I told her, out and out, when she turned me down, back there in May, that if she were a young girl I wouldn't urge her any more, after what she said about her feelings. But she wasn't, and I thought she could look at a proposition from a plain business point of view."

"You told her that? You mentioned to her that she was no longer a young girl?" Mrs. Dinsmore's laugh rippled delightedly on the air.

"I did. Oh, I'm used to bargaining," he rejoined, proudly. "I always could make the other fellow see what he'd lose by refusing my offers. And I got her to take the matter under consideration. I heard somewhere that she was interested in some philanthropy. Well, money comes in handy in charity." He grinned broadly at Mrs. Dinsmore.

At that moment her protégé was extremely distasteful to the lady. But she was a philosopher where marriage was concerned, and she whole-heartedly hoped that her cousin Millicent would not dally too long with her opportunity and allow the matrimonial prize to escape. She was sincerely fond of Millicent, and desired for her the best things in the world. She sometimes said so with touching earnestness.

"She told me"—Mr. Brockton stumbled slightly—"that there wasn't any one else."

"There isn't. She has her train—she's enormously admired—but there is no one in whom she is sentimentally interested. And Aunt Jessie says it was so all the time they were in Europe."

"Wasn't there ever?" he demanded.

"My dear Mr. Brockton, Millicent is twenty-nine, as you reminded her, and she's a normal woman! Of course there have been some ones—her music-master at fourteen, I dare say, and an actor at sixteen, and a young curate at eighteen—oh, of course I'm jesting. But I suppose she was somewhat like other girls.

She was engaged at nineteen—and he must have been quite twenty-three! No, I should dismiss all jealousy of her past if I were you."

"Engaged?"

Mrs. Dinsmore wondered suddenly if she had been wise, after all, to admit that widely known fact.

"Oh yes, a bread-and-butter engagement. My uncle was notoriously inadequate in all practical affairs; he was a scholar and something of a recluse and the most charming gentleman I ever saw, but a child in worldly matters,—a child! It ended, you see."

"How did it end?"

"Oh, poor Will Hayter died."

"Dead long?"

"Five or six years."

"Well, I'm not afraid of dead men." Brockton laughed in relief. Mrs. Dinsmore did not point out to him from her more subtle knowledge that constancy to the unchanging dead is sometimes easier than constancy to the variable living. She was only too glad to have the inevitable disclosure made lightly and the truth dismissed without frightening off the desirable suitor. "And certainly Miss Harned don't look as if, as if—"

"Any irremediable grief were gnawing at her damask cheek?"

"What's this about damask cheeks?" The question came along with a swirl of skirts from the great hall. "Cousin Anna, don't hate me for keeping you so long. Mr. Brockton, I owe you a thousand apologies."

Some of those who admitted Millicent Harned's charm declared that it lay in her voice. Always there sounded through its music the note of eagerness, with eagerness's underlying hint of pathos. Her tones were like her face, her motions, herself. Impulse, merriment, yearning, and the shadow of melancholy dwelt in her eyes and shaped her lips to sensitive curves. She was tall, and her motions were of a spontaneous grace, swifter and more changeful than most women's.

"You have been a disgracefully long time, Millicent," her cousin answered her apology. "But"—she looked at the beautifully gowned figure, the lovely, imaginative face, thereby, like a good showman, calling Mr. Brockton's attention to them—"we'll forgive you."

"Oh, it wasn't primping that kept me. I stopped for a few minutes at the school-room door. Poor Lena! She seemed to be feeling the responsibilities of erudition terribly this morning. She showed me her botany slides with such an air! Do you know what genus has the *rostelum*, Anna?"

"No, I don't," said Anna, shortly. "And Lena's growing up a perfect young prig. I'll have to change governesses. Heaven knows what I'll draw next time! The last one had charm, but no learning, and mighty little intelligence. This one has no manner at all, and is of encyclopædic information. A daughter's a terrible responsibility."

"Isn't she?" Millicent's tone was one of affectionate raillery as she gathered her draperies about her in the automobile. The notion of Anna's responsibilities amused her; Anna was so untouched by them—as smooth-skinned, as slim and vivacious, as the forty-year-old mother of two boys entering college, a girl in the schoolroom and another in the nursery, as she had been as a *débutante*.

"Oh, you may make fun," said Anna, snapping open the frothy thing she called a sunshade, "but you don't know how I lie awake nights, shuddering lest Lena grow up a near-sighted girl with no color and serious views."

Millicent only smiled as the great machine moved off. The sunshine, the rare and ordered beauty of the place, the fragrance of the soft winds, all lapped her in indolence. As they neared the gate that gave upon the open road, a turn brought them in sight of the front of the house. It was very beautiful. She breathed deeply in the content of the sight—the delicate lines, the soft color, the perfection of detail. In the gardens were stained, mellow columns and balustrades which Anna had brought from the dismantled palace in the Italian hills where she had found them. Everywhere wealth made its subtlest, most delicate appeal to her eyes.

"My house," thought Millicent, as they shot out of the grounds, "shall be different, but as beautiful. The Tudor style, I think, and for my out-of-door glory a vast rose-garden,—acres, if I please!" Then she called sternly to her straying imagination. She was picturing what

she might have as the wife of the man before her—the man whose first proposal she had unhesitatingly refused, whose appearance at Lakeholm she had regarded as proof of disloyalty on Anna's part—the man who at the best represented to her only the artistic possibilities of riches. She dismissed her reverie with a frown and joined in the talk.

"Do you know," she confessed, "I forget where it is that we are going?"

"We're coming back to the Monroes' for luncheon," Mrs. Dinsmore reminded her. "But Mr. Brockton is going to skim over most of the Berkshires first. I think you said you hadn't been in this part of the country before, Mr. Brockton?"

"No," said Brockton, "I haven't had much chance to get acquainted with the playgrounds of the country. I've been too busy earning a holiday. But I've earned it all right." He turned to emphasize his boast with a nod toward Millicent. She blushed. His very chauffeur must redden at his braggart air, she thought. The Tudor castle grew dim in her vision.

"What do you think of the bubble, Miss Harned?" he went on. "Goes like a bird, don't she?"

"Indeed she does," answered Millicent, characteristically making immediate atonement in voice and look for the mental criticism of the moment before. "It's really going like a bird. I don't suppose we shall ever have a sensation more like flying."

"Not until our celestial pinions are adjusted," said Anna. Brockton laughed, but Millicent went on:

"Seriously, the loveliest belief I ever lost was the one in the wings with which my virtues should be at last rewarded. To breast the ether among the whirling stars,—didn't you ever lie awake and think of the possibility of that, Anna?"

"Never! I'm no poet in a state of suffocation, as I sometimes suspect you of being."

"As for heaven," declared Brockton, "I don't take much stock in all that. We're here—we know that—and we'd better make the most of it. For all we know, it's our last chance to have a good time. Better take all that's coming to you here and now, Miss Harned, and not count much on those wings of yours."

Millicent smiled mechanically. Could any Elizabethan garden of delight compensate for the misery of having each butterfly of fancy crushed between Lemuel Brockton's big hands in this fashion?

They were entering a village. Before them was the triangular green with the soldier's monument upon it. About it were the post-office, the stores, the small neat houses of the place. A white church, tall-steeped, green-shuttered, rose behind the monument, and with it dominated the square. A wagon or two toiled lazily along the road; before the stores a few dusty buggies were tied. The place seemed drowsy to stagnation in the summer heat. Why, Millicent wondered, were towns so crude and unlovely in the midst of a country so benignantly beautiful?

There was a sudden explosive sound, and, with a crunch and a jerk which almost threw them from their seats, the machine came to a standstill. Brockton and his chauffeur were out in an instant, the one peering beneath, the other examining more closely. He emerged in a moment, and there was a jargon of explanation, unintelligible to the two women. All that Anna and Millicent understood was that the accident was not serious; that they would be delayed only a few minutes, and that Brockton was very angry with some one for the mishap. The two men worked together. Anna looked at her cousin.

"I'm dead sleepy," she half whispered. "The wind in my face and the sun are too soporific for me. Let us not say a word to each other."

"You read last night," Millicent accused her. "But I don't feel particularly conversational myself."

She leaned back and surveyed the scene again. She could read the words graved on the granite block beneath the bronze soldier:

"To the men of Warren who fought that their country might be whole and their fellows free this tribute of love is erected."

And there followed the honor-roll of Warren's fallen.

Millicent's sensitive lips quivered a little. Her ready imagination pictured them coming to this very square, perhaps,—the men of Warren. Boys from the hill

farms, men from the village shops, the blacksmith who had worked in the light of yonder old forge, the carpenter who was father to the one now leisurely hammering a yellow L upon that weather-stained house,—she saw them all. What had led them? What call had sounded in their ears that they should leave their ploughshares in the furrows, their tills, their anvils, and their benches? What better thing had stirred with the primeval instinct for fight, with the unquenchable, restless longing for adventure, to send them forth? She read the words again—"that their country might be whole and their fellows free."

She moved impatiently. For now an old shadowy theory of hers—an inheritance from the theories of the recluse, her father—stirred from a long-drugged quiet: a theory that there was a disintegrating unpatriotism in the untouched, charmed life of riches she and her fellows sought. She felt the disturbing conviction that those common men—she could almost hear their blundering speech, see their uncouth yawns at the sights and sounds of beauty on which she fed her soul—that those men had wells of life within them purer, sweeter, than she. She averted her eyes from the monument.

"Honey!" called a voice, full-throated and loving—"honey, where are you?"

There was a play-tent on the little patch of yard before the brown cottage to the left. The voice had come from the narrow piazza. Millicent shivered as she looked at it, with its gingerbread decorations already succumbing to the strain of the seasons. The answer came from the tent:

"Here I am, muvver. Did you want me?"

She came out—a child of five or six years. The round-eyed solemnity of babyhood had not left her yet. She brought her small doll family with her, and a benevolent collie ambled beside her. Her mother watched, tenderness beautifying her brown eyes: she was a young woman, no older than Millicent, but her face was more lined than Anna's; a strand of dark hair was blown across her cheek; there were fruit stains on her apron. All the marks of a busy household life were about her, all the bounteous restfulness of a woman well beloved, and the anxieties



SHE BROUGHT HER SMALL DOLL FAMILY WITH HER

of a loving woman. She gave the automobile a passing glance, but it had no interest for her. Her eyes came back to caress the young thing which toiled up the steps to her, babbling of a morning's events in the tent.

"Yes, sweetheart, that was very nice," she said, in answer to some breathless demand for sympathy. "And mother has brought you the bread and jam she promised you this morning. Will you eat it here, or in the tent? I think it's cooler here."

"Couldn't I come into the kitchen to eat it, where you are?"

"Why, yes, honey, if you want to."

The door closed upon the vision of intimate love. Millicent saw Lena walking sedately with the governess of no charm and encyclopædic information.

"Now we're all right," called Brockton, loudly. "Upon my word, Mrs. Dinsmore, I think you were asleep! Miss Harned, you can't be as entertaining as I thought if your cousin falls asleep with you."

"But think how soothing I must be; that's even better than to be entertaining."

"By ginger! I never found that out—that you were soothing, I mean." It was evident that Mr. Brockton intended a compliment. Anna Dinsmore saw the annoyed red whip out upon Millicent's cheeks. She interposed a few ready, irrelevant questions before the tide of Brockton's flattery.

They made their swift way through the hills, sometimes overlooking the winding course of the river, sometimes skirting the great estates of the region, again whizzing noisily through an old village. Anna and Brockton sustained the weight of conversation. Millicent smiled in vague sympathy with their laughter and joined at random in the talk. Obstinately her mind had stayed behind her—with the men of Warren, with the round-faced child, and the woman to whose life love and not art gave all its beauty.

They approached one of the larger old towns of the country—a place with a bustling main street and elm-shaded thoroughfares branching from it. Here were ample, well-kept lawns and houses of prosperous dignity. It seemed charming to Millicent with its air of unhurried activity or undrowsy repose.

"What is this, Anna?" she asked.

Anna told her.

"Riverfield?" Millicent repeated the name, but in a strange voice. Anna stared a little.

"Yes. Why? Do you know any one here?"

"No." The word trickled slowly, unwillingly, from Millicent.

"Lovely town, and there are some good places outside," said Anna. "The Ostranders have one, and Jimson, the artist. But the native city, or whatever you call it, is adorable. It has that air of rewarded virtue which makes one ashamed of one's life—"

"I wish"—Millicent still spoke remotely, as if out of a sleep—"I wish, Mr. Brockton, that we might find a little library and museum they have here."

"Why, of course!"

"Are you going to compare it with the Vatican, Millicent?" asked Anna, flipantly. Millicent turned a distant, starry gaze upon her cousin.

"No," she said; and then, in a flash of sympathy and fright, Anna remembered that it had been for some little Berkshire town that Will Hayter had built a library and museum just before his death, six years before—the town from which his family had originally come. Her memory worked rapidly, constructing the story. The blood dyed her face at the thought of her obtuseness. Then she set her lips firmly. She had done her best; if a wanton fate chose to interfere now and make Millicent slave to the phantom of her early, radiant love, she, Anna, could do no more!

"Here we are, I guess," called Brockton. The machine shot into a broad street. A promenade between a double row of elms down its centre gave it a spacious dignity. The modest courthouse stood on one side, as green-bowered as if Justice were a smiling goddess; a few churches broke the stretch of houses. And on the other side the library and museum stood.

"Pretty little building, but plain," commented Brockton, making disparaging note of its graceful severity.

"It's exactly suited to the place; it epitomizes its spirit," said Anna, glibly. "It's austere without being forbidding—a perfect Colonial adaptation of the Greek. And I love that pale buff tint."

Millicent made no architectural observation. Instead she said: "If you don't mind, I should like to go in for a while. You could pick me up later, perhaps on your way back to— Where is it we are lunching?"

Consternation looked out of Anna's eyes, bewilderment out of Brockton's. But Millicent turned to them with such gentle command in her gaze that they could offer no protest.

"Come back in half an hour, if you are ready," she said. Upon Anna, whose baffled look followed her up the flagging between the close-clipt lawns, there came the feeling that she was leaving her cousin alone with the beloved dead.

"Now what—" began Brockton, in full-toned protest,—"what the—"

"That was the last thing Will Hayter did,"—Anna interrupted his question. "And the first, so to speak. It was a fairly important commission. Jessup, the Trya Drop liniment man, came from Riverfield—he has a mammoth place outside now. When he began to coin money faster than the mint, he gave lots of things to his birthplace—which has always blushed for him. It's prouder that Whittier once spent Sunday with one of its citizens than that Alonzo Jessup is its son. Well, he gave the library and museum, and the commission went to Will Hayter. The Hayters came from here two or three generations ago. It was just before his death, and Millicent has been abroad almost ever since. So she had never seen it."

Brockton gave a look of speechless chagrin at his hostess, which she answered haughtily:

"My dear Mr. Brockton, after all, I never undertook to be a marriage-broker!" Then she glanced at the chauffeur and forbore.

Meantime Millicent sat in one of the square exhibition-halls. The sweet air, with the scent of hay from the farther country faintly impregnating it, blew through the quiet. No one else shared the room with her. The even light soothed her eyes, the stillness calmed the fluttering apprehension in her breast which had presaged she knew not what fresh anguish of loss. There were pictures on the walls—one or two not despicable originals which Trya Drop Jessup

had given, many copies, and a few specimens of Riverfield's native talent. But she saw none of them, any more than one sees the windows and the paintings in a great cathedral in the first fulness of reverence. To her this was a sacred place. That grief had lost its poignancy, that youth and health with cruel insistence had reasserted their sway over her life, did not mean forgetfulness, unfaith.

"Truly, truly,"—she almost breathed the words aloud,—“there has been no other one. That was my love, young as we were. But I must fill up the days—I must fill up the days.”

Her eyes were fixed unseeingly upon a great canvas at the other end of the hall. Some Riverfield hand had portrayed a Riverfield imagination's conception of the moment in the life of Christ when, the temptations of Satan withstood, angels came to Him upon the mountain. In the lower distance the kingdoms of the world grew dim beneath the shadow that fell from the vanquished and retreating tempter, and from the opening heavens a dazzling cloud of angels streamed toward the solitary Figure on the height. By and by Millicent's eyes took note of it. She half smiled. There was daring at least!

Then the picture faded, and again the persistent figure of the child which had so filled her imagination came before her. But this time it was toward herself that the rosy face was turned and limpid eyes lifted in unquestioning dependence. She was the mother; she stood on the piazza, and by her side he stood, who had been so dear in himself, so infinitely dearer in the thought of all that should be; toward them the child came; they were enveloped by breathless love for each other and for that being, innocent, trusting, which their love had called into life. So, dimly, she had dreamed in the radiant days of old. Almost she could feel his hand upon her shoulder, hear his voice full of tenderness that expressed itself only in tone, not in word, taking refuge from too great feeling in jest. She closed her eyes against the vision that made her faint with anguish.

Some one entered the room with a brisk little trot; Millicent opened her eyes and turned her head. A small wom-



HER EYES SEEMED TO SEE A FAR IMAGE OF STRUGGLING SOULS

an, "old maid" from the top of her neat gray head to the toe of her list shoes, came forward. She held a pad and pencil and wore the unmistakable badge of habitual authority in her manner. At sight of Millicent she paused, blinking behind her glasses. Millicent came slowly out of the trance in which she had been; recognition dawned upon her. She rose.

"Miss Hayter—Aunt Harriet!" she cried, advancing.

"It is you, then!" chirped the elder lady. "My dear, who could have expected this?"

"Not I, for one!" She held both Miss Hayter's hands. "I had no idea you were here. Surely you haven't given up your beloved Boston school?"

"Oh no. Only in the summer I come here for a month and substitute for the regular curator while she is on her vacation. It"—she struggled against a constitutional distaste for self-revelation—"it seems like a little visit with Will, somehow."

Millicent's throat throbbed with a strangled sob. No one had spoken his name in so long! Her people had had no interest but to banish the memory of him from her heart; this quaint little aunt of his, who had adored him and lived for him, was the first who had spoken of him in—she did not know how many years. She held tight to the old hands, her eyes clung to the withering face. "Say it again," she whispered; "say his name."

"Why, my dear," cried the older woman, "is it still as hard as this? Come, sit down here with me. Of course I knew that you were not one of the changing kind,"—Millicent winced,— "but I'm sorry to think you should suffer now as keenly as you do."

"It is not just that," said Millicent, shamefacedly. "Only, seeing you unexpectedly gave me a pang. And then, being in the place he built—"

The older woman patted her hand soothingly. "I understand," she said. "I've always understood. When—when you didn't write after the very first, I knew it was because you couldn't, not because you forgot. You were really made for each other, you two. I think I never saw two such radiant, happy creatures in the world. Ah, well!" she wiped a sud-

den dew from her glasses, "waiting's hard, my dear, but it ends,—it ends."

Millicent was hurt by the unbroken faith in her, by the unquestioning belief she could not share. She looked wistfully upon the shining, tearful eyes.

"It is very beautiful to think that," she said, "but, dear Aunt Harriet, you are mistaken about me. I am going to tell you everything. I—I loved your nephew. I shall not love any one else. It happened to come to me in perfectness when I was young—love. But I live, I am well, I am alive to pleasure and pain. How shall I fill up my life but with the things that still matter to me?"

"You think of marrying, you mean?" Aunt Harriet's voice was dry and harsh. "Well—I am sure Will would wish your happiness, and I—it would not be for me to object. Every day it is done, and very often rightly, I suppose; for money, for companionship, for the chance of self-development, women marry without love. I—I could only wish you happiness."

"You—do not understand."

"My dear,"—her voice softened again; something in the pallor and the quivering pain of the girl touched her,— "I do not mean to speak hardly to you. It seems to me like this: when it comes to piecing out a life that has been broken, as yours was—as mine was, my dear, as mine was—there are two ways of doing it. Either you keep your ideal of perfect love, and lead your poor every-day life of odds and ends, like mine, filling your days with the best scraps of pleasure or usefulness you may, or you give up your ideal of perfect love and marry, and have your home and your children and your rounded outward life. There is, maybe, no question of higher or lower. Each one of us does what her nature bids her. I had always thought of you as one who— But it is not for me to judge."

Her voice was gentle, and she did not look at Millicent. Her eyes seemed to pierce the canvas on the opposite wall and the hangings and the stones behind it, and to see a far image of souls in the struggle of choice. The woman beside her sat silent, her thoughts with the idealists—the men who gave up the comfort of their firesides, the gain of their occupations, and followed whither the vision led; the woman whose home was built upon love

and who would see only infamy in houses founded otherwise; the poor soul beside her, stronger in courage, more aspiring in thought, than she, with all her delicacies, her refinements of taste. The ideal had led them all—the ideal, as it had once shone for her and for him whose spirit had informed and beautified the spot where she sat and made her choice.

"Aunt Harriet," she said, and her face was like the sudden flashing of stars between torn clouds,—*"Aunt Harriet—"* She could not utter the decision in words. *"May I come to see you—and learn something from you?"*

Miss Hayter looked. There was no need to question. No knight ever rose from his accolade with a face more glorified than Millicent's when she silently dedicated herself to the shining company of those who keep unsullied the early vision.

As she passed out of the hall, her eyes

fell again upon the painting of the Temptation. She read the black and gilt legend below it—"And Angels Came and Ministered Unto Him." Then she laughed down upon the old-fashioned figure trotting by her side. "And angels came," she said.

Her rapt look frightened Anna when the automobile returned for her. Then the heart of that frivolous woman was stricken for a moment with wistfulness.

"You seem very happy," she faltered, "and—amused, is it? What are you smiling over?"

"I am still thinking of angels. Would you ever have dreamed, Anna, that they sometimes wore list shoes, and sometimes ate bread and jam, and occasionally spoke with granite lips? They do."

Brockton stirred uneasily, foreboding failure. And Anna sighed, mourning two lost visions.

Lost

BY LEE WILSON DODD

DEEP in the silent hours I sit
Where love's long memories abide:
And yet—I have forgotten it;
I have forgotten why she died.

Was it, perhaps, because the earth
Loves not her flowers, nor mothers them,
Holding their eyes of little worth,
Mere gewgaws for her garment's hem?

Or was it that she could not find
A stainless air to breathe, or truth
To hearken on the lips of youth,
Nor kindness where few hearts are kind?

Or was it rather that she found
All things imperfect, and her soul
Shrank from the shrill Walpurgis round
Of life, and elsewhere softly stole?

For now she walks not in the ways
Her feet a little time made fair,
Nor is her voice heard anywhere
Whose timid accent sweetened praise.

Lost in these arid hours I sit
Where memory's eidolons abide;
Ah yet—I have forgotten it,
I have forgotten why she died.

The Question of "Honor"

BY THOMAS R. LOUNSBURY

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OF several classes of words, the spelling of which has occasioned dispute, none has been the subject of more controversy than the class of words ending in *-or* or *-our*. Especially is this true of such of them as have been derived directly or remotely from a Latin original of precisely or nearly the same form. There are other words with these terminations about which discussion has been earnest, not to say heated. These, however, are not concerned in the present article. This shall be limited to the consideration of those which came into our tongue, sometimes directly from the Latin, much more often through the medium of the Norman-French. Each of the words belonging to this class has its own peculiar story. But *honor* is in most respects typical of them all; and while there is no purpose to neglect the others, upon it the attention will be mainly fixed.

It was in the fourteenth century that the wholesale irruption of the French element into our vocabulary took place. But before the great invasion in which words came into the speech by battalions, single words had already entered as if to prepare the way. One of these earlier adventurers was *honor*. It made its appearance in the language as early, at least, as the beginning of the thirteenth century. Unlike most of its class, its first syllable demands attention as well as its last. As a foreign word it naturally exhibited at its original introduction the forms that belonged to it in the tongue from which it was derived. There was no prejudice in those days in favor of a fixed orthography. Each author did what was right in his own eyes; or perhaps it would be more correct to say, what was right to his own ears. In the Romance tongues the hostility to the aspirate, which has animated the hearts of so large

a share of the race, had caused it to be dropped in pronunciation. As a result, writers, being then phonetically inclined, discarded it from the spelling. Hence *honor* presented itself in our language without the initial *h*. Its first recorded appearance is in a work the manuscript of which is ascribed to the neighborhood of 1200 A.D. In that it was written *onur*.

It is not always easy to discover the motives which influence men in the choice of spellings. But it is no difficult matter to detect the reason for the change which now took place. Before the minds of the writers of this early period was always the Latin original. In that tongue the word began with *h*. Derivation is dear to the hearts of the scholastically inclined, and in those days it was only men of this class who did any writing at all. Hence both in Old French and in Old English it was not long before the letter *h* came to be prefixed regularly to the word. It was not sounded. But it was soon adopted universally in the spelling, and, once established there, it never lost its hold.

So much for the initial letter. As regards the termination, the word made its appearance in several forms. Only three of them need be mentioned here, for they were the ones much the most common. These were *honor*, *honour*, *honur*. The last was the first to go. It left the field to the other two forms, which have flourished side by side from that day to this. Were I to trust to the impressions produced by my own reading, I should say that from the middle of the fourteenth century to the middle of the sixteenth the form in *-our* was much the more common. But, in the new Historical English Dictionary, Dr. Murray asserts distinctly that "*honor* and *honour* continued to be equally frequent down to the seventeenth century." One accordingly must defer to

the authority of a generalization which is based upon a much fuller array of facts than it is in the power of an individual to gather together.

By the time we reach the sixteenth century, and especially the Elizabethan age, it is pretty plain that something of that orthographic controversy which has been raging ever since had already begun to make itself heard. The little we know about it we learn from brief remarks in books or chance allusions in plays. The discussion, such as it was, seems to have had little regard to orthoepy, but was based almost entirely upon considerations of etymology. It was in the sixteenth century more particularly that derivation began to work havoc with the spelling. Sometimes it simplified it; full as frequently, if not more frequently, it perverted what little phonetic character words had possessed originally or had been enabled to retain.

The classical influence was then at its height. Consequently a disposition was apt to manifest itself to go back to the Latin form and insert letters which had been dropped from the spelling because they had been dropped from the pronunciation. Take, for illustration, *doubt* and *debt*. These words came into the language from the Anglo-French with the spelling *det* (*dette*) and *dout(e)*. So they remained with little variation for two centuries. But with the revival of classical learning the claims of the remote Latin originals, *debere* and *dubitare*, were presented. These words contained a *b*, and it was the feeling that as the Latin had them, the English should have them also. So by the end of the sixteenth century the present forms with a letter which no one pronounces had pretty generally driven out the earlier and more phonetic forms.

It seems inevitable that the etymological bias so prevalent in the sixteenth century should have exerted some influence, and perhaps a good deal of influence, in causing a preference to be given by many to the forms in *-or*. Old French had been forgotten by the community generally, and met the eyes of lawyers only. Modern French had not then so much vogue as Italian. But Latin was familiar to every educated man, and it was accordingly natural that

the spelling of the words of the class under consideration should show a tendency to go back to the forms employed in that tongue. This inference may seem to be borne out by the few specific data which have been collected. Take, for instance, the Shakespeare folio of 1623, where the existence of a concordance enables us to make with comparative ease certain positive statements. In the plays, *honor*, as a noun or a verb, occurs more than seven hundred times. According to Dr. Murray, the form *honor* is found about twice as often as *honour*. Of course this is no evidence as to Shakespeare's own usage; it is doubtful, indeed, if any preference on his part is indicated by the spelling found in the "Lucrece" of 1594, though the proofs of that poem doubtless passed under his eye. In it the word occurs just twenty times: in seventeen instances it is spelled *honor*; in three, *honour*. In "Venus and Adonis" it is found but twice, and in both instances *honor* is the spelling employed.

A generalization, however, based upon the isolated facts just given would be utterly misleading. The examination of other books would, in many instances certainly, show a complete divergence from the practice here followed. An examination, indeed, in these same books of other words belonging to this same class would in all probability indicate a preference in several cases for the form in *-our*. Furthermore, we must not forget that English orthography is not due to scholars or men of letters, but to typesetters. The spellings found in any book of the Elizabethan period are far more likely to be those of the printing-house than of the author. This, in fact, is not unfrequently true of our own age. It is likewise clear that these same printing-houses exhibited a fine impartiality in the use of these terminations. Volume after volume can be taken up, on different pages of which we can find *honor* and *honour*, *humor* and *humour*, and so on through the list. In truth, the book would be an exception where absolute uniformity prevailed.

An interesting example of this variability of usage can be observed in the dozen lines in which Shakespeare dedicated, in 1593, his poem of "Venus and Adonis" to the Earl of Southampton. Its title

was inscribed to the "Right Honorable Henry Wriothesley"; the address itself begins with "Right Honourable." Throughout these few lines the simple word occurs just four times. Twice it is spelled *honor*, twice *honour*.

In this matter the only incontrovertible fact to be found is that in the late sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries both *honor* and *honour* exist side by side. Which form occurs more frequently in the period could not be told without an exhaustive investigation of its whole literature. As a result of my own necessarily incomplete observation, I should say that during the first half of the seventeenth century there was a growing sentiment in favor of the forms in *-our* in a pretty large proportion of dissyllabic words, while the disposition to use *-or* became more prevalent in those of more than two syllables. This tendency increased in both cases, and during the hundred years following the Restoration seems to have become dominant. Such a conclusion is apparently supported by the dictionaries of the time. The spelling *honour* is the only one authorized in the dictionaries of Phillips, Kersey, Fanning, and Martin. But before the publication of Dr. Johnson's the two leading authorities were Bailey, whose work was first published in 1721, and Dyche and Pardon's, which followed in 1735. Of the two, the latter was probably the less widely used. Bailey gave to these now disputed words the form in *-our*. He did not even recognize the existence of that in *-or*. On the other hand, Dyche, in the case of certain of them, authorized both forms. He put down, for example, *honor* and *honour*, *error* and *errour*, *humor* and *humour*, but in every instance gave the preference to the first. Of course he was not thoroughgoing in his practice. He would have been unfaithful to the national spirit had he been consistent. Accordingly, in other words of this class, such as *favor* and *labor*, he recognized only the form in *-or*.

But in every period there spring up men who have an abiding hostility to the anomalous. The attention of certain restless beings of this sort began to be directed towards this very class of words. By the middle of the eighteenth century

their influence was making itself felt. A perceptible disposition was manifested to do away with the irregularities that had come to prevail. It does not seem to have been based upon any phonetic grounds. It apparently owed little or nothing to the desire to conform to the Latin original. The aim seems simply to have been to simplify orthography by reducing all the words of this class to a uniform termination. At this time polysyllables belonging to it had generally come to drop the *u*. So had a respectable number of dissyllables. Why not make the rule universal? Why add to the difficulty inherent in English orthography the further difficulty of an arbitrary distinction which served no useful purpose? No particular reason seemed to exist why *author* and *error* should be spelled without *u*, and *honor* and *favor* and *color* with it. So they argued. The movement for dropping the vowel made distinct headway; it actually accomplished a good deal, and might have accomplished everything had it not met the powerful opposition of Dr. Johnson. In 1755 came out his dictionary. It did not drive out of circulation other works of the same kind, but it largely deprived them of authority with the educated. It practically gained the position of a court of final appeal.

Johnson knew very little about orthography; but on account of the deference paid to him, not only by his contemporaries, who knew nothing whatever about it, but also by later lexicographers, especially the two most prominent, Sheridan and Walker, his work is of very great importance for the influence it has had upon English spelling. Towards what he recommended a sort of religious respect was exhibited by many, and this attitude may be said to have characterized for a long time the English people. He set himself against the processes of simplification that were going on. He laid down the dictum that the true orthography must always be regarded as dependent upon the derivation, and must, therefore, be determined by its immediate original. He did not conform to his own theory; he could not conform to it. But men accepted his assertions without paying any special heed to his practice. In consequence, his authority exerted a dis-

tinct influence towards retaining many spellings which in his time were tending to go out of use. For instance, he stood up manfully for the final *k*, which was then showing signs of disappearing from words of more than one syllable. He laid down the rule that *c* never ended a word. Consequently he gave to *music*, *public*, and scores of like words *k* as a termination. That he did so caused the retention of the letter for fully fifty years. Belated survivals of this prejudice in favor of *k* could be found even as late as the middle of the nineteenth century. This state of mind was specially characteristic of men who, with all that sincerity which profoundest ignorance imparts, honestly believed that by clinging to this letter they were contributing their efforts to arrest the ever-impending ruin of the English tongue.

In regard to the particular class of words under discussion, both Johnson's theory and practice must be taken into consideration. Between these there was wide divergence, and oftentimes contradiction. In theory he set himself resolutely against the efforts of those who were seeking to bring about uniformity. He pointed out that "*ou* is frequently used in the last syllable of words which in Latin end in *-or*, and are made English as *honour*, *labour*, *favour*, for *honor*, *labor*, *favor*." He then set out to give the reasons for his own choice of the form he had adopted. "Some late innovators," he wrote, "have ejected the *u*, not considering that the last syllable gives the sound neither of *o* nor *u*, but a sound between them, if not compounded of both." The just observation contained in one part of this sentence is rendered nugatory by the unfounded assertion at the end and the extraordinary conclusion drawn. Johnson's argument really amounts to this: Neither *o* nor *u* represents the actual vowel sound heard in the last syllable. In each case there would be only an approach to it. Therefore let us not think of employing either one of the vowels which represent the sound only imperfectly, but a vowel combination which does not represent it at all.

His cautiously guarded utterance shows that Johnson was vaguely conscious of the weakness of the reason he had given,

if not of its absurdity. Hence he felt the need of furnishing it additional support. So he abandoned phonetics and resorted to derivation. He proceeded to suggest a reason which since his day has played the most important part of any in the attempts which have been made to explain the cause of the retention of *-our* in the spelling of these words. "Besides that," he continued, "they are probably derived from the French nouns in *-eur*, as *honneur* [sic], *faveur*." Johnson had not the courage of his ignorance which distinguishes the assertions of later men who employ his argument. He spoke hesitatingly of the derivation as a probability, which, as it was erroneous, was wise. His followers, however, from that day to this, have invariably stated it as a fact. He repeated, nevertheless, his general view in the grammar with which he prefaced the dictionary. "Some ingenious men," he remarked, sarcastically, "have endeavored to deserve well of their country by writing *honor* and *labor* for *honour* and *labour*."

Such was Johnson's theory. There is little question that his words did more to prevent the universal adoption of the spelling in *-or* than any other single agency. Still, the weight of his authority was a good deal impaired by his practice. Between that and his teachings there was constant inconsistency. We must, he said, be governed in the spelling we adopt by the form of the immediate original. But there were a large number of words which had come into the language through the medium of the French to which he gave the termination *-or*. It is simply impossible to discover any principle either of orthoepy or of etymology by which he was guided in the selection of the particular termination he chose. His course was not that of a scholar, but of a man of letters whose preference for a particular spelling is due simply to the fact that it is the one with which he is specially familiar. It is not reason that he is governed by, but the sentiment of association. What, indeed, can we think of the orthographic consistency of a lexicographer who authorized *error* with a *u* and *mirror* without it; or, again, authorized *anterior* and *interior* with this same vowel, and *posterior* and *exterior* without it? This is not the reign

of law, but of lawlessness. Furthermore, several of these words which appear in his dictionary with the intruding vowel had come to us directly from the Latin. Accordingly, the form he gave them was in direct defiance of the principles which he had laid down. Of these, *candor* remains to this day a striking example. It did not reach us through the medium of the French; but in England it is spelled *candour*, as if it did.

Even in his own individual practice Johnson was inconsistent. Of this there is a most singular illustration. In the dictionary itself *author* was given as here spelled. Not even a hint was conveyed of the existence of another form. But in the preface to the dictionary this same word was employed by him just fifteen times. In every instance it was spelled *authour*. Nor could this have been the fault of the typesetter. So far was it from exciting remonstrance or reprehension on his part that the form is not only found in the first edition of 1755, but also in the fourth edition of 1773, the last which appeared in his lifetime, and which underwent some slight revision at his hands.

The moment Johnson attacked the pestilent disturbers of orthographic peace, a host of imitators were sure to follow in his footsteps. One of these was the physician John Armstrong, who dabbled also to some extent in literature. Among other things, he produced one of those ponderous poems in which the eighteenth century abounded, and with which the extremely conscientious student of English literature feels himself under obligation to struggle. He also tried his hand at a volume of short prose essays. Among them was one on the Modern Art of Spelling. In it he attacked with vigor the so-called reformers who had adopted the spellings *honor*, *favor*, *labor*. Indeed, he informed us—what otherwise we should not have known—that there were then misguided beings who threw out one of the vowels in the termination of words not belonging to the class we are discussing, and wrote *neighbor*, *behavior*, and *endeavur*. Armstrong's little work appeared in 1757; it might have been written yesterday. It displays the same misunderstanding and misconception of the whole subject which char-

acterize the men of our day who have the advantage of being heirs to the accumulated ignorance of the past. In places, too, he was as amusing as they. Nothing, he told us, did so much to distinguish his own as an *unmanly* age—the italics are his—as “this very aversion to the honest vowel *u*.”

Great, however, as was Johnson's authority, there was not paid to it at the time unquestioning assent. The glaring inconsistency between his principles and his practice made many indisposed to accept him as an infallible guide. Dissent came from two quarters. There were those who accepted fully his views as to the propriety of following the form of the immediate original. These not unreasonably looked with disfavor upon his dereliction in the case of many words. Among the recalcitrants was his devoted disciple Boswell. In 1768 this author brought out the journal of his tour in Corsica. In the preface to it he expressed the feelings of many in his comments upon his master's course in this particular. “It may be necessary,” he wrote, “to say something in defence of my orthography. Of late it has become the fashion to render our language more neat and trim by leaving out *k* after *c*, and *u* in the last syllable of words which used to end in *-our*. The illustrious Mr. Samuel Johnson, who has alone executed in England what was the task of whole academies in other countries, has been careful in his dictionary to preserve the *k* as a mark of Saxon original. He has for the most part, too, been careful to preserve the *u*, but he has also omitted it in several words. I have retained the *k*, and have taken upon me to follow a general rule with regard to words ending in *-our*. Wherever a word originally Latin has been transmitted to us through the medium of the French, I have written it with the characteristic *u*. An attention to this may appear trivial. But I own I am one of those who are curious in the formation of language in its various modes, and therefore wish that the affinity of English with other tongues may not be forgotten.”

Boswell resembled most of the ardent partisans of the spelling in *-our* in that his curiosity in the formation of language had never been rewarded by any intel-

ligent knowledge of it. The *k* was, in his eyes, a mark of the Saxon original. The only comment that it is necessary to make upon this assertion is that the letter *k* was never in the Anglo-Saxon alphabet any more than it was in the Roman, from which the former was derived. Hence monosyllabic words like *back*, *sack*, *sick*, in the earliest form of our speech, ended with *c*; and if we were really so devoted to derivation as we pretend, we should have to discard the *k* from the end of monosyllables, just as we have from the end of polysyllables. Boswell, however, carried out his views to their logical conclusion. Johnson might exhibit the weakness of deferring in particular instances to general custom; not so his follower and admirer. So we find him running counter to his master's teachings by using the spellings *authour*, *doctour*, *rectour*, *taylour*, and others among the dissyllables; and among the polysyllables there were the forms *professour*, *spectatour*, *conspiratour*, *preceptour*, *innovatour*, *legislatour*, and a large number that need not be given here.

It is evident from Boswell's protest that the disposition to drop the *u* had become so prevalent that there was danger of its prevailing. The aversion was increasing to the use of this very honest letter, as Armstrong had called it. Johnson's authority retarded the progress of this tendency, but outside of a certain limited number of cases did not check it effectually. It was not long before the vowel was pretty regularly dropped in polysyllabic words, and it has remained dropped ever since. Few indeed are the persons who can now be found writing *ambassadour*, *emperour*, *governour*, *oratour*, *possessour*, and no small number of others which the great lexicographer insisted upon as the proper way. Even some of his dissyllabic words have gone over to the form in *-or*, notably those which had *rr* before the suffix, such as *error*, *horror*, and *terror*.

No idea of the strength of the movement towards uniformity can be gathered from the dictionaries of the time. These, as a general rule, followed Johnson even when the rest of the world was going the other way. Both Sheridan and Walker stuck to the final *k* long after nearly everybody else had given it

up. The latter, indeed, deplored the custom of omitting it because it had introduced into the language the novelty of ending a word with an unusual letter. This, on the face of it, he said, was a blemish. Still less did the lexicographers represent the general attitude of the time towards the class of words here considered, especially the attitude of aristocratic society. The fortunes of two of these words, in particular, on account of the frequency of their appearance on cards of invitation, reached at this period the highest social elevation. These were *honor* and *favor*. To spell them with a *u* became and remained for a long while a distinctive mark of rusticity and ill-breeding.

On this point we have plenty of unimpeachable testimony. The dictionary of Walker, the leading lexicographer of his own generation and of generations following, came out towards the end of the eighteenth century. In it he gave utterance to his grief on this very subject. His remarks occur under the word which in defiance of general custom, as he himself tells us, he spelled *honour*. "This word," he said, "and its companion *favour*, the two servile attendants upon cards and notes of fashion, have so generally dropped the *u* that to spell these words with that letter is looked upon as *gauche* and rustick in the extreme. In vain did Dr. Johnson enter his protest against the innovation; in vain did he tell us that the sound of the word required the use of *u*, as well as its derivation from the Latin through the French: the sentence seems to have been passed, and we now hardly even find these words with this vowel but in dictionaries."

But Walker, following, as in duty bound, his great leader, was subject to qualms of common sense. These, when they occur, always make sad work with orthographic prejudices. When he looked at the matter dispassionately he had to confess that Johnson's arguments in behalf of the spellings which he had authorized did not impress him altogether favorably. In fact, he manifested a sneaking inclination for the forms without *u*. "Though," he said, "I am a declared enemy to all needless innovation, I see no inconvenience in spelling these

words in the fashionable manner: there is no reason for preserving the *u* in *honour* and *favour* that does not hold good for the preservation of the same letter in *error*, *authour*, and a hundred others: and with respect to the pronunciation of these words without *u*, while we have so many words where the *o* sounds *u*, even when the accent is on it, as *honey*, *money*, etc., we need not be in much pain for the sound of *u*, in words of this termination, where the final *r* brings all the accented vowels to the same level; that is, the short sound of *u*."

The fashionable method of spelling these words prevailed for a long time. The behavior of high society in so doing stirred profoundly the deep-seated conservatism of the middle class. The great founder of Methodism warned his followers against this vanity. "Avoid," wrote Wesley, "the fashionable impropriety of leaving out the *u* in many words, as *honor*, *vigor*, etc. This is mere childish affectation." Remarks of this sort availed nothing; at least they did not affect the right persons. The fashionable world cared little for the woes of lexicographers or the denunciations of religious leaders. As is its wont, it went on in its usual heartless way, paying no heed whatever to the remonstrances directed against its conduct in this matter.

The practice seems to have continued during the first third, at least, of the nineteenth century. As late as 1832 Archdeacon Hare denounced it in the Philological Museum. Hare was, in his way, a spelling-reformer, and drew upon himself much obloquy for the orthographical peculiarities he adopted. He knew, indeed, almost as little of the subject and talked of it nearly as much as did his friend and fellow reformer Walter Savage Landor. But however perverse were his vagaries in other matters, upon the class of words here considered he was eminently sound. After trotting out the old bugaboo of derivation, he remarked that "it will be well to leave such affectation as *honor* and *favor* to the great vulgar for their cards of invitation."

If Landor can be trusted to have given a faithful picture of contemporary practice, this fashionable method of spelling must have lasted until nearly the middle of the nineteenth century. In 1846 came

out the third edition of his *Imaginary Conversations*. To the dialogue on language which is represented as having taken place between Dr. Johnson and John Horne Tooke he added then a number of passages. Among them was the following:

Tooke. Would there be any impropriety or inconvenience in writing *endeavor* and *demeanor*, as we write *tenor*, without the *u*?

Johnson. Then you would imitate cards of invitation, where we find *favor* and *honor*.

Tooke. We find *ancestor* and *author* and *editor* and *inventor* in the works of Dr. Johnson, who certainly bears no resemblance to a card of invitation. Why can we not place all these words on the same bench?

But fashion changes, while lexicographers remain steadfast. As a rule, they are a timid race of men, and have little disposition to deviate from the paths marked out by their predecessors. Even the revision of Dyche's work which appeared towards the end of the eighteenth century discarded his alternative use of *honor*, to which it had once given the first place, though at the time itself this usage had become fashionable. The only eighteenth-century lexicographer after Johnson who fell in with the current tendency was Ash, whose dictionary first appeared in 1775. He entered separately the two forms of these words, giving, for illustration, *honor* and *color* and *labor* as "the modern and correct spelling," and *honour* and *colour* and *labour* as "the old and usual spelling." But his action availed little against the agreement of the others; for with this exception the dictionaries stood their ground manfully. Their combined authority had necessarily a good deal of effect upon the general practice, especially with that numerous class of men who did not feel themselves familiar enough with the subject to act independently.

At a still later period international prejudice came in to strengthen the disposition in England to stand by the letter *u* in the comparatively few cases in which it had continued to survive. In America, Webster had thrown out the vowel in all words of this class. In so doing he was followed, half apologetically, by Worcester. Their agreement had the effect of making the prac-

tice of dispensing with the *u* almost universal in this country. One singular result of it was that in time the termination in *-or* instead of *-our* came to be considered an American innovation. To this very day the delusion prevails widely on both sides of the Atlantic that the form of a word which entered the language more than two centuries before America was discovered, which has been in more or less use in every century since its introduction, owed its existence to an American lexicographer. Naturally this was enough to condemn it in the eyes of any self-respecting Englishman. The belief just mentioned has been a very real though unacknowledged reason for retaining in that country the termination in *-our*. Have we not been told again and again in countless English periodicals—quarterlies, monthlies, weeklies—that Britons will never, never tolerate any such hideous monstrosity as the American spelling, *honor*?

The historical survey here furnished shows that in the vast majority of instances the forms in *-or* have supplanted everywhere those in *-our*. About two dozen words in common use have outlived to some extent the revolution which has brought the others to this one termination. As the few survivors from the general wreck, they are now regarded by some with tender interest. They have to others the very genuine attraction of being anomalous. They are exceptions to a general rule and contribute an additional perplexity to the existing perplexities of English orthography. As their form is not based upon analogy, which all can understand, but upon derivation, which only a few can know, or at least think they know, the mystery of their peculiarities is secretly felt to indicate a sort of social and literary superiority. Furthermore, their employment is regarded as being of the nature of an appeal to nobler sentiments than those which owe their origin to considerations of mere utility.

The reference to derivation leads to another consideration. The history of the word which has been given disposes effectually of the common but utterly baseless assertions that the form *honor* came late into the language, and that it had its origin in America. But there is another assertion widely circulated and

generally accepted which, on account of the pretentiousness of the ignorance displayed in it, is somewhat more exasperating. We are constantly told that this word should be spelled *honour* because it came from the French *honneur*. Were we to concede the fact to be true, the inference drawn from it would seem hardly warranted. Yet many insist that the insertion of the vowel is a proper tribute which should be paid to the derivation. Apparently the lives of some would be irremediably saddened if the presence of the *u* did not remind them of the assumed French original. But this etymological depression of spirit does not seem to go far enough. If we keep to the *u* because it is in the French word, would not our happiness be increased by retaining the *e* also? Why, indeed, should we not spell it with two *n*'s instead of one? In the sixteenth century, when derivation was rampant, this was occasionally done.

But the principal objection against this view is that there is not a bit of truth in it. Neither *honor* nor *honour* was derived from *honneur*. It is doubtful if that French form existed when *honor* came into the English language. However that may be, it was not the form in Anglo-French from which the English word descended. There it was sometimes spelled *honor*, and from that came our one modern form. There it was sometimes spelled *honour*, and from that came our other modern form. The English word had, therefore, a history independent of the French, and its development took place not on the same but a parallel line.

Owing to the orthographic condition of our tongue, choice of any particular spelling depends with us upon association. We like one method because we are used to it; we dislike another because we are not used to it. It is perfectly legitimate, therefore, for any one to entertain an aversion to the form *honor*. He is equally within his right to express a preference for the form *honour*. In an orthography where so much is lawless, no fault can be found with a man for his fondness for this particular anomaly. What is objectionable is the too frequent assumption that in so doing he is manifesting a lofty desire to maintain the purity of the speech.

The Beautiful Lady

BY BOOTH TARKINGTON

PART II

THREE days later saw us on the pretty waters of Lake Leman, in the bright weather when Mont Blanc heaves his great bare ice shoulder miles into the blue sky, with no mist-cloak about him. Sailing that lake in the cool morning, what a contrast to the champagne houp-la nights of Paris! And how docile was my pupil! He suffered me to lead him through the Castle of Chillon like a newborn lamb, and even would not play the little horses in the Kursaal at Geneva, although, perhaps, that was because the stakes are not high. He was nearly always silent, and, from the moment of our departure from Paris, had fallen into dreamfulness, such as would come over me at the thought of the beautiful lady. He was ready with acquiescence to the slightest suggestion of mine, and if it had been the season I am almost credulous that I could have conducted him to Baireuth to hear *Parsifal*!

There were times when his mood of gentle sorrow was so like mine that I wondered if he too knew a gray pongee skirt. I wondered over this so much, and so marvellingly also, because of the change in him, that at last I asked him. We had gone to Lucerne; it was clear moonlight, and we smoked on our little balcony at the Schweitzerhof, puffing our small clouds in the enormous face of the strangest panorama of the world, the august disturbance of the earth by gods in battle, left to be a land of tragic fables since before Pilate and after William Tell. I sat looking up at the mountains, and he leaned on the rail, looking down at the lake. Somewhere a woman was singing from *Pagliacci*, and I slowly arrived at a consciousness that I had sighed aloud once or twice, not so much sadly as of longing to see that lady, and that my companion had permitted sim-

ilar sounds to escape him, but more mournfully. It was then that I asked him, in earnestness, but with the manner of making a joke, if he did not think often of some one in North America.

"Do you believe that could be, and I making the disturbance I did in Paris?" he returned.

"Yes," I told him, "if you are trying to forget her."

"I should think it might look more as if I were trying to forget that I wasn't good enough for her and that she knew it!" He spoke this in a voice which he would have made full of ease—"off-hand," as they say; but he failed to do so.

"That was the case?" I pressed him, you see, but smilingly.

"Looks a good deal like it," he replied, smoking much at once.

"So? But that is good for you, my friend!"

"Probably." He paused, smoking still more, and then said, "It's a benefit I could get on just as well without."

"She is in North America?"

"No; over here."

"Ah! Then we will go where she is. That will be even better for you! Where is she?"

"I don't know. She asked me not to follow her. Somebody else is doing that." The young man's voice was steady, and his face, as usual, showed no emotion, but I should have been an Italian for nothing had I not understood quickly. So I waited for a little while, then spoke of old Pilatus out there in the sky, and we went to bed very late, for it was our last night in Lucerne.

Two days later we roared our way out of the gloomy St. Gotthard and wound down the pass, out into the sunshine of Italy, into that broad plain of mulberries where the silkworms weave to enrich the proud Milanese. Ah, those

Milanese! They are like the people of Turin, and look down upon us of Naples; they find us only amusing, because our minds and movements are too quick for them to understand. I have no respect for the Milanese, except for three things: they have a cathedral, a picture, and a dead man.

We came to our hotel in the soft twilight, with the air so balmy one wished to rise and float in it. This was the hour for the Cathedral; therefore, leaving Leonardo and his fresco for the tomorrow, I conducted my uncomplaining ward forth, and through that big arcade of which the people are so proud, to the Duomo. Poor Jr. showed few signs of life as we stood before that immensity; he said patiently that it resembled the postals, and followed me inside the portals with languor.

It was all gray hollowness in the vast place. The windows showed not any color nor light; the splendid pillars soared up into the air and disappeared as if they mounted to heights of invisibility in the sky at night. Very far away, at the other end of the church, one lamp was burning, high over the nave. One could not see the chains of support nor the roof above it; it seemed a great star, but so much all alone. We walked down the long aisle to stand nearer to it, the darkness growing deeper as we advanced. When we came almost beneath, both of us gazing upward, my companion unwittingly stumbled against a lady who was standing silently looking up at this light, and who had failed to notice our approach. The contact was severe enough to dislodge from her hand her folded parasol, for which I began to grope.

There was a hurried sentence of excusation from Poor Jr., followed by moments of silence before she replied. Then I heard her voice in startled exclamation: "Rufus, it is never *you*?"

He called out, almost loudly, "Alice!"

Then I knew that it was the second time I had lifted a parasol from the ground for the lady of the gray pongee and did not see her face; but this time I placed it in her own hand; for my head bore no shame upon it now.

In the surprise of encountering Poor Jr. I do not think that she noticed that

she took the parasol or was conscious of my presence, and it was but too secure that my young friend had forgotten that I lived. I think, in truth, that I should have forgotten it myself, if it had not been for the leaping of my heart. Ah, that foolish dream of mine had proven true: I knew her, I knew her, unmistakably, without doubt or hesitancy—and in the dark. How should I know at the mere sound of her voice? I think I knew *before* she spoke.

Poor Jr. had taken a step toward her as she fell back; I could only see the two figures as two shadows upon shadow, while for them I had melted altogether and was forgotten.

"You think I have followed you," he cried, "but you have no right to think it. It was an accident, and you've got to believe me!"

"I do," she answered, gently. "Why should I not?"

"I suppose you want me to clear out again," he went on, "and I will; but I don't see why."

Her voice answered him out of the shadow: "It is only you who make a reason why. I'd give anything to be friends with you; you've always known that."

"Why can't we be?" he said, sharply and loudly. "I've changed a great deal. I'm very sensible, and I'll never bother you again—that other way. Why shouldn't I see a little of you?"

I heard her laugh then—happily, it seemed to me,—and I thought I perceived her to extend her hand to him, and that he shook it briefly, in his fashion, as if it had been the hand of a man and not that of the beautiful lady.

"You know I should like nothing better in the world—since you tell me what you do," she answered.

"And the other man?" he asked her, with the same hinting of sharpness in his tone. "Is that all settled?"

"Almost. Would you like me to tell you?"

"Only a little—please!" His voice had dropped, and he spoke very quietly, which startlingly caused me to realize what I was doing. I went out of hearing then, very softly. Is it credible that I found myself trembling when I reached the twilight piazza? It is true, and I knew that never, for one moment, since that



"SHE ASKED ME NOT TO FOLLOW HER. SOMEBODY ELSE IS DOING THAT"

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tragic, divine day of her pity, had I wholly despaired of being near her again; that in my most sorrowful time there had always been a little, little morsel of certain knowledge that I should some day see her and hear her again. And now, so much was easily revealed to me, it was to see her that the good Lambert R. Poor, Jr., had come to Paris, preceding my patron; it was he who had passed with her on the last day of my shame, and whom she had addressed by his central name of Rufus, and it was to his hand that I had restored her parasol.

I was to behold her face at last—I knew it—and to speak with her. Ah, yes, I did tremble! It was not because I feared she might recognize her poor slave of the painted head-top, nor that Poor Jr. would tell her. I knew him now too well to think he would do that, had I been even that other of whom he had spoken, for he was a brave, good boy, that Poor Jr. No, it was a trembling of another kind—something I do not know how to explain to those who have not trembled in the same way; and I came alone to my room in the hotel, still trembling a little and having strange quickness of breathing in my chest. I did not make any light; I did not wish it, for the precious darkness of the Cathedral remained with me—magic darkness in which I beheld floating clouds made of the dust of gold and vanishing melodies. Any person who knows of these singular things comprehends how little of them can be told; but to those people who do not know of them, it may appear all great foolishness. Such people are either too young, and they must wait, or too old—they have forgotten!

It was an hour afterward, and Poor Jr. knocked at my door, when I lighted the room and opened it to him. He came in, excitedly flushed, and instead of taking a chair, began to walk quickly up and down the floor.

"I'm afraid I forgot all about you, Ansolini," he said, "but that girl I ran into is a—Miss Landry, whom I have known a long—"

I put my hand on his shoulder for a moment and said, "I think I am not so dull, my friend!"

He made a blue flash at me with his eyes, then smiled and shook his head.

"Yes, you are right," he answered, re-beginning his fast pace over the carpet. "It was she that I meant in Lucerne—I don't see why I should not tell you. In Paris she said she didn't want me to see her again until I could be—friendly—the old way—instead of something considerably different, which I'd grown to be. Well, I've just told her not only that I'd behave like a friend, but that I'd changed and felt like one. Pretty much of a lie that was!" He laughed, without any amusement. "But it was successful, and I suppose I can keep it up. At any rate we're going over to Venice with her and her mother to-morrow. Afterwards, we'll see them in Naples just before they sail."

"To Venice with them!" I could not repress crying out.

"Yes; we join parties for two days," he said, and stopped at a window and looked out attentively at nothing before he went on, slowly: "It won't be very long, and I don't suppose it will ever happen again. The other man is to meet them in Rome. He's a countryman of yours, and I believe—I believe it's—about—settled!"

He pronounced these last words in an even voice, but how slowly! Not more slowly than the construction of my own response, which I heard myself making:

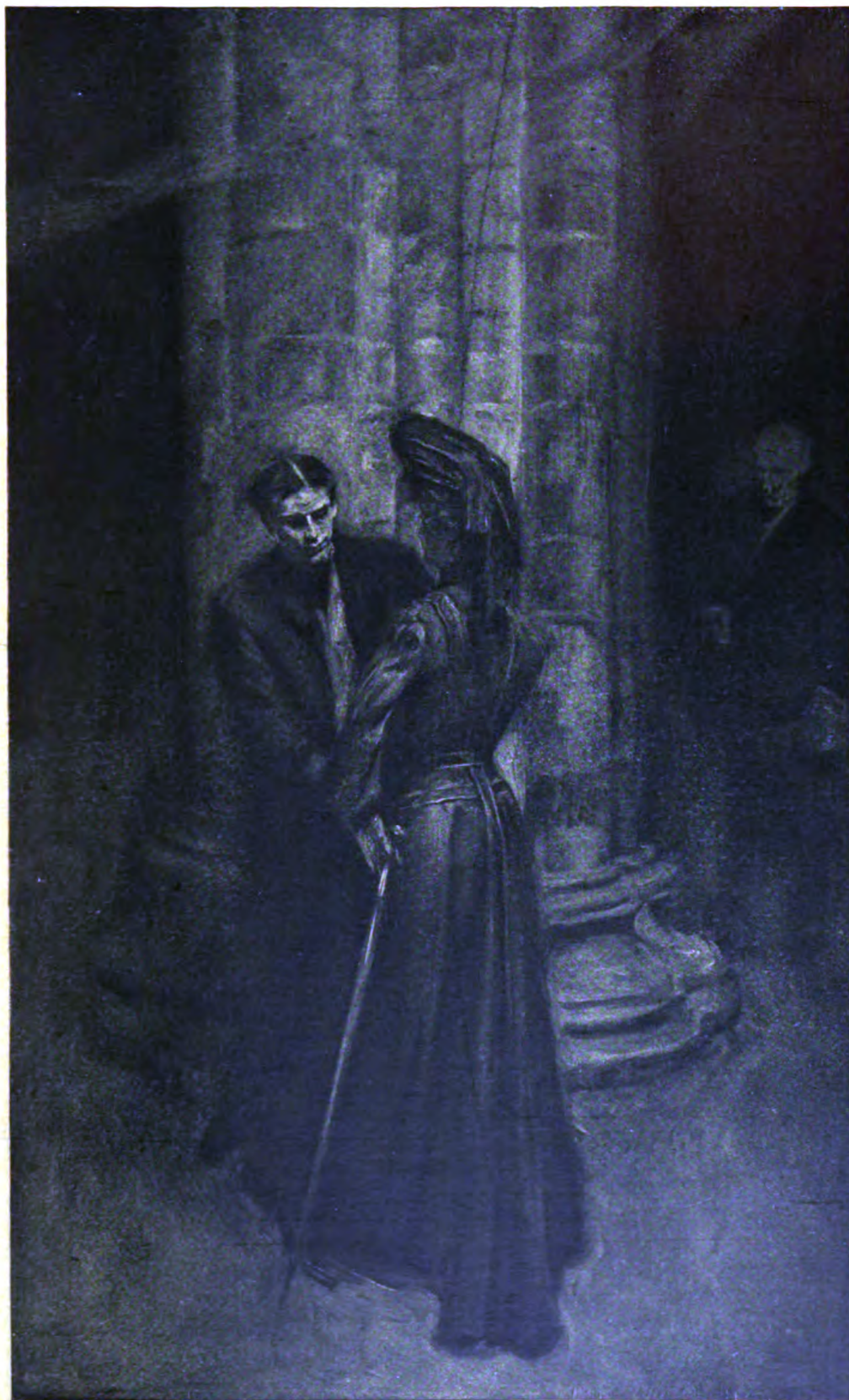
"This countryman of mine—who is he?"

"One of your kind of Kentucky Colonels," Poor Jr. laughed. At first I did not understand; then it came to me that he had sometimes previously spoken in that idiom of the nobles, and that it had been his custom to address one of his Parisian followers, a vicomte, as "Colonel."

"What is his name?"

"I can't pronounce it, and I don't know how to spell it," he answered. "And that doesn't bring me to the verge of the grave! I'd try to forget it if I knew it, at least until we got to Naples!" He turned and went to the door, saying cheerfully: "Well, old horse-thief" (this had come to be his name for me sometimes, and it was pleasant to hear), "we must be dressing. They're at this hotel, and we dine with them to-night."

How can I tell of the lady of the pongee—now that I beheld her? Do you



"AND THE OTHER MAN?" HE ASKED HER

think that, when she came that night to the salon where we were awaiting her, I hesitated to lift my eyes to her face because of a fear that she would not be so beautiful as the misty sweet face I had dreamed would be hers? Ah, no! It was the beauty that was in her heart that had made me hers; yet I knew that she was beautiful. She was fair, that is all I can tell. I cannot tell of her eyes, her height, her mouth; I saw her through those clouds of the dust of gold—she was all glamour and light. It was to be seen that every one fell in love with her at once; that the chef d'orchestre came and played to her; and the waiters—you should have observed them!—made silly, tender faces through the great groves of flowers with which Poor Jr. had covered the table. It was most difficult for me to address her, to call her "Miss Landry." It seemed impossible that she should have a name, or that I should speak to her except as "you."

Even, I cannot tell very much of her mother, except that she was adorable because of her adorable relationship. She was florid, perhaps, and her conversation was of commonplaces and echoes, like my own, for I could not talk. It was Poor Jr. who made the talking, and in spite of the spell that was on me, I found myself full of admiration and sorrow for that brave fellow. He was all gayeties and little stories, in a way I had never heard before; he kept us in quiet laughter; in a word, he was charming. The beautiful lady seemed content to listen, with the greatest pleasure. She talked very little, except to encourage the young man to continue. I do not think she was brilliant, as they call it, or witty. She was much more than that in her comprehension, in her kindness—her beautiful kindness!

She spoke only once directly to me, except for the little things one must say. "I am almost sure I have met you, Signor Ansolini."

I felt myself burning up and knew that the conflagration was visible. So frightful a blush cannot be prevented by will-power, and I felt it continuing in hot waves long after Poor Jr. had effected salvation for me by a small joke upon my cosmopolitanism.

Little sleep visited me that night. The darkness of my room was luminous and my closed eyes became painters, painting so radiantly with divine colors—painters of wonderful portraits of that lady. Gallery after gallery swam before me, and the morning brought only more!

What a ride it was to Venice that day! What magical airs we rode through, and what a thieving old trickster was Time, as he always becomes when one wishes hours to be long! I think Poor Jr. had made himself forget everything except that he was with her and that he must be a friend. He committed a thousand ridiculousnesses at the stations; he filled one side of the compartment with the pretty chianti-bottles, with terrible cakes, and with fruits and flowers; he never ceased his joking, which had no tiresomeness in it, and he made the little journey one of continuing, happy laughter.

And that evening another of my foolish dreams came true! I sat in a gondola with the lady of the gray pongee to hear the singing on the Grand Canal;—not, it is true, at her feet, but upon a little chair beside her mother. It was my place;—to be, as I had been all day, escort to the mother, and guide and courier for that small party. Contented enough was I to accept it! How could I have hoped that the Most Blessed Mother would grant me so much nearness as that? It was not happiness that I felt, but something so much more precious, as though my heart-strings were the strings of a harp, and sad, beautiful arpeggios ran over them.

I could not speak much that evening, nor could Poor Jr. We were very silent and listened to the singing, our gondola just touching the others on each side, those in turn touching others, so that a musician from the barge could cross from one to another, presenting the hat for contributions. In spite of this extreme propinquity, I feared he would fall into the water when he received the offering of Poor Jr. It was "Graz-a-az', signore! Graz'!" a hundred times, with bows and grateful smiles indeed! That is one place in the world where you listen to a bad voice with pleasure, and none of the voices are good,—they are harsh and worn with the night-singing;

yet all are beautiful because they are enchanted. They sang some of our own Neapolitan songs that night, and last of all the loveliest of all, "La Luna Nova." It was to the cadence of it that our gondoliers moved us out of the throng, and it still drifted on the water as we swung, far down, into sight of the lights of the Ledo:

"Luna d'ar-gen-to fal-lo so-gnar—
Ba-cia-lo in fron-te non lo de-star. . . ."

Not so sweetly came those measures as the low voice of the beautiful lady speaking then.

"One could never forget it, never!" she said. "I might hear it a thousand other times and forget them, but never this first time."

I perceived that Poor Jr. turned his face abruptly toward hers at this, but he said nothing, by which I understood not only his wisdom but his forbearance.

"Strangely enough," she went on, slowly, "that song reminded me of something in Paris. Do you remember"—she turned to Poor Jr.—"that poor man we saw in front of the Café de la Paix with the sign painted upon his head?"

Ah, the good night, with its friendly cloak! The good, kind night!

"I remember," he answered, with some shortness. "A little faster, boatman!"

"I don't know what made it," she said, "but I've been thinking of him all through that last song." Perhaps not so strange, since one may know how wildly that poor devil had been thinking of her! "I've thought of him so often. I felt so sorry for him. I never felt sorrier for any one in my life. I was sorry for the poor, thin cab-horses in Paris, but I was sorrier for him. I think it was the saddest sight I ever saw. Do you suppose he still has to do that, Rufus?"

"No, no," he answered, in haste. "He'd stopped before I left. He's all right, I imagine. Here's the Danieli."

She fastened a shawl more closely about her mother, whom I, with a ringing in my ears, was trying to help up the stone steps. "Rufus, I hope," the sweet voice went on, so gently,—"*I hope he's found something to do that's very grand. Don't you? Something to make up to him for doing that.*"

She had not the faintest dream that it was I. It was just her beautiful heart.

The next afternoon Venice was a bleak and empty setting, the jewel gone. How vacant it looked, how vacant it *was*! We made not any effort to penetrate the galleries; I had no heart to urge my friend. For us the whole of Venice had become one bridge of sighs, and we sat in the shade of the piazza, not watching the pigeons, and listening very little to the music. There are times when St. Mark's seems to glare at you with Byzantine cruelty, and Venice is too hot and too cold. So it was then. Evening found us staring out at the Adriatic from the terrace of a café on the Ledo, our coffee cold before us. Never was a greater difference than that in my companion from the previous day. Yet he was not silent. He talked of her continually, having found that he could talk of her to me—though certainly he did not know why it was or how. He told me, as we sat by the gray-growing sea, that she had spoken of me.

"She liked you, she liked you very much," he said. "She told me she liked you because you were quiet and melancholy. Oh Lord, though, she *likes* every one, I suppose! I believe I'd have a better chance with her if I hadn't always known her. I'm afraid that this damned Italian—I beg your pardon, Ansolini!"

"Ah, no," I answered. "It is sometimes well said."

"I'm afraid his picturesqueness as a Kentucky Colonel appeals to her too much. And then he is new to her—a new type. She only met him in Paris, and he had done some things in the Abyssinian war—"

"What is his rank?" I asked.

"He's a prince. Cheap down this way, aren't they? I only hope"—and Poor Jr. made a groan—"it isn't the old story—all money—and that he'll be good to her if he gets her."

"Then it is not yet a betrothal?"

"Not yet. Mrs. Landry told me that Alice had liked him well enough to promise she'd give him her answer before she sailed, and that it was going to be yes. She herself said it was almost settled. That was just her way of breaking it to me, I fear."

"You have given up, my friend?"

"What else can I do? I can't go on following her, keeping up this play at second cousin, and she won't have anything else. Ever since I grew up she's been rather sorrowful over me because I didn't do anything but try to amuse myself—that was one of the reasons she couldn't care for me, she said, when I asked her. Now *this* fellow wins, who hasn't done anything either, except his one campaign. It's not that I ought to have her, but while I suppose it's a real fascination, I'm afraid there's a little glitter about being a princess. Even the best of our girls haven't got over that yet. Ah, well, about me she's right. I've been a pretty worthless sort. She's right. I've thought it all over. Three days before they sail we'll go down to Naples and hear the last word, and whatever it is we'll see them off on the *Princess Irene*. Then you and I 'll come north and sail by the first boat from Cherbourg."

"I—I?" I stammered.

"Yes," he said. "I'm going to make the aged parent shout with unmanly glee. I'm going to ask him to take me on as a hand. He'll take you, too. He uses something like a thousand Italians, and a man to manage them who can talk to them like a Dutch uncle is what he has always needed. He liked you, and he'll be glad to get you."

He was a good friend, that Poor Jr., you see, and I shook the hand that he offered me very hard, knowing how great would have been his embarrassment had I embraced him in our own fashion.

"And perhaps you will sail on the *Princess Irene*, after all," I cried.

"No," he shook his head sadly, "it will not happen. I have not been worth it."

That Naples of mine is like a soiled coronet of white gems, sparkling only from far away. But I love it altogether, near or far, and my heart would have leaped to return to it for its own sake, but to come to it as we did, knowing that the only lady in the world was there . . . Again, this is one of those things I possess no knowledge how to tell, and that those who know do know. How I had longed for the time to come, how I had feared it, how I had made pictures of it!

Yet I feared not so much as my friend,

for he had a dim, small hope, and I had none. How could I have? I—a man whose head had been painted? I—for whom her great heart had sorrowed as for the thin, beaten cab-horses of Paris! Hope? All I could hope was that she would never know, and I be left with some little shred of dignity in her eyes!

Who cannot see that it was for my friend to fear? At times, with him, it was despair, but of that brave kind one loves to see—never a quiver of the lip, no winking of the eyes to keep tears back. And I, although of a people who express everything in every way, I understood what passed within him and found time to sorrow for him.

Most of all, I sorrowed for him as we waited for her on the terrace of the Bertolini, that perch on the cliff so high that even the noises of the town are dulled and mingle with the sound of the slow surf far below. We had come to Naples in the late afternoon, and had found a note from Mrs. Landry at our hotel, asking us for dinner with them there.

Across the city, and beyond, we saw, from the terrace, the old mountain of the warm heart, smoking amiably, and the lights of Torre del Greco at its feet, and there, across the bay, I beheld, as I had nightly so long ago, the lamps of Castellamare, of Sorrento; then, after a stretch of water, a twinkling, which was Capri. How good it was to know that all these had not taken advantage of my long absence to run away and vanish, as I had half feared they would. Those who have lived here love them well; and it was a happy thought that the beautiful lady knew them now, and shared them. I had never known quite all their loveliness until I felt that she knew it too. This was something that I should never tell her—yet what happiness there was in it!

I stood close to the railing, with a rambling gaze over this enchanted earth and sea and sky, but my friend walked nervously up and down behind me. He had not spoken more than twice since we reached the station, but now I heard a low exclamation from him which let me know that she was coming; and that foolish trembling got hold of me again as I turned.



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"OUR YOUNG PRINCE SPEAKS TRULY!" I CRIED

Mrs. Landry came first, with outstretched hand, making some talk excusing delay; and behind her, a few paces, followed the loveliest of all the world, and beside her, in silhouette against the white window lights of the hotel, the very long, thin figure of a man, which, even before I recognized it, carried a certain ominousness to my mind.

Mrs. Landry, in spite of her florid contentedness, had always a fluttering appearance of trivial agitations. This manner was most pronounced at the present.

"The Prince came down from Rome this morning," she said, and I saw my friend throw back his head like a man who declines the eye-bandage when they are going to shoot him. "He is dining with us. I know you will be glad to meet him."

The beautiful lady took Poor Jr.'s hand, more than he hers, for he seemed dazed, in spite of the straight way he stood, and it was easy to behold how white his face was. She made the presentation of us both at the same time, and as the other man came into the light,

my mouth dropped open with wonder at the singular chances which the littleness of our world brings about.

"Prince Caravacioli, Mr. Poor. And this is Signor Ansolini."

It was my half-brother, that old Antonio!

Never lived any person with more possession of himself than Antonio; he bowed to each of us with the utmost amiability; and for expression—all one saw of it was a little streak of light in his eye-glass.

"It is yourself, Raffaele?" he said to me, in the politest manner, in our own tongue, the others thinking it some commonplace, and I knew by his voice that the meeting was as surprising and as exasperating to him as to me. Sometimes dazzling flashes of light explode across the eyes of blind people. Such a thing happened to my own, now, in the darkness.

"I am able to see that it is the same yourself!" I answered, and made the faintest eye-turn toward Miss Landry. Simultaneously bowing, I let my hand fall upon my pocket—a language which he understood, and for which (the Blessed



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"BUT WAIT," ANTONIO CRIED, PITIFULLY

Mother be thanked) he decided to make war upon me immediately, though at that moment he offered me an open smile of benevolence.

"The dinner is waiting in our own bit of a salon," said Mrs. Landry. She led

the way with Antonio to an open door on the terrace where servants were attending, and such a forest of flowers on the table and about the room as almost to cause her escort to stagger; for I knew, when I caught sight of them,

that he had never been wise enough to send them. Neither had Poor Jr. done it out of wisdom, but because of his large way of performing everything, and his wish that loveliest things should be a background for that lady.

Alas for him! Those great jars of perfume, orchids and hyacinths and roses, almost shut her away from his vision. We were at a small round table, and she directly in opposition to him. Upon her right was Antonio, and my heart grew cold to see how she listened to him. For Antonio could talk. At that time he spoke English better than I, though without some knowledge of the North-American idiom which my travels with Poor Jr. had given me. He was one of those splendid egoists who seem to talk in modesty, to keep themselves behind scenes, yet who, when the curtain falls, are discovered to be the heroes, after all, but shown in so delicate a fashion that the audience flatters itself in the discovery. And how practical was this fellow, how many years he had been developing his fascinations! I was the only person of that small company who could have a suspicion that his mustache was dyed or that hints of his real age were scorpions and adders to him. I should not have thought it, if I had not known it.

So he talked of himself in his various surreptitious ways until coffee came, Miss Landry listening eagerly, and my poor friend making no effort; for what were his quiet*United States absurdities compared to the whole-world gayeties and Abyssinian adventures of this Othello, particularly to a young girl to whom Antonio's type was unfamiliar? For the first time I saw my young man's brave front desert him. His mouth drooped, and his eyes had an appearance of having gazed too long at a bright light. I saw that he, unhappy one, was sure what her answer would be.

For myself, I said very little—I waited. I hoped and believed Antonio would attack me in his clever, disguised way, for he had always hated me and my dead brother, and he had always been too skilful for us. In my expectancy of his assault there was no mistake. I comprehended Antonio very well, and I knew that he feared I might seek to do him

an injury, particularly after my inspired speech and gesture upon the terrace.

At last when he, with the coffee and cigarettes, took the knife in his hand, he placed a veil over the point. He began, laughingly, with the picture of a pick-pocket he had helped to catch in London. London was greatly inhabited by pick-pockets, according to Antonio's declaration. Yet, he continued, it was nothing in comparison to Paris. Paris was the rendezvous, the world's home, for the criminals, adventurers, and burglars of the world, English, Spanish, South-Americans, North-Americans,—and even Italians! One must beware of people one has met in Paris. "Of course," he concluded, with a most amiable smile, "there are many good people there also. That is not to be forgotten. If I should dare to make a risk on such a trifle, for instance, I would lay a wager that you"—he nodded toward Poor Jr.—"made the acquaintance of Ansolini in Paris?"

This was of the greatest ugliness in its underneath significance, though the manner was disarming. Antonio's smile was so cheerful, his eye-glass so twinkling, that none of them could have been sure he truly meant anything harmful of me, though Poor Jr. looked up, puzzled and frowning.

Before he could answer I pulled myself altogether, as they say, and attempted a repartee, though I dislike such things. "It is true," and I tried to smile as amiably as Antonio. "These coincidences occur. Everybody meets in Paris. Was it not there?"—I turned to Mrs. Landry—"that you met the young Prince here?"

At this there was no mistaking that the others perceived. The secret battle had begun and was *not* secret. I saw a wild gleam in Poor Jr.'s eye, a face of distress and wonder upon Mrs. Landry, who beheld the peace of both a Prince and a dinner assailed; and, ah! the strange and hurt surprise that came from the lady of the pongee! Let me not be a boastful fellow, but I had borne her pity and had adored it—I could face her wonder, even her scorn.

It was in the flash of her look that I saw my chance and what I must try to do. Knowing Antonio, it was as if I saw her falling into the deep water and

caught just one contemptuous look from her before the waves hid her. As for that old Antonio, he should have known enough to beware. I had been timid with him always, and he counted on it now, but a man who has shown a painted head-top to the people of Paris will dare a great deal.

"As the Prince says," replied Mrs. Landry, with many flutters, "one meets only the most agreeable people in Paris."

"Paris!" I exclaimed. "Ah, that home of ingenuity! How they paint there! How they live, and how they dye—their beards!" You see how the poor Ansolini played the buffoon. I knew they feared it was wine, I had been so silent until now; but I did not care, I was beyond care.

"Our young Prince speaks truly," I cried, raising my voice. "He is wise beyond his years. He will be great when he reaches middle age, for he knows Paris and understands North America! Like myself, he is grateful that the people of your continent enrich our own! Where should we be—any of us" (I raised my voice still louder and waved my hand to Antonio),—"where should we be, *either of us*" (and I bowed to the others) "without *you*?"

I was left alone almost that same moment with Poor Jr. and his hyacinth-trees, Mrs. Landry rose with such precipitousness, and the beautiful lady, very red, followed. Antonio, unmistakably stung with the scorpions I had set upon him, sprang to the door, the palest yellow man I have ever beheld, and let the ladies pass before him. A waiter was offering cigars. I took one, and looked up to meet my friend's excited gaze. I waved his hand away from the box of which the waiter made offering.

"Do not remain!" I whispered, and I saw his sad perplexity. "I know her answer has not been given. Will you present him his chance to receive it—just when her sympathy must be stronger for him, too?" He went out of the door quickly.

I did not smoke. I pretended to, while the waiters made the arrangements of the table and betook themselves off. I sat there a long, long time waiting for Antonio to do what I hoped I had betrayed him to do. It came at last.

Poor Jr. came to the door and spoke in his steady voice. "Ansolini, will you come out here a moment?"

Then I knew that I had succeeded, had made Antonio afraid that I would do the thing he himself, in a panic, had already done—speak evil of another privately. As I reached the door I heard him call out foolishly, "But, Mr. Poor, I beg you—" Poor Jr. put his hand on my shoulder, and we walked out into the dark of the terrace. Antonio was leaning against the railing, the beautiful lady standing near. Mrs. Landry had sunk into a chair beside her daughter. No other people were upon the terrace.

"Prince Caravacioli has been warning us against you," said Poor Jr., very quietly.

"Ah?" said I.

"I listened to what he said; then I told him that you were my friend, and that I considered it fair that you should hear what he had to say. I will repeat what he said, Ansolini, for he is somewhat indirect, and it is getting late. If I mistake anything, he can interrupt me."

Antonio laughed, and in such a way, so sincerely, so gayly, that I was frightened. "Very good!" he cried. "I am content. Repeat all."

"He began," Poor Jr. went on, quietly, though his hand gripped my shoulder to almost painfulness,—"*he began by saying to these ladies, in my presence, that we should be careful not to pick up chance strangers to dine, in Italy, and—and he went on to give me a repetition of his friendly warning about Paris. I asked him to say what he knew of you. He hinted things for a while, then said he knew all about you; that you were an outcast, a left-handed member of his own family, an adventurer—*"

"It is finished, my friend," I said, interrupting him, and gazed with all my soul upon the beautiful lady. Her face was as white as Antonio's or that of my friend, or as my own must have been. She strained her eyes at me fixedly; I saw the stars standing still in them, and I knew the moment had come. "This Caravacioli is my half-brother," I said.

Antonio laughed again. "Of what kind!"

Oh, he went on so easily to his be-

trayal, not knowing the United-Statesians and their sentiment, as I did. "We had the same mother," I continued, as quietly as I could. "Twenty years after this young Prince was born she divorced his father, Caravacioli, and married a poor poet, whose bust you can see on the Pincian in Rome, though he died in the cheapest hotel in Sienna, when my true brother and I were children. This young Prince would have nothing to do with my mother after her second marriage and—"

"Marriage!" Antonio laughed pleasantly again. He was admirable. "This is an old tale which the hastiness of our American friend has forced us to rehearse. The marriage was never recognized by the Vatican, and there was *not* twenty years—"

"Antonio, it is the age which troubles you, after all!" I said, and laughed heartily, loudly, and a long time, in the most good-natured way, not to be undone as an actor. At this his temper went away from him suddenly and completely. I had hit upon the right thing.

"You cammorrista!" he cried, and became only himself, his hands gesturing and flying, all his pleasant manner gone. "Why should we listen one second more to such a fisherman! The very seiners of the bay who sell dried sea-horses to the tourists are better gentlemen than you. You can shrug your shoulders! I saw you in Paris, though you thought I did not! Oh, I saw you well! Ah! At the Café de la Paix! This rascal, my dear ladies, who has persuaded you to ask him to dinner, this camel who claims to be my excellent brother, *he*, for a few francs, in Paris, shaved his head and showed it for a week to the people with an advertisement painted upon it of the worst ballet in Paris. *This* is the gentleman with whom you ask Caravacioli to dine!"

It was beyond my expectation, so astonishing and so cruel that I could only look at him for a moment or two. I felt as one who dreams himself falling forever. Then I stepped forward and spoke, in thickness of voice, being unable to lift my head:

"Again it is true what he says. I was that man of the painted head. I had my true brother's little daughters

to care for. They were at the convent, and I owed for them. It also was partly for myself, because I was hungry. I could find not any other way, and so—but that is all."

In my shame that she should know, I could do nothing but seek greater darkness. I felt myself beaten, dizzy with beatings. That thing that I had done in Paris discredited me. A man whose head-top had borne an advertisement of the Folie-Rouge making a combat with the Prince Caravacioli!

Leaning over the railing in the darkest corner of the terrace, I felt my hand grasped secondarily by that good friend of mine.

"God bless you!" whispered Poor Jr. "On my soul, I believe he's done himself. Listen!"

I turned. That beautiful lady had stepped out into the light from the salon door. I could see her face shining, and her eyes—ah me, how glorious they were! Antonio followed her.

"But wait," he cried, pitifully.

"*Not for you!*" she answered, and that voice of hers rang out as the Roman trumpets once rang out from this same cliff. "Not for you! *I* saw him there with his painted head and I understood! *You* saw him there, and you did nothing to help him! And the two little children—your nieces, too,—and he your brother!"

Then my heart melted and I found myself choking, for the beautiful lady was weeping.

"Not for you, Prince Caravacioli," she cried, through her tears,—"*not for you!*"

All of the beggars in Naples, I think, all of the flower girls and boys, I am sure, and all the wandering serenaders, I will swear, were under our windows at the Vesuve, from six o'clock on the morning the *Princess Irene* sailed; and there need be no wonder when it is known that Poor Jr. had thrown handfuls of silver and five-lire notes from our balcony to strolling orchestras and singers for two nights before.

They wakened us with "Addio, la bella Napoli, addio, addio!" sung to the departing benefactor. When he had completed his toilet and his coffee, he showed himself on the balcony to them for a

moment. Ah! What a resounding cheer for the signore, the great North-American nobleman! And how it swelled to a magnificent thundering when another largess of his came flying down among them!

Who could have reproved him? Not Raffaele Ansolini, who was on his knees over the bags and rugs! I think I even made some prolongation of that position, for I was far from assured of my countenance that bright morning. I was not to sail in the *Princess Irene* with those dear friends. I had told them that I must go back to Paris to say good-by to my little nieces and sail from Boulogne—and I am sure they believed that was my reason. I had even arranged to go away upon a train which would make it not possible for me to drive to the dock with them. I did not wish to see the boat carry them away from me.

And so the farewells were said in the street in all that crowd. Poor Jr. and I were waiting at the door when the carriage galloped up. How the crowd rushed to see that lady whom it bore to us, blushing and laughing! Clouds of gold-dust came before my eyes again; she wore once more that ineffable gray pongee!

Servants ran forward with the effects of Poor Jr., and we both sprang toward the carriage.

A flower-girl was offering a great basket of loose violets. Poor Jr. seized it and threw them like a blue rain over the two ladies.

"Bravo! Bravo!" A hundred bou-

quets showered into the carriage, and my friend's silver went out in another shower to meet them.

"Addio, la bella Napoli!" came from the singers and the violins, but I cried to them for "*La Luna Nova*."

"Good-by—for a little while—good-by!" and I knew how well my friend liked me, because he shook my hand with his head turned away. Then the gray glove of the beautiful lady touched my shoulder—the lightest touch in all the world—as I stood close to the carriage while Poor Jr. climbed in.

"Good-by. Thank you—and God bless you!" she said, in a low voice. And I knew for what she thanked me.

The driver cracked his whip like an honest Neapolitan. The horses sprang forward. "Addio, addio!"

"Luna d'argento fallo sognar—
Baciale in fronte non lo destar,"

I sang with the musicians, waving and waving and waving my handkerchief to the departing carriage.

Now I saw my friend lean over and take the beautiful lady by the hand, and together they stood up in the carriage and waved their handkerchiefs to me. Then, but not because they had passed out of sight, I could see them not any longer.

They were so good—that kind Poor Jr. and the beautiful lady; they seemed like dear children—as if they had been my own dear children.

THE END.

Haunting my Dreams

BY JOHN VANCE CHENEY

THERE be two things that haunt my dreams: the flower
Swinging on rocky hill-tops all alone,
The minstrelsy of silence at the hour
When the last bird has to her hiding flown.

A New Conception Concerning the Origin of Species

BY HUGO DE VRIES

Professor of Botany in the University of Amsterdam

THE theory of a common descent of all living organisms is now almost universally accepted. Originally proposed by Lamarck, it owes its present high rank in scientific and social philosophy to the broad proofs accumulated in its behalf by Darwin. Anatomical, embryological, and systematical researches have pointed out the main lines of the relations between the principal groups of animals and plants, and the aim of the present researches concerning these questions is more to penetrate into the details than to discover new proofs for the well-established theory.

Contrasting with the rapid increase of knowledge on the lines of the comparative sciences, the physiological side of the question has but slowly progressed. Darwin has shown that the multiplication of animals and plants must lead to a struggle for their life, and that this struggle, in its turn, must result in a selection of those which are the best fitted for the conditions of their environment and in the destruction of the others. This natural selection may be compared to a sieve, which decides what is to live and what to die. It keeps evolution on the useful lines, and in this way affords an explanation of the obvious and universal fact of the usefulness of most of the characters by which the different groups of plants and animals are distinguished from one another. This principle of natural selection has been one of the most influential means towards the acceptance of Darwin's theory.

In order to sieve out the fittest, it is manifest that the differences must previously exist. How they originate is a question which is obviously independent of the choice between them. Only after the differences have been produced the

sieve can decide, throwing out the bad, and thereby giving to the better a larger opportunity for their multiplication. With the real steps of the evolution the sieving of natural selection has evidently nothing to do.

According to these views, we may divide Darwin's work into two parts. One of them comprises the assured and universally accepted propositions of the descent with modification and of the effect of natural selection in directing the broad lines of this modification. The other is related to the question how the single steps of the evolution have been brought about. On this point Darwin has not succeeded in securing universal approbation. In the main he has recognized two possibilities. One of them is the gradual accumulation of slight and nearly invisible variations, such as are observed to occur always and anywhere in the reproduction of all living beings. The other means of change lies in the sudden production of new forms from an old stock. In the first case evolution is steadily but invisibly going on, and as the sieve of natural selection always throws out the useless and the unfit, the surviving will gradually become adapted to their life-conditions. On the second supposition evolution goes on by rare and sudden leaps, occurring only from time to time, and therefore separated by shorter or longer periods, in which the species remain constant.

The first view overturns the old idea of the constancy of species, and has, on this ground, met with the most eager objections and the severest criticisms on the part of the systematists. On the other hand, it has acquired a nearly unanimous support on the side of the prevailing school of anatomists and em-

bryologists. The rapid progresses made in the last half-century on this line of work were openly professed to be due in the main to the directions given by Darwin's theory, and thereby gave to his ideas a superiority, which soon led to their final victory. And with the principles of common descent and natural selection, the conception of slow and gradual changes became apparently an indispensable link in the accepted theory.

Doubts concerning the validity of this last conception have never been failing, but they have not been able to gain any influence on the prevailing opinion. It must, however, be stated that of late the partisans of an origin of species by sudden leaps have increased in number, and have steadily been preparing the way for a turning of our views on this point.

Being myself a systematist and a physiologist, and preferring the experimental method in both of these dominions to the comparative studies, I have always felt some doubts concerning the validity of the prevailing conception of the part ascribed to slow and gradual changes. In these doubts I have been strongly confirmed by a thorough study of Darwin's books. I observed that his opinion was less one-sided and less fixed than that of his followers, and that he clearly recognized the possibility of the alternative method of changes. On the proportion between both, and on their relative part in the evolution at large, he has never been fully settled, ascribing to the sudden changes now a larger and at other times a smaller part. Furthermore, I studied Darwin's provisional hypothesis of pangenesis, and found that it agreed far better with the supposition of sudden than with that of slow changes. I have compared this hypothesis with the general conceptions on changes in organic substances, which could be derived from the teachings of physics and of chemistry, and found that the probability of definite steps had to be acknowledged as far larger than that of slow conversions. Chemical substances are changed into others by definite and measurable steps, and thence it seemed to me that this rule might prevail even for the minutest material particles which determine the hereditary qualities of organisms. These conceptions were detailed by me, some

fifteen years ago, in a little book, entitled *Intracellular Pangenesis*.

It was, however, impossible to determine the size of the steps on the ground of these theoretical surmises. Little was known at that time concerning the relations of the theoretical constitution of chemical substances to their physical properties, and no means were at hand to judge of the morphological alterations which might be incumbent on slight chemical changes of the representative particles of the hereditary qualities. In other words, the assured theories did not allow to go any further, and the brilliant but frail edifice of hypothesis, built upon the conception of slow changes, warned me not to risk myself on this path.

I then turned to the evidence afforded by horticulture and agriculture. I was personally acquainted with one of the most celebrated German breeders, Rimpau, the originator of the rye of Schlansedt. I consulted his opinion and that of a number of other European agriculturists, and visited the farms of Vilmorin, Lemoine and Croxy in France, and the nurseries of Erfurt in Germany, and those of Holland. I expected to find some evidence in their experience, which might direct me in my theoretical work.

The result did not, however, respond to my expectations. Sudden changes no doubt occur, especially in horticulture, but, as a rule, they produce varieties, which are distinguished from their species either by a manifest loss of some peculiarity, or by the gain of a character which is not absolutely new, but already present in some and often in numerous other instances. Loss of the color of flowers and fruits, or a partial loss of compound colors producing yellow varieties from orange or nearly black fruits, loss of hairs and of spines, of the erect growth producing weeping form, or of the widespread branches producing broom-like types, and many other instances could be given. Double flowers may perhaps be due to a distinct gain, but then they are so common as not to justify the conception of something quite new. In agriculture, on the other hand, the accumulation of slow and hardly perceptible changes seems to be the prevailing method of improvement. Apart from hybridizing, which plays so large a part

in numerous artificial improvements, but which of course cannot have had a prominent influence upon natural evolution in its broad lines, the best results of the agriculturists seemed to be due to a continuous and careful selection of useful slow changes. In this way, evidently, most of our local and our improved races of the great forage-crops have been produced.

On the ground of this evidence the question arose whether the sudden appearance of horticultural varieties or the gradual production of the agricultural races might be the process which would prove to be analogous to the originating of species in nature. Horticultural varieties are only in very rare instances due to the production of a really new quality, and agricultural races do not lead to constant types, such as wild species are, but are always liable to reversions to the previous type, as soon as selection is discontinued.

It would take me too long to go into further details. The result was that sudden leaps came nearest to what should be expected as the process of nature, but that the analogy was far from being as complete as it should be, in order to be considered as a sufficient proof.

Having thus exhausted, as far as possible, the theoretical and the practical evidence which at that time was at hand, and not having been able fully to satisfy myself, I determined to take the path of direct experiment. This resolution, however, was not at all easily put in execution. No indications seemed to be available to point out the way. I started from the old systematic conviction of the stability of species and tried to bring it into harmony with the theory of descent. I concluded that this harmony could only be attained by the hypothesis of alternating periods of constancy and of variability. If on this supposition the periods of stableness are assumed to be long, and those of unstableness short and occurring only at rare intervals, the conception would be justified that, at a given moment, most of the species of a district would be in a stable condition, whilst only some few would be actually changeable. Assuming that these latter were so few in number that they might have been overlooked, the hypothesis would at once

explain the fact of the constancy of wild species in all observed cases, and admit the possibility of their origin from one another. The principle of all systematic science and that of the theory of evolution seemed to be brought into perfect harmony by this series of hypotheses.

It was, however, not my aim to go into hypothetical considerations in behalf of theoretical discussions. What I wanted to know was the way which might possibly lead to an experimental decision of the question. On this purpose my conclusions led to the necessity of searching for those hypothetical mutable cases which I had assumed to have hitherto been overlooked by others. It was manifest that they would be rare, but if my conclusions were right, it should be possible to find them out by a close inspection of a good number of wild species. Moreover, it was only required to discover one single instance in order to prove the fact and to obtain the material for an experimental study of the process of the originating of new species.

About the same time, when I published my already quoted *Intracellular Pangenesis*, I resolved to test a number of the native plants of my country with the hope of finding at least one mutable strain. Field observations had to be the starting-point, and I gathered, in the environments of Hilversum, near Amsterdam, all the deviations which I could find. I soon persuaded myself that field observations were not adequate to reach my aim, but that I had to try the constancy of each single species by artificial sowings of its seed. These cultures, of course, had to be done in the experiment garden. Of some species I saved the seeds on the original localities; of others I transplanted some specimens into my garden, and afterwards saved the seeds of these.

These cultures have, in the main, given a full proof of the constancy of the species under consideration, or at least of the strains whose seeds I used. Monstrosities and other partial deviations often occurred, and from them I have derived quite a number of fasciated and twisted and otherwise deviating races. All these aberrations proved to be of a hereditary nature, recurring in each generation in a larger or in a lesser num-

ber of instances. But they afforded no analogy to the origin of real species.

I have tried in this way, more or less amply, about a hundred species, and have since continued this trial, as often as I could save seeds of new types. I have limited myself to wild or apparently wild plants, in the conviction that the cultivated plants have already had such wide opportunities of showing their range of variability that they would not reward my pains. Amongst my cultures I have had the good luck of finding one instance of what I expected. This was quite sufficient to give the desired proof and to afford the means of an experimental inquiry into the origin of species.

This plant was the great evening-primrose, or the primrose of Lamarck, the *Enothera Lamarckiana*. The whole genus (*Enothera* is of American origin, and some of its species have been introduced into Europe, where they have since been spreading on a large scale. Nothing is historically known concerning the origin and the introduction of the *Lamarckiana*, but nearly exactly a century ago it was described for the first time by Lamarck, who derived his diagnosis from plants grown in the botanical garden at Paris. It has since been cultivated in gardens and distributed by seed-merchants on the ground of its bright crowns of large yellow flowers, opening themselves in the evening. From some of these gardens it has escaped and multiplied upon waste fields in an apparently wild condition. It was in this condition that I met for the first time with this beautiful plant.

It at once attracted my attention by the fact that it had manifestly escaped only some ten or twenty years ago from a neighboring park, and that it had since multiplied very rapidly. On an abandoned field it grew in large numbers on one side, near the park, and was more or less thinly dispersed all over the remainder of the field. The plants were growing vigorously and evidently found on that field all they needed. They were also rich in monstrosities, which I considered, not as a proof, but at least a possible indication of the occurrence of more essential changes. A close and repeated inspection of the field led to the discovery of two essential facts. One of them was the oc-

currence of two clearly distinguished varieties, and the other an amount of variation in the leaves of the young seedlings, to such a degree as I had never before observed. Those two varieties I have since transported into my experimental garden, where they proved to be wholly constant. One was distinguished from the parent form by smooth leaves instead of the bullate type of the *Lamarckiana*, and the other by a partial loss of the inferior position of the ovary and some correlative changes in the style and pistil. I have since compared these forms with the herbarium material at Paris, Leiden, London, and other great museums, and they proved to be quite new, having never been observed by other collectors. Thence the conclusion that they were local varieties, and might even possibly have originated on the field where they grew.

The occurrence of new varieties, however, was not yet the desired proof. They were only a stimulus to further inquiry. This inquiry could be made with the deviating rosettes of basal leaves, and I have tested as many of them in my garden as I could collect. But even this was not the right way. For it was not the question which forms might have been produced, but in which way new forms would arise. It was the supposed mutability of the strain which was to be brought to the light, the capability of producing mutations, and not the existence of more or less evidently mutated forms.

This capacity, of course, could not be tested by field observations. They are adequate to prove the occurrence of mutations, but not the way in which they originate. Without leaving the field observations I now turned my attention chiefly to experimental cultures. Their aim was not to try to change the plants, nor to have any influence on their supposed mutability, far less to try to provoke it if not already present. My object was only to state the relations between parents and children, and to bring, in the case of a mutation, the full proof of its origin.

With this purpose I transplanted some individuals into my garden and in an isolated position, so that they could only be fertilized by their own pollen. Next year I sowed part of their seeds and took care to have a large number of seedlings

in order to be able to discover even rare exceptions. I raised some 15,000 rosettes, until they clearly showed their characters. I found among them ten aberrant ones, five with broader leaves and five dwarfish ones. These I isolated, and, as soon as they flowered, they proved to belong really to only two new types. One of them had only female flowers, the anthers being barren; it was called *Oenothera lata*, because of its broad leaves. The other was a real dwarf, flowering on stems of some 20 cm., and received the name of *O. nanella*.

This observation was the fulfilment of my hopes, the crown of all my labor. It at once showed that new forms are actually being produced, and that they spring from their parents by a sudden leap, without preparation or intermediates, and not in one single specimen, but in quite a number of individuals.

By this discovery the direction of my further work was at once indicated. The new mutants, at least the nanella, could be tested as to their constancy, and it proved to be complete. But the chief aim was to try the strain of the normal Lamareckianas, and to inquire whether they were able to repeat the mutations or perhaps even to produce some more of them. I took good care of pure fertilization of some of the normal plants and again sowed their seed. In this third generation of my pedigree experiment *lata* and *nanella* were again produced, showing the permanency of the mutability of my strain. But besides them a new species arose, which was larger than both of them and had a reddish tinge on its veins. It was called *O. rubrinervis*. It occurred in one single specimen, the progeny of which has since proved to be constant.

Having thus reached my aim, I resolved to improve my methods of working in order to obtain, perhaps, a still larger number of new mutated forms. On one side I improved the cultural conditions of my experiment, and on the other I learned to discern still smaller indications of novelties in the very young plants. By this means I was able to isolate in the fourth generation some hundreds of seedlings of pure Lamareckiana ancestry and to find among them three hundred and thirty-four mutants, belonging to seven different types. Of

course the three types of the second generation were repeated, and even in large numbers, but, besides these, four new or previously overlooked types made their appearance. They were first distinguished by their basal leaves, and afterwards justified the selection by the characters of their stems, flowers, and fruits. They were not ordinary varieties, derived from the mother form by the loss of some special mark, but were distinguished from the main stem and from one another in nearly all their organs and characters. With one exception, they all proved to be constant from the beginning, they being the starting-points for new and stable races.

This mutability has since remained unchanged in the main stem of my Lamareckianas. Though purely fertilized with their own pollen, all of them yielded some mutating children. The proportion of these rarely exceeds one-half per cent., but even this is an unexpectedly high number. During eight successive generations the phenomenon has remained the same, and any lot of seeds, large enough to yield some thousands of seedlings, may be relied upon as the source of new mutations, though ordinarily only on the already existing lines. Really new forms do from time to time occur, but very rarely, the range being restricted to the seven already mentioned mutations and some few others.

The Lamareckiana itself is not changed by this process of mutability. Thence the conclusion that this species is not slowly changed into new forms, through the influence of its outer life-conditions, but only throws off mutated side branches, which at once are sharply differentiated and ordinarily quite constant from the very outset.

These are the facts. They quite agree with the theoretical conclusions above given, and afford a base for a hypothetical reconstruction of the theory of descent on this important point; and, what is more, they afford the material for further experimental studies on evolution, and point out the way in which other material may be obtained. For it is evident that the evening-primrose cannot be the only existing mutable species. Other instances must also be assumed to exist.

Editha

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

THE air was thick with the war feeling, like the electricity of a storm which has not yet burst. Editha sat looking out into the hot spring afternoon, with her lips parted, and panting with the intensity of the question whether she could let him go. She had decided that she could not let him stay, when she saw him at the end of the still leafless avenue, making slowly up toward the house, with his head down, and his figure relaxed. She ran impatiently out on the veranda, to the edge of the steps, and imperatively demanded greater haste of him with her will before she called aloud to him, "George!"

He had quickened his pace in mystical response to her mystical urgency, before he could have heard her; now he looked up and answered, "Well?"

"Oh, how united we are!" she exulted, and then she swooped down the steps to him. "What is it?" she cried.

"It's war," he said, and he pulled her up to him, and kissed her.

She kissed him back intensely, but irrelevantly, as to their passion, and uttered from deep in her throat, "How glorious!"

"It's war," he repeated, without consenting to her sense of it; and she did not know just what to think at first. She never knew what to think of him; that made his mystery, his charm. All through their courtship, which was contemporaneous with the growth of the war feeling, she had been puzzled by his want of seriousness about it. He seemed to despise it even more than he abhorred it. She could have understood his abhorring any sort of bloodshed; that would have been a survival of his old life when he thought he would be a minister, and before he changed and took up the law. But making light of a cause so high and noble seemed to show a want of earnest-

ness at the core of his being. Not but that she felt herself able to cope with a congenital defect of that sort, and make his love for her save him from himself. Now perhaps the miracle was already wrought in him. In the presence of the tremendous fact that he announced, all triviality seemed to have gone out of him; she began to feel that. He sank down on the top step, and wiped his forehead with his handkerchief, while she poured out upon him her question of the origin and authenticity of his news.

All the while, in her duplex emotioning, she was aware that now at the very beginning she must put a guard upon herself against urging him, by any word or act, to take the part that her whole soul willed him to take, for the completion of her ideal of him. He was very nearly perfect as he was, and he must be allowed to perfect himself. But he was peculiar, and he might very well be reasoned out of his peculiarity. Before her reasoning went her emotioning: her nature pulling upon his nature, her womanhood upon his manhood, without her knowing the means she was using to the end she was willing. She had always supposed that the man who won her would have done something to win her; she did not know what, but something. George Gearson had simply asked her for her love, on the way home from a concert, and she gave her love to him, without, as it were, thinking. But now, it flashed upon her, if he could do something worthy to *have* won her—be a hero, *her* hero—it would be even better than if he had done it before asking her; it would be grander. Besides, she had believed in the war from the beginning.

"But don't you see, dearest," she said, "that it wouldn't have come to this, if it hadn't been in the order of Providence? And I call any war glorious



Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

'YOU SHALL NOT SAY THAT!'

that is for the liberation of people who have been struggling for years against the cruellest oppression. Don't you think so too?"

"I suppose so," he returned, languidly. "But war! Is it glorious to break the peace of the world?"

"That ignoble peace! It was no peace at all, with that crime and shame at our very gates." She was conscious of parroting the current phrases of the newspapers, but it was no time to pick and choose her words. She must sacrifice anything to the high ideal she had for him, and after a good deal of rapid argument she ended with the climax: "But now it doesn't matter about the how or why. Since the war has come, all that is gone. There are no two sides, any more. There is nothing now but our country."

He sat with his eyes closed and his head leant back against the veranda, and he said with a vague smile, as if musing aloud, "Our country—right or wrong."

"Yes, right or wrong!" she returned fervidly. "I'll go and get you some lemonade." She rose rustling, and whisked away; when she came back with two tall glasses of clouded liquid, on a tray, and the ice clucking in them, he still sat as she had left him, and she said as if there had been no interruption: "But there is no question of wrong in this case. I call it a sacred war. A war for liberty, and humanity, if ever there was one. And I know you will see it just as I do, yet."

He took half the lemonade at a gulp, and he answered as he set the glass down: "I know you always have the highest ideal. When I differ from you, I ought to doubt myself."

A generous sob rose in Editha's throat for the humility of a man, so very nearly perfect, who was willing to put himself below her.

Besides, she felt, more subliminally, that he was never so near slipping through her fingers as when he took that meek way.

"You shall not say that! Only, for once I happen to be right." She seized his hand in her two hands, and poured her soul from her eyes into his. "Don't you think so?" she entreated him.

He released his hand and drank the

rest of his lemonade, and she added, "Have mine, too," but he shook his head in answering, "I've no business to think so, unless I act so, too."

Her heart stopped a beat before it pulsed on with leaps that she felt in her neck. She had noticed that strange thing in men; they seemed to feel bound to do what they believed, and not think a thing was finished when they said it, as girls did. She knew what was in his mind, but she pretended not, and she said, "Oh, I am not sure," and then faltered.

He went on as if to himself without apparently heeding her. "There's only one way of proving one's faith in a thing like this."

She could not say that she understood, but she did understand.

He went on again. "If I believed—if I felt as you do about this war— Do you wish me to feel as you do?"

Now she was really not sure; so she said, "George, I don't know what you mean."

He seemed to muse away from her as before. "There is a sort of fascination in it. I suppose that at the bottom of his heart every man would like at times to have his courage tested; to see how he would act."

"How can you talk in that ghastly way!"

"It is rather morbid. Still, that's what it comes to, unless you're swept away by ambition, or driven by conviction. I haven't the conviction or the ambition, and the other thing is what it comes to with me. I ought to have been a preacher, after all; then I couldn't have asked it of myself, as I must, now I'm a lawyer. And you believe it's a holy war, Editha?" he suddenly addressed her. "Or, I know you do! But you wish me to believe so, too?"

She hardly knew whether he was mocking or not, in the ironical way he always had with her plainer mind. But the only thing was to be outspoken with him.

"George, I wish you to believe whatever you think is true, at any and every cost. If I've tried to talk you into anything, I take it all back."

"Oh, I know that, Editha. I know how sincere you are, and how— I wish



Half-tone plate engraved by Frank E. Pettit

"KEEP IT—KEEP IT—AND READ IT SOMETIME"

I had your undoubting spirit! I'll think it over; I'd like to believe as you do. But I don't, now; I don't, indeed. It isn't this war alone; though this seems peculiarly wanton and needless; but it's every war—so stupid; it makes me sick. Why shouldn't this thing have been settled reasonably?"

"Because," she said, very throatily again, "God meant it to be war."

"You think it was God? Yes, I suppose that is what people will say."

"Do you suppose it would have been war if God hadn't meant it?"

"I don't know. Sometimes it seems as if God had put this world into men's keeping to work it as they pleased."

"Now, George, that is blasphemy."

"Well, I won't blaspheme. I'll try to believe in your pocket Providence," he said, and then he rose to go.

"Why don't you stay to dinner?" Dinner at Balcom's Works was at one o'clock.

"I'll come back to supper, if you'll let me. Perhaps I shall bring you a convert."

"Well, you may come back, on that condition."

"All right. If I don't come, you'll understand."

He went away without kissing her, and she felt it a suspension of their engagement. It all interested her intensely; she was undergoing a tremendous experience, and she was being equal to it. While she stood looking after him, her mother came out through one of the long windows, on to the veranda, with a catlike softness and vagueness.

"Why didn't he stay to dinner?"

"Because—because—war has been declared," Editha pronounced, without turning.

Her mother said, "Oh, my!" and then said nothing more until she had sat down in one of the large Shaker chairs, and rocked herself for some time. Then she closed whatever tacit passage of thought there had been in her mind with the spoken words, "Well, I hope he won't go."

"And I hope he *will*," the girl said, and confronted her mother with a stormy exaltation that would have frightened any creature less unimpressible than a cat.

Her mother rocked herself again for an interval of cogitation. What she arrived at in speech was, "Well, I guess you've done a wicked thing, Editha Balcom."

The girl said, as she passed indoors through the same window her mother had come out by, "I haven't done anything—yet."

In her room, she put together all her letters and gifts from Gearson, down to the withered petals of the first flower he had offered, with that timidity of his veiled in that irony of his. In the heart of the packet she enshrined her engagement ring which she had restored to the pretty box he had brought it her in. Then she sat down, if not calmly yet strongly, and wrote:

"GEORGE: I understood—when you left me. But I think we had better emphasize your meaning that if we cannot be one in everything we had better be one in nothing. So I am sending these things for your keeping till you have made up your mind.

"I shall always love you, and therefore I shall never marry any one else. But the man I marry must love his country first of all, and be able to say to me,

'I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honor more.'

"There is no honor above America with me. In this great hour there is no other honor.

"Your heart will make my words clear to you. I had never expected to say so much, but it has come upon me that I must say the utmost. EDITHA."

She thought she had worded her letter well, worded it in a way that could not be bettered; all had been implied and nothing expressed.

She had it ready to send with the packet she had tied with red, white, and blue ribbon, when it occurred to her that she was not just to him, that she was not giving him a fair chance. He had said he would go and think it over, and she was not waiting. She was pushing, threatening, compelling. That was not a woman's part. She must leave him free, free, free. She could

not accept for her country or herself a forced sacrifice.

In writing her letter she had satisfied the impulse from which it sprang; she could well afford to wait till he had thought it over. She put the packet and the letter by, and rested serene in the consciousness of having done what was laid upon her by her love itself to do, and yet used patience, mercy, justice.

She had her reward. Gearson did not come to tea, but she had given him till morning, when, late at night there came up from the village the sound of a fife and drum with a tumult of voices, in shouting, singing, and laughing. The noise drew nearer and nearer; it reached the street end of the avenue; there it silenced itself, and one voice, the voice she knew best, rose over the silence. It fell; the air was filled with cheers; the fife and drum struck up, with the shouting, singing, and laughing again, but now retreating; and a single figure came hurrying up the avenue.

She ran down to meet her lover and clung to him. He was very gay, and he put his arm round her with a boisterous laugh. "Well, you must call me Captain, now; or Cap, if you prefer; that's what the boys call me. Yes, we've had a meeting at the town hall, and everybody has volunteered; and they selected me for captain, and I'm going to the war, the big war, the glorious war, the holy war ordained by the pocket Providence that blesses butchery. Come along; let's tell the whole family about it. Call them from their downy beds, father, mother, Aunt Hitty, and all the folks!"

But when they mounted the veranda steps he did not wait for a larger audience; he poured the story out upon Editha alone.

"There was a lot of speaking, and then some of the fools set up a shout for me. It was all going one way, and I thought it would be a good joke to sprinkle a little cold water on them. But you can't do that with a crowd that adores you. The first thing I knew I was sprinkling hell-fire on them. 'Cry havoc, and let slip the dogs of war.' That was the style. Now that it had come to the fight, there were no two parties; there was one country, and the thing was to fight the fight to a finish as quick

as possible. I suggested volunteering then and there, and I wrote my name first of all on the roster. Then they elected me—that's all. I wish I had some ice-water!"

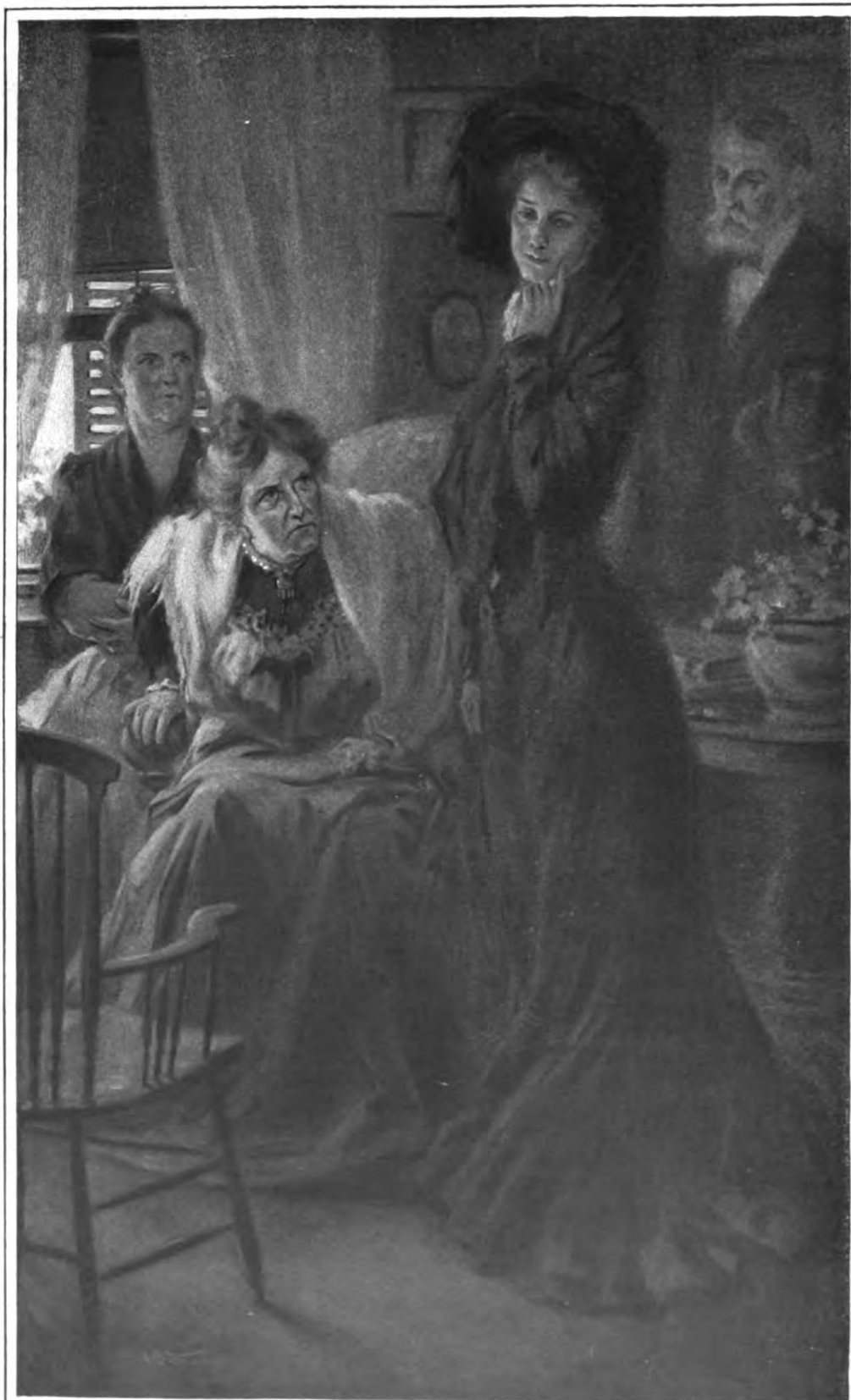
She left him walking up and down the veranda, while she ran for the ice-pitcher and a goblet, and when she came back he was still walking up and down, shouting the story he had told her to her father and mother, who had come out more sketchily dressed than they commonly were by day. He drank goblet after goblet of the ice-water without noticing who was giving it, and kept on talking, and laughing through his talk wildly. "It's astonishing," he said, "how well the worse reason looks when you try to make it appear the better. Why, I believe I was the first convert to the war in that crowd to-night! I never thought I should like to kill a man; but now, I shouldn't care; and the smokeless powder lets you see the man drop that you kill. It's all for the country! What a thing it is to have a country that *can't* be wrong, but if it is, is right anyway!"

Editha had a great, vital thought, an inspiration. She set down the ice-pitcher on the veranda floor, and ran up-stairs and got the letter she had written him. When at last he noisily bade her father and mother, "Well, good night. I forgot I woke you up; I sha'n't want any sleep myself," she followed him down the avenue to the gate. There, after the whirling words that seemed to fly away from her thoughts and refuse to serve them, she made a last effort to solemnize the moment that seemed so crazy, and pressed the letter she had written upon him.

"What's this?" he said. "Want me to mail it?"

"No, no. It's for you. I wrote it after you went this morning. Keep it—keep it—and read it sometime—" She thought, and then her inspiration came: "Read it if ever you doubt what you've done, or fear that I regret your having done it. Read it after you've started."

They strained each other in embraces that seemed as ineffective as their words, and he kissed her face with quick, hot breaths that were so unlike him, that made her feel as if she had lost her old lover and found a stranger in his place.



Half tone plate engraved by H. Leinroth

SHE GLARED AT EDITHA.—“WHAT YOU GOT THAT BLACK ON FOR?”

The stranger said, "What a gorgeous flower you are, with your red hair, and your blue eyes that look black now, and your face with the color painted out by the white moonshine! Let me hold you under my chin, to see whether I love blood, you tiger-lily!" Then he laughed Gearson's laugh, and released her, scared and giddy. Within her wilfulness she had been frightened by a sense of subtler force in him, and mystically mastered as she had never been before.

She ran all the way back to the house, and mounted the steps panting. Her mother and father were talking of the great affair. Her mother said: "Wa'n't Mr. Gearson in rather of an excited state of mind? Didn't you think he acted curious?"

"Well, not for a man who'd just been elected captain and had to set 'em up for the whole of Company A," her father chuckled back.

"What in the world do you mean, Mr. Balcom? Oh! There's Editha!" She offered to follow the girl indoors.

"Don't come, mother!" Editha called, vanishing.

Mrs. Balcom remained to reproach her husband. "I don't see much of anything to laugh at."

"Well, it's catching. Caught it from Gearson. I guess it won't be much of a war, and I guess Gearson don't think so, either. The other fellows will back down as soon as they see we mean it. I wouldn't lose any sleep over it. I'm going back to bed, myself."

Gearson came again next afternoon, looking pale, and rather sick, but quite himself, even to his languid irony. "I guess I'd better tell you, Editha, that I consecrated myself to your god of battles last night by pouring too many libations to him down my own throat. But I'm all right, now. One has to carry off the excitement, somehow."

"Promise me," she commanded, "that you'll never touch it again!"

"What! Not let the cannikin clink? Not let the soldier drink? Well, I promise."

"You don't belong to yourself now; you don't even belong to *me*. You belong to your country, and you have a

sacred charge to keep yourself strong and well for your country's sake. I have been thinking, thinking all night and all day long."

"You look as if you had been crying a little, too," he said with his queer smile.

"That's all past. I've been thinking, and worshipping *you*. Don't you suppose I know all that you've been through, to come to this? I've followed you every step from your old theories and opinions."

"Well, you've had a long row to hoe."

"And I know you've done this from the highest motives—"

"Oh, there won't be much pettifogging to do till this cruel war is—"

"And you haven't simply done it for my sake. I couldn't respect you if you had."

"Well, then we'll say I haven't. A man that hasn't got his own respect intact wants the respect of all the other people he can corner. But we won't go into that. I'm in for the thing now, and we've got to face our future. My idea is that this isn't going to be a very protracted struggle; we shall just scare the enemy to death before it comes to a fight at all. But we must provide for contingencies, Editha. If anything happens to me—"

"Oh, George!" She clung to him sobbing.

"I don't want you to feel foolishly bound to my memory. I should hate that, wherever I happened to be."

"I am yours, for time and eternity—time and eternity." She liked the words; they satisfied her famine for phrases.

"Well, say eternity; that's all right; but time's another thing; and I'm talking about time. But there is something! My mother! If anything happens—"

She winced, and he laughed. "You're not the bold soldier-girl of yesterday!" Then he sobered. "If anything happens, I want you to help my mother out. She won't like my doing this thing. She brought me up to think war a fool thing as well as a bad thing. My father was in the civil war; all through it; lost his arm in it." She thrilled with the sense of the arm round her; what if that should be lost? He laughed as if divining her: "Oh, it doesn't run in the family, as far as I know!" Then he added, gravely, "He came home with misgivings about

war, and they grew on him. I guess he and mother agreed between them that I was to be brought up in his final mind about it; but that was before my time. I only knew him from my mother's report of him and his opinions; I don't know whether they were hers first; but they were hers last. This will be a blow to her. I shall have to write and tell her—"

He stopped, and she asked, "Would you like me to write too, George?"

"I don't believe that would do. No, I'll do the writing. She'll understand a little if I say that I thought the way to minimize it was to make war on the largest possible scale at once—that I felt I must have been helping on the war somehow if I hadn't helped keep it from coming, and I knew I hadn't; when it came, I had no right to stay out of it."

Whether his sophistries satisfied him or not, they satisfied her. She clung to his breast, and whispered, with closed eyes and quivering lips, "Yes, yes, yes!"

"But if anything should happen, you might go to her, and see what you could do for her. You know? It's rather far off; she can't leave her chair—"

"Oh, I'll go, if it's the ends of the earth! But nothing will happen! Nothing *can*! I—"

She felt herself lifted with his rising, and Gearson was saying, with his arm still round her, to her father: "Well, we're off at once, Mr. Balcom. We're to be formally accepted at the capital, and then bunched up with the rest somehow, and sent into camp somewhere, and got to the front as soon as possible. We all want to be in the van, of course; we're the first company to report to the Governor. I came to tell Editha, but I hadn't got round to it."

She saw him again for a moment at the capital, in the station, just before the train started southward with his regiment. He looked well, in his uniform, and very soldierly, but somehow girlish, too, with his clean-shaven face and slim figure. The manly eyes and the strong voice satisfied her, and his preoccupation with some unexpected details of duty flattered her. Other girls were weeping and bemoaning themselves, but she felt a sort of noble distinction in the abstrac-

tion, the almost unconsciousness, with which they parted. Only at the last moment he said, "Don't forget my mother. It mayn't be such a walk-over as I supposed," and he laughed at the notion.

He waved his hand to her, as the train moved off—she knew it among a score of hands that were waved to other girls from the platform of the car, for it held a letter which she knew was hers. Then he went inside the car to read it, doubtless, and she did not see him again. But she felt safe for him through the strength of what she called her love. What she called her God, always speaking the name in a deep voice and with the implication of a mutual understanding, would watch over him and keep him and bring him back to her. If with an empty sleeve, then he should have three arms instead of two, for both of hers should be his for life. She did not see, though, why she should always be thinking of the arm his father had lost.

There were not many letters from him, but they were such as she could have wished, and she put her whole strength into making hers such as she imagined he could have wished, glorifying and supporting him. She wrote to his mother glorifying him as their hero, but the brief answer she got was merely to the effect that Mrs. Gearson was not well enough to write herself, and thanking her for her letter by the hand of some one who called herself "Yrs truly, Mrs. W. J. Andrews."

Editha determined not to be hurt, but to write again quite as if the answer had been all she expected. But before it seemed as if she could have written, there came news of the first skirmish, and in the list of the killed which was telegraphed as a trifling loss on our side, was Gearson's name. There was a frantic time of trying to make out that it might be, must be, some other Gearson; but the name, and the company and the regiment, and the State were too definitely given.

Then there was a lapse into depths out of which it seemed as if she never could rise again; then a lift into clouds far above all grief, black clouds, that blotted out the sun, but where she soared with him, with George, George! She had the fever that she expected of her-

self, but she did not die in it; she was not even delirious, and it did not last long. When she was well enough to leave her bed, her one thought was of George's mother, of his strangely worded wish that she should go to her and see what she could do for her. In the exaltation of the duty laid upon her—it buoyed her up instead of burdening her—she rapidly recovered.

Her father went with her on the long railroad journey from northern New York to western Iowa; he had business out at Davenport, and he said he could just as well go then as any other time; and he went with her to the little country town where George's mother lived in a little house on the edge of illimitable corn-fields, under trees pushed to a top of the rolling prairie. George's father had settled there after the civil war, as so many other old soldiers had done; but they were Eastern people, and Editha fancied touches of the East in the June rose overhanging the front door, and the garden with early summer flowers stretching from the gate of the paling fence.

It was very low inside the house, and so dim, with the closed blinds, that they could scarcely see one another: Editha tall and black in her crapes which filled the air with the smell of their dyes; her father standing decorously apart with his hat on his forearm, as at funerals; a woman rested in a deep armchair, and the woman who had let the strangers in stood behind the chair.

The seated woman turned her head round and up, and asked the woman behind her chair, "Who did you say?"

Editha, if she had done what she expected of herself, would have gone down on her knees at the feet of the seated figure and said, "I am George's Editha," for answer.

But instead of her own voice she heard that other woman's voice, saying, "Well, I don't know as I *did* get the name just right. I guess I'll have to make a little more light in here," and she went and pushed two of the shutters ajar.

Then Editha's father said in his public will-now-address-a-few-remarks tone, "My name is Balcom, ma'am; Junius H. Balcom, of Balcom's Works, New York; my daughter—"

"Oh!" The seated woman broke in,

with a powerful voice, the voice that always surprised Editha from Gearson's slender frame. "Let me see you! Stand round where the light can strike on your face," and Editha dumbly obeyed. "So, you're Editha Balcom," she sighed.

"Yes," Editha said, more like a culprit than a comforter.

"What did you come for?" Mrs. Gearson asked.

Editha's face quivered, and her knees shook. "I came—because—because George—" She could go no farther.

"Yes," the mother said, "he told me he had asked you to come if he got killed. You didn't expect that, I suppose, when you sent him."

"I would rather have died myself than done it!" Editha said with more truth in her deep voice than she ordinarily found in it. "I tried to leave him free—"

"Yes, that letter of yours, that came back with his other things, left him free."

Editha saw now where George's irony came from.

"It was not to be read before—unless—until— I told him so," she faltered.

"Of course, he wouldn't read a letter of yours, under the circumstances, till he thought you wanted him to. Been sick?" the woman abruptly demanded.

"Very sick," Editha said, with self-pity.

"Daughter's life," her father interposed, "was almost despaired of, at one time."

Mrs. Gearson gave him no heed. "I suppose you would have been glad to die, such a brave person as you! I don't believe *he* was glad to die. He was always a timid boy, that way; he was afraid of a good many things; but if he was afraid he did what he made up his mind to. I suppose he made up his mind to go, but I knew what it cost him, by what it cost me when I heard of it. I had been through *one* war before. When you sent him you didn't expect he would get killed."

The voice seemed to compassionate Editha, and it was time. "No," she huskily murmured.

"No, girls don't; women don't, when they give their men up to their country. They think they'll come marching back, somehow, just as gay as they went, or if it's an empty sleeve, or even an empty pantaloons, it's all the more glory, and

they're so much the prouder of them, poor things."

The tears began to run down Editha's face; she had not wept till then; but it was now such a relief to be understood that the tears came.

"No, you didn't expect him to get killed," Mrs. Gearson repeated in a voice which was startlingly like George's again. "You just expected him to kill some one else, some of those foreigners, that weren't there because they had any say about it, but because they had to be there, poor wretches—conscripts, or whatever they call 'em. You thought it would be all right for my George, *your* George, to kill the sons of those miserable mothers and the husbands of those girls that you would never see the faces of." The woman lifted her powerful voice in a psalmlike note. "I thank my God he didn't live to do it! I thank my God they killed him first, and that he ain't livin' with their blood on his hands!" She dropped her eyes which she had raised with her voice, and glared at Editha. "What you got that black on for?" She lifted herself by her powerful arms so high that her helpless body seemed to hang limp its full length. "Take it off, take it off, before I tear it from your back!"

The lady who was passing the sum-

mer near Balcom's Works was sketching Editha's beauty, which lent itself wonderfully to the effects of a colorist. It had come to that confidence which is rather apt to grow between artist and sitter, and Editha had told her everything.

"To think of your having such a tragedy in your life!" the lady said. She added: "I suppose there are people who feel that way about war. But when you consider the good this war has done—how much it has done for the country! I can't understand such people, for my part. And when you had come all the way out there to console her—got up out of a sick bed! Well!"

"I think," Editha said, magnanimously, "she wasn't quite in her right mind; and so did papa."

"Yes," the lady said, looking at Editha's lips in nature and then at her lips in art, and giving an empirical touch to them in the picture. "But how dreadful of her! How perfectly—excuse me—how *vulgar*!"

A light broke upon Editha in the darkness which she felt had been without a gleam of brightness for weeks and months. The mystery that had bewildered her was solved by the word; and from that moment she rose from grovelling in shame and self-pity, and began to live again in the ideal.

Winter Rain

BY JOHN B. TABB

RAIN on the roof, and rain
On the burial-place of grain;
To one a voice in vain;
To one, o'er hill and plain,
The pledge of life again:—

Rain on the sterile sea
That hath no need of thee,
Nor keeps thy memory.
'Tis thou that teachest me
The range of charity.

The Doctrine of Expatriation

BY JOHN BASSETT MOORE, LL.D.

Professor of International Law and Diplomacy, Columbia University

DOES the right to "liberty" and the "pursuit of happiness," in the sense in which it might be called "unalienable," embrace, incidentally, a right on the part of the individual to expatriate himself at will? This was a question that was destined, in the growth and development of American policy, to give rise to important international controversies.

The word "expatriation" is often employed to denote merely the giving up of one's country, and more particularly one's native country, by a permanent change of abode; but, as used in diplomatic discussions, it signifies the change both of home and of allegiance, and more especially of allegiance. By the laws of all civilized countries, provision is made for the admission of aliens to citizenship. The process by which this is done is called naturalization. What is the effect of this process? Does it confer upon the individual a new political character, without divesting him of that which he previously had, thus exposing him, unless his original sovereign consent to the change, to the conflicting claims of a dual allegiance? or does it of its own force not only invest him with a new allegiance, but also free him from the obligations of the old? By the laws of the United States, the alien was required, at the time of his admission to citizenship, to forswear all allegiance to his former sovereign; and no inquiry was made as to whether that sovereign had, either by general or by specific permission, consented to the act. It might therefore be inferred that they were framed upon the theory that the individual possessed an absolute and unrestricted right to change his allegiance, without regard to the claims which his country of origin might assert, even within its own jurisdiction. This would, however, be a

hasty inference, so far at any rate as the omission to inquire concerning the claims of prior allegiance is concerned. Other countries had naturalization statutes, by which no such inquiry was authorized; and yet those countries conceded to their own subjects the right of expatriation only with substantial qualifications or not at all. While they granted naturalization, they did not claim that it dissolved the ties of prior allegiance and made its recipient an alien to his native country, without regard to the latter's laws on the subject. And we shall see that a long time elapsed before the United States advanced to the full assertion of this position in its diplomatic correspondence, and a still longer time before it embodied the claim in its legislation.

Nor is this surprising. The courts and the most authoritative jurists repeatedly expressed the opinion that the United States had inherited, as part of the common law, the English doctrine of indefeasible allegiance. Chancellor Kent, reviewing in his Commentaries the decisions of the American courts, said that "the better opinion would seem to be that a citizen cannot renounce his allegiance to the United States without the permission of government, to be declared by law," and that, as there was "no existing legislative regulation" on the subject, "the rule of the English common law" remained "unaltered." Mr. Justice Story, delivering in a certain case the judgment of the Supreme Court, laid down the general rule that individuals could not, "by any act of their own, without the consent of the government, put off their allegiance and become aliens"; while, in his work on the Conflict of Laws, he declared that every nation had "an exclusive right to regulate persons and things within its own territory, according to its own sovereign

will and public policy." To this general current of legal authority there was just one exception, and that was a decision rendered by the court of appeals of Kentucky in 1839—a decision in which there seemed to breathe the free and untrammelled spirit of the West. In this case it was declared that expatriation might be "considered a practical and fundamental doctrine of America"; but the qualification was immediately added that "the political obligations of the citizen, and the interests of the Republic," might "forbid a renunciation of allegiance by his mere volition or declaration at any time, and under all circumstances," and that for this reason "the government, for the purpose of preventing abuse and securing public welfare," might "regulate the mode of expatriation." Even as thus qualified, Chancellor Kent expressed disapproval of the decision, and maintained not only that "the weight of American authority" was "in favor of the opposite doctrine," but also that the opposite doctrine was "founded . . . upon the most safe and reliable principles."

In the earlier diplomatic correspondence of the United States we find no radical dissent from the views generally expressed by the courts. It is true that Jefferson, as Secretary of State, in a letter to Gouverneur Morris, minister to France, of August 16, 1793, said that citizens of the United States were "certainly free to divest themselves of that character by emigration and other acts manifesting their intention," and might "then become the subjects of another power" and be "free to do whatever the subject of that power may do"; but this was far from saying that other countries were obliged to act upon the same doctrine. John Marshall, as Secretary of State, a few years later, in commenting upon the effects of naturalization, observed that no nation had a right to question its validity, "unless it be one which may have a conflicting title to the person adopted."

It is constantly stated that the United States maintained the right of expatriation in its controversies with Great Britain concerning the impressment of seamen. This is true, but only in a very limited sense. Taking the dispute over

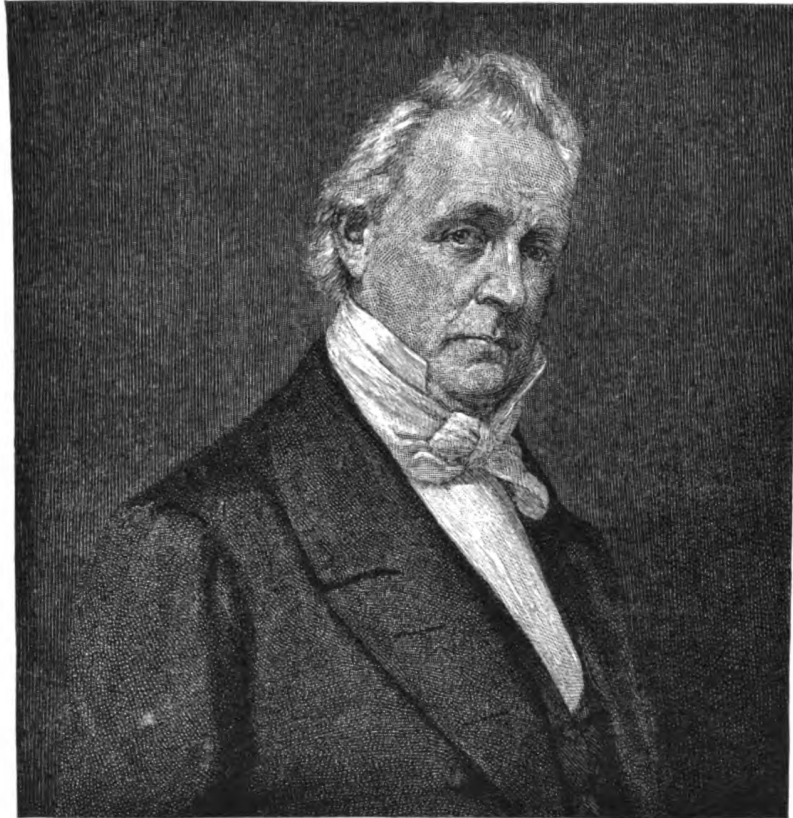
impressment as a whole, it did not involve the crucial point of the later controversies as to expatriation. The burden of the complaint in regard to impressment, as defined in Madison's war message of June 1, 1812, was that Great Britain sought, under cover of belligerent right, to execute her municipal law of allegiance on board the ships of other countries on the high seas, where no laws could operate "but the law of nations, and the laws of the country to which the vessels belong." Precisely the same position was maintained by Webster in his correspondence with Lord Ashburton in 1842. Ships on the high seas are treated, for purposes of jurisdiction, as if they were part of the territory of the nation to which they belong. The complaint that the British government enforced the English law of allegiance on board American vessels on the high seas was manifestly a different thing from objecting to her enforcement of the same law within British jurisdiction.

A comprehensive examination of our diplomatic records enables me to say that the first Secretary of State to announce the doctrine of expatriation in its fullest extent—the doctrine that naturalization in the United States not only clothes the individual with a new allegiance, but also absolves him from the obligations of the old—was James Buchanan. In an instruction to George Bancroft, then American minister in London, of December 18, 1848, Buchanan, referring to the duty of protecting American citizens, naturalized as well as native, said: "We can recognize no difference between the one and the other, nor can we permit this to be done by any foreign government, without protesting and remonstrating against it in the strongest terms. The subjects of other countries, who, from choice, have abandoned their native land, and, accepting the invitation which our laws present, have emigrated to the United States and become American citizens, are entitled to the very same rights and privileges as if they had been born in the country. To treat them in a different manner would be a violation of our plighted faith, as well as our solemn duty." The same doctrine was asserted by Buchanan, in terms equally unequivocal, on prior occasions. As

early as November 25, 1845, he informed an inquirer that the fact of his having become a citizen of the United States by naturalization entitled him "to the same protection from this government that a native citizen would receive."

Buchanan's innovation was not, however, accepted by any of his successors as Secretary of State till he himself became President. Webster, as Secretary of State under Fillmore, fully adopted the view expressed by the eminent publicist Wheaton,

when minister to Prussia, that naturalization would entitle its recipient to protection everywhere but in his native country. Edward Everett, Webster's successor under Fillmore, held to the same opinion. Nor did any reversal of it take place when Pierce succeeded Fillmore, and that Democrat of Democrats, William L. Marcy, became Secretary of State. In an instruction to the American minister to Sardinia, of November 10, 1855, Marcy, while declaring that a naturalized citizen of the United States had all the rights of a native, went on to observe that the vindication of those rights could not require or authorize "an interference in his behalf with the fair application to him of the municipal laws of his native country when he voluntarily subjects himself to their control in the same manner and to the same extent as they would apply if he had never left that country. A different view of the duties of this government would," added Marcy, "be an invasion of



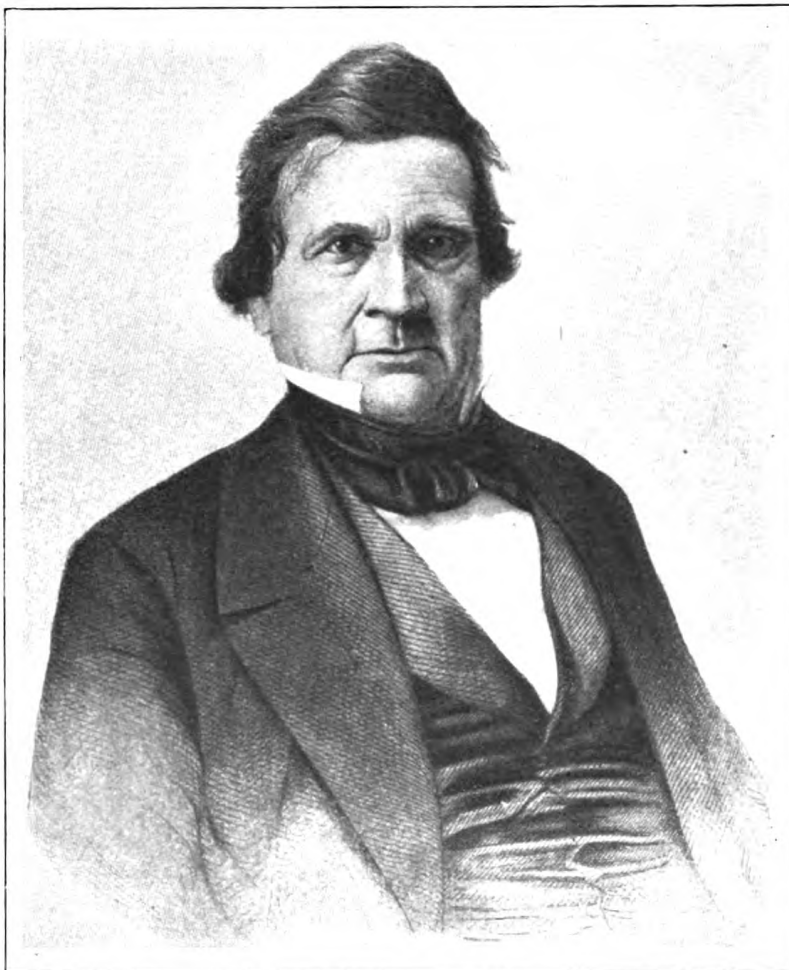
JAMES BUCHANAN

the independence of nations, and could not fail to be productive of discord; it might, moreover, prove detrimental to the interests of the States of this Union."

Views similar to these were expressed by Caleb Cushing, Attorney-General under Pierce, in 1856, in an opinion which he gave upon a question propounded by the Bavarian minister at Berlin as to the law in the United States. The results of an examination of judicial decisions, both Federal and State, Cushing summarized thus: "Expatriation a general right, subject to regulation of time and circumstances according to public interests; and the requisite consent of the state presumed where not negated by standing prohibitions." Subject to "the conditions thus indicated," and to "such others as the public interest might seem to Congress to require to be imposed," he thought that the right of expatriation existed and might be freely exercised by citizens of the United States. He took occasion, however, to observe that

opinion on the subject in the United States had always been "a little colored . . . by necessary opposition to the assumption of Great Britain to uphold the doctrine of indefeasible allegiance, and

the society none with respect to the individual; that there is no social organization, but a mere anarchy of elements, each wholly independent of the other, and not otherwise consociated save than by their casual co-existence in the same territory."



WILLIAM L. MARCY

in terms to prohibit expatriation. Hence," he continued, "we have been prone to regard it hastily as a question between kings and their subjects. It is not so. The true question is of the relation between the political society and its members, upon whatever hypothesis of right, and in whatever form of organization, that society may be constituted. The assumption of a natural right of emigration, without possible restriction in law, can be defended only by maintaining that each individual has all possible rights against the society and

to 1820 was only about 250,000. During the twenties it continued to be small; but in the next decade it grew rapidly. In the year 1842 the number reached 100,000. In 1846 there began the movement due to the Irish famine; and this movement, combined with bad times in Germany, produced in 1854 the enormous maximum of 427,833. In 1860 the foreign-born population of the United States was 4,138,697. Immigrants and the children of immigrants had come to form a large percentage of the country's citizenship.

A pronounced change in the tone and language of the government was now impending, and for reasons altogether intelligible. In March, 1857, Buchanan became President, and conditions were ripe for the further development of the position which he had taken as Secretary of State ten years before. For several decades after the formation of the government of the United States the immigrant element of the population was comparatively unimportant. It is estimated that the whole number of immigrants from 1790

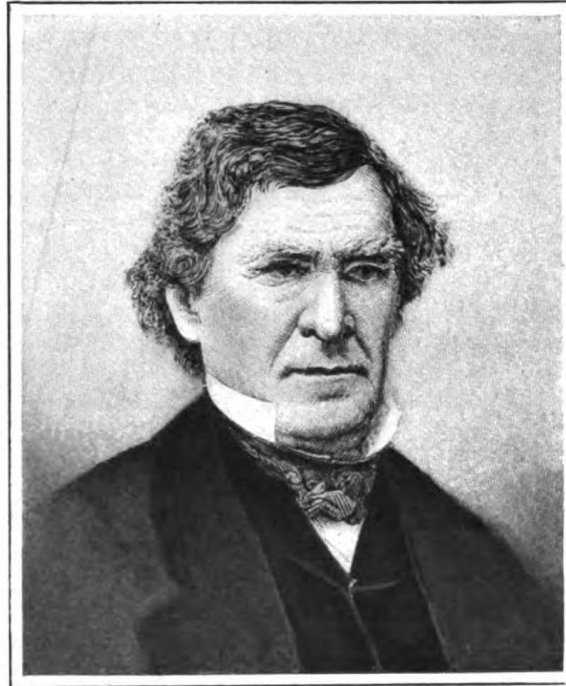
Such a condition of things inevitably produced an effect on the policy of the United States, just as it must have done on the policy of any other government founded on popular suffrage. The foreign-born citizen, who desired to revisit the country of his origin, represented an interest so widespread and so powerful that its wishes could not be disregarded, no matter what the courts and publicists or even what Secretaries of State had said.

As the largest immigration prior to 1857 was from Ireland and the German states, controversies as to allegiance most frequently arose in those quarters. By the law of England a British subject could not put off his natural allegiance except by an act of Parliament, and of such an act there was no record. The law in Germany was more liberal. A Prussian subject, for example, might lose his allegiance in various ways, one of which was by living ten years in a foreign land. But this did not suffice to prevent a collision, since the laws of the United States required for naturalization only a five years' residence, and sometimes less; and since, above all, in Prussia as well as in other European states, the discharge from allegiance was always subject to the performance of military duties, whether the individual had at the time of his emigration reached the age of actual service or not.

In 1859 the issue was broadly made. In February of that year a native of Hanover, named Christian Ernst, who had emigrated to the United States

eight years before, at the age of nineteen, was admitted to citizenship; and in the following month he procured a passport and returned to Hanover on a visit. On arriving in his native village, he was arrested and forced into the army. President Buchanan gave to the case his immediate personal attention, and sub-

mitted it to Judge Jeremiah S. Black, his Attorney-General, for an opinion. Judge Black's opinion bore the significant date of the 4th of July. He advised that it was the "natural right of every free person, who owes no debts and is not guilty of crime, to leave the country of his birth in good faith and for an honest purpose," and to throw off his natural allegiance and substitute another for it; that, although



JEREMIAH S. BLACK

the common law of England denied this right, and "some of our own courts, misled by British authority, have expressed, though not very decisively, the same opinion," this was not to be taken as settling the question; that "natural reason and justice, writers of known wisdom," and "the practice of civilized nations" were "all opposed to the doctrine of perpetual allegiance," and that the United States was pledged to the right of expatriation and could not without perfidy repudiate it; that expatriation "includes not only *emigration* out of one's native country, but *naturalization* in the country adopted as a future residence"; that "naturalization does *ipso facto* place the native and the adopted citizen in precisely the same relations with the government under which they

live, except in so far as the express and positive law of the country has made a distinction in favor of one or the other"; that there was no law in the United States that made any difference between native and naturalized citizens with regard to protection abroad; that the opinion held by "persons of very high reputation" that a naturalized citizen ought to be protected everywhere except in the country of his birth, had "no foundation to rest upon . . . except the dogma which denies altogether the right of expatriation without the consent of his native country"; that, even assuming that Hanover had a municipal regulation by which the right of expatriation was denied to those of her subjects who failed to comply with certain conditions and that this regulation was violated by Ernst when he came away, the unlawfulness of his emigration would not make his naturalization void as against the King of Hanover; that, if the laws of the two countries were in conflict, the law of nations must decide the question upon principles and rules of its own; and that "by the public law of the world we have the undoubted right to naturalize a foreigner, whether his natural sovereign consented to his emigration or not"; and, finally, that the government of Hanover could justify Ernst's arrest only by proving that the original right of expatriation depended upon the consent of the natural sovereign—a proposition which, said Judge Black, "I am sure no man can establish."

On July 8, 1859, the views of the President in relation to the case of Christian Ernst and analogous cases were communicated to Mr. Wright, American minister at Berlin, in a paper that at once acquired great celebrity. In this paper the views announced by Judge Black, which in reality were but a reiteration of those held by Buchanan as Secretary of State, were fully adopted. What right, it was asked, did the laws of the United States confer upon a foreigner by granting him naturalization? The answer was, all the rights, privileges, and immunities which belonged to a native citizen, except that of eligibility to the office of President. "With this exception," it was affirmed, "the naturalized citizen, from and after the date of his naturalization, both at home and abroad, is placed upon

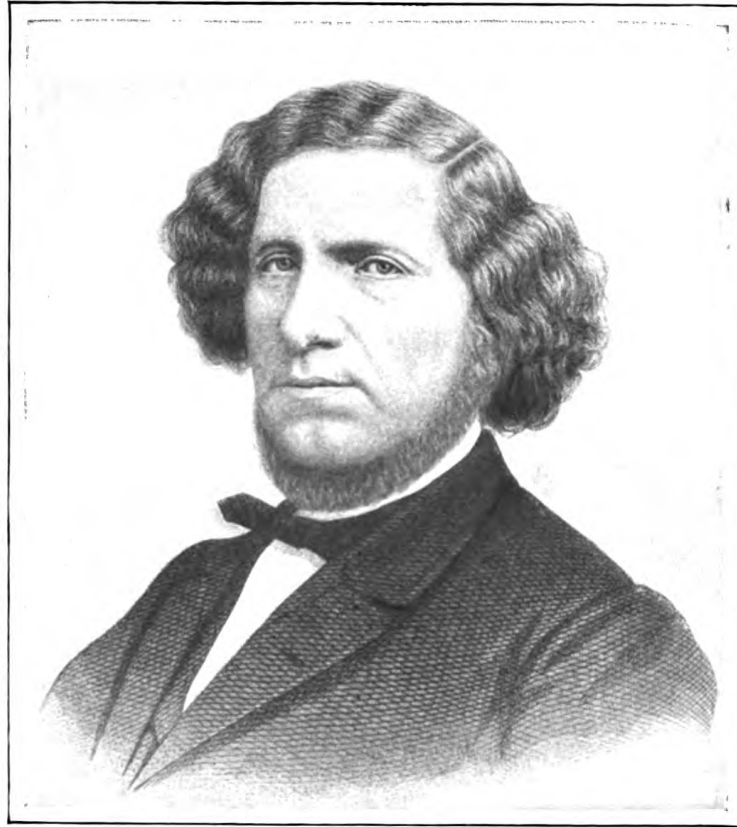
the very same footing with the native citizen. He is neither in a better nor a worse condition. . . . The moment a foreigner becomes naturalized his allegiance to his native country is severed forever. He experiences a new political birth. A broad and impassable line separates him from his native country. He is no more responsible for anything he may say or do, or omit to say or do, after assuming his new character than if he had been born in the United States. Should he return to his native country, he returns as an American citizen, and in no other character. In order to entitle his original government to punish him for an offence, this must have been committed while he was a subject and owed allegiance to that government." This instruction was signed by Mr. Cass, but in its citations of the law of Pennsylvania, as well as in its sentiments and style, it bears Presidential earmarks. On August 20, 1859, the Hanoverian government stated that a "full pardon" had been granted to Ernst, and that he had been "dismissed" from military service, but added that similar conflicts could be prevented in the future only by the United States "renouncing its own views on the subject, which did not agree with international relations," or by concluding a special arrangement. President Buchanan, however, in his annual message of December 3, 1860, declared: "Our government is bound to protect the rights of our naturalized citizens everywhere to the same extent as though they had drawn their first breath in this country. We recognize no distinction between our native and naturalized citizens."

The instruction to Mr. Wright was printed and issued by the Department of State in circular form, for the purpose of defining the position which the United States would in future maintain. It was so used by Seward, as Secretary of State, after Lincoln had succeeded Buchanan as President. But, as the civil war grew more serious and the United States was forced to adopt a policy of conscription, Seward permitted the controversy to rest. Writing to Motley, who was then minister to Austria, on April 21, 1863, he adverted to the perplexities in which the United States had become involved by refusing,

on the one hand, to exempt from its military service persons whom foreign powers claimed the right to protect, while demanding, on the other, the exemption of a like class from military service in the country of their origin on the ground of their having become citizens of the United States. The President had, he said, decided that it was not expedient in the crisis then existing to urge questions of the latter sort beyond the limits of an appeal to the good-will and friendly disposition of foreign powers. It was, besides, deemed necessary to discourage rather than encourage the return of naturalized foreigners to their native country, as well as the emigration of American citizens to Europe.

But, soon after the close of the war, Seward was somewhat violently torn away from this position by the outbreak, in 1866, of the Fenian agitation, and the arrest in British jurisdiction of naturalized American citizens, natives of Ireland, for acts done in furtherance of that movement. Among the numerous cases of this kind, the most notable one, historically, was that of Warren and Costello, who were members of the discordant and ill-starred expedition on the brigantine *Jacmel* to the coast of Ireland, and who were afterwards tried and convicted at Dublin on a charge of treason-felony. At that time an alien charged with crime in British jurisdiction was by law entitled to be tried by what was technically called a jury *de medietate lingue*—a jury composed half of British subjects and half of foreigners. Warren

and Costello applied for such a jury, on the ground that they were American citizens. Had they been native citizens of the United States, their request would have been granted, but as they were



WILLIAM E. ROBINSON
Representative in Congress from New York

British subjects by birth, it was refused, the court citing Blackstone, Kent, and Story to show that their original allegiance still survived.

The trial and conviction of Warren and Costello, as well as of other prisoners, under these circumstances produced an excitement that, to borrow Seward's picturesque phrase, extended "throughout the whole country, from Portland to San Francisco and from St. Paul to Pensacola." Public meetings, attended by immense crowds, were held in many cities, and resolutions were adopted calling upon the government for vigorous measures. In this agitation the leading spirit was William E. Robinson, then a member of Congress from Brooklyn,

popularly known as "Richelieu" Robinson—"Richelieu" being the name under which he practised journalism. Robinson was a native of Ireland, and an advocate of her independence, or, as he once declared in Congress, of her purchase and annexation by the United States. When in the latter part of 1867 Congress assembled, he at once brought up the subject of the Irish-American prisoners. He offered resolutions of inquiry looking to the impeachment of the American minister at London, and of the American consul at Dublin, for neglect of duty; and declared that unless every American citizen then confined in a British jail, against whom a charge of crime had not already been filed, should on demand be instantly released, the American minister should "come home and breathe his native air, and be prepared to stand up like a man, and not be trembling all over like a jelly." As the minister thus described was no other than Charles Francis Adams, who, in the dark hours of the great American conflict, could quietly say to Earl Russell, with reference to the apprehended escape of "Lairds' Ironclads," "It would be superfluous in me to point out to your lordship that this is war," it is obvious that Mr. Robinson was a man of fancy, though tastes will necessarily differ as to the quality of his wit. On a subsequent occasion he proposed a resolution, which was at once voted by the House of Representatives, requesting the President to obtain the release of Warren and Costello and "their return to our flag, with such ceremonies as are appropriate to the occasion." Warren and Costello were eventually released, but without special ceremonial incidents.

Meanwhile the Committee on Foreign Affairs, spurred on by ninety-six resolutions and memorials that had been adopted at public meetings in different sections of the country, all demanding that action be taken to secure to citizens of the United States protection abroad, had been wrestling with various proposals designed to accomplish that end; and on January 27, 1868, the chairman, General Banks, brought in a bill, accompanied by an elaborate report. The report was both able and temperate. It appropriately declared that the claim of

"indefeasible allegiance and perpetual service" was the symbol of "feudalism and force," but it also affirmed that "the law of allegiance and of service" was "as essential to a republic as it is to a monarchy," and that the "extinction of the mutual obligations between a government and its subject" should depend upon "the express or implied consent of both parties," under proper regulations. The bill was less carefully reasoned, and, after some discussion, was recommitted. It was reported again, in a form much altered, on the 10th of March. In its new form it declared that the "right of expatriation" was "a natural and inherent right of all people, indispensable to the enjoyment of the rights of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," and that "any declaration, instruction, opinion, order, or decision" of any public officer which denied, restricted, impaired, or questioned that right was "inconsistent with the fundamental principles" of the government. It further provided that naturalized citizens of the United States should while abroad receive the same protection as native citizens in like circumstances; and empowered the President, whenever a citizen of the United States should be arrested and detained by a foreign government upon the allegation that naturalization in the United States did not operate to dissolve his original allegiance, to retaliate by arresting and detaining any subject of that government found within the national jurisdiction.

The bill, after discussion and amendment, passed the House on April 20, 1868, by a vote of 104 to 4, eighty-one members not voting. In the Senate it was referred to the Committee on Foreign Relations, from which it was reported by the chairman, Mr. Sumner, on the 23d of June, with two amendments, one of which struck out the provision for reprisals, and made it the duty of the President, in case of improper arrest and detention, merely to report the facts to Congress. In the debate that ensued, Mr. Williams of Oregon moved to substitute for this amendment a clause making it the duty of the President, before reporting the facts to Congress, to use all means, not amounting to acts of war, to obtain the prisoner's release. This amendment was

eventually adopted. The bill, as amended, passed the Senate on July 25, 1868, by a vote of 39 to 5, twenty Senators not voting. On the same day the amendments of the Senate were concurred in by the House, and on the 27th of July the bill, with the approval of the President, became a law.

An examination of the debates shows that the passage of the bill was greatly facilitated by two circumstances, which were repeatedly mentioned. One was that, while the bill was pending, both the great political parties held their national conventions and adopted declarations in favor of the equal protection of all citizens, both native and naturalized, at all times and in all places. The other was that George Bancroft had, with the kindly and powerful cooperation of Bismarck, concluded on February 22, 1868, with the North German Union his epoch-making naturalization treaty, which was soon followed by similar treaties with Baden and Bavaria, and by the promise or well-founded expectation of treaties with yet other powers, including Great Britain. Indeed, the principles of a naturalization treaty with Great Britain were settled in a protocol signed in London as early as October 9, 1868, though they were not embodied in a formal convention till May 13, 1870, when Parlia-



LEWIS CASS

ment had by an act of the preceding day adopted the necessary legislation. Before the close of 1872 naturalization treaties were made with Hesse (1868), Belgium (1868), Sweden and Norway (1869), Austria-Hungary (1870), Ecuador (1872), and Denmark (1872). Of all these treaties, however, that with Great Britain is the most liberal, since it recognizes the fullest possible effects of naturalization, whether American or British, whenever acquired, while all the rest make a five years' residence in the country of adoption a necessary condition of expatriation, even though naturalization should, as in some cases it may, be sooner obtained. The treaty with Great Britain is therefore the only one that fulfils the

requirements of the act of July 27, 1868; but they were all promptly ratified.

Since 1872 the government of the United States has earnestly and constantly striven to secure naturalization treaties with other powers, but its efforts have been rewarded only in the single and unimportant case of Haiti. For this failure there are several reasons, first among which we may mention the controversies that have arisen under the existing treaties, in consequence of the return to their native country, immediately after their naturalization in the United States, of young men who emigrated just before arriving at the age when they were subject to military duty. While the number of such persons from year to year has been comparatively small, yet it has, as the volumes of diplomatic correspondence amply testify, been large enough to produce incalculable mischief. This unfortunate complication, which has in some instances put in jeopardy subsisting arrangements, has naturally served as an obstacle to the formation of new ones. Besides, the increasing pressure of the military system in Europe has made the non-treaty powers more and more reluctant to recognize the expatriation of any citizen or subject who has not performed the entire military service which the law prescribes. This tendency is clearly seen in the case of France, who, abandoning a less stringent rule formerly applied, now enforces her military laws upon Frenchmen naturalized abroad who were at the time of their naturalization subject to military service in the active army or in the reserve of that army. By the Italian civil code of 1866 citizenship is lost by naturalization abroad, but it is expressly declared that this does not carry with it exemption from the obligation of military service or from the penalties inflicted on those who bear arms against their native country. Other countries, including Switzerland, have laws of similar purport; but the Swiss laws contain a provision under which a native of that country may, if he sees fit to do so, renounce his natural allegiance. The most difficult case, however, to deal with is that of Russia, by whose laws any native of that country who enters a foreign service without the permission of his government, or takes the oath of allegiance

to a foreign power, is exposed to the loss of all civil rights and perpetual banishment from the empire, or, in case of his unauthorized return to Russia, to deportation to Siberia. In addition to this he is required to perform his term of military service.

But, quite apart from conditions existing in other countries, it would be uncandid not to admit that the failure of the United States since 1872 to extend the operation of the doctrine of expatriation may in a measure be ascribed to certain acts that have seemed to discredit the declarations made in the act of 1868. By the naturalization laws of the United States prior to 1870, admission to citizenship was restricted to "free white" persons. By the act of July 14, 1870, Congress, after the adoption of the Thirteenth and Fourteenth amendments to the Constitution, changed the laws so as to embrace persons of "African" nativity or descent. While this act was under discussion in Congress, Senator Sumner made repeated efforts to strike from the laws the word "white," but in this he was unsuccessful. In the preparation of the Revised Statutes of the United States the word "white" was omitted, but by the act of February 18, 1875, Congress corrected this omission by expressly restricting the right of naturalization to "white" persons and to persons of "African" nativity or descent. This legislation, under which Chinese, Japanese, and persons of various other races, being neither "white" nor "African," have been held to be incapable of naturalization in the United States, necessarily impaired the moral if not the legal authority of the act of 1868. The act of 1868 declared expatriation to be "a natural and inherent right of all people," and the right of expatriation, as correctly held by Judge Black, includes both emigration and naturalization. It is obvious therefore that the right of expatriation is only imperfectly recognized where people, not individually because of misconduct, but in the mass because of their race, are excluded from naturalization.

Any discussion of the subject of expatriation would be incomplete which omitted to refer to the impression that has heretofore prevailed and may still

widely prevail that the United States has on some occasions contended that a declaration of intention to become a citizen clothed the individual with American nationality, and gave him the same right to protection abroad as if he had been naturalized. This impression is altogether erroneous, and is directly opposed to the positive declarations of a long line of Secretaries of State, including Buchanan, Marcy, Cass, Fish, Evarts, Frelinghuysen, Bayard, Blaine, Olney, and Hay. In reality the statutes of the United States forbid the issuance of passports to persons who are not actual citizens. The erroneous impression with regard to the effect of a declaration of intention seems to be connected with the particular case of Martin Koszta.

Martin Koszta, a Hungarian by birth and an Austrian subject, was an active participant in the Hungarian revolution of 1848-9. At its close he with many others took refuge in Turkey. Their extradition was demanded by Austria but was resisted by Turkey, backed up by England and France; and they were at length released on the understanding that they would go into foreign parts. Many of them emigrated to the United States. Among these was Koszta, who, on July 31, 1852, declared his intention to become a citizen. Nearly two years later he temporarily returned, on private business, to Turkey, and placed himself under the protection of the American consul at Smyrna, by whom he was furnished with a *tezkereh*—a kind of passport or safe-conduct given by foreign consuls in Turkey to persons whom they assume to protect. While waiting for an opportunity to return to the United States, Koszta was seized and thrown into the sea, where he was picked up by a boat's crew, lying in wait for him, and taken on board the Austrian man-of-war *Huszar*, where he was confined in irons. The American consul at Smyrna and the American *chargé d'affaires* at Constantinople sought to effect his liberation, but in vain. Just then, however, the American sloop-of-war *St. Louis* arrived at Smyrna, and her commander, Captain Ingraham, after inquiring into the circumstances of the case, demanded Koszta's release, and intimated that he would resort to force if the demand was not

complied with by a certain hour. An arrangement was then made by which Koszta was delivered into the custody of the French consul-general, until the United States and Austria should agree as to the manner of disposing of him.

When a report of the transaction was received at Washington, Marcy justified Captain Ingraham's conduct, chiefly on the ground that Koszta, while at Smyrna, had, according to the local custom, which was recognized by international law, the right, as a Frank or sojourner, to place himself under any foreign protection that he might select; that he did in fact place himself under the protection of the American consul at Smyrna; and that, having thus been clothed with the nationality of the protecting power, he became entitled to be regarded while in that situation as a citizen of the United States. These views Marcy afterwards elaborated in his answer to the protest lodged by Austria against Captain Ingraham's action. The links in Marcy's chain of reasoning in this paper were that, as the seizure and rescue of Koszta took place within the jurisdiction of a third power, the respective rights of the United States and of Austria, as parties to the controversy, could not be determined by the municipal law of either country, but must be determined by international law; that, as the previous political connection between Koszta and the Austrian government had, by reason of the circumstances of his emigration and banishment, been, even under the laws of Austria, dissolved, he could not at the time of his seizure be claimed as an Austrian subject, nor could his seizure as such be justified by Austria, either under international law or her treaties with Turkey; that the seizure in its method and circumstances constituted an outrage so palpable that any bystander would have been justified, on elementary principles of justice and humanity, in interposing to prevent its consummation; that there were, however, special grounds on which the United States might, under international law—that being under the circumstances the only criterion,—assert a right to protect Koszta; that, although he had ceased to be a subject of Austria, and had not become a citizen of the United States,

and therefore could not claim the rights of a citizen under the municipal laws of either country, he might under international law derive a national character from domicile; that, even if Koszta was not, by reason of his domicile, invested with the nationality of the United States, he undoubtedly possessed, under the usage prevailing in Turkey, which was recognized and sanctioned by international law, the nationality of the United States, from the moment when he was placed under the protection of the American diplomatic and consular agents and received from them his *tezkereh*; that, as he was clothed with the nationality of the United States, and as the first aggressive act was committed by the procurement of the Austrian functionaries, Austria, if she upheld what was done, became in fact the first aggressor, and was not entitled to an apology for the measures adopted by Captain Ingraham

to secure his release; that Captain Ingraham's action was further justified by the information which he received of a plot to remove Koszta clandestinely, in violation of the amicable arrangement under which he was to be retained in Smyrna while the question of his nationality was pending; and, finally, that, as the seizure of Koszta was illegal and unjustifiable, the President could not consent to his delivery to the Austrian consul-general at Smyrna, but expected that measures would be taken to cause him to be restored to the condition he was in before he was seized.

On October 14, 1853, the American consul and the Austrian consul-general at Smyrna, acting under instructions from the American and Austrian ministers at Constantinople, requested the French consul-general to deliver Koszta over into the custody of the United States; and on the same day Koszta took passage on the bark *Sultana* for Boston.

In Verona

BY LOUISE MORGAN SILL

SOFT air, soft fountains, warmed with sun
And thrilling to their overflow;
Where red and white the marbles gleam,
And mould'ring lions crouch and dream
Of deeds forgotten long ago.

And near lived Juliet—passionate
With love and sorrow—neither child
Nor woman, beautiful and doomed. . . .
What showers of almond buds have bloomed
Since love that loyal soul beguiled.

Now, where she dwelt, gay dancers turn
With tripping steps to a guitar,
Oblivious of the spirit sweet
That haunts the garden and the street,
Or trims her lamp in yonder star.

Yet what are marbles, rich and worn,
And what is all Verona's pride
Of pompous power and holy art,
To that enraptured, tragic heart
That lived for love and for love died?

Lilt of guitar, and fountain's song!
Your music haunts me, and the breath
Of almond blossoms brings to me
Verona's fragrant memory
Of love that died and smiled at death.

Angelus

BY ELEANOR H. PORTER

TO Hephzibah the world was a place of weary days and unrestful nights, and life was a thing of dishes that were never quite washed and of bread that was never quite baked—leaving something always to be done.

The sun rose and the sun set, and Hephzibah came to envy the sun. To her mind, his work extended from the first level ray shot into her room in the morning to the last rose-flush at night; while as for herself, there were the supper dishes and the mending-basket yet waiting. To be sure, she knew, if she stopped to think, that her sunset must be a sunrise somewhere else; but Hephzibah never stopped to think; she would have said, had you asked her, that she had no time.

First there was the breakfast for Theron and the hired man in the chill gray dawn of each day;—if one were to wrest a living from the stones and sand of the hillside farm, one must be up and at work betimes. Then Harry, Tom, and Nellie must be roused, dressed, fed, and made ready for the half-mile walk to the red schoolhouse at the crossroads. After that the day was one blur of steam, dust, heat, and stifling fumes from the oven and the fat-kettle, broken always at regular intervals by meal-getting and chicken-feeding.

What mattered the blue of the heavens or the green of the earth outside? To Hephzibah the one was "sky" and the other "grass." What mattered the sheen of silver on the emerald velvet of the valley far below? Hephzibah would have told you that it was only the sun on Otter Creek down in Johnson's meadows.

As for the nights, even sleep brought little relief to Hephzibah; for her dreams were of hungry mouths that could not be filled, and of dirt-streaked floors that would not come clean.

Last summer a visitor had spent a week at the farm—Helen Raymond, Hephzibah's niece from New York; and

now a letter had come from this same Helen Raymond, telling Hephzibah to look out for a package by express.

A package by express!

Hephzibah laid the letter down, left the dishes cooling in the pan, and went out into the open yard where she could look far down the road toward the village.

When had she received a package before? Even Christmas brought no fascinating boxes or mysterious bundles to her! It would be interesting to open it; and yet—it probably held a book which she would have no time to read, or a pretty waist which she would have no chance to wear.

Hephzibah turned and walked listlessly back to her kitchen and her dish-washing. Twelve hours later her unaccustomed lips were spelling out the words on a small white card which had come with a handsomely framed photograph:

"'The Angelus.' Jean François Millet. 1859."

Hephzibah looked from the card to the picture, and from the picture back again to the card. Gradually an angry light took the place of the dazed wonder in her eyes. She turned fiercely to her husband.

"Theron, *why* did Helen send me that picture?" she demanded.

"Why, Hetty, I—I dun'no'," faltered the man, "'nless she—she wanted ter please ye."

"Please me!—*please me!*" scoffed Hephzibah. "Did she expect to please me with a thing like that? Look here, Theron, look!" she cried, snatching up the photograph and bringing it close to her husband's face. "Look at that woman and that man—they're us, Theron,—us, I tell you!"

"Oh, come, Hetty," remonstrated Theron; "they ain't jest the same, yer know. She didn't mean nothin'—Helen didn't."

"Mean nothing!" repeated Hephzibah, scornfully; "then why didn't she send

something pretty?—something that showed up pretty things—not just fields and farmfolks! Why didn't she, Theron,—why didn't she?"

"Why, Hetty, don't! She—why, she—"

"I know," cut in the woman, a bright red flaming into her cheeks. "'Twas 'cause she thought that was all we could understand—dirt, and old clothes, and folks that look like us! Don't we dig and dig like them? Ain't our hands twisted and old and—"

"Hetty—Hetty—yer ain't yerself! Yer—"

"Yes, I am—I am! I'm always myself—there's never anything else I can be, Theron,—never!" And Hephzibah threw her apron over her head and ran from the room, crying bitterly.

"Well, by gum!" muttered the man, as he dropped heavily into the nearest chair.

For some days the picture stayed on the shelf over the kitchen sink, where it had been placed by Theron as the quickest means of its disposal. Hephzibah did not seem to notice it after that first day, and Theron was most willing to let the matter drop.

It must have been a week after the picture's arrival that the minister from the village made his semiyearly call.

"Oh, you have an 'Angelus'! That's fine," he cried, appreciatively;—the minister always begged to stay in Hephzibah's kitchen, that room being much more to his mind than was the parlor, carefully guarded from sun and air.

"'Fine'!—that thing!" laughed Hephzibah.

"Ay, that thing," returned the man, quick to detect the scorn in her voice; then, with an appeal to the only side of her nature he thought could be reached, he added: "Why, my dear woman, 'that thing,' as you call it, is a copy of a picture which in the original was sold only a few years ago for more than a hundred thousand dollars—a hundred and fifty, I think."

"Humph! *Who* could have bought it! That thing!" laughed Hephzibah again, and changed the subject. But she remembered,—she must have remembered; for, after the minister had gone, she took the picture from the shelf and carried it to the light of the window.

"A hundred and fifty thousand dollars," she murmured; "and to think what I'd do with that money!" For some minutes she studied the picture in silence, then she sighed: "Well, they do look natural like; but only think what a fool to pay a hundred and fifty thousand for a couple of farmfolks out in a field!"

And yet—it was not to the kitchen shelf Hephzibah carried the picture that night, but to the parlor,—the sombre, sacred parlor. There she propped it up on the centre-table among plush photograph-albums and crocheted mats—the dearest of Hephzibah's treasures.

Hephzibah could scarcely have explained it herself, but after the minister's call that day she fell into the way of going often into the parlor to look at her picture. At first its famous price graced it with a halo of gold; but in time this was forgotten, and the picture itself, with its silent, bowed figures, appealed to her with a power she could not understand.

"There's a story to it—I know there's a story to it!" she cried at last one day; and forthwith she hunted up an old lead-pencil stub and a bit of yellowed note-paper.

It was a long hour Hephzibah spent then, an hour of labored thinking and of careful guiding of cramped fingers along an unfamiliar way; yet the completed note, when it reached Helen Raymond's hands, was wonderfully short.

The return letter was long, and, though Hephzibah did not know it, represented hours of research in bookstores and libraries. It answered not only Hephzibah's questions, but attempted to respond to the longing and heart-hunger Miss Raymond was sure she detected between the lines of Hephzibah's note. Twelve hours after it was written, Hephzibah was on her knees before the picture.

"I know you now—I know you!" she whispered, exultingly. "I know why you're real and true. Your master who painted you was like us once—like us, and like you! He knew what it was to dig and dig; he knew what it was to work and work till his back and his head and his feet and his hands ached and ached—he knew! And so he painted you!"

"*She* says you're praying; that you've stopped your work and 'turned to higher

things.' She says we all should have an 'Angelus' in our lives each day. Good God!—as if she knew!"—Hephzibah was on her feet now, her hands to her head.

"An 'Angelus'?—me?" continued the woman, scornfully. "And where? The dish-pan?—the wash-tub?—the chicken-yard? A fine 'Angelus,' that! And yet"—Hephzibah dropped to her knees again—"you look so quiet, so peaceful, and, oh, so—rested!"

"For the land's sake, Hetty, what be you doin'? Have you gone clean crazy?"—it was Theron in the parlor doorway.

Hephzibah rose wearily to her feet. "Sometimes I think I have, Theron," she said.

"Well,"—he hesitated,—“ain't it 'most—supper-time?"

"I s'pose 'tis," she assented, listlessly, and dragged herself from the room.

It was not long after this that the picture disappeared from the parlor. Hephzibah had borne it very carefully to her room and hung it on the wall at the foot of her bed, where her eyes would open upon it the first thing every morning. Each day she talked to it, and each day it grew to be more and more a part of her very self. Not until the picture had been there a week, however, did she suddenly realize that it represented the twilight hour; then, like a flash of light, came her inspiration.

"It's at sunset—I'll go out at sunset! Now my 'Angelus' will come to me," she cried, softly. "I know it will!"

Then did the little hillside farmhouse see strange sights indeed. Each night, as the sun dropped behind the far-away hills, Hephzibah left her work and passed through the kitchen door, her face uplifted, and her eyes on the distant sky-line.

Sometimes she would turn to the left to the open field and stand there motionless, unconsciously falling into the reverent attitude now so familiar to her; sometimes she would turn to the right and pause at the brow of the hill, where the valley in all its panorama of loveliness lay before her; and sometimes she would walk straight ahead to the old tumble-down gate where she might face the west and watch the rose change to palest amber in the sky.

At first her eyes saw but grass, sky, and dull-brown earth, and her thoughts turned in bitterness to her unfinished tasks; but gradually the witchery of the summer night entered her soul and left little room for else. Strange faces, peeping in and out of the clouds, looked at her from the sky; and fantastic figures, clothed in the evening mist, swept up the valley to her feet. The grass assumed a deeper green, and the trees stood out like sentinels along the hilltop behind the house. Even when she turned and went back to the kitchen, and took upon herself once more the accustomed tasks, her eyes still faintly glowed with the memory of what they had seen.

"It do beat all," said Theron a month later to Helen Raymond, who was again a visitor at the farm,—“it do beat all, Helen, what's come over yer aunt. She used ter be nervous like, and fretted, an' things never went ter suit. Now she's calm, an' her eyes kind o' shine—special—when she comes in from one of them tramps of hers outdoors. She says it's her 'Angelus'—if ye know what that is; but it strikes me as mighty queer—it do, Helen, it do!"

And Helen smiled, content.

Evening Song

BY ROBERT LOVEMAN

NIGHT is a deep black rose,
Steep'd in sweets to the lees,
Full of the loves and woes
Of swarming starry bees.

Lo, now, upon the air,
Forth from her dusk cocoon,
Fragile, and faint, and fair,
Flutters the white moth moon.

Billy Does His Assessment

BY PHILIP VERRILL MIGHELS

THERE were six big, husky citizens of Silveredge paying court all at once in the modest presence of Margy Crewe, and each and every one prepared to take undue advantage of the other, when, to the utter astonishment of all, the cabin door was opened and in there came no less an individual than "Scared little Billy" Huntoon.

For a moment the men could hardly be convinced they really saw aright. Their Billy!—the Billy afraid to pass where a female shadow had fallen? Billy, who blushed by intuition whenever a new-come woman stepped ashore at San Francisco, that was seven hundred miles or more away? They looked again. The wiry little figure was certainly there, and there were the fun-lit, startled eyes, the stubby brown beard, and the unmistakable broom of his hair all fearfully standing on end. It was Billy by all the significant truths that ever set humans to guessing.

The tension, lent already to the atmosphere by six distinct varieties of matrimonial hopes or intentions, was not perceptibly modified by this wholly unanticipated descent upon the scene of a man so shy as little Billy. Instantly the six rough Lotharios of the mines conceived a new and more exalted estimate of Margy and her charms. It meant things, decidedly, when Billy Huntoon could summon courage to look at a girl with wife-desiring eyes; and if this were not his mission, then what in the world did he mean?

With one accord the six were staring at the new intruder, silently demanding, as it were, to know his business here, and know it soon.

"Good—evenin', boys—and—and Miss Margy," stammered Billy, flushing yet a deeper red than his florid countenance usually carried. "N-nice—nice evenin'—kinder nice—evenin', I mean."

"Nice enough, if it don't git spiled by

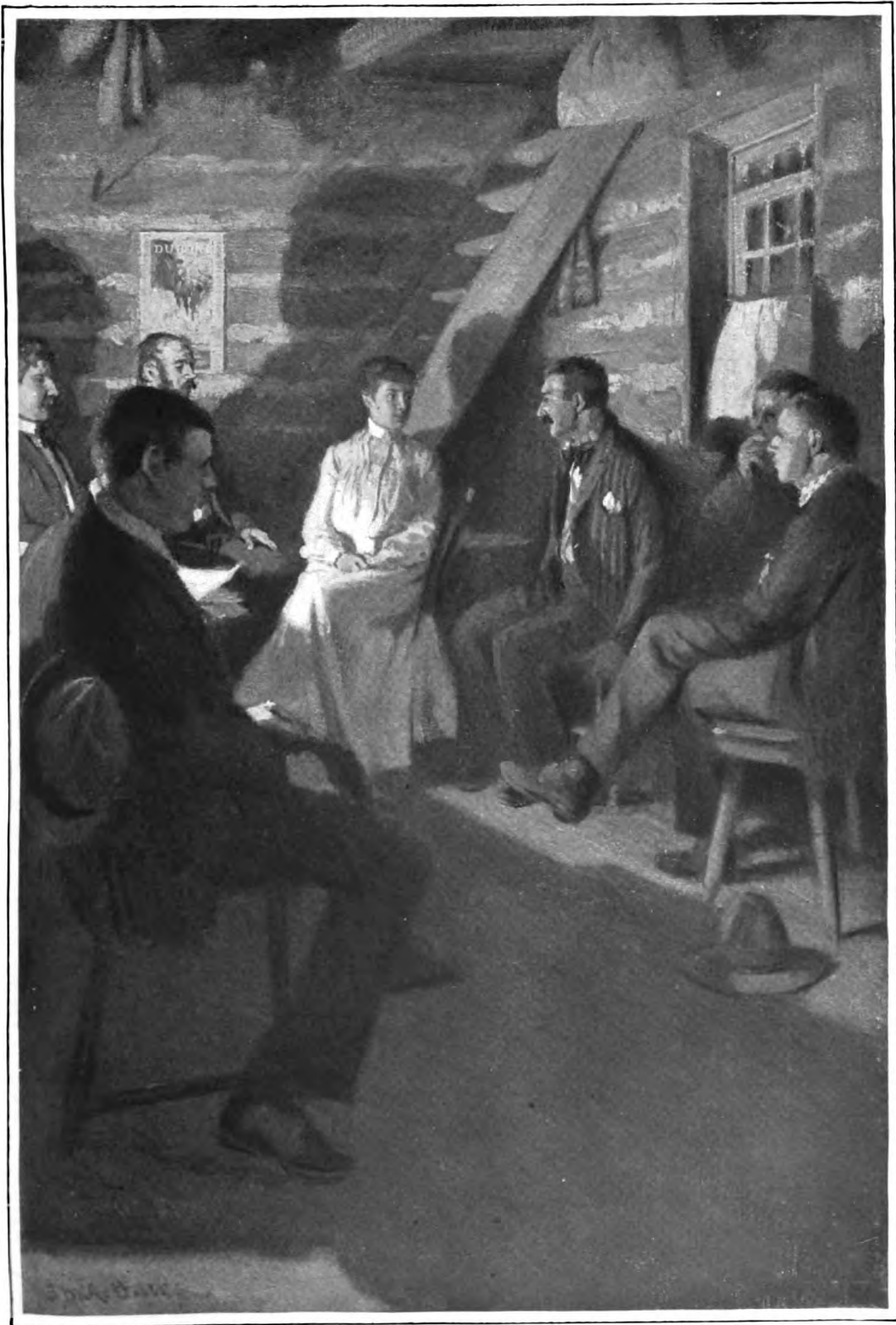
too many unwanted people," growled big Jack White. "But I guess it will."

Billy answered to this with a sickly grin. Then he looked about the room as if from a corner where he stood at bay and meant to fight. A glance, however, was all he dared bestow on Margy Crewe; for how could a man behold a girl so wholesome and plump and entrancing as she and remain undizzied by the sight?

She sat somewhat constrained herself, between a pair of miners who were nearly as timid as Billy. A nice, plain girl, good and strong, was Margy, sufficiently freckled to look decidedly genuine and healthy, and now half abashed, half amused, but wholly brave, keeping open house, quite alone, in the temporary absence of stout Mrs. Todd. She was simply dressed, and, when she thought upon the subject, she knew what to do with nearly everything about her, save her two strong hands and her two sturdy feet. That is to say, her blushes took care of themselves, and her eyes could not entirely restrain their merriment, nor yet could they wholly avoid the troubled faces of her six—nay, seven—admirers. For the greater part of the time, however, she, like Billy, fidgeted just a trifle and was looking anxiously about to find her tiny brother, little Ted.

This small boy, orphan, five years old, and always quaintly busy, now appeared from out beyond. As he came into the room, certain of the miners and certain of the overworked Fates might almost have been heard to heave a groan. He had been here a week, he and Margy, and despite abundant ingenuity on the part of Fate and the fellows come here to court, he had deftly foiled no less than twenty machinations arranged to entangle his sister in a quick matrimonial alliance. Not one of the six stout Romeos had even so much as proposed.

"Oh, Billy!—Hullo, Billy!" cried the youngster now, and running forward in



SIX DISTINCT VARIETIES OF MATRIMONIAL HOPES OR INTENTIONS

honest delight he kicked one wooer's hat across the room from its place on the floor, and Margy, shifting her shoes as she answered another big suitor's observations concerning the day and the weather, planted a fairly substantial foot upon its crown. She thereby afforded much entertainment to several miners, not, however, including the man who owned the tile.

Meantime Billy and the bright-eyed little Ted were enjoying certain phases of comradeship as only simple natures can, and out of the room, to the one beyond, they presently departed.

"Wal, as I was sayin'," spoke up big Jack White, resuming a monologue interrupted last by the vision of Billy coming in to join the company—"as I was sayin', Miss Margy, when I went to trappin' grizzly bear—"

"Is that the story 'bout the one they called ole Clubfoot, Jack?" inquired an eager admirer, whose scheme of wooing Margy was to show how thoroughly well he was acquainted with all the other fellows and their stories. "Give 'em that one, Jack. Awful comical story. How the bear et up his grub-stake, beans and all, and some of his biscuit to boot, and never got pizenened."

"Naw! That ain't the story," Jack replied, in some unaccountable disgust. "I was goin' to tell about a Californy lion."

"The one which turned out for to be the neighbor's calf?" interrupted the desperate friend. "Why don't you give us the other, 'bout the rabbit which scared you half to death and got away? Fearful bully story! And the wildcat, Jack, the one that stole your pants."

"It wasn't pants, Miss Margy; it was boots," corrected a third admirer. "Wildcat thought they was fodder."

"It was winter-time and game pretty scarce," imparted another. "But boots ain't game as much as moccasins."

"But the wildcat got 'em, all the same, and pore ole Jack had to walk three miles, barefooted and cussin'," concluded the original interrupter of the narrative. "Awful sad story, Miss Margy. Couldn't you give us that one, Jack, without no trouble?"

"I ain't goin' to tell no story 't all," said Jack, whose face betrayed but little pride in what had been thus far revealed

of his adventures. He noted little Ted and the timid Billy now returning to the room, the small boy alert at the mention of a yarn. "All I was sayin', Miss Margy," he resumed, "is that, take it one place and another, what with trap-pin' and huntin' and minin' and loggin', I've been through pretty near everything there is."

Little Ted advanced very slowly, till he stood admiringly before the miner, gazing fairly in his face. Then he said, in his childish piping falsetto,

"Have you ever been through a threshing-machine?"

For a second an ominous silence ensued. Then the boys attempted to kick through the floor—all save Jack. He waited, in a savage sort of patience, finally replying:

"I didn't hear what the young man said. But, as I was remarkin', Miss Margy, when I come—"

"Hey, Billy!—Hey there! Hey—Billy's gone!" broke in a teamster who had heretofore been silent.

And this, indeed, was true. Taking advantage of the moment when attention had been centred rather closely on the man with stories in abundance, Billy had slipped to the rear of the chair where Miss Margy was sitting, and from there had edged swiftly to the door, out of which he had bolted abruptly.

"Leave him go," growled Jack, in satisfaction thus to see his rivals lessened by a jot. "You needn't break your neck to call him back."

"But he went so queer," replied a man called Punkin Pete. "And say, Miss Margy, look at that! You kin kick my shins if I don't believe he's bin and pinned a great big letter on your dress."

He was pointing impolitely with his finger at a bulky folded paper, secured, as he said, to Margy's dress where folds of new calico were trailed along the floor.

In much confusion Margy took it off and gave it a glance. Suddenly crimsoning, she dropped it down on her chair in haste, and catching little Teddy by the hand, darted quickly from the room.

"Well, kick my—what's the matter? What's the darn thing got inside?" inquired Pete, starting actively forward.

But big Jack White was ahead, and catching up the missive, was instantly

aware it was nothing less than a document weighty and new. He turned it over and read aloud the caption at the top:

"Notice of Location. *My claim!*"

"Location? Here? Locatin' what?" demanded one of the suitors. "Git it open! Look inside!"

Big Jack lost little time in bending back the folds that doubled the paper. The document proved to be a printed form, exactly such as all employed in locating ground for a mining claim, but here and there the wording was changed, and much was scratched, and much that was utterly foreign to the mining code was boldly written in, by way of meeting new and unheard-of conditions.

As spokesman, White began to read, emphasizing Billy's interlineations with an accent of wonder and awe:

"Notice of Location of a Wife Claim. Notice is hereby given, to all whom it may concern: That *I, Billy (William) Huntoon, bein' of soun' mind and a citizen of the United States over the age of twenty-one years, having discovered a new girl which has just came to camp, within the limits of the claim hereby located, have this day, under and in accordance with the Revised Statutes of the United States, Chapter Six, Title Thirty-two, located about 5 feet 4 inches of the same, with surface ground about one foot six inches in width, situated in Silveredge Mining District, County of Esperanza, State of Nevada, and known as the Margy Crewe Claim, and extending clean around from this notice at the discovery or prospect cabin, the exterior boundaries of this claim being distinctly marked by reference to some natural objects or permanent monuments, and more particularly described as follows, to wit: the mountains on every side of where she's livin', which is my wife claim as I seen her and spoke to her first the day she rid into camp, on the stage, with little Teddy and her a-settin' on the box, with ole Barry Webb a-drivin', and he don't count, as he's a married man, and so I locate this here claim first, according to law, for I was the first unmarried man which seen her and spoke to her first, and that's why I locate this here claim before anybody else, which is my legal rights. And I intend to hold and work said claim as provided by the local*

customs and rules of miners and the Mining Statutes of the United States. *Billy (William) Huntoon.* Dated on the ground this 13th day of August, A.D. 18—."

For a brief space of time after Jack had finished reading, there was absolute silence in the room. By some unwritten law of ethics, due to a mining education, the six rough citizens gave a semitacit consent to Billy's "rights"—the whole thing granted in a spirit half comic, half serious, engendered by surprise and admiration.

"Location notice, pat as mud," said Punkin Pete. "Location—claimin' Margy, all there is, complete! Kick my shins if that ain't the slickest racket yet! Little ole gal-nipper Billy! And all plumb 'cordin' to law, as sure as whales!"

"Law?" ejaculated a scrawny individual by the name of Mink Kerfoot. "Law? What kind of Jim Crow minin' law is that?"

Big Jack White was paralyzed.

"I didn't think he had the sand," he said, impressively. "I don't see how he ever done it up."

"But, drat him!—what's the good of all his fool location papers, with a gal?" objected a very much worried aspirant for Margy's hand. "I wonder where she is by now? She's sure got a right to speak up here for herself."

She certainly had; and having duly listened at the door to Jack's labored reading of the notice, there were things she could have uttered in abundance. However, she fled away to the farthest confines of the cabin, while the men remained in the "parlor," blindly groping for a hope.

"Locations is always locations, all the same," conceded one of the bashful boys who had felt that his chances were slim. "He's went and got ahead of all the gang, and done it neat."

"But he'll never dare to show up here regular and do his legal assessment, you can bet your last little onion onto that," decided Punkin Pete. "He ain't got the grit to spark the gal, and when a feller don't come up with that kind of assessment, 'cordin' to law, why, the next-best man kin jump the claim, just as if nuthin' important had happened."

"You bet!" agreed a friend.

"But to think of him doin' the racket up so slick!" persisted big Jack White, reflectively. "Where do you s'pose he's went to now?"

"Gone home, I reckon," answered one. "Gone home, perhaps, to pour some oil on his troubled hair."

"'Twould make him look almost sort of human; but he'll never dress up and do assessment, mark my word," reiterated Punkin Pete, prophetically. "I wonder now what we'd better think of doin'?"

Jack White was emerging from his shock. "Pete's dead correct," he agreed at last. "Billy won't make no love—he won't do that kind of assessment. Jest bein' smart ain't all it needs, with a gal in the game." He looked at the notice of location gravely, and folding it, laid it on a chair. "He's got a kind of right, of course," he concluded. "We've got to think of that. I reckon, however, as Margy won't be comin' back very sudden, perhaps we'd better poke along and go and git a drink."

United by common calamity, the disconcerted six gazed hopelessly toward the door by which Mistress Margy had flown, and then wandered slowly away, to wet and to swallow a deep-dyed sense of defeat, chagrin, and bereavement.

It's a very poor prophecy that fails to please the prophet. Punkin Pete felt amply repaid for the mental endeavor he had made in predicting that Billy would fail to "do assessment work" in courting Margy Crewe, for when a week had nearly gone the timid locator of a claim on the girl had not so much as been seen about the camp, save at regular hours of labor at the Uncle Sammy mine.

Billy was certainly "scared" of what he had done; that is, he was fearful of meeting Miss Margy face to face. In a way he felt he had fixed his rights; but having expended the whole of his nerve in "posting his notice" that evening, he was now absenting himself from the centre of action while he slowly accumulated a brand-new charge of courage.

Meantime Margy had dared to read the document until a certain sense of feminine admiration had resulted in her nature. She was smiling and blushing together as she waited for further developments. Moreover, she went so far

as to encourage little Ted when his spirit of adventure led him far across the hill to the mine where Billy was employed. And to this young Teddy took the more kindly as a small gray donkey there was endlessly driven in and out of the tunnel, trundling a heavy iron car that was used to clear out rock and precious ore.

The girl was rather more glad than otherwise that Billy's preposterous claim was proving sufficiently potent to keep many suitors away. In a spirit of fairness the doughty six had jokingly consented to remain aloof for at least ten days and give Billy ample opportunity to make good his "hold on the property." Despite the agreement thus completed with his pals, however, the lanky Mink Kerfoot made bold to appear at Margy's home one beautiful evening and propose to make her his wife.

He was calmly and firmly refused, after which he returned to his five fellow exiles, stoutly to hold all the others to the common agreement.

On Sunday morning news was spread that Billy intended to attend the "church" where earnest Hugh Willis would preach. That Margy would be there, of course, was widely known. The exiles decided to lend their presence in a body. They likewise invited their friends.

It thus came to pass that the preacher beheld a large, alert, and attentive congregation when the service was fairly under way. In the midst of his sermon, impassioned and strong, inspired by the growing favor of the institution, Willis was unaware that Teddy Crewe had wandered away from his sister's side and was squirming his way about the place, investigating everything in sight.

The miners, however, watched the child with senses keenly focused on his form. So did Margy and Billy. Margy, indeed, was weak with nervous dread. She knew her bright-eyed little brother, who now worked quickly around to the rear of the pulpit, where the preacher stood on an elevated platform, easily seen. Approaching Willis from behind, little Ted grasped him affectionately by the legs, and thrusting his head between the preacher's knees, looked forth at the congregation and grinned good-naturedly.

Margy gazed in horror on the picture. The miners were pale with apprehension.

By some exercise of masterly unconcern, Hugh Willis kept on preaching. Teddy, for his part, kept on grinning and propelling himself yet farther forward between the two living pillars that he liked. He also began to swing himself backward and forward, all the while inventing new facial expressions, each more ingenious than the last.

Meantime perspiration was suddenly oozing from the helpless preacher's brow. Poor Margy, ashamed to speak or call young Teddy to her side, shrank down in her seat in helpless despair. Then up in his seat rose Billy Huntoon, the timid, blushing Billy; and down the aisle he shakingly marched, led by a natural sympathy with children where courage could never have urged him. He came to the pulpit, and taking Ted in his trembling arms, bore him forth from the meeting to the rocky slope without.

They told the tale at the mine, next day, that when the folks all left the church young Teddy was sent down-hill alone, while Billy "slid off in the hills." Then, when Ted came in person to the tunnel, the miners all hotly vied with one another to win the favor of his friendship.

It thus transpired that he took a ride in the ore-car, hauled back and forth by the burro. After that a trust in Teddy's own resourcefulness could hardly have been misapplied. He was here and there and everywhere, below the ground, above the ground, and underfoot and overhead, wheresoever busy shoes could tread or eager hands could clutch. Yet never was he long astray from the watchful gaze of Billy. The hold the small boy had on Billy's heart was a thing that no one knew; and what a babbling fountain of joy he brought to the lorn miner's life could hardly have been understood.

On the last of the days forenamed by the six bold suitors for the hand of Margy Crewe as bringing an end to the hours of grace allotted to Billy in which to do some "sparkin'," by way of "assessment,"—on this final day, little Billy was working extra hard. He was well aware that his time was up, for big Jack White had so informed him, to his face. Therefore in feverish excitement he was pounding away at a drill, in a frantic, worried effort to drum up his recreant courage.

As if the rock were his weaker self, he

went at it stoutly and long. He drilled a hole of extra depth, and into its bore he tamped a charge of giant powder big enough to shake the mighty hills. Then the fuse was laid and the word went forth and miners sped to safety from the place, some with lighted candles in their hands.

When Billy ran out he looked in the car that stood there idly on the rails. It was empty.

"Alec," he said to the foreman, "where's the boy?"

"Don't know," answered Alec. "Must 'a' went home to his lunch."

"You sure he's out of the tunnel?" demanded Billy, eagerly. "Any one see him come out?"

"I tole him to git away out of where I was workin'," answered one of the men. "Goin' to git sure hurt, some day, a-foolin' 'round in there."

"I don't believe he's out!" said Billy, thoroughly alarmed. "If he wandered into the south drift all alone, where no one was workin', why— I know he's there!—I know he's there! I'm goin' to scoot back there and git him!"

"Here!" bawled Alec, suddenly halting the frightened little Billy, as he started on a run for the tunnel. "Darn your darn-fool hide! Do you want to git killed? Keep out of that!—keep out—and quit your kickin', or I'll biff you on the jaw!"

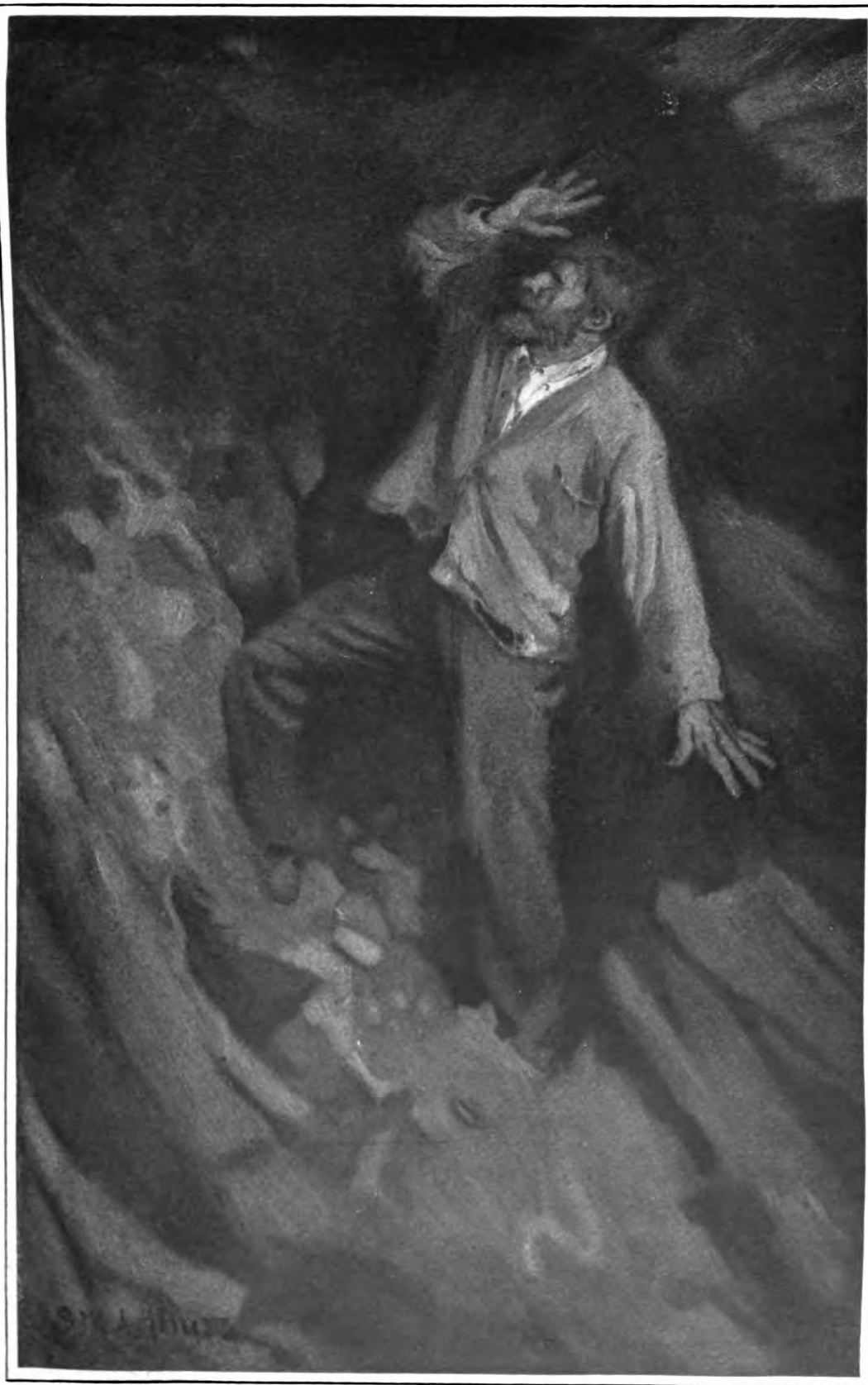
"I won't!—the kid! You let me go! I know the boy's inside!" yelled Billy, in the swift, hot anger of impatience. "You let me go! You let me—"

Boom! went the muffled, deep-toned roar of the blast inside the hill.

A tremor shivered through the earth; and then a dull down-pounding sound came sullenly forth from the mine. The men stood rigidly where they were and looked each other in the face peculiarly.

"Say!" exclaimed the foreman, as he dropped the struggling Billy from his arms. "Say! did you hear that noise? The tunnel must have caved!"

He ran inside, but Billy shot ahead. A dozen men were at their heels. They met a gush of dust of rock outflowing to the air. Then Billy came to a huge irregular pyramid of porphyry and earth, dropped from the ceiling to the floor and filling the passage to the top.



Vol. CX.—No. 656.—31

"HE'S GONE!" CRIED ALEC

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"I knew it!" he cried. "I knew it! And I know he's there inside!"

"Now shut up, Billy! Shut your gab!" commanded the foreman, somewhat harshly. "I don't believe the kid's inside, and we've got to think of what we're goin' to do to open the mine. Should have been timbered; I said so all along. If you're worried, why, go outside, or even down to his sister's place and look the youngster up."

"He wouldn't 'a' went off—I know he wouldn't 'a' went off home—because—we was goin' down together!" Billy confessed as he stared at the caved-in heap in its ponderous masses. "I know it, Alec, Teddy's there inside! I'm goin' to git inside and fetch him out!"

He started to climb towards the apex of the new-created pile of debris. Again the foreman caught him in his arms.

"You darned little idjit, don't you know the tunnel's plumb filled with pizen gas?" he demanded. "No man could breathe inside that place and not be a goner mighty sudden! And even if Teddy was inside, why, hang it, man— Say! git your senses back on shift and go outside and rustle up the kid."

A look of cunning crept to Billy's eyes. "Let's all go out and look," he said.

More worried himself than he cared to confess, the foreman started to lead the way. Lagging behind him, Billy pretended to follow. Then, with a quickness that no one expected, he turned about, and darting to the grim, disordered barrier, scrambled up its short declivity, to paw in madness at the sand and stone that lay close up to the ceiling.

"Hey there! Hey, Billy! Hey, Alec—Billy's goin' back!" yelled one of the miners. Towards him raced the foreman, cursing in his worry.

But having thrown out sand enough to leave a narrow hole, the frenzied Billy dived head foremost into the gap. Kicking and wriggling in desperate haste, he scrambled through to the farther side, crying to Teddy as he went.

"You Billy! You!" bawled Alec, on the heap, but a ton of loosened earth came down on top of the mound already there, and the aperture, so darkly gaping but a moment before, was blotted out in the wink of an eye.

"He's gone!" cried Alec. "He's

buried now as sure as hell! You, Spooner, run to Mrs. Todd's and see if little Crewe ain't landed home. And then you git all the men you can! We're goin' to need a heap of help!"

In the mean time, shut in the tunnel, and having barely escaped the supplementary drop of caving sand, Billy was now on his feet and blundering forward, striking the wall of rock as he groped his way in the darkness.

He presently came to a secondary cave. Could he only have cast a glare of light on the tunnel's roof, the sight of broken fissures, bulging stones, and twisted strata would have warned him fearfully against the place. As it was he thought only of Teddy, certain he knew where the unsuspecting child had been at play when the blast was fired.

On hands and knees he scaled the sloping wall of dry, down-sliding gravel on which the solid rock had moved, and which now comprised this second bulkhead, sealing up the corridor. The top of this conelike heap was thick, but he dug at it furiously with his fingers, flinging the sand behind him like a dog. And all the while he was talking.

"I'm coming, Teddy—coming right away. I'm coming sure," he said. "Don't be frightened—don't be scared. You bet I'm coming in to git you out!"

Then, when at last he had wormed as before through the meagre opening formed at the top of the pile, a stifling breath of smoke and gas, held here imprisoned before, suddenly engulfed him. He inhaled a lungful, and smitten with lethargy, rolled half-way down to the floor inside, in a heap inert and helpless.

Outside, the foreman, nearly crazed, was storming the first of the cave-made barriers. His men were assaulting the heap in frenzied energy. Then Spooner, sent to Mrs. Todd's and to call for men, came panting to the hill with the news that little Ted was not at home.

Alec was pale. "He's in here—God help 'em both!" he admitted at last. "I sort of felt old Billy was right from the first."

The men that came now, swarming up the slope, found other fellow beings so hotly at work that ten minutes' time was sufficient to use up their breath. They staggered back from the face of the drift and fresh hands clutched at the picks.

The news was spreading through the camp. The women came, and Margy Crewe, and extra help from the store and saloons, till a throng was surging on the rock-strewn dump of the mine and excitement rose higher and higher, as barrow after barrow of stuff came out of the tunnel, bearing tales of newer cavings from the roof and constantly added dangers to the sweating men who drove the tools directed on the heap.

Inside the man-made tomb, little Billy was stirring where he lay. The fumes of gas had settled down. They lay knee-deep upon the floor, while air and smoke together hung above.

Slowly emerging from his drowsiness, lying as he was above the fumes, Billy dragged his hand across his brow.

"Teddy!—that's what it was!" he said, and staggering weakly to his feet, he plunged down quickly, over broken fragments of rock, and began once more to feel his way along the wall.

Benumbed in his senses, weak and "turned around," his ears dully ringing and all his head in a dizzying whirl, he groped in the darkness, lost as completely as if he had never in his life been made acquainted with the ramifying drifts.

"Ted, you bet I'm coming!" he murmured. "Don't be afraid—I'll find you pretty soon."

But the hour went by, and noon was passed, and the afternoon grew old. A frenzied Margy paced the dump outside the mine. She wanted to help—to work with the men—to follow where Billy had gone—but the crumbling earth, that threatened the lives of the toilers already employed, was not a foe for the softer hands of women to engage.

It was two o'clock, and then it was three, and the silent crypt behind the cave had yielded not a sign. Nevertheless little Billy, ill at his stomach and aching in his bones and trembling as he moved, had come at last to the big south chamber—and the boy. He had stumbled almost over the tiny form, stretched helplessly out on the floor. And finding the gas had barely entered in quantities sufficient to bring unconsciousness, he had taken up the limber little body in his arms, and was once again staggering, groping, feeling his way, to come to the main entrance tunnel.

The workers outside broke through the first of the bulkheads just at four. Mindless of the perils of the business, they hastened in, their way strangely lit by the flare of candles and torches held aloft. Thus they came, almost at once, to the second great obstruction; and some of them groaned and some of them cursed as they looked on the sinister heap.

Then, in the wavering light of a torch, they suddenly beheld a tiny pair of feet protruding through the orifice enlarged by Billy when he made his way inside. A feeble push from the dark that reigned in the tunnel back of the cave, and Teddy's little form was nearly thrust into sight.

Jack White darted forward, a cry on his lips from the gladness of his heart. He caught the limber little feet and dragged Teddy closely to his breast.

"Billy! Billy! Billy!" yelled the foreman, raucously.

But weakened to the last degree and utterly exhausted by the hours he had toiled in the silent tomb, with its thick, half-poisonous fumes, the "Scared little Billy" had only had strength to last for the final effort, now complete.

"Teddy—you bet—I'll git—you—out!" he said for the hundredth time, and then he toppled backward, unconscious.

They dragged him forth, the eager men who wriggled through the dug-out hole where tons of rock were balancing in readiness to drop at a jar. And men and women trooped behind as they carried his almost boyishly frail little figure, with Teddy's, down to Mrs. Todd's.

The courier sent from the house to the store, where the anxious big fellows were waiting, found a crowded room full of miners, teamsters, and quartz-mill hands, all breathless for his news.

"You bet!" he bawled, "he's comin' 'round all right! I seen him and pore little Ted settin' up! And likewise, which is somethin' more—I saw Margy kiss durned old Billy, and cry."

The men were silent for a moment. And just before their glad hurrah went crashing up to the ceiling, big Jack White took a pipe from between his teeth, the better to make a remark.

"I reckon," he said, "that Billy has done his assessment."

The Poor Children of Paris

BY MRS. JOHN VAN VORST

SO close is the dividing line between poverty and crime, that it is difficult to speak of the poor children of any large city without telling something of those who are culpable.

In the year 1901 there were four hundred and seventy-six children in France who, by one means or another, put an end to their own lives. This figure represents a gradual increase from the year 1840, when the juvenile suicides numbered only one hundred and forty-four.

The cases recorded are all among the poor; yet any one whose knowledge is even slight concerning the normal French working-man is impressed by his kindness to his children. Who, then, can be to blame for a state of things which has no outlet except through tragedy?

In the execution of her school laws Paris surpasses New York: the French code requires that every child over six years of age shall be in school, and the city provides full, free tuition for every child that comes within the requirements of the law. To those who are so poor that they have neither clothes nor food, the government gives what is necessary so that its future citizens may receive an education.

In the families where the father earns enough to provide for his own, and where the mother, even if she work, does not have to leave the home, the children grow up to be normal members of society. On finishing their studies at school they are apprenticed for several years; they learn a profession which in turn permits them to found and support a family of their own.

As soon as the mother is obliged to work away from home, there is a link loosened in this perfect chain. If she has babies she must commit them during working-hours to the keeping of the city government: the system of Paris municipal crèches is familiar to Americans, having been used as model for

those which are run by private charity in New York.

From the crèche the child advances into the "maternal school," a perfected kindergarten, which he attends between the ages of two and six. Long before he is independent of guardianship he finds himself at the end of school hours, either alone in the streets or in an empty home where he is exposed to the dangers, moral and physical, that childhood cannot meet unharmed.

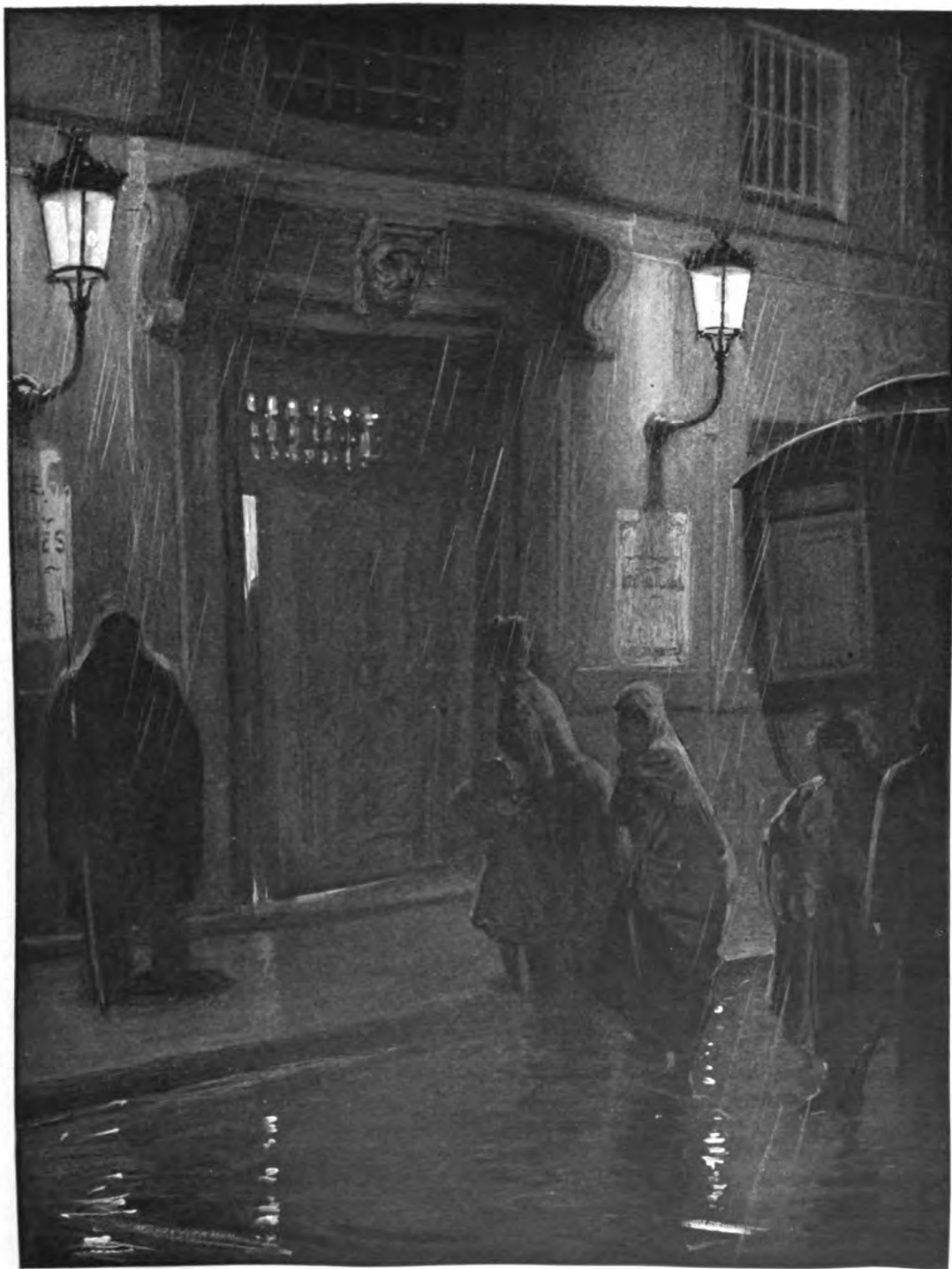
Between this first introduction to tragedy through the absence of the mother from the home and the final transportation of the hearthstone to an institution, there is every degree of misery and demoralization, not the least sad phases of which are manifest at the *Asile de Nuit*, or free lodging-house for women and children, supported by the Société Philanthropique. The very designation "for women and children" implies the absence among them of the chief breadwinner.

It was Christmas night when we visited the Asile. The directress, a nun of the order of the Sisters of Calvary, presided in the hallway over a table covered with warm woollen garments, knitted shawls, shoes, stockings, baby clothes, which she gave out to the women and children as they passed in single file.

What a procession! They seemed to be blown like chaff from the mills of suffering, threshed of all hope!

In the large vestibule the directors had arranged a Christmas tree for their unknown guests. When the candles caught fire, their multiple lights reflected the momentary passage of joy across the uplifted faces of the hundred and fifty homeless creatures who, for three nights only, might benefit by the hospitality of the Asile.

Yearly there are nearly five thousand children who find themselves in the position of becoming charges to the government. The proportions are as follows:



WHERE PITIFUL VICTIMS OF PERSISTENT NEGLECT ARE RECEIVED

DEPENDENT CHILDREN.

Foundlings picked up in the street.....	362
Abandoned or committed.....	4302
Orphans	71
Total	4735

The actual population in the keeping of the Service of Dependent Children is 53,872. Under thirteen years of age these destitutes are placed with country families, who are paid by the state to provide for them, and submitted to monthly inspection by one of the government agents. When they are over thirteen they are taught a trade, and after their military service, at twenty-one, they are left to shift for themselves.

There is something mysterious and terrible in the threshold of the "*Enfants Assistés*." Up to the door freedom accompanies the future foundlings—once they have penetrated beyond the sombre façade they become mere numbers in an anonymous throng, slaves in a destiny devoid of natural protection.

In the reports of the inspectors two interesting facts are announced regarding dependent children: infants who are abandoned, and who are placed during the first year or two of their lives with a foster-family, make almost without exception a normal and industrious population. Those whose early surroundings have been deplorable, and who at the age of ten or twelve have been "morally abandoned" by worthless parents, generally find their way into the houses of correction, and later into the criminal courts.

There are touching cases of attachments formed between the foster-parents and their adopted babies. One young boy, reclaimed by his own mother* and taken back to his legitimate home, escaped three times. From the luxurious house with lackeys, horses, and equipages which were his by right, he travelled on foot back to the cottage and to the humble peasants who held him only by ties of sentiment.

What seems in certain children like wilful perversity may invariably be accounted for by some vice or defect in the

* Parents who have abandoned their children may reclaim them at any time they are able to prove their capacity to support and provide for them.

parent. I cite a case that came to our notice during a visit at the court: a boy of five accused of attempted murder.

"We no sooner leave him free," the mother explained, "than he tries with the scissors to kill his baby brother."

"Is this true?" the magistrate asked the child.

"Yes, sir," the answer came from a pale, aged-looking creature with terrible eyes. "I do it just to see!"

The judge then questioned the woman:

"Does your husband drink?"

"He has never had a drop too much in his life."

"Hold out your hand!" This is addressed to the father, a tall, strapping fellow, whose hand as he extends it trembles like a leaf. . . . It is useless to pursue the catechism further . . . the father of this miserable boy is a truckman; he delivers daily a number of small barrels of wine; his patrons, instead of giving him a fee, "treat" him each to a glass of something. He has never taken a drop too much, but he has drunk three quarts of wine a day for years. He is saturated with alcohol. And the child, his son, is not a drunkard either, but he wishes to kill his baby brother "just to see." He is insensible, brutalized; he is tainted with the most horrible of human diseases—absence of feeling.

It is true that the written law provides for every child in France, that the government supplements the home education, and when necessary replaces it entirely, but as a matter of fact there are scores of children in Paris, especially, who have shaken free of their parents, or been cast off by them, and who live a vagabond existence, playing hide-and-seek with the officers of the law. Among this band the commonest offence is begging, though generally there is some older person back of the whining specimens one meets with on the streets. The fruitful incomes in this profession are obtained only through children. During the nights between New-year's and Christmas a baby in long clothes, *especially if it be delicate-looking*, rents for as high as five or six dollars. His brothers and sisters from one to five years old bring two dollars, while those still older are worth only a dollar on the coldest days.

Early familiarized with the facilities



CHRISTMAS TREE AT THE FREE LODGING-HOUSE

of gaining a living without working for it, these children become thoroughly demoralized. The directors of the houses of correction, where the young mendicants are sent after ten or twelve arrests, affirm that the boys and girls who are "simply beggars and vagabonds" are the most difficult to reform, the laziest, the most undisciplined, and that though they abstain from offences which meet with violent punishments, they are more depraved than their brothers who in a moment of rage enlist themselves with the criminals.

Aside from the pitiful category of children who find themselves homeless because of extreme poverty or because they have been turned out by wretchedly immoral parents, there are a considerable number of boys imbued with the spirit of freedom at all costs. They chafe under the regular tasks imposed at school or in the workshops. They long for a life of adventure.

At all hours of the day and night in Paris the police may consult the hotel registers, where every lodger's name, his age, his profession, last habitation, and next destination must be inscribed. In addition to this precaution, taken no doubt to facilitate the search for criminals, there is a law which demands that every café and restaurant in the city shall close at 2 A.M., and that between the hours of two and sunrise any one found sitting or lying on a street or park bench shall be subject to arrest. The professional tramps who are forever homeless revolutionize the conventionalities and take their sleep huddled in the warmth of some café from early evening until the doors are closed. Then they wander toward the morning star, the first glimmer of dawn their signal for repose.

The law makes a single exception regarding the shutting of restaurants. The central markets, or halles, of Paris are the scene of incessant activity night and day. For this reason there are a certain number of soup-shops authorized to remain open and in readiness at all hours for customers. The professional vagabonds of tender age find employment as errand-boys, porters, newspaper-carriers, in and about the market. It is in these soup-shops that they spend

their nights. The police have no right to touch them. Stretched across the wooden benches, their boots placed as pillows under their heads, their slouch caps pulled over their eyes, they sleep. . . . There are youths among them who have not been to bed for months!

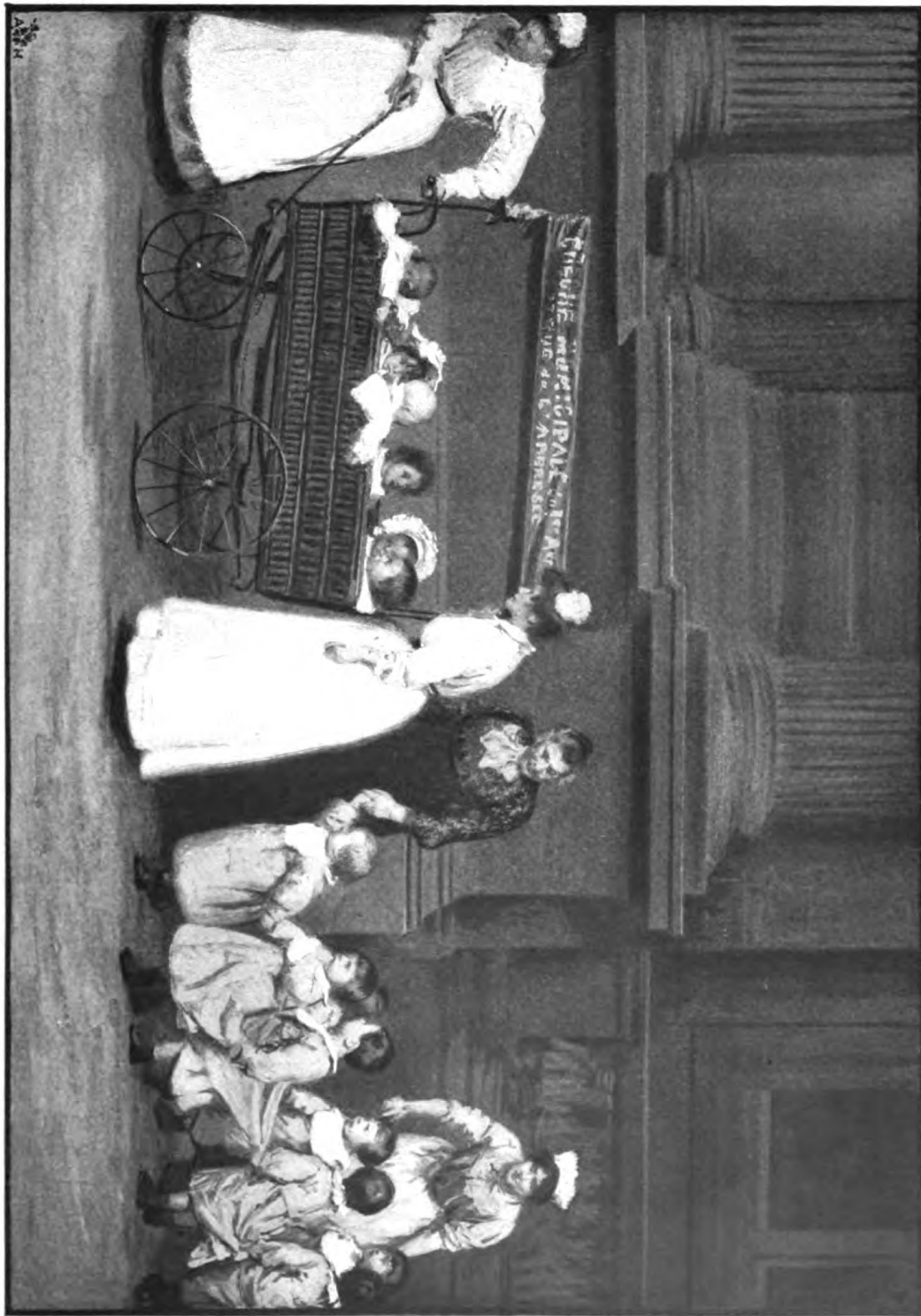
Every man, woman, and child arrested for violation of the law, or picked up helpless, drunk, or insane, is taken to a temporary prison adjoining the Conciergerie and known as the Dépôt. Three times a day its heavy iron portals swing wide to receive the pitiful victims of persistent neglect, the foul waste of a city's population, the miserable food of human appetites, nature's gigantic failures.

Under the vaulted prison roof these tragic specimens are distributed into cells. Pending trial they are kept under the surveillance of the Sisters of Sainte Marie. One of these nuns walks in the long corridor like a sentinelle on her beat. Her head is lifted under the shadow of her long black veil and inner cap, her eyes are alert, her lips move in prayer—a prayer of intercession to Him who pardoned the thieves and forgave the Magdalen. There is a children's ward where those are placed whose parents are under arrest.

Paris furnishes over half the total number of youthful delinquents in France. As the minors crowd into the metropolis the crimes and offences increase among them with extraordinary rapidity. In 1841 there was a total of 13,500 delinquents under twenty-one years of age. In 1901 there were 34,457.

The girls among this number are in the minority, and they are admirably provided for by private houses of refuge and reform.

The boys, after spending several days at the Dépôt, are sent, if condemned, to the Petite Roquette, a prison of correction for males under sixteen years of age. The cellular system is applied. Not only when he eats, sleeps, and practises the professional pursuits permitted him, but when he exercises out-of-doors as well, each boy has a "pen" of his own. Among the hundreds of children who pass behind the iron bars of the Petite Roquette every variety of temperament declares itself: there are the rebellious and desperate who put an end



CARING FOR CHILDREN WHOSE MOTHERS ARE AT WORK



HABITUAL BEGGARS AND VAGRANTS RESTING

to their own lives; there are the resigned who accept their destiny.

"Are you unhappy in prison?" we asked one of the little fellows.

He answered as though astonished:

"Not at all! We have food every day here!"

Those who have studied most closely this class of "poor children" declare that they are never wholly depraved. In the worst there is some good.

A terrible example of the surviving sense of honor in a nature where the finer feelings have long since been crushed, was the response of Kaps, a criminal who committed his first murder at the age of fourteen. He escaped justice; lived four years on stolen goods and was finally guillotined at eighteen for killing a young woman in a frenzy of jealousy. When the judge questioned him as to the course of conduct which had rendered his fiancée odious to him, he responded:

"I killed her. Don't ask me now to dishonor her!"

A case more touching, because its circumstances are less brutal, was brought to notice during the siege of Paris. Among the prisoners whom the Prussians were preparing one day to shoot down on the bank of the Seine where it flows near the Place de la Concorde near the centre of the city, there was a notorious young good-for-nothing. He accepted calmly his condemnation, but asked permission to absent himself for the space of an hour. He was fourteen years old. Somewhere in Paris he had an old grandmother. He wished to carry her his only remaining possession, a silver watch—stolen, no doubt. With the greatest difficulty some tender-hearted officer obtained for him this permission, which, considering the character of the boy, was equivalent to a pardon. . . . As the clock's hand completed the circle of sixty minutes, the boy took his place again in the ranks of the condemned. He had carried his watch to his grandmother. . . . He had kept his pledge of honor. Against the deadly shower of lead which swept from the Prussian guns, he bared a breast wherein there was the tumult of wickedness and heroism.

Several years ago there was a band of

scoundrels arrested and brought to trial for murdering and robbing an old woman. The magistrate who was appointed to cross-question the leader, said to him:

"How did you come to commit such an outrage?"

The accused responded these words, wrung from the bitter depths of a heart which felt that its possibilities for good had been blighted from the start by degrading and contaminating surroundings:

"I don't know what to say, sir. Ever since I was seven I have knocked around the streets of Paris alone. I never had anybody to whom I could turn. I was exposed to every temptation, I was destitute—I went to the bad. Half my life has been spent in prison. I don't claim that I committed this crime irrespective of my own will, but"—here the boy's voice trembled—"I have no one to look out for me. First I began by stealing—then I murdered. It was inevitable."

And as a confirmation of this statement I recall these remarks of a probation officer, speaking of his charges and of the hopes which he could legitimately entertain regarding them:

"With every chance of moral recovery in his favor, the boy delinquent who is underfed and destitute of the meagrest comfort is incapable, through his very physical depression, to struggle successfully against temptation. Feed him, give him a decent home, and you will win him over from the quicksands of vice to the bed-rock of good citizenship."

To this short and incomplete sketch of the Paris poor children there are two obvious conclusions which apply to the poor of any country:

Every effort should be made for keeping together the families which poverty yearly disbands. Help should be given before it is too late. And aside from material protection, the child, who even when a criminal, as we have seen, is not wholly bad, should be given moral or religious cultivation. The complete suppression of this latter from the schools in France since 1870 is the only explanation offered for the startling increase in the numbers of youthful delinquents, criminals, and suicides since that year.

Child Jesus

BY JULIA C. R. DORR

“MY little son, my little son,”
Thus Mary spake to him,
What time he played with
childish toys
Within the chamber dim.

“The day is done, my little son,
Night draweth near,” she said;
“Come to thy mother, little one,
And rest thy weary head.”

The young child came with willing feet,
And looked into her face;
Then nestled in her tender arms,
Held in a close embrace.

Lightly his fingers touched her brow;
Sighed he: “Why art thou sad?
There is no laughter in thine eyes;
O mother dear, be glad!”

Then playfully and tenderly
She clasped him to her breast;
“Nay! but I smile, I laugh,” she said.
“Now close thine eyes and rest.”

But round the dim and shadowy room
The wide eyes wandered far;—
“What is this story that they tell
Of shepherds and a star—

“That led three wise men from the East
Across the desert wold,
Bearing unto a new-born child
Rich gifts and shining gold?

“O mother dear, O mother dear,
Tell me the baby’s name,
And why the angels sang of him,
And why the wise men came!”

Ah, then did Mary’s heart beat fast;
Her lips crushed back a moan;
“Ask me not this, my little son,
Till thou art older grown.

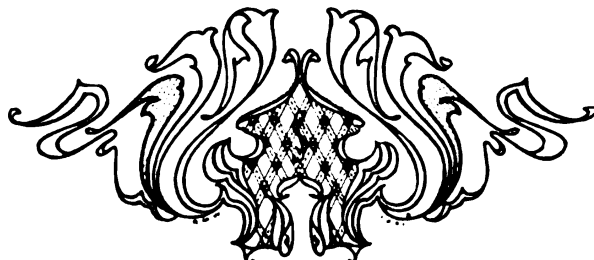
“What thou knowest not, in God’s own
time
He will make known to thee;
Sleep now, dear heart, and take thy rest
Ere yet the dark hours be.”

But still the tireless lips went on:—
“I dreamed a dream last night—
A wondrous dream of one who came
Clad in a robe of light.

“He led me to a carven chest,
He turned a golden key;
But even as he raised the lid
A cloud encompassed me,

“And from the air, like music rare,
A voice fell low and deep;
‘The hour hath not yet come,’ it said,
‘Let the child longer sleep.’”

The mother pondered silently,
Her only answer this—
To fold the drooping eyelids down
And seal them with a kiss.



Mellicent

BY WARWICK DEEPING

WITH her ragged frock blowing about her knees, and her black hair tossing against the red rim of the sky, Mellicent, old Huguette's grandchild, came running over the purple moor. From the hovel among the stunted pines rose the shrill scolding of a woman's voice. Huguette, hook-nosed shrew, stood within the doorway of the hovel, beating her fist in the face of the rising moon. Her querulous cursing, discordant as a jay's chatter, died down into the moan of the wind amid the trees.

Mellicent, tall, agile, long of limb, skipped over the grass tussocks and the tufts of heather, with her red mouth twitching, her eyes afire. She knitted her black brows over the old woman's cursing, beat the air with her open hands. Sullen and petulant was the white face that sped towards the moon over the wild moor.

The smart of the leather thong still burnt upon the girl's shoulder; but not so fierce was it as the glow within her heart. Blows, cursings, hunger, and hard toil, such was life in the moorland hovel. Yonder, too, was the great stupid moon staring at her out of the sky as it ever stared upon her bitterness and discontent. She choked as she thought of it all, brushed the tears out of her eyes, stumbled half blindly over a knot of heather. Child rebel, her heart was not in her that night, full of the unreasoning ecstacy of youth, wistful even in the full flux of anger. She beat her bosom with her fists, tossed back her hair from her half-bare shoulders, plucked away a bramble that had clutched her about the ankle.

Growing less passionate betimes, she stopped running, and idled over the moor, with a peevish drooping of her lower lip. Her dark eyes shot restless glances hither and thither over the wild hills. The sun had gone; bats were flitting against the faint afterglow; an owl hooted; she heard the rattling whir of a

nightjar in the woods. Lagging a little, she brooded on over the grass and heather, amid the furze-bushes and the golden broom. Her heart seemed to grow tired of a sudden, for she drooped her shoulders, crossed her two hands over her breast.

Beneath, in a huge hollow, the deep woods spread their black masses over the edge of the moor. Their thousand pinacles were silvered by the moon, ribbed with silver like a midnight sea. To the south a white road curled over the hills towards Gloriac by the sea. Down in the deep valleys a stream curled slowly, winding dimly amid the hills.

Mellicent stepped out of a sudden, stood motionless like a wild thing at gaze. A faint cry seemed to come to her out of the vast unknown, like the hoarse death-shout of a stricken man. Vague and weird, it seemed to pass and die on the breath of the wind. Shivering a little, the girl crossed herself, gave but little heed, being bred to the wood cries and the mysterious voices of the wild.

In the hollow the dark trees called to her, beckoning faintly with their waving boughs. Mellicent loved the forest with its tangled gloom, where the shadows danced and the bracken grew. It was the wood-fay's haunt, the wild bird's home, an eerie garden to such as she. Her eyes dilated as she gazed on the forest, caught up the moonlight, grew more mysterious and bright. She took her breath with little gasps of awe, drew her ragged smock round her, smiled strangely, and wandered on.

Going down the steep shoulder of the moor, she came to where the white road curled towards the trees. Very white and lonely it seemed as Mellicent picked her way amid the gorse and heather. She could see the bracken waving about the black alleys of the woods. Suddenly against the white road the girl saw a black shape move into the moonlight,



with a faint jingling as of a bridle of steel. It was a riderless horse that had trotted out from amid the bracken, neighing and tossing his black mane. Mellicent sank down behind a gorse-bush like a lark into the grass, peered round, and watched the beast as it moved to and fro.

Elf-child that she was, she began to crawl down towards the road, where a broad bank of bracken waved betwixt it and the woods. Crawling through, often lifting her white face into the moonlight, she came to a stretch of grass-land running from the forest. The horse had trotted back from the road. She saw him nosing something that lay half hidden by the bracken close under the boughs of the solemn pines.

Mellicent, crouching there, hesitated on the brink of the open grass-land. Debating with herself, she turned and held for the shadow of the woods, and gaining the trees, rose up and ran through the flickering moonlight. Slipping from trunk to trunk, as she entered the open, the girl drew close to the horse standing in the bracken. Gaining courage, she slipped out into the moonlight—a slim shadow with gleaming feet, her hair blown by the freshening wind. The horse, catching sight of her, threw up his head and trotted back towards the road.

Mellicent, with her heart hurrying, and her eyes shining against the moon, crept round the bracken with outstretched hands. Suddenly she came to a great furrow where the feathery fronds were trampled as though men had been fighting there. Peering over with uplifted chin, she saw the gleam of a helmet and the silver streak of a naked sword. A man lay prone there, half turned upon his face, with his shield broken under his arm.

Mellicent, scared for the moment, stared at the man over the bracken. But she was no coward, this girl of the moors, and her heart was warm under her ragged smock. The true instinct, a woman's pity for a wounded man, woke in her quickly under the moon. She lost all fear in a flood of compassion, crept near, and bent over the fallen man. One glance told her that he was no common fellow, for his rich surcoat and his well-wrought harness made her wise as to his true estate.

Bending down so that her face was close to his, she peered within his basinet, laid her right hand over his heart. She felt the breath stir in him, knew that he was quick as yet. There was an ugly gash on the left side of his helmet, through which blood had oozed and clotted the clean steel; hesitating no longer, she sat down and lifted the man's head into her lap. Her fingers were soon busy at the laces of his helmet. She lifted the thing off, looking long into his face.

It was a strong face, neither young nor old, with a big, clean-shaven jaw and a broad forehead. The man's short black hair was matted with blood, yet the sight did not sicken her. She told herself with an unconscious pleasure that he was a handsome fellow, deserving of her very good favor. He had been set upon by footpads out of the forest, taken at a disadvantage, smitten down by some un-knightly blow.

So, with a quaint innocence, she turned his head upon her knee, bent over him, and kissed his lips. No doubt her warm mouth woke him, for he opened his eyes, and looked at her like a man waking from a dream.

Being so cunningly and unpardonably caught, Mellicent smiled at him with her dark eyes, blushed beneath her warm and sun-browned skin. She gathered bracken with one hand, put the man's head from off her lap, upon the green pillow she had made. He still seemed half stupid with the blow that had cleft such a rent in his iron casque.

"I will fetch water," she said, slipping away with a lithe timidity, and bending over him a minute with innocent earnestness.

"Who are you, child?"

"Old Huguette's granddaughter," she answered him. "Lie still, sir. I will fetch water and wash your wound."

The man looked at her in a dazed way, struggled upon his elbow, fell back again as into a second faint. Mellicent was on her knees beside him, her black hair sweeping his blazoned surcoat.

"Lie still," she said, with a hand over his heart; "you are weak as yet."

Then, seeing that he would obey her, and that his wound still bled, she picked



A MAN LAY PRONE THERE, HALF TURNED UPON HIS FACE

herself up, and flitted like an elf over the wild moor. There was a strange new glow in her young heart, a mysterious light in her dark eyes. As she ran, she remembered the man's face, the clean curve of the strong chin, the way his eyes had opened when she had kissed his lips. Magic stirred under the moon that night; the wind felt warm to Mellicent as she ran.

Soon she came to the thatched hovel, saw a rushlight glimmering through the dirty horn pane. Creeping to the door, she peered in, saw old Huguette asleep on some straw in the corner. Mellicent went in like a mouse, took her clean Sunday undersmock that hung from a peg over the bed, wrapped a new loaf therein, and picked up a brown pitcher that stood on the rough table. In the taking of twenty breaths she was out again into the moonlight, skimming over the moor, the loaf in the white smock clasped close to her bosom. Full of a mischievous delight and strange, unfathomable joy, she sped fast over the heather, struck the woods and the broken bracken where the wounded man lay.

The black horse had drawn near to where his master lay, and was cropping peacefully at the grass. Setting her loaf and pitcher down, Mellicent glided towards the good beast, stroked the soft muzzle that was stretched timidly towards her. Her hand caught the bridle; the horse followed readily enough under her coaxing, and she tethered him to a tree. Then she ran back to the wounded man, took her white undersmock, ripped it with her strong young hands, and kneeling with the water-pot beside her, set to to cleanse his wound. When she had done this, she bound it up with a clean strip of the coarse linen, the man watching her with his sad eyes the while, speaking never a word.

Then, quite suddenly, he caught her hands, drew them to his lips, kissed the brown fingers.

"God's blessing on you!" he said.

Mellicent, red to her sunburnt shoulders, lost all her masterfulness of a sudden, grew shy as some brown-winged bird. She half knelt there, sitting upon her heels, one hand still resting in the man's, her eyes quivering over his face.

Half clumsily, as though to ease her

shyness, she seized the water-pot, thrust it towards his mouth.

"Drink," she said.

Then, seeing that his hands trembled, she put an arm under his shoulders, supported him as he drank. Her hair fell down and touched his forehead. She tossed it back with a little laugh and laid him back again upon the bracken. Catching up the loaf, she broke the crust from it, and gave him some of the soft brown heart to eat. Holding it in his big white hands, he lay still and watched her, with a species of awe that was very magical.

"Who are you, child?" he asked, of a sudden.

She held her breath, remembered old Huguette and the mean hovel, felt shame at her own poverty and the lowly nature of her home.

"Lord, I am nobody," she said.

"Shall I believe that?"

"A beggar girl," she added; "my lord will scorn me when the daylight comes."

The man flushed and his eyes kindled. "By God!" he said, half angrily, "I would break any man's head who said as much."

Mellicent colored even as the man had done. She put back her hair from off her forehead, looked steadily into the man's face, her eyes solemn under her arched brows.

"I am but a beggar girl," she said.

"Why, then, I am a beggar man," quoth he, with a bright flash of his honest eyes.

Mellicent, pondering his safety in her heart, remembered an open barrow in the woods—a mound that had been rifled by plunderers half a century ago. Mellicent had often lain hid there, watching the birds, and the sunlight sifting through the trees. The barrow was not far from the road, so without further parley she told the man of it, persuaded him to try his strength, so that he might lie safely hid under the tall pines. He rose up slowly, found his head steadier than he had guessed after the ringing cut he had had on his helmet. Mellicent gave him her shoulder to lean upon, and setting her right arm round him, took him slowly into the wood. As they went, he told her how he had been surprised and beaten down by some half-score ruffians. They

had dragged him into the bracken, taken his purse, and left him for dead.

It was not long before they reached the barrow—a broad mound under the tall trees. The hollow excavated in the slope had been carpeted and roofed with dead heather and reeds. Mellicent saw her man safely lodged therein, then ran back to fetch his sword and shield, the water-pot and the loaf of bread. When she had brought them to the barrow, she left him for the night, and wandered home over the wild moor.

When dawn came, Sir John of Saintré sat with his back propped against the earthen wall of the barrow, watching the sun steal through the branches of the thousand trees. His black horse was tethered near; sword and shield lay safe beside him, with the water-pot and the brown loaf. The man felt the better in soul for Mellicent the moor girl's elfish charity. Nor was he greatly the worse for the night's adventure, save that the rogues had stolen his purse.

Propped against the wall of the barrow, he watched the stretch of greensward before him, streaked with the straight fir boles and their slanting shadows. He was a handsome fellow, was John of Saintré; no comely boy or perfumed profligate, but a sturdy gentleman with a broad, brave face. There were many lines about his mouth, a suggestion of sadness in his eyes. His black hair was slightly gray about the temples, giving a mature melancholy to his face. He had the air of a man who had seen much of the world and its ways, was no mere server of pomp and circumstance.

As he sat there, very grave of face, with the sunlight streaming overhead, he put the palms of his hands together and, like a good knight, said his prayers. Before he had come to the last "Pater," a more subtle tenderness gathered in his eyes. He even colored like a brown-faced boy, for he had heard the sound of a girl's voice as she came singing through the woods. Soon he saw the flash of a green smock, the gleam of a white face under the trees.

Mellicent, sly witch, had waited till old Huguette had gone to tend her cows. She had hurried on her best smock of apple-green cloth, and stolen the last red

rose from the one bush in the rough garden. Slipping like moonlight over the moor, she had plunged into the woods with a warm glow on her peevish face. She had combed out her long black hair that morning, so that it shone and shimmered in the sunlight. The red rose she had fastened over her heart, and thus, with her innocent vanity appeased, she came to the barrow under the trees.

Very shy, too, she seemed as she stood at the entry and looked down at the man, twisting her black hair round her wrist. Sir John saw a slim girl with dusky eyes, set like sapphires in a milk-white face aureoled by a cloud of raven hair. Her little feet were roughly shod, her green smock caught round the waist with an old red scarf. Yet she pleased him strangely with her innocent beauty, her elfish eyes, and half-timid grace.

"Come, little sister," he said, stretching out a hand to her, "sit here by me and tell me your name."

"Mellicent," she answered, without moving, casting down her glances over her coarse shoes and bare ankles.

"Mellicent," he echoed; "there is much in a name, methinks—the scent of the pine woods, the gold and purple of the moors. Mellicent, I thank thee with all my heart."

She brightened a little, though the knowledge still haunted her that she was old Huguette's grandchild, a beggar girl bred in a moorland hovel.

"Let not my lord thank me," she said; "his thanks are not for such as me."

"Say you so?" he said, gazing with a queer smile into her face.

"The great ladies, sir, who are your fellows, would draw away their gowns from my bare feet."

"Child," he answered her, "I have seen enough of these great ladies whom you speak of."

"They are very proud, my lord."

"More proud than noble. May I be defended, sister, from women who broider their souls upon their sleeves."

Sir John and Mellicent of the moor talked much together that day, while the man rested himself, and suffered her to tend him with meek hands and bended head. She had a wonderful charm, this dark-eyed elf, with her white face and her pouting, petulant lips. Her quaint

yet solemn prattling seemed to the man more magical than the fine vaporings he had heard in court and in garden. Innocent she was, yet not a cloying saint; clean withal, yet warm and red as the rose upon her breast. Her black hair gleamed about her wistful face. Her brown neck was very stately despite her lowly birth.

So the day passed in quaint comradeship and in wanderings through the woods. And when evening came, Sir John had recovered his due strength again. He took his shield and sword, while the black horse neighed to him, tossed his great head, and hungered for the road. As for Mellicent, she hated the full moon that climbed slowly in the summer sky. Yet she had pride and courage in her untamed heart, knew her own poverty and the meanness of her birth.

At the edge of the wood Sir John took leave of her, his shield upon his arm.

"Mellicent," he said, "God bless thee, child; come, give me your lips."

She kissed him sadly, looking not in his face, but into the distance, as though she feared her tears.

"May my lord prosper," she said, anon; "I have but served him as a poor child should."

The man caught up the red rose out of her bosom, begged of her the old scarf about her body. Wondering, she gave it him, her mouth adroop, her eyes dusky with unshed tears.

"Would my lord wear a beggar's scarf?"

He kissed her again with strange goodwill, bade her be of good courage and to remember his face. He climbed into the saddle, slowly, like a man loath to go. Mellicent watched him ride over the moor where the white road curled towards the west. On the hill he turned to her against the golden sky, waved his sword and the scarf she had given him. Then the night came and she saw him no more.

Very slowly went those midsummer days for Mellicent in old Huguette's hovel. She was as a girl who had tasted the red wine of womanhood; all else seemed sour to her after such sweet nectar. Those days she became as a dream-child, a creature craving for the deeper desires

of life, a richer riddle for her own unravelling. No more could the wild woods comfort her, for they indeed were as sad as she, making their moan under the white moon. Often she would go and brood amid the broken bracken where Sir John of Saintr  had lain with his wound.

As for old Huguette, she seemed to grow more sour and savage with each setting of the sun. The leather thong she used no longer, for Mellicent had turned on her with eyes afire, and a strong young arm that forbade such chastenings. Yet old Huguette's tongue was more rasping than a cow's, and was more wicked than her whip. The girl grew sullen under the eternal tyranny, the voluble grumbling of the old scold. She began to dream of flitting thence; for was she not seventeen, and a full-grown woman?

One evening a tall fellow came tramping over the moor—an archer, his bow at his back, a short sword on his thigh. He was a bluff, red-faced being, with keen blue eyes and an honest manner. He stopped at the hovel door, found old Huguette at her rickety spinning-wheel, bribed her temper with a silver piece. He sought a lodging for the night, he said, and old Huguette received him because of the silver.

The man of the bow was a merry fellow, with a cunning tongue and a mellow laugh. Mellicent trusted him through some instinct of the heart, smiled at him as he sat on a stool and told old Huguette of the great tourney that was to be held at Gloriac in two days' time. He pictured the gay sights to them, the great gathering there would be there, the good money that might be made with eggs and herbs. So well did he win the old woman's ear that Huguette poked out her chin over the news, and her little eyes grew bright with greed.

"Grandam," said the archer, "what say you?—let us join forces. There is your gray donkey tethered yonder; I see two panniers in the corner. Come to Gloriac and fill your stocking."

Old Huguette grinned and looked the man all over.

"Let the wench come too," he added; "it must be dull for ye on this moor. Buy the girl a bunch of ribbons, grandam, to dress her black hair."

Mellicent marvelled at the man's impudence, for neither saint nor demon had moved old Huguette for two years or more from the moorland hovel. Whether it was the archer's clever tongue, or the vision of silver falling into her lap, Huguette commended him, and vowed she would travel. Thus the next dawn they sallied over the moor towards Gloriac and the sea.

As for Mellicent, her woodland heart was full of strange dreams and idle fantasies. Had not Gloriac received Sir John? Might she not light on him in that same town? She kept her counsel, however, because of old Huguette, who rode between the laden panniers, while Jehan the archer walked at her side.

Mellicent waxed inquisitive anon, and began to gossip with the man of the bow.

"There will be many great gentlemen at the jousting?" she asked.

Jehan beamed at her like a brother.

"Many a good knight, Mistress Greenfrock," he said; "you shall see such splintering of spears! God give the best man joy of his lady."

"And they will have a queen of the joust?" she asked, with her face aglow.

"Truth, yes," he said, thinking how fair she was—"a proud countess or some gaudy dame with half a duchy on her back. Yet, I vow, many of them would give broad lands for a pair of eyes and a mouth like thine."

Mellicent colored, and drew away from him with a girlish dignity that she did not dissemble. Her temper seemed to please the man as he watched her lithe, graceful figure, the proud pose of her head, the firm way she planted her roughly shod feet. She had been building visions in her moorland heart, only to find them impossibly fair. She remembered her coarse clothes and the squalid hovel as she glanced at old Huguette's ugly face. Why had not God made her a great lady? Was she too mean to dream and to desire?

Towards evening the three came by the road through green meadows towards the towers of Gloriac. Calm woods steeped in sunlight stretched about the meadows, even to the sea. Many banners were waving on the walls of the town; its towers gleamed white; its spires glistened against the west. In the meadows under

the walls stood many pavilions, red, purple, and green, snow white and azure. Before them on spears hung painted shields, rich in color and quaint device. Craftsmen were setting up the lists without the town, covering the galleries with garlands and fine cloth. There were many blithe folk in the meadows, thronging under the solemn trees—girls in gay gowns, their hair trimmed with ribbons; men and youths,—a merry mob. Near the northern gate of the town a fair was in progress, thronged by holiday folk who bought and sold.

Through the meadows, full of the scent and laughter of youth, came Mellicent and old Huguette with Jehan the archer. They seemed out of keeping with the colored company, for their clothes were dusty and none too new. Some scoffed at old Huguette as she passed by on her donkey, and rallied Jehan on the length of his legs. The archer took their quips in good part, a broad smile on his good-tempered face. But with Mellicent the gibes went home, barbed as they were with bitter mirth. Her coarse green smock seemed to burn her bosom, and her rough shoes hurt her dusty feet. Yet she trod the road with her chin in the air, her eyes defiant in her lovely face. She was poor, no doubt; should she show her shame before chits whose comeliness lay in their sleeves?

They came to the gate and entered Gloriac, Jehan leading the donkey by the bridle. He took them to a mean hostel in a poor quarter of the town, and paid for their lodging out of his own purse.

The sun shone on the Gloriac meadows, though the solemn woods were steeped in mist. A film of dust shimmered over the "lists," where pennons were blowing, color and steel flashing over the greensward.

"By St. Jude!" quoth an old bravo in a battered bassinet, thrusting his red face over the barriers, "mark him of the Black Leopard. A pot of ale on it, he'll smite the Green Trefoil over his horse's tail."

"Not he," quoth another.

"Red's my man," quoth a fat miller,— "yon gentleman with the red shield and the green trappings. As likely a knight as ever held spear."



SIR JOHN SHOOK HIS SPEAR AT THE LADIES WHO SNEERED

"True for you, miller," said Jehan of the bow, who had Mellicent bulwarked behind his shoulder; "watch the Knight of the Red Torch, sirs; he'll set the 'lists' afire."

That morning old Huguette had gotten her rough stool and established herself outside the northern gate, with her panniers before her. She had vowed that she would rather sell ten eggs than watch the gentlemen breaking spears on each other's shields. Jehan had taken Mellicent under his escort, not a little to Dame Huguette's displeasure, who disliked the business, and was jealous despite her threescore years and ten. The archer and the moor maiden had passed early through the meadows, watched the knights arming in their pavilions, and won a place behind the barriers opposite the great gallery and the Joust Queen's throne.

Mellicent looked wild and winsome as a wood-elf from Dian's train. Her pale cheeks were flushed, her eyes asparkle in the sun. She had forgotten her coarse clothes in the delight of the dawn, the stir and bustle, and the music and the brave din. Jehan watched the sunlight on her face, smiled under his bushy brows, and stroked his short brown beard. He kept himself between her and the crowd, so that she suffered no rude jostling, nor the rough insolence of bony elbows.

The jousting had begun before noon, with much blowing of trumpets, lusty work, full of pomp and pride under the summer sun. The galleries were filled with dames and maidens of noble birth, the splendor of youth decked with diverse colors. Mellicent with her solemn eyes watched the knights hurtling against each other, splintering spears, thundering over the wounded grass, with the hot ardor of chivalry in their horses' heels. She saw many a good man go down into the dust. Jehan, who seemed strangely wise in the matter of blazonings, told her the names of many who stood or were smitten down.

Yet through the glory of it all, the clangor of trumpets and the flash of arms, Mellicent's heart grew heavy once more as she remembered her poverty and her mean estate. Like a beggar child she stood gazing through the bars of a

closed gate at a life she might neither share nor know. What was she but a brown, black-eyed bird beside those proud women with their brodered robes, their gleaming tissues, and their cloth of gold. They would scorn her, these great ones, for her coarse clothes, her bare ankles, and her wild moorland ways. Once more she fell into discontent as she gazed at the galleries and their burden of beauty.

Jehan's voice rang out beside her, rousing her from the bitterness of her girlish reverie.

"Wake, dreamer," he said.

Mellicent turned her eyes towards his face. "Why do you shout?" she said, peevishly.

"It is the last course," he answered, trembling like a hound held well in leash; "see, they joust for the garland, these two, the Black Chevron and he of the Scarlet Torch."

Mellicent looked into the "lists," saw the master-at-arms and the heralds standing, the two knights ready at either end, the one in red, the other in sable. Silence had fallen upon the galleries and the eager crowds about the barriers. Mellicent's eyes remained fixed on the knight with the red torch on his gilded shield. She nudged the archer with her elbow as she caught the ardor of the hour.

"Whom do you favor?" she asked him.

"And you?" he retorted.

"Red Torch."

Jehan pinched her cheek. "By God! well chosen," he said; "yonder gentleman shall surely win."

A trumpet wailed, and the two knights feutered their spears. In the taking of a breath they had sprung away and were smoking over the dusty grass. Mellicent heard the spear-points ring on the painted shields, saw the man of the Black Chevron reel and go heavily to earth.

A great shout went up from about the lists.

"He of the Red Torch wins," they cried.

"The Queen, the Queen."

"Now for the crowning."

They were taking away the Black Knight's horse, and his squires were bending over him, unlacing his helmet. Mellicent glanced into Jehan's face. He was laughing, yet with great tears running down his nut-brown cheeks. She was

amazed at the sight, caught his sleeve, questioned him mutely with her eyes.

"Let it pass," he said, brushing the tears away, and setting his cap on the end of his bow. "That was a great thrust. God and St. James for the Scarlet Torch!"

The knight in red was riding round the lists, gazing not into the galleries where the dames and the noble maidens sat, but over the wooden barriers at the common crowd. Mellicent watched him with half-conscious pride. Beside her Jehan was waving his cap on the end of his bow, while the knight on the black horse came riding slowly along the barriers.

Mellicent, watching him, held her breath, went white of a sudden under her raven hair. The man had a red scarf knotted round his arm, and in his helmet he carried a faded rose. The gilded wreath dangled on his spear-point that he was to give to her whom he held most fair.

Suddenly she felt herself lifted in Jehan's arms, set upon his shoulder above the heads of the people. The great knight had halted before the barriers; his spear swayed down, a black streak in the sunlight; the wreath dangled before Mellicent's hands.

Half frightened and incredulous, she took the thing from off the spear, while the crowd cheered her and the Knight of the Red Torch. The man on the black horse came close to the barrier; Jehan set her behind him on the saddle. With the knights-at-arms and the heralds following at his horse's heels, he bore Mellicent to where the throne was set under a canopy of purple cloth. The great ladies in the galleries marvelled and sniggered at such a choice, and waved no handkerchiefs when her name was called.

Thus was Mellicent of the Moor crowned queen of the lists for the first day's jousting at Gloriac by the sea. When the Knight of the Red Torch came to be crowned and the heralds unhelmed him at Mellicent's feet, the girl gazed on

the face of Sir John, the man she had nursed that night in the woods. Red to the lips, she set the garland upon his brows, marvelling greatly that he had honored her thus.

But when night came, Mellicent of the Moor had passed from the towers of Gloriac into the wilds. Sir John had taken her upon his horse and laughed at the ladies who had sneered at the girl. He shook his spear at them, and rode for the woods, with the sturdy Jehan trudging at his horse's heels.

That night they lodged them in the woods under the placid face of the moon. Mellicent sat on a fallen tree, with the man she had served unhelmed beside her. There was a great light in Sir John's dark eyes. He unwound the red scarf from his sword-arm, kissed it, and spread it over Mellicent's knees.

"Behold," he said, "have I not taught these proud ones that love can shine without cloth of gold? Mellicent, child, you have won me honor. Lo! I offer you back my heart."

She gazed at him wondrously, even like one whose dreams had been answered by a miracle out of heaven.

"Lord," she said, "I am a beggar girl. Should a great knight mate with me?"

"Tell me," he answered her, "are you not fair?"

She reddened and hid her face in her hands.

"And good?" he said, touching her hair. "My God, what better joy can a man have than the love of a good maid, be she rich or poor?"

"Lord," she answered him, "I am dumb before you."

He took her hands from before her eyes. There was such a light on the man's face that Mellicent had no fear of him nor of her own heart.

"God bless thee!" he said, holding her hands. "Behold, I kneel to you. Is that not love?"

Mellicent kissed him on the mouth. Nor did the man regret, when his hair was white, that he had won the moor child for his wife in the meadows of Gloriac.

Superstitions of a Cosmopolitan City

BY ROBERT SHACKLETON

THE incongruity is the fascination of it all. In New York, the most modern of all large cities, the very embodiment of twentieth-century youth, thrives superstition, gray with countless centuries of age.

When the night wind wails through the gorgelike streets of the great East Side, thousands tremble, for the restless cry is from the souls of children unbaptized. Where thick-packed multitudes mass, many a charm is said over the sick, many a spell is mystically woven, even as spells were whispered and charms woven in the forests of Northern Europe, centuries ago. Black art has not been banished by the electric light. Myths hold their own in spite of the railroad and the telegraph. Faith is desperately pinned to necromancy. There are, in New York, beliefs and weird practices which were old when the earliest scribe began to write upon rock.

Not long ago a quadroom was taken into court for preying upon the negroes of the Eighth Avenue colony. He claimed magic power, and in the power of his supposed magic a multitude believed. His arrest was brought about by a woman whose son remained ill despite the virtue of three green seals and a magic belt. Recently the will of a German woman, a dweller in Stanton Street, was disputed because she had profoundly dreaded the influence of witches and because, at her death, it had been found that little bags were hidden throughout her clothing, and that in them were incantations to drive the witches away. Attention was drawn, two years ago, to a woman in Ridge Street, who had many clients, and whose specialty was the bringing together of married folk who had drifted apart. She charged twenty dollars to each who invoked her aid, and for that sum she exorcised the evil spirit through whose malignancy the separation had come.

But it is seldom that the black art of Manhattan attracts the attention of the law. To find the terrible Hun who is in league with the devil, to find the seer who makes a child proof against poison by writing magic words, in blood, upon its forehead, to find the man who in consternation discovered skull and crossbones sewed upon his garment, to find where love-philters may be bought, with full instructions as to their administration, one must patiently come to know the mankind of the tenements.

Ghosts are told of in the crowded region north of Grand Street. There are tales of demonology in Chinatown. Almshouse dwellers, sitting in the sun, watching the surging tide and the glistening water, tell of spirits and banshees and fays. Italians dread the evil eye, but have faith in amulets.

Diedrich Knickerbocker narrates that at one time the witchcraft of New England threatened to spread into these Netherlands, and that certain broomstick apparitions actually appeared, but that the worthy dwellers within the gates of Manhattan kept the witches away by dint of the time-honored device of nailed-up horseshoes. It is quite evident, however, that since then witchcraft has stolen in.

Curious it is to find, in Essex or Ludlow Street or East Broadway, a belief in Lilith, the legendary first wife of Adam; but among these East Side women who pronounce incantations against her she is not Lilith as we know her in Rossetti, marvellously beautiful and eternally young, snaring the souls of men in the meshes of her enchanted hair, but a malicious personification of evil, forever watching to steal away or injure the new-born child.

Races that never heard of the predecessor of Eve share in the fear that new-born children are liable to be stolen away; they hold that fairies are the

thieves, and that in the stead of infants taken away there are changelings, children deformed, the progeny of gnomes. Sometimes the fairy filching is interrupted in the very act. A Rutgers Street woman, impelled by a sudden fear, hurried back to her child, and found that in another moment there would have been a changeling substitution; for the fairy, interrupted by her return, had tucked the infant hastily back, but with its head toward the foot of the crib.

There are women who, following the dictates of ancient superstition, cruelly beat or torture the changelings that have been foisted upon them, for they hope thus to induce the child-pilferers, from very pity for the gnomish offspring, to make restitution. At least one such case, in which the child died from the severity of the burns received, has come to the definite attention of the New York police, and there is no doubt that some of the apparently inexplicable cases of fierce wrath toward children, on the part of sullenly reticent parents, obscurely root their motives in this grim belief. Especially is this likely to be the explanation when one child of a family is singled out from his brothers and sisters for savagery.

Superstition is seen, luminous in its ineradicability, in a little book of necromancy, especially for the sick, which is widely studied in Teutonic tenements. So absurd is its substance that it would only cause a smile did we not know that it is implicitly believed in by a great number of people.

It tells how to make oneself invisible, how to become impervious to shot, how to cure diseases. That many of its rules demand incantations which it is imperative properly to pronounce, or that there is designated some strange substance for medicine, often makes necessary the services of a Wise Woman.

Magic words and letters play their part in these dogmas of demonology, which dip far down into the glooming depths of human credulity. The blood of a basilisk, a black tick taken from the left ear of a cat, a stone bitten by a mad dog, the right eye of a live serpent,—such are some of the charms or medicines. One is taught, too, how to dis-

cover a witch and how to banish her. And for people who put faith in sorcery and charms, it is easy enough to believe a woman to be a witch, if she be meagre and decrepit, stunted and squeak-voiced, and if she look with a malevolent eye upon a world which has treated her malevolently.

"Take a new but useless nail. Pick the teeth well with it. Then drive the nail into a rafter, toward the rising sun, where no sun nor moon shines, and speak, at the first stroke, 'Toothache, vanish!' on the second, 'Toothache, banish!' on the third stroke, 'Toothache, thither fly!'"

Such is one of the cures, and of an amusing rather than impressive sound, in spite of impressive intent.

If one would be secure against shot, the following is infallible; but one sees why the interpretative Wise Woman must needs be called in:

"O Josophat; O Tomosath; O Plasorath! These words pronounce Jarot backwards three times."

It was through the case of a girl who was suffering in a shabby little room in a shabby tenement that I came to know of this school of necromancy and of the crass strength with which it holds sway. The girl's foot had been painfully crushed, yet all that the mother was doing for her was to have a Wise Woman come three times a day and drone over her, in German, with periodic interpolations of "the highest name of God," the following conjuration:

"Christ the Lord went through the field, and met a person who was sick of palsy. Christ the Lord spake: 'Whither art thou going, thou cold face?' The face thus addressed replied: 'I will enter into that man!' Christ the Lord said: 'Thou palsied face, thou shalt not do so. Pebble-stones thou must devour, bitter herbs thou shalt pluck. From a well thou must drink, and therein thou must sink.'"

One must grope far back among the misty shadows to find the origin of beliefs so ineradicable, so menacingly sinister. In centuries past many an old woman came to an unfelicitous end for conjurations identical with these. Yet the Wise Woman who droned the grisly jargon over the poor child's foot was far

from witchlike in appearance. Of middle age, shrewd, impassive, slow, rather short, clean, clad in a plain black gown and knitted shoulder-cape—the very commonplaceness of her appearance gave an additional tang of disquiet.

It would be a mistake to think the superstitions of New York obtain among the ignorant only. The rich and the well-to-do dread thirteen at table—the result of a superstition which goes back to the Last Supper, where one was a traitor. In his great painting of the Supper, Da Vinci illustrates a prognostic in which many in Manhattan have faith—for Judas has just upset the salt! Educated men ward off rheumatism with horse-chestnuts. The Easter-egg custom comes from rites and beliefs of unknown antiquity. Many, in moving, will not carry away a broom. Many count it unlucky to take the family cat with them to a new home. Many still put horseshoes over their doors—thus recognizing a superstition which apparently arose from the warding away of evil by the horseshoe-shaped blood-splash of the Passover. There is a Wall Street broker who must have his right cheek shaved first, and the initial stroke must be upward. A certain horse-owner is confident of success if, on the morning of a race-day, he accidentally meets a cross-eyed man. Many a New York matron will under no circumstances remove the wedding-ring from her finger, for dire ill luck would come. A New York financier whose name is known throughout the world holds active superstitions in regard to cats. People watch the placing of valuables in a corner-stone, without suspecting that the custom is thought to have a far-distant necromantic origin in the use of human beings to strengthen buildings and bridges. The original belief still holds in out-of-the-way corners of the world, and many of the Chinese believed the absurd report that the Czar of Russia was to safeguard the Manchurian railway by means of this ancient form of black art.

It is mainly among the undigested foreign element that the mightier superstitions lurk, and it is not always with the grimness which the beliefs themselves would seem to indicate.

The Italians, crowding into the city

by tens of thousands, bring with them the superstitions of Italy, and belief in demon possession and in the evil eye is wellnigh universal among them. A leading churchman was believed, by a host of devout Italians, to have the power of the evil eye, though none believed that he ever wrongfully used it; and there are men and women in Roosevelt and Elizabeth streets, about Mulberry Bend and in the Little Italy of Harlem, who are held to be the possessors of this attribute.

But with the Italians magic is not of necessity a serious danger. The very commonness of it has rendered imperative and customary a multitude of counterbalancing charms, beginning with the stringing of certain shapes of coral about the necks of children, and in many cases continuing with the wearing of coral as a safeguard throughout life. Then, too, there is a way of so holding the fingers as to neutralize the evil, the method being to fold the two middle fingers into the palm, leaving the others projectively pronglike.

Properly considered, there is considerable amusement obtainable from the pervasiveness of Italian superstition and the rather practical ways of meeting and offsetting it. For example, a few years ago an Italian vice-consul went from New York to a neighboring town to investigate the murder of an Italian there. The slain man, it appeared, had sold his soul to the devil, and could at any time call that personage to do his bidding. This, not unnaturally, had the effect of minimizing the popularity of the man, and, in fact, of raising up enemies against him. The devil, it was learned, had made his life secure from steel, poison, or bullets; whereupon certain hard-headed compatriots fell upon him with clubs and tossed him into a pond to drown.

A curious epidemic of "devil frights," which followed each other in the schools of the East Side a few years ago, showed a readiness on the part of others than Italians to believe in the personal presence of the being that old Peter Stuyvesant legendarily shot with a silver bullet at Hell Gate. Time and again, while the epidemic lasted, schoolrooms were emptied by a panic following the cry that the devil was at the window.

Among the more ignorant there is a strange readiness of belief that Christians, especially those of certain settlement schools, strive by spells and branding-marks to win the children of Hebrews from their faith.

It had seemed remarkable that a fear of that particular kind should exist; but one evening I met a Hebrew, excited and eager, who told me that he had seen with his own eyes the branding on a child who attended one of these schools, and he offered to take me to see it.

He led the way to a decrepit rear tenement in Orchard Street. Men and women were agitatedly huddled in the hallway and upon the shaky stair, and others were crowded into an ill-lit room where a tall man, broom-bearded and gauntly gaberdined, was bending over a little girl, upon whose arm had been burned the letters "I O D E."

"Jesus Omnium Dominus Est—Jesus is the Lord of all," interpreted the old man, gutturally grim.

The little child, not too little to be proud of the attention it was exciting, again told the story of how a "black man" had met her in the hallway of the settlement school, and had seared the marks with a hot iron; and at that the room was filled anew with querulous Yiddish.

Yet the explanation was in the adjoining room, where a hot fire burned in a cooking-stove; for the door of the stove, upon which was the word "M O D E L," was the branding-iron. All of the word had been burned upon the child's arm except the "L" and the first three strokes of the "M." The girl's brother had pushed her against the stove, and had so frightened her with threats that she had feared to tell. With the stoicism of the poor, she had suffered in silence for a while; and then the mother, discovering the burn, had leaped at once to the conclusion that this was the dreaded branding of which she had often heard, and the neighborhood had been thrown into profound excitement.

To understand how remarkably it came about, print the letters "I O D E" on a piece of paper; lay the paper, with the ink wet, against another, and you will see the four letters reversed; turn

the slip around, as the brand would appear looking down upon it on the arm, and you will read the letters in their order, "I O D E."

Where all the continents pour their mingling human tides—in those thick-populated parts where silent Greeks smoke their long-tubed water-pipes, where turbaned Hindus bend above their rugs, where Lithuanian and Pole, Armenian and Swiss, Austrian, Scandinavian, and Hun, throng together—there are many strange beliefs. And far down along the East River, where great bowsprits stretch far over South Street, where there are casks and bales and endless rope and chain, you may hear, in ancient taverns nodding dreamily toward the water, marvellous tales from them that go down to the sea in ships, for these weather-beaten men retain belief in ancient sailors' lore.

Science cannot dispel superstition. From the view-point of the superstitious man, a wagon moving without horses, a message sent without wires, or a train propelled by an unseen current, adds to the miracle of it all.

When the wind drifts drearily in from the bay, when the storm shouts over the roofs of Poverty Hollow, when the calling wind echoes dismally in the hallways of Sunken Village and Battle Row and creeps disquietingly in and out of dusky corners, when the mist clings in ghostly folds about ships and houses, the heart of the superstitious man responds as it did when the wind roared through great forests, and the snow fell and the mist gathered and the glimmering moon shone white before the dawn of civilization.

Down in Mott Street, where gleaming lanterns swing from balconies, where the smell of incense is in the air, where joss-sticks burn and sallow-faced men bow before the figured idol, there is unquestioned belief in fiends and devils, in magic and in spells. The silent, watchful men seldom speak to you; those who know English are apt to shake their heads, and to do business in abbreviations, backed up by signs; but now and then one is found who, if his Eastern soul opens, will tell you strange tales of things unseen.

The Marriage of William Ashe

BY MRS. HUMPHRY WARD

CHAPTER XV

THE church clock of Haggart village had just struck half past six. A white sunny mist enwrapped the park and garden. Voices and shouts rang through the mist; little could yet be seen, but the lawns and the park seemed to be pervaded with bustle and preparation, and every now and then, as the mist drifted, groups of workmen could be distinguished, marquees emerged, flags floated, and carts laden with benches and trestle-tables rumbled slowly over the roads and tracks of the park.

The house itself was full of gardeners, arranging banks of magnificent flowers in the hall and drawing-rooms, and superintended by the head gardener—a person of much greater dignity than Ashe himself,—who swore at any underling making a noise, as though the slumbers of the “quality” in the big house overhead and the danger of disturbing them were the dearest interests of a burdened life.

As to the mistress of the house, at any rate, there was no need for caution. The clocks of the house had barely followed the church clock in striking the half-hour, when the workmen on the ground floor saw Lady Kitty come down-stairs, and go through the drawing-room window into the garden. There she gave her opinion on the preparations, pushing on afterwards into the park, where she astounded the various contractors and their workmen by her appearance at such an hour, and by the vigor and decision of her orders. Finally she left the park behind, just as its broad scorched surfaces began everywhere to shake off the mist,—and entered one of the bordering woods.

She had a basket on her arm, and when she had found for herself a mossy seat amid the roots of a great oak, she unpacked it. It contained a mass of written pages, some fresh scribbling-paper, ink and pens, and a small port-

folio. When they were all lying on the moss beside her, Kitty turned over the sheets with a loving hand, reading here and there.

“It is good!” she said to herself. “I vow it is!”

Dipping her pen in the ink, she began upon corrections. The sun filtered through the thick leafage overhead, touching her white dress, her small shoes, and the masses of her hair. She wore a Leghorn garden-hat, tied with pink ribbons under her chin, and in her morning freshness and daintiness she looked about seventeen. The hours of sleep had calmed the restlessness of the wide brown eyes; they were full now of gentleness and mirth.

“I wonder if he’ll come?”

She looked up and listened. And as she did so, her eyes and sense were seized with the beauty of the wood. The mystery of early solitary hours seemed to be still upon it; both in the sunlight and the shadow there was a magic unknown to the later day. In a clearing before her spread a lake of willow-herb, of a pure bright pink, hemmed in by a golden shore of ragwort. The splash of color gave Kitty a passionate delight.

“Dear, dear world!” She stretched out her hands to it in a childish greeting.

Then the joy died sharply from her eyes. “How many years left—to enjoy it in—before one dies?—or one’s heart dies?”

Invariably now her moments of sensuous pleasure ended in this dread of something beyond,—of a sudden drowning of beauty and delight,—of a future unknown and cruel, coming to meet her, like some armed assassin in a narrow path.

William!—when it came, could William save her? “William is a *darling*!” she said to herself, her face full of yearning.

As for that other,—it gave her an intense pleasure to think of the flames

creeping up the form and face of the photograph. Should she hear perhaps in a week or two that he had been seized with some mysterious illness, like the witch-victims of old? A shiver ran through her, a thrill of repentance,—till the bitter lines of the poem came back to memory,—lines describing a woman with neither the courage for sin nor the strength for virtue, a "light woman" indeed, whom the great passions passed eternally by, whom it was a humiliation to court, and a mere weakness to regret. Then she laughed; and began again with passionate zest upon the sheets before her.

A sound of approaching footsteps on the wood path. She half rose, smiling.

The branches parted, and Darrell appeared. He paused to survey the Oread vision of Lady Kitty.

"Am I not to the minute?" He held up his watch in front of her.

"So you got my note?"

"Certainly. I was immensely flattered." He threw himself down on the moss beside her, his sallow, long-chinned face and dark eyes toned to a morning cheerfulness, his dress much fresher and more exact than usual. "But he is one of the men who look so much better in their old clothes!" thought Kitty.

"Well, what can I do for you, Lady Kitty?" he resumed, smiling.

"I wanted your advice," said Kitty,—not altogether sure, now that he was there beside her, that she did want it.

"About your literary work?"

She threw him a quick glance.

"Do you know? How do you know? I have been writing a book!"

"So I imagined—"

"And—and"—she broke now into eagerness, bending forward—"I want you to help me get it published. It is a deadly secret. Nobody knows—"

"Not even William?"

"No one," she repeated. "And I can't tell you about it, or show you a line of it, unless you vow and swear to me—"

"Oh! I swear," said Darrell, tranquilly; "I swear."

Kitty looked at him doubtfully a moment,—then resumed:

"I have written it at all sorts of times—when William was away—in the middle of the night—out in the woods. *Nobody* knows. You see"—her little fingers

plucked at the moss—"I have a good many advantages. If people want 'Society' with a big S, I can give it them!"

"Naturally," said Darrell.

"And it always amuses people—doesn't it?"

Kitty clasped her hands round her knees and looked at him with candor.

"Does it?" said Darrell. "It has been done a good deal."

"Oh, of course," said Kitty, impatiently, "mine's not the proper thing. You don't imagine I should try and write like Thackeray, do you? Mine's *real* people,—*real* things that happened,—with just the names altered."

"Ah!" said Darrell, sitting up,— "that sounds exciting. Is it libellous?"

"Well, that's just what I want to know," said Kitty, slowly. "Of course I've made a kind of story out of it. But you'd have to be a great fool not to guess. I've put myself in, and—"

"And Ashe?"

Kitty nodded. "All the novels that are written about politics nowadays—except Dizzy's—are such nonsense, aren't they? I just wanted to describe—from the inside—how a real statesman"—she threw up her head proudly—"lives, and what he does."

"Excellent subject," said Darrell. "Well—anybody else?"

Kitty flushed. "You'll see," she said, uncertainly.

Darrell's involuntary smile was hidden by a bunch of honeysuckle at which he was sniffing. "May I look?" he asked, stretching out a hand for the sheets.

She pushed them towards him, half unwilling, half eager; and he began to turn them over. Apparently it had a thread of story—both tender and extravagant. And on the thread—Hullo!—here was the Fancy Ball; he pounced upon it. A portrait of Lady Parham—Ye powers! he chuckled as he read. On the next page the Chancellor of the Exchequer,—sharp-nosed *parvenu* and Puritan—admirably caught. Farther on a speech of Ashe's in the House,—with caricature to right and caricature to left. . . . Ah! the poet!—at last! He bent over the page, till Kitty coughed and fidgeted, and he thought it best to hurry on. But it was war, he perceived—open, undignified, feminine war. On the next page, the



"I WONDER IF HE'LL COME?"

Archbishop of Canterbury,—with Lady Kitty's views on the Athanasian Creed! Heavens! what a book! Next—royalty itself,—not too respectfully handled. Then Ashe again,—Ashe glorified, Ashe explained, Ashe intrigued against, and Ashe triumphant,—everywhere the centre of the stage, and everywhere, of course, all unknown to the author, the fool of the piece. Political indiscretions, also, of the most startling kind, as coming from the wife of a cabinet minister. Allusions, besides, scattered broadcast, to the scandals of the day,—material, as far as he could see, for a dozen libel actions. And with it all, much fantastic ability, flashes of wit and romance, enough to give the book wings beyond its first personal audience,—enough, in fact, to secure to all its scandalous matter the widest possible chance of fame.

"Well!"

He rolled over on his elbows, and lay staring at the sheets before him—dumb. What was he to say?

A thought struck him. As far as he could perceive, there was an empty niche.

"And Lord Parham?"

A smile of mischief broadened on Kitty's lips.

"That 'll come," she said,—and checked herself. Darrell bowed his face on his hands and laughed, unseen. To what sacrificial rite was the unconscious victim hurrying—at that very moment—in the express-train which was to land him at Haggart Station that afternoon?

"Well!" said Kitty, impatiently,—
"what do you think? Can you help me?"

Darrell looked up.

"You know, Lady Kitty, that book can't be published like that. Nobody would risk it."

"Well, I suppose they'll tell me what to cut out."

"Yes," said Darrell, slowly, caught by many reflections,—
"no doubt some clever fellow will know how near the wind it's possible to sail. But, anyway, trim it as you like, the book will make a scandal."

"Will it?" Kitty's eyes flashed. She sat up, radiant, her breath quick and defiant.

"I don't see," he resumed, "how you can publish it without consulting Ashe."

Kitty gave a cry of protest.

"No, no, *no!* Of course he'll disap-

prove. But then—he soon forgives a thing, if he thinks it clever. And it is clever, isn't it?—some of it. He'd laugh,—and then it would be all right. *He'd* never pay out his enemies, but he couldn't help enjoying it if some one else did,—could he?" She pleaded like a child.

"No need to forgive them," murmured Darrell, as he rolled over on his back, and put his hat over his eyes, "for you would have 'shot them all.'"

Under the shelter of his hat he tried to think himself clear. What *really* were her motives? Partly no doubt a childish love of excitement?—partly revenge? The animus against the Parhams was clear in every page. Cliffe too came badly out of it—a fantastic Byronic mixture of libertine and cad. Lady Kitty had better beware! As far as he knew, Cliffe had never yet been struck, with impunity to the striker.

If these precious sheets ever appeared, Ashe's position would certainly be shaken. Poor wretch!—endeavoring to pursue a serious existence, yoked to such an impish sprite as this! His own fault, after all. That first night, at Madame d'Estrées', was not her madness written in her eyes?

"Now tell me, Lady Kitty,"—he roused himself to look at her with some attention,—
"what do you want me to do?"

"To find me a publisher, and"—she stooped towards him with laughing shyness—
"to get me some money."

"Money!"

"I've been so awfully extravagant lately," said Kitty, frankly. "Something really will have to be done. And the book's worth some money, isn't it?"

"A good deal," said Darrell. Then he added with emphasis, "I really can't be responsible for it in any way, Lady Kitty."

"Of course not. I will never, *never* say I told you! But, you see, I'm not literary,—I don't know in the least how to set about it. If you would just put me in communication?"

Darrell pondered. None of the well-known publishers of course would look at it. But there were plenty of people who would,—and give Lady Kitty a large sum of money for it, too.

What part, however, could he—Darrell—play in such a transaction?

"I am bound to warn you," he said

at last, looking up, "that your husband will probably strongly disapprove this book, and that it may do him harm."

Kitty bit her lip.

"But if I tell nobody who wrote it—and you tell nobody!"

"Ashe would know at once. Everybody would know."

"William would know," his companion admitted, unwillingly. "But I don't see why anybody else should. You see, I've put myself in—I've said the most shocking things—"

Darrell replied that she would not find that device of much service to her.

"However, I can no doubt get an opinion for you."

Kitty, all delight, thanked him profusely.

"You shall have the whole of it before you go—Friday, isn't it?" she said, eagerly gathering it up.

Darrell was certainly conscious of no desire to burden himself with the horrid thing. But he was rarely able to refuse the request of a pretty and fashionable woman, and it flattered his conceit to be the sole recipient of what might very well turn out to be a political secret of some importance. Not that he meant to lay himself open to any just reproach whatever in the matter. He would show it to some fitting person—to pacify Lady Kitty,—write a letter of strong protest to her afterwards—and wash his hands of it. What might happen then was not his business.

Meanwhile his inner mind was full of an acrid debate which turned entirely upon his interview with Ashe of the day before. No doubt, as an old friend, aware of Lady Kitty's excitable character, he might have felt it his duty to go straight to Ashe, *coûte que coûte*, and warn him of what was going on. But what encouragement had been given him to play so Quixotic a part? Why should he take any particular thought for Ashe's domestic peace, or Ashe's public place? What consideration had Ashe shown for him? "Tu l'as voulu, George Dandin!"

So it ended in his promising to take the MS. to London with him, and let Lady Kitty know the result of his inquiries. Kitty's dancing step as they returned to the house betrayed the height of her spirits.

A rumor flew round the house towards the middle of the day that Harry, the little heir, was worse. Kitty did not appear at luncheon, and the doctor was sent for. Before he came, it was known only to Margaret French that Kitty had escaped by herself from the house and could not be found. Ashe and Lady Tranmore saw the doctor, who prescribed, and would not admit that there was any cause for alarm. The heat had tried the child, and Lady Kitty—he looked round the nursery for her in some perplexity—might be quite reassured.

Margaret found her, wandering in the park,—very wild and pale,—told her the doctor's verdict, and brought her home. Kitty said little or nothing, and was presently persuaded to change her dress for Lord Parham's arrival. By the time the operation was over she was full as usual of smiles and chatter, with no trace apparently of the mood which had gone before.

Lord Parham found the house party assembled on the lawn, with Kitty in a three-cornered hat, fantastically garnished at the side with a great plume of white cock's feathers, presiding at the tea-table.

"Ah!" thought the Premier, as he approached,—“now for the tare in Ashe's wheat!"

Nothing, however, could have been more gracious than Kitty's reception of him, or more effusive than his response. He took his seat beside her—a solid and impressive figure,—no less closely observed by such of the habitual guests of the political country houses as happened to be present than by the sprinkling of local clergy and country neighbors to whom Kitty was giving tea. Lord Parham, though now in the fourth year of his Premiership, was still something of a mystery to his countrymen; while for the inner circle it was an amusement and an event that he should be seen without his wife.

For some time all went well. Kitty's manners and topics were alike beyond reproach. When presently she inquired politely as to the success of his Scottish tour, Lord Parham hoped he had not altogether disgraced himself. But, thank Heaven, it was done. Meanwhile Ashe, he supposed, had been enjoying the pur-

suits of a scholar and a gentleman?—lucky fellow!

"He has been reading the Bible," said Kitty, carelessly, as she handed cake.—"Just now he's in the Acts. That's why, I suppose, he didn't hear the carriage. John!" she called a footman. "Tell Mr. Ashe that Lord Parham has arrived!"

The Premier opened astonished eyes.

"Does Ashe generally study the Scriptures of an afternoon?"

Kitty nodded,—with her most confiding smile. "When he can. He says the Bible is such a damned interesting book!"

Lord Parham started in his seat. In those days the naughty word of which Kitty had made use was a good deal more frequent among men in general society than it is now, and Ashe was sadly dependent upon it. He and some of his friends still prolonged, in this respect, the common vocabulary of the Peel and Melbourne generation. But in a lady's mouth it was more than rare, and the effect upon the circle which surrounded Kitty was great. Lord Grosville frowned and walked away; Eddie Helston smothered a burst of laughter; the Dean, startled, broke off a conversation with a group of archæological clergymen and came to see what he could do to keep Lady Kitty in order; while Lady Tranmore flushed deeply, and began a hasty conversation with Lady Edith Manley. Meanwhile Kitty, quite unconscious, "went on cutting," or rather, dispensing, "bread and butter"; and Lord Parham changed the subject.

"What a charming house!" he said, unwarily, waving his hand towards the Haggart mansion. He was short-sighted, and, in truth, saw only that it was big.

Kitty looked at him in wonder—a friendly and amiable wonder. She said it was very kind of him to try and spare her feelings, but really anybody might say what they liked of Haggart. She and William weren't responsible.

Lord Parham, rather nettled, put on his eye-glass, and being an obstinate man, still maintained that he saw no reason at all to be dissatisfied with Haggart, from the æsthetic point of view. Kitty said nothing, but for the first time a gleam of mockery showed itself in her changing look.

Lady Tranmore, always nervously on

the watch, moved forward at this point, and Lord Parham, with marked and pompous suavity, transferred his conversation to her.

Thus assured, as he thought, of a good listener, and delivered from his uncomfortable hostess, Lord Parham crossed his legs and began to talk at his ease. The guests round the various tea-tables converged, some standing and some sitting, and made a circle about the great man. About Kitty, too, who sat, equally conspicuous, dipping a biscuit in milk, and teasing her small dog with it. Lord Parham meanwhile described to Lady Tranmore—at wearisome length—the demonstrations which had attended his journey south, the railway-station crowds, addresses, and so forth. He handled the topic in a tone of jocular humility, which but slightly concealed the vast complacency beneath. Kitty's lip twitched; she fed Ponto hastily with all possible cakes.

"No one, of course, can keep any count of what he says on these occasions," resumed Lord Parham, with a gracious smile. "I hope I talked some sense—"

"Oh, but why?" said Kitty, looking up, her large fawn's eyes bent on the speaker.

"Why?" repeated Lord Parham, suddenly stiffening. "I don't follow you, Lady Kitty."

"Anybody can talk sense!" said Kitty, throwing a big bit of muffin at Ponto's nose. "It's the other thing that's hard—isn't it?"

"Lady Kitty!" said the Dean, lifting a finger, "you are plagiarizing from Mr. Pitt."

"Am I?" said Kitty. "I didn't know."

"I imagine that Mr. Pitt talked sense sometimes," said Lord Parham, shortly.

"Ah, that was when he was drunk!" said Kitty. "Then he wasn't responsible."

Lord Parham and the circle laughed,—though the Premier's laugh was a little dry and perfunctory.

"So you worship nonsense, Lady Kitty?"

Kitty nodded sweetly.

"And so does William. Ah, here he is!"

For Ashe appeared, hurrying over the lawn, and Lord Parham rose to greet his host.

"Upon my word, Ashe, how well you look! *You* have had some holiday!"

"Which is more than can be said of yourself," said Ashe, with smiling sympathy. "Well!—how have the speeches gone? I hear Edinburgh was enthusiastic—and Glasgow fanatical! Of course I have read you—every word!"

He wore his most radiant aspect, as he sat down beside his guest; and Kitty, watching him, and already conscious of a renewed and excitable dislike for her guest, thought William was overdoing it absurdly, and grew still more restive.

The Premier brought the tips of his fingers lightly together as he resumed his seat.

"Oh! my dear fellow, people were very kind—too much so! Yes—I think it did good—it did good. I should now rest and be thankful—if it weren't for the bishops!"

"The bishops!" said the rector of the parish, standing near. "What have the bishops been doing, my lord?"

"Dying," said Kitty, as she fell into an attitude which commanded both William and Lord Parham. "They do it on purpose."

"Another this morning!" said Ashe, throwing up his hands.

"Oh! they die to plague me," said the Prime Minister, with the air of one on whom the universe weighs heavy. "There never was such a conspiracy!"

"You should let William appoint them!" said Kitty, leaning her chin upon her hands, and studying Lord Parham with eyes all the more brilliant for the dark circles which fatigue or something else had drawn round them.

"Ah, to be sure!" said Lord Parham, affably; "I had forgotten that Ashe was our theologian. Take me a walk before dinner!" he added, addressing his host.

"But you won't take his advice," said Kitty, smiling.

The Premier turned rather sharply.

"How do you know that, Lady Kitty?"

Kitty hesitated,—then said, with the prettiest, slightest laugh,—

"Lady Parham has such strong views—hasn't she—on Church questions?"

Lord Parham's feeling was that a more insidiously impertinent question had never been put to him. He drew himself up.

"If she has, Lady Kitty, I can only

say I know very little about them! She very wisely keeps them to herself."

"Ah!" said Kitty, as her lovely eyebrows lifted, "that shows how little people know."

"I don't quite understand," said Lord Parham. "To what do you allude, Lady Kitty?"

Kitty laughed. She raised her eyes to the rector—a spare High-Churchman—who had retreated uncomfortably behind Lady Tranmore.

"Some one—said to me last week—that Lady Parham had saved the Church!"

The Prime Minister rose. "I must have a little exercise before dinner. Your gardens, Ashe?—is there time?"

Ashe, scarlet with discomfort and annoyance, carried his visitor off. As he did so, he passed his wife. Kitty turned her little head, looked at him half shyly, half defiantly. The Dean saw the look; saw also that Ashe deliberately avoided it.

The party presently began to disperse. The Dean found himself beside his hostess—strolling over the lawn towards the house. He observed her attentively,—vexed with her, and vexed for her! Surely she was thinner than he had ever seen her. A little more, and her beauty would suffer seriously. Coming he knew not whence, there lit upon him the sudden and painful impression of something undermined, something consumed from within.

"Lady Kitty, do you ever rest?" he asked her, unexpectedly.

"Rest!" she laughed. "Why should I?"

"Because you are wearing yourself out."

She shrugged her shoulders.

"Do you ever lie down—alone—and read a book?" persisted the Dean.

"Yes. I have just finished Renan's *Vie de Jésus!*"

Her glance, even with him, kept its note of audacity, but much softened by a kind of wistfulness.

"Ah! my dear Lady Kitty, let Renan alone," cried the Dean; then with a change of tone, "But are you speaking truth—or naughtiness?"

"Truth," said Kitty. "But—of course—I am in a temper."

The Dean laughed.

"I see Lord Parham is not a favorite of yours."

Kitty compressed her small lips.

"To think that William should have to take his orders from that man!" she said, under her breath.

"Bear it—for William's sake," said the Dean, softly, "and meanwhile—take my advice—and don't read any more Renan!"

Kitty looked at him curiously.

"I prefer to see things as they are."

The Dean sighed.

"That none of us can do, my dear Lady Kitty. No one can satisfy his *intelligence*. But religion speaks to the *will*,—and it is the only thing between us and the void. Don't tamper with it! It is soon gone."

A satirical expression passed over the face of his companion.

"Mine was gone before we had been a month married. William killed it."

The Dean exclaimed:

"I hear always of his interest in religious matters!"

"He cares for nothing so much,—and he doesn't believe one single word of anything! I was brought up in a convent, you know,—but William laughed it all out of me."

"Dear Lady Kitty!"

Kitty nodded. "And now, of course, I know there's nothing in it. Oh! I *do* beg your pardon!" she said, eagerly. "I never meant to say anything rude to *you*. And I must go!" She looked up at an open window on the second floor of the house. The Dean supposed it was the nursery, and began to ask after the boy. But before he could frame his question, she was gone, flying over the grass with a foot that scarcely seemed to touch it.

"Poor child, poor child!" murmured the Dean, in a most genuine distress. But it was not the boy he was thinking of.

Presently, however, he was overtaken by Miss French, of whom he inquired how the baby was.

Margaret hesitated. "He seems to lose strength," she said, sadly. "The doctor declares there is no danger, unless—"

"Unless what?"

"Oh! but it's so unlikely!" was her hasty reply. "Don't let's think of it."

Kitty was just giving a last look at herself in the large mirror which lined half one of the sides of her room, when Ashe invaded her. She glanced at him askance a little, and when the maid had

gone, Kitty hurriedly gathered up gloves and fan and prepared to follow her.

"Kitty—one word!"

He caught her in his arm, and held her while he looked down upon her sparkling dress and half-reluctant face. "Kitty, do be nice to that old fellow to-night! It's only for two nights. Take him in the right way, and make a conquest of him—for good. He's been very decent to me in our walk,—though you did say such extraordinary things to him this afternoon. I believe he really wants to make amends."

"I do hate his white eyelashes so," said Kitty, slowly.

"What does it matter," cried Ashe, angrily,—“whether he were a blue-faced baboon!—for two nights? Just listen to him a little, Kitty,—that's all he wants. And—don't be offended!—but hold your own small tongue—just a little!"

Kitty pulled herself away.

"I believe I shall do something dreadful," she said, quietly.

A sternness, to which Ashe's good-humored face was almost wholly strange, showed itself in his expression.

"Why should you do anything dreadful, please? Lord Parham is your guest and my political chief. Is there any woman in England who would not do her best to be civil to him under the circumstances?"

"I suppose not," said Kitty, with deliberation. "No, I don't think there can be."

"Kitty!"

For the first time Ashe was conscious of real exasperation. What was to be done with a temperament and a disposition like this?

"Do you never think that you have it in your power to help me or to ruin me?" he said, with vehemence.

"Oh yes—often. I mean—to help you—in my own way."

Ashe's laugh was a sound of pure annoyance.

"But please understand, it would be *infinitely* better if you would help me in *my* way—in the natural accepted way—the way that everybody understands."

"The way Lord Parham recommends?" Kitty looked at him quietly. "Never mind, William. I *am* trying to help you."

Her eyes shone with the strangest glit-

ter. Ashe was conscious of another of those sudden stabs of anxiety about her which he had felt at intervals through the preceding year. His face softened.

"Dear, don't let's talk nonsense! Just look at me sometimes at dinner, and say to yourself, 'William asks me—for his sake—to be nice to Lord Parham.'"

He again drew her to him, but she repulsed him almost with violence.

"Why is he here? Why have we people dining? We ought to be alone—in the dark!"

Her face had become a white mask. Her breast rose and fell as though she fought with sobs.

"Kitty—what do you mean?" He recoiled in dismay.

"Harry!"—she just breathed the word between her closed lips.

"My darling!" cried Ashe, "I saw Dr. Rotherham myself this afternoon. He gave the most satisfactory account, and Margaret told me she had repeated everything to you. The child will soon be himself again."

"He is *dying*!" said Kitty, in the same low, remote voice, her gaze still fixed on Ashe.

"Kitty! Don't say such things—don't think them!" Ashe had himself grown pale. "At any rate"—he turned on her reproachfully—"tell me *why* you think them. Confide in me, Kitty. Come and talk to me about the boy. But three-fourths of the time you behave as though there were nothing the matter with him—you won't even see the doctor—and then you say a thing like this!"

She was silent a moment; then with a wild gesture of the head and shoulders as of one shaking off a weight, she moved away,—drew on her long gloves,—and going to the dressing-table, gave a touch of rouge to her cheeks.

"Kitty, why did you say that?" Ashe followed her entreatingly.

"I don't know. At least I couldn't explain. Now shall we go down?"

Ashe drew a long breath. His frail son held the inmost depths of his heart.

"You have made the party an abomination to me!" he said, with energy.

"Don't believe me, then—believe the doctor," said Kitty, her face changing. "And as for Lord Parham, I'll try, William,—I'll try."

She passed him—the loveliest of visions—flung him a hand to kiss—and was gone.

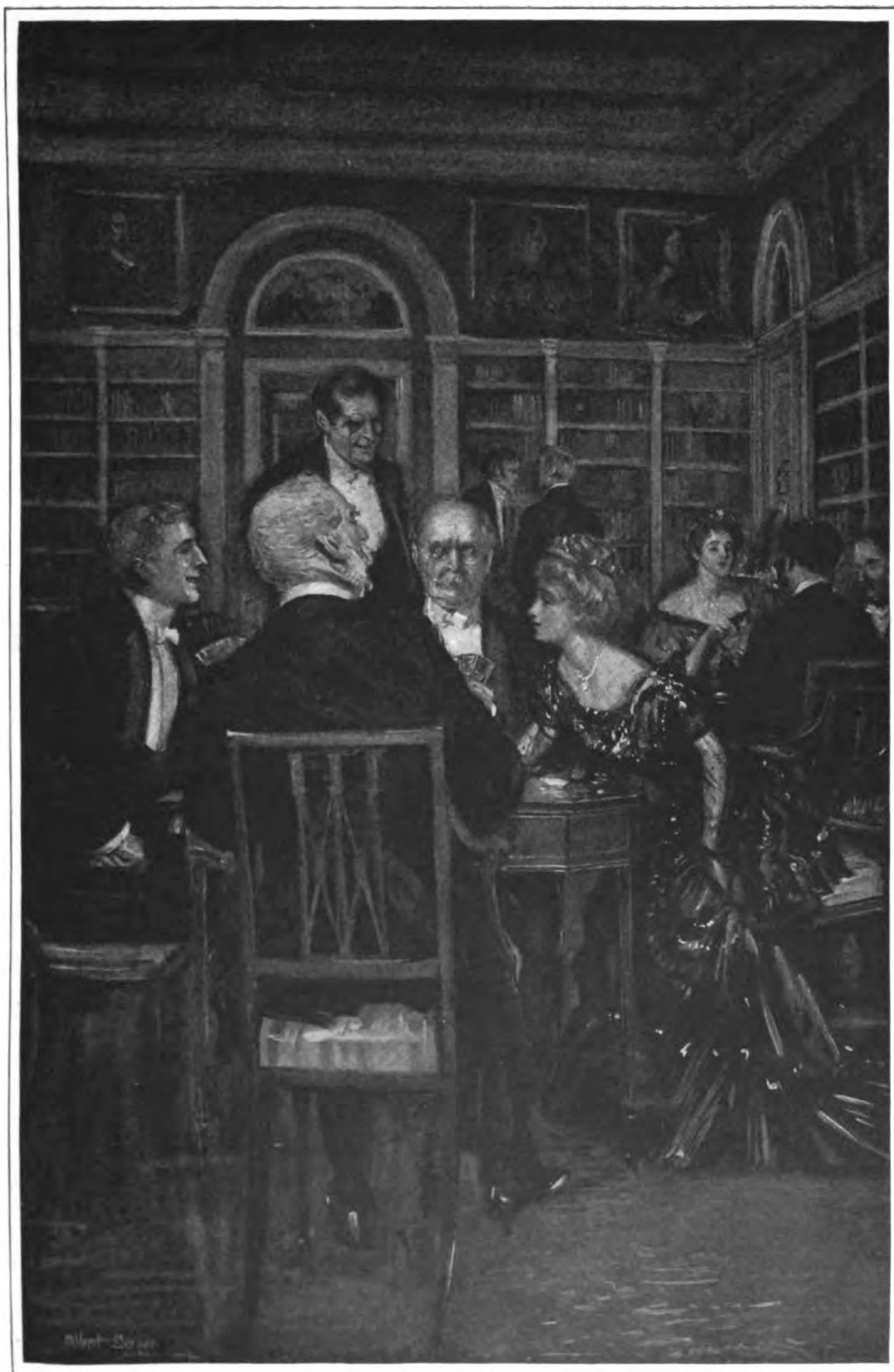
CHAPTER XVI

THERE could be no question that in all external matters Lord Parham was that evening magnificently entertained by the Home Secretary and Lady Kitty Ashe. The chef was extravagantly good; the wines, flowers, and service lavish to a degree which made both Ashe and Lady Tranmore secretly uncomfortable. Lady Tranmore in particular detested "show," influenced as much by aristocratic instinct as by moral qualms; and there was to her mind a touch of vulgarity in the entertaining at Haggart, which might be tolerated in the case of financiers and *nouveaux riches*, while, as connected with her William and his wife, who had no need whatever to bribe society, it was unbecoming and undignified. Moreover, the winter had been marked by a financial crisis caused entirely by Kitty's extravagance. A large sum of money had had to be raised from the Tranmore estates; times were not good for the landed interest, and the head agent had begun to look grave.

If only William would control his wife! But Haggart contained one of those fine slowly gathered libraries which make the distinction of so many English country houses; and in the intervals of his official work, which even in holiday-time was considerable, Ashe could not be beguiled from the beloved company of his books to help Kitty sign cheques, or scold her about expenditures.

So Kitty signed and signed; and the smaller was Ashe's balance, the more, it seemed, did Kitty spend. Then, of course, every few months, there were deficits which had to be made good. And as to the debts which accumulated, Lady Tranmore preferred not to think about them. It all meant future trouble and clipping of wings for William; and it all entered into that deep and hidden resentment, half anxious love, half alien temperament, which Elizabeth Tranmore felt towards Ashe's wife.

However,—to repeat,—Lord Parham, as far as the fleshpots went, was finely treated. Kitty was in full force, glittering in a spangled dress, her dazzling face and



LADY KITTY AND THE YOUNG MAN CHATTERED AND SPARRERD

neck, and the piled masses of her hair, thrown out in relief against the panelled walls of the dining-room, with a brilliance which might have tempted a modern Rembrandt to paint an English Saskia. Eddie Helston, on her left, could not take his eyes from her. And even Lord Parham, much as he disliked her, acknowledged, during the early courses, that she was handsome, and in her own way—thank God! it was not the way of any woman-kind belonging to him—good company.

He saw too, or thought he saw, that she was anxious to make him amends for her behavior of the afternoon. She restrained herself, and talked politics. And within the lines he always observed when talking to women—lines dictated by a contempt innate and ineradicable—Lord Parham was quite ready to talk politics too. Then—it suddenly struck him that she was pumping him, and with great adroitness. Ashe, he knew, wanted an early place in the Session for a particular measure in which he was interested. Lord Parham had no mind to give him the precedence that he wanted; was, in fact, determined on something quite different. But he was well aware by now that Ashe was a person to be reckoned with; and he had so far taken refuge in vagueness. An amiable vagueness; by which Ashe, on their walk before dinner, had been much taken in, misled no doubt by the strength of his own wishes.

And now here was Lady Kitty—whom, by the way, it was not at all easy to take in—trying to “manage” him, to pin him to details, to wheedle him out of a pledge!

Lord Parham presently looked at her with cold, smiling eyes.

“Ah! you are interested in these things, Lady Kitty? Well,—tell me your views. You women have such an instinct—”

Whereby the moth was kept hovering round the flame. Till, in a flash, Kitty awoke to the fact that while she had been listening happily to her own voice, taking no notice whatever of the signals which William endeavored to send her from the other end of the table,—while she had been tripping gayly through one indiscretion after another, betraying innumerable things as to William’s opinions and William’s plans that she had infinitely better not have betrayed, Lord Parham had said nothing—betrayed nothing—

ing—promised nothing. A quiet smile—a courteous nod—and presently a shade of mockery in the lips—the meaning of them, all in a moment, burst on Kitty.

Her face flamed. Thenceforward it would be difficult to describe the dinner. Conversationally, at Kitty’s end it became an uproar. She started the wildest topics, and Lord Parham had afterwards a bruised recollection as of one who has been dragged or driven, Caliban-like, through brake and thicket, pinched and teased and pelted by elfish fingers, without one single uncivil speech or act of overt offence to which an angry guest could point. With each later course, the Prime Minister grew stiffer and more silent. Endurance was written in every line of his fighting head and round, ungraceful shoulders, in his veiled eyes, and stolid mouth. Lady Tranmore gave a gasp of relief when at last Kitty rose from her seat.

The evening went no better. Lord Parham was set down to cards with Kitty, Eddie Helston, and Lord Grosville. Lord Grosville, his partner, played, to the Premier’s thinking, like an idiot, and Lady Kitty and the young man chattered and sparred, so that all reasonable play became impossible. Lord Parham lost more than he at all liked to lose, and at half past ten he pleaded fatigue, refused to smoke, and went to his room.

Ashe was perfectly aware of the failure of the evening and the discomfort of his guest. But he said nothing, and Kitty avoided his neighborhood. Meanwhile between him and his mother a certain tacit understanding began to make itself felt. They talked quietly, in corners, of the arrangements for the speech and fête of the morrow. So far they had been too much left to Kitty. Ashe promised his mother to look into them. He and she combined for the protection of Lord Parham.

When about one o’clock Ashe went to bed, Kitty either was or pretended to be fast asleep. The room was in darkness save for the faint illumination of a night-light, which just revealed to Ashe the delicate figure of his wife, lying high on her pillows, her cheek and brow hidden in the confusion of her hair.

One window was wide open to the night, and once more Ashe stood lost in “recollection” beside it, as on that night in

Bruton Street, more than a year before. But the thoughts which on that former occasion had been still as tragic and unfamiliar guests in a mind that repelled them had now, alack! lost their strangeness; they entered habitually, unannounced,—frequent, irritating, deplorable.

Had the relation between himself and Kitty ever, in truth, recovered the shock of that incident on the river—of his night of restlessness, his morning of agonized alarm,—and the story to which he listened on her return? It had been like some physical blow or wound, easily healed or conquered for the moment, which then, as time goes on, reveals a hidden series of consequences.

Consequences, in this case, connected, above all, with Kitty's own nature and temperament. The excitement of Cliffe's declaration, of her own resistance, and dramatic position, as between her husband and her lover, had worked ever since as a poison in Kitty's mind,—Ashe was becoming dimly certain of it. The absurd incident of the night before with the photograph had been enough to prove it.

Well, the thing, he supposed, would right itself in time. Meanwhile, Cliffe had been dismissed, and this foolish young fellow Eddie Helston must soon follow him. Ashe had viewed the affair so far with an amused tolerance; if Kitty liked to flirt with babes, it was her affair, not his. But he perceived that his mother was once more becoming restless under the general *inconvenience* of it; and he had noticed distress and disapproval in the little Dean, Kitty's stanchest friend.

Luckily, no difficulty there! The lad was almost as devoted to him—Ashe—as he was to Kitty. He was absurd, affected, vain; but there was no vice in him, and a word of remonstrance would probably reduce him to abject regret and self-reproach. Ashe intended that his mother should speak it, and as he made up his mind to ask her help, he felt for the second time the sharp humiliation of the husband who cannot secure his own domestic peace, but must depend on the aid of others. Yet how could he himself go to young Helston? Some men no doubt could have handled such an incident with dignity. Ashe with his critical sense for ever playing on himself and others; with the touch of moral shirk-

ing that belonged to his inmost nature; and, above all, with his half-humorous, half-bitter consciousness that whoever else might be a hero, he was none: Ashe, at least, could and would do nothing of the sort. That he should begin now to play the tyrannous or jealous husband would make him ridiculous both in his own eyes and other people's.

And yet Kitty must somehow be protected from herself! . . . Then—as to politics? Once, in talking with his mother, he had said to her that he was Kitty's husband first, and a public man afterwards. Was he prepared now to make the statement with the same simplicity, the same whole-heartedness?

Involuntarily he moved closer to the bed and looked down on Kitty. Little delicate face!—always with something mournful and fretful in repose.

He loved her surely as much as ever—ah! yes, he loved her. His whole nature yearned over her, as the wife of his youth, the mother of his poor boy. Yet, as he remembered the mood in which he had proposed to her, that defiance of the world and life which had possessed him when he had made her marry him, he felt himself—almost with bitterness—another and a meaner man. No!—he was *not* prepared to lose the world for her,—the world of high influence and ambition upon which he had now entered as a conqueror. She *must* so control herself that she did not ruin all his hopes,—which, after all, were hers,—and the work that he might do for his country.

What incredible perversity and caprice she had shown towards Lord Parham! How was he to deal with it?—he, William Ashe, with his ironic temper and his easy standards? What could he say to her but: "Love me, Kitty!—love yourself!—and don't be a little fool! Life might be so amusing,—if you would only bridle your fancies, and play the game!"

As for loftier things—"self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,"—duty—and the passion of high ideals—who was he to prate about them? The little Dean, perhaps!—most spiritual of worldlings. Ashe knew himself to be neither spiritual nor a hypocrite. A certain measure, a certain order and harmony in life,—laughter, and good-humor, and affection,—and, for the fight that makes and welds

a man. those great political and social interests in the midst of which he found himself—he asked no more, and with these he would have been abundantly content.

He sighed and frowned; his muscles stiffening unconsciously. Yes, for both their sakes, he must try and play the master with Kitty, ridiculous as it seemed.

He turned away, remembering his sick child,—and went noiselessly to the nursery. There along the darkened passages he found a night nurse, sitting working beside a shaded lamp. The child was sleeping, and the report was good. Ashe stole on tiptoe to look at him, holding his breath, then returned to his dressing-room. But a faint call from Kitty pursued him. He opened the door and saw her sitting up in bed.

“How is he?”

She was hardly awake, but her expression struck him as very wild and piteous. He went to her and took her in his arms.

“Sleeping quietly, darling,—so must you!”

She sank back on her pillows, his arm still round her.

“I was there an hour ago,” she murmured; “I shall soon wake up—”

But for the moment she was asleep again, her fair head lying against his shoulder. He sat down beside her, supporting her. Suddenly, as he looked down upon her with mingled passion, tenderness, and pain, a sharp perception assailed him. How thin she was!—a mere feather’s weight! The face was smaller than ever,—the hands skin and bone! Margaret French had once or twice bade him notice this, had spoken with anxiety. He bent over his wife and observed her attentively. It was merely the effect of a hot summer, surely,—and of a constant nervous fatigue? He would take her abroad for a fortnight in September, if his official work would let him, and perhaps leave her in North Italy, or Switzerland, with Margaret French?

The great day was half-way through, and the crowd in Haggart Park and grounds was at its height. A flower show in the morning, then a tenants’ dinner with a speech from Ashe; and now in a crowded marquee erected for the occasion, Lord Parham was addressing his supporters in the county. Around him on the

platform sat the Whig gentry, the Radical manufacturers, the town wire-pullers, and local agents on whom a great party depended; in front of him stretched a packed meeting drawn in almost equal parts from the coal-mining districts to the north of Haggart and from the agricultural districts to the south.

The August air was stifling; perspiration shone on the broad brows and cheeks of the farmers sitting in the front half of the audience; Lord Parham’s gray face was almost white; his harsh voice labored against the acoustic difficulties of the tent; effort and heat, discomfort and *ennui*, breathed from the crowded benches, and from the short-necked, large-headed figure of the Premier.

Ashe sat to the speaker’s right, outwardly attentive, inwardly ashamed of his party and his chief. He himself belonged to a new generation, for whom formulæ that had satisfied their fathers were empty and dead. But with these formulæ Lord Parham was stuffed. A man of average intriguing ability, he had been raised, at a moment of transition, to the place he held, by a consummate command of all the meaner arts of compromise and management, no less than by an invaluable power of playing to the gallery. He led a party who despised him,—and he complacently imagined that he was the party. His speech on this occasion bristled with himself, and had, in truth, no other substance; the I’s swarmed out upon the audience like wasps.

Ashe groaned in spirit. “We have the ideas,” he thought,—“but they are damned little good to us!—it is the Tories who have the men! Ye gods!—must we all talk like this at last?” . . .

Suddenly, on the other side of the platform, behind Lord Parham, he noticed that Kitty and Eddie Helston were exchanging signs. Kitty drew out a tablet, wrote upon it, and leaning over some white-frocked children of the Lord Lieutenant who sat behind her, handed the torn leaf to Helston. But from some clumsiness he let it drop; at the moment a door opened at the back of the platform, and the leaf, caught by the draught, was blown back across the bench where Kitty and the house party were sitting, and fluttered down to a resting-place on the piece of red baize whereon Lord Parham

was standing—close beside his left foot. Ashe saw Kitty's start of dismay, her scarlet flush, her involuntary movement. But Lord Parham had started on his peroration. The rustics gaped, the gentry sat expressionless, the reporters toiled after the great man. Kitty all the time kept her eyes fixed on the little white paper; Ashe no less. Between him and Lord Parham there was first the Lord Lieutenant—a portly man, very blind and extremely deaf,—then a table, with a Liberal peer behind it for chairman.

Lord Parham had resumed his seat. The tent was shaken with cheers, and the smiling chairman had risen.

"Can you ask Lord Parham to hand me on that paper on the floor?" said Ashe, in the ear of the Lord Lieutenant,—“it seems to have dropped from my portfolio.”

The Lord Lieutenant, bending backward behind the chairman, as the next speaker rose, tried to attract Lord Parham's attention. Eddie Helston was, at the same time, endeavoring to make his way forward through the crowded seats behind the Prime Minister.

Meanwhile Lord Parham had perceived the paper, raised it, and adjusted his spectacles. He thought it was a communication from the audience—a question perhaps that he was expected to answer.

"Lord Parham!" cried the Lord Lieutenant again, "would you—"

"Silence, please!—Speak up!"—from the audience, who had so far failed to catch a word of what the new speaker was saying.

"What is the matter? You really can't get through here!" said a gray-haired dowager, crossly, to Eddie Helston.

Lord Parham looked at the paper in mystification. It contained these words:

"Hope you've been counting the 'I's.' I make it fifty-seven.—K."

And in the corner of the paper a thumbnail sketch of himself, perorating, with a garland of capital I's round his neck.

The Premier's face became brick red, then gray again. He folded up the paper and put it in his waistcoat pocket.

The meeting had broken up. For the common herd it was to be followed by sports in the park, and refreshments in big tents. For the gentry, Lady Kitty had a garden-party to which royalty was coming. And as her guests streamed out

of the marquee, Lord Parham approached his hostess.

"I think this belongs to you, Lady Kitty." And taking from his pocket a folded slip of paper, he offered it to her.

Kitty looked at him. Her color was high, her eyes sparkled.

"Nothing to do with me!" she said, gayly, as she glanced at it. "But I'll look for the owner."

"Sorry to give you the trouble," said Lord Parham, with a ceremonious inclination. Then turning to Ashe, he remarked that he was extremely tired—worn out, in fact—and would ask his host's leave to desert the garden-party while he attended to some most important letters. Ashe offered to escort him to the house. "On the contrary, look after your guests," said the Premier, dryly, and beckoning to the Liberal peer who had been his chairman, he engaged him in conversation, and the two presently vanished through a window open to the terrace.

Kitty had been joined meanwhile by Eddie Helston, and the two stood talking together, a flushed, excited pair. Ashe overtook them.

"May I speak to you a moment, Kitty?"

Eddie Helston glanced at the fine form and stiffened bearing of his host, understood that his presence counted for something in the annoyance of Ashe's expression, and departed, abashed.

"I should like to see that paper, Kitty, if you don't mind."

His frown and straightened lip brought fresh wildness into Kitty's expression.

"It is my property." She kept one hand behind her.

"I heard you just disavow that."

Kitty laughed angrily.

"Yes—that's the worst of Lord Parham—one has to tell so many lies for his *beaux yeux*!"

"You must give it me, please," said Ashe, quietly. "I ought to know where I am with Lord Parham. He is clearly bitterly offended by something,—and I shall have to apologize."

Kitty breathed fast.

"Well, don't let's quarrel before the county!" she said, as she turned aside into a shrubby walk, edged by clipt yews and hidden from the big lawn. There she paused and confronted him. "How did you know I wrote it?"

"I saw you write it and throw it."

He stretched out his hand. Kitty hesitated, then slowly unclosed her own, and held out the small white palm on which lay the crumpled slip.

Ashe read it and tore it up.

"That game, Kitty, was hardly worth the candle!"

"It was a perfectly harmless remark—and only meant for Eddie! Any one else than Lord Parham would have laughed. Then I might have begged his pardon."

"It is what you ought to do now," said Ashe. "A little note from you, Kitty—you could write it to perfection—"

"Certainly not," said Kitty, hastily locking her hands behind her.

"You prefer to have failed in hospitality and manners," he said, bitterly. "Well, I'm afraid if you don't feel any disgrace in it, I do. Lord Parham is our *guest*!" And Ashe turned on his heel and would have left her, when Kitty caught him by the arm.

"William!"

She had grown very pale.

"Yes."

"You've never spoken to me like that before, William—never! But—as I told you long ago, you can stop it all if you like—in a moment."

"I don't know what you mean, Kitty,—but we mustn't stay arguing here any longer—"

"No!—but—don't you remember? I told you, you can always send me away. Then I shouldn't be putting spokes in your wheel."

"I don't deny," said Ashe, slowly,—
"it might be wisest if next spring you stayed here, for part at least of the Session—or abroad. It is certainly difficult carrying on politics under these conditions. I could of course come backwards and forwards—"

Kitty's brown eyes that were fixed upon his face wavered a little, and she grew even whiter.

"Very well. That would be a kind of separation, wouldn't it?"

"There would be no need to call it by any such name. Oh! Kitty!" cried Ashe, "why can't you behave like a reasonable woman?"

"Separation," she repeated, steadily. "I know that's what your mother wants."

A wave of sound reached them amid

the green shadow of the yews. The cheers that heralded royalty had begun.

"Come!" said Kitty. And she flew across the grass, reaching her place by the central tent just as the royalties drove up.

The Prime Minister sulked indoors; and Kitty, with the most engaging smiles, made his apologies. The heat—the fatigue of the speech—a crushing headache!—he begged their Royal Highnesses to excuse him. The Royal Highnesses were at first astonished, inclined perhaps to take offence. But the party was so agreeable, and Lady Kitty so charming a hostess, that the Premier's absence was soon forgotten,—and as the day cooled to a delicious evening, and the most costly bands from town discoursed a Straussian music, as garlanded boats appeared upon the river inviting passengers, and, with the dusk, fireworks began to ascend from a little hill; as the trees shone green and silver and rose-color in the Bengal lights, and amid the sweeping clouds of smoke the wide stretches of the park, the close-packed groups of human beings appeared and vanished like the country and creatures of a dream,—the success of Lady Kitty's fête, the fame of her gayety and her beauty, filled the air. She flashed hither and thither, in a dress embroidered with wild roses, and a hat festooned with them,—attended always by Eddie Helston, by various curates who cherished a hopeless attachment to her, and by a fat German grand duke, who had come in the wake of the royalties.

Her cleverness, her resource, her organizing power, were lauded to the skies, royalty was gracious, and the grand duke resentfully asked an aide-de-camp on the way home why he had not been informed that such a pretty person awaited him.

"I should den haf looked beforehand—as vel as tinkin' behind," said the grand duke, as he wrapped himself sentimentally in his military cloak, to meditate on Lady Kitty's brown eyes.

Meanwhile Lord Parham remained closeted in his sitting-room with his secretary. Ashe tried to gain admittance; but in vain. Lord Parham pleaded great fatigue and his letters; and asked for a "Bradshaw."

"His lordship has inquired if there is a train to-night," said the little secretary, evidently much flustered.

Ashe protested. And indeed, as it turned out, there was no train worth the taking. Then Lord Parham sent a message that he hoped to appear at dinner.

Kitty locked her door while she was dressing, and Ashe, whose mind was a confusion of many feelings—anger, compunction, and that fascination which in her brilliant moods she exercised over him no less than over others,—could get no speech with her.

They met on the threshold of the child's room, she coming out, he going in. But she wrenched herself from him and would say nothing. The report of the little boy was good; he smiled at his father, and Ashe felt a cooling balm in the touch of his soft hands and lips. He descended—in a more philosophical mood; inclined at any rate to "damn" Lord Parham. What a fool the man must be! Why couldn't he have taken it with a laugh, and so turned the tables on Kitty?

Was there any good to be got out of apologizing? Ashe supposed he must attempt it some time that night. A precious awkward business! But relations had got to be restored somehow.

Lady Tranmore overtook him on the way down-stairs. In the press of the afternoon they had hardly seen each other.

"What is really wrong with Lord Parham, William?" she asked him, anxiously. Ashe hesitated—then whispered a word or two in her ear—begging her to keep the great man in play for the evening. He was to take her in, while Kitty would fall to the bishop of the diocese.

"She gets on perfectly with the clergy," said Lady Tranmore, with an involuntary sigh. Then, as the sense of humor was strong in both, they laughed. But it was a chilly and perfunctory laughter.

They had no sooner passed into the main hall than Kitty came running down-stairs, with a large packet in her hand.

"Mr. Darrell!"

"At your service!" said Darrell, emerging from the shadows of one of the broad corridors on the ground floor.

"Take it, please!" said Kitty, panting a little, as she gave the packet into his hands. "If I look at it any more, I might burn it!"

"Suppose you do!"

"No, no!" said Kitty, pushing the

bundle away, as he laughingly tendered it. "I must see what happens!"

"Is the gap filled?"

She laid her finger on her lips. Her eyes danced. Then she hurried on to the drawing-room.

Whether it were in the soothing presence of the clergy or no, certainly Kitty was no less triumphant at dinner than she had been in the afternoon. The chorus of fun and pleasure that surrounded her, while he himself sat, tired and bored, between Lady Edith Manley and Lady Tranmore, did but make her offence the greater in the eyes of Lord Parham. He had so far buried it in a complete and magnificent silence. The meeting between him and his hostess before dinner had been marked by a strict conformity to all the rules. Kitty had inquired after his headache; Lord Parham expressed his regrets that he had missed so brilliant a party; and Kitty, flirting her fan, invented messages from the royalties which, as most of those present knew, the royalties had been far too well amused to think of. Then after this *pas seul*, in the presence of the crowded drawing-room, had been duly executed, Kitty retired to her bishop, and Lord Parham led forth Lady Tranmore.

"What a lovely moon!" said Lady Edith Manley to the Dean. "It makes even this house look romantic."

They were walking outside the drawing-room windows, on a terrace which was indeed the only feature of the Haggart façade which possessed some architectural interest. A low balustrade of terra-cotta, copied from a famous Italian villa, ran round it, broken by large terra-cotta pots now filled with orange-trees. Here and there between the orange-trees were statues transported from Naples in the late eighteenth century by a former Lord Tranmore. There were a Ceres, and a Diana, a Vestal Virgin, an Athlete, and an Antinous, now brought into strange companionship under the windows of this ugly English house. Chipped and blackened as they were, and, to begin with, of a mere decorative importance, they still breathed into the English evening a note of Italy or Greece, of things lovely and immortal. The lamps in the sitting-rooms streamed out through the widely opened windows upon the terrace,

chequering the marble figures, which now emerged sharply in the light, and now withdrew into the gloom; while at one point they shone plainly upon an empty pedestal before which the Dean and his companion paused.

The Dean looked at the inscription. "What a pity! This once held a statue of Hebe, holding a torch. It was struck by lightning fifty years ago."

"Lady Kitty might stand for her to-night," said Edith Manley.

For Kitty, the capricious, had appeared at dinner in a *quasi*-Greek dress, white, soft, and flowing, without an ornament. The Dean acquiesced, but rather sadly.

"I wish she had the bloom of Hebe! My dear Lady Edith, our hostess looks *ill*!"

"Does she? I can't tell,—I admire her so!" said the woman beside him, upon whose charming eyes some fairy had breathed kindness and optimism from her cradle.

"*Ouf!*" cried Kitty—as she sprang across the sill of the window behind them. "They're *all* gone! The bishop wishes me to become a vice-president of the Women's Diocesan Association. And I've promised three curates to open bazars. *Ah, mon Dieu!*" she raised her white arms, with a wild gesture, and then beckoned to Eddie Helston, who was close beside her.

"Shall we try our dance?"

The young men of the house, a group of young guardsmen and diplomats, gathered round, laughing and clapping. Kitty's dancing had become famous during the winter as one of her many extravagances. She no longer recited; literature bored her; motion was the only poetry. So she had been carefully instructed by a *danseuse* from the Opera, and in many points, so the enthusiasts declared, had bettered her instructions. She was now in love with a tempestuous Spanish dance, taught her by a gipsy *señorita* who had been one of the sensations of the London season. It required a partner, and she had been practising it with young Helston for several mornings past in the empty ballroom. Helston had spread its praises abroad; and all Haggart desired to see it.

"There!" said Kitty, pointing her partner to a particular spot on the terrace. "I think that will do. Where are the castanets, I wonder?"

"Kitty!" said a voice behind her. Ashe emerged from the drawing-room.

"Kitty, please!—It is nearly midnight. Everybody is tired—and you yourself must be worn out! Say good night, and let us all go to bed."

She turned. William's voice was low, but peremptory. She shook back her hair from her temples and neck with the gesture he had learned to dread.

"Nobody's tired,—and nobody wants to go to bed. Please stand out of the way, William. I want plenty of room for my steps."

And she began pirouetting, as though to try the capacities of the space, humming to herself.

"Helston,—this must be, please, for another night," said Ashe, resolutely, in the young man's ear. "Lady Kitty is much too tired." Then to Lady Edith and the Dean: "Lady Edith, it would be very kind of you to persuade my wife to go to bed. She never knows when she is done!"

Lady Edith warmly acquiesced, and hurrying up to Kitty, she tried to persuade her, in soft caressing phrases.

"I stand on my rights!" said the Dean, following her. "If my hostess is used up to-night, there'll be no hostess for me to-morrow."

Kitty looked at them all, silent,—her head bending forward, a curious *méchant* look in the eyes that shone beneath the slightly frowning brows. Meanwhile, by her previous order, a footman had brought out two silver lamps, and placed them on a small table a little way behind her. Whether it was from some instinctive sense of the beauty of the small figure in the slender floating dress, under the deep blue of the night sky, and amid the romantic shadows and lights of the terrace,—or from some divination of things significant and hidden,—it would be hard to say; but the group of spectators had fallen back a little from Kitty, so that she stood alone, a picture lit from the left, by the lamps just brought in.

The Dean looked at her—troubled by her wild aspect and the evident conflict between her and Ashe. Then an idea flashed into his mind; filled always, like that of an innocent child, with the images of poetry and romance.

"One moment!" he said, raising his

hand. "Lady Kitty, you spoil us! After amusing us all day, now you would dance for us all night. But your guests won't let you! We love you too well, and we want a bit of you left for to-morrow. Never mind! You offered us a dance,—you bring us a vision—and a poem! Friends!"

He turned to those crowding round him, his white hair glistening in the lamplight, his delicate face, so old and yet so eager, the smile on his kind lips, and all the details of his Dean's dress—apron and knee-breeches, slender legs and silver buckles—thrown out in sharp relief upon the dark. . . .

"Friends! you see this pedestal. Once Hebe, the torch-bearer of the gods, stood there. Then—ungrateful Zeus smote her, and she fell! But the Hours and the Graces bore her safe away, into a golden land, and now they bring her back again.—Behold her!—Hebe reborn!"

He bowed, his courtly hand upon his breast, and a wave of laughter and applause ran through the young group round him, as their eyes turned from the speaker to the exquisite figure of Kitty. Lady Edith smiled kindly, clapping her soft hands. Mrs. Winston, the Dean's wife, had eyes only for the Dean. In the background Lady Tranmore watched every phase of Kitty's looks;—and Lord Grosville walked back into the dining-room, growling unutterable things to Darrell as he passed.

Kitty raised her head to reply. But the Dean checked her. Advancing a step or two, he saluted her again—profoundly.

"Dear Lady Kitty!—dear bringer of light and ambrosia!—rest, and good night! Your guests thank you by me, with all their hearts. You have been the life of their day, the spirit of their mirth. Good night to Hebe!—and three cheers for Lady Kitty!"

Eddie Helston led them, and they rang against the old house. Kitty with a fluttering smile kissed her hand for thanks, and the Dean saw her dart a swift glance at Ashe. He stood against the window-frame, motionless, his arms folded.

Then suddenly Kitty sprang forward.

"Give me that lamp!" she said to the young footman behind her.

And in a second she had leaped upon the low wall of the terrace, and on the vacant pedestal. The lad to whom she

had spoken lost his head and obeyed her. He raised the lamp. She stooped and took it. Ashe, who was now standing in the open window with his back to the terrace, turned round, saw, and rushed forward.

"Kitty!—put it down!"

"Lady Kitty!" cried the Dean, while all behind him held their breath.

"Stand back!" said Kitty, "or I shall drop it!" She held up the lamp, straight and steady. Ashe paused,—in an agony of doubt what to do, his whole soul concentrated on the slender arm and on the brightly burning lamp.

"If you make me speeches," said Kitty, "I must reply, mustn't I?—(Keep back, William!—I'm all right.) Hebe thanks you, please—*mille fois*! She herself hasn't been happy—and she's afraid she hasn't been good! *N'importe*! It's all done—and finished. The play's over!—and the lights go out!"

She waved the lamp above her head.

"Kitty! for God's sake!" cried Ashe, rushing to her.

"She is mad!" said Lord Parham, standing at the back. "I always knew it!"

The other spectators passed through a second of anguish. The bright figure on the pedestal wavered; one moment, and it seemed as though the lamp must descend crashing upon the head and neck and the white dress beneath it; the next, it had fallen from Kitty's hand,—fallen away from her—wide and safe—into the depths of the garden below. A flash of wild light rose from the burning oil and from the dry shrubs amid which it fell. Kitty meanwhile swayed—and dropped—heavily unconscious—into William Ashe's arms.

Kitty barely recovered life and sense during the night that followed. And while she was still unconscious her boy passed away. The poor babe, all ignorant of the straits in which his mother lay, was seized with convulsions in the dawn, and gave up his frail life gathered to his father's breast.

Seven weeks later, in the early days of October, society knew that the Home Secretary and Lady Kitty had started for Italy,—bound first of all for Venice. It was said that Lady Kitty was a wreck, and that it was doubtful whether she would ever recover the sudden and tragic death of her only child.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Fugitive

BY MARY RAYMOND SHIPMAN ANDREWS

IT was the morning of the crime. The rustling of the leaves of the maple-trees over the driveway was like the sound of the sea; their shadows, clean and green with the greenness of May, ran silently forward and then silently withdrew across the thick tansure of the lawn; purple and white lilacs lay in sunlit masses down by the road. A big snow-ball bush lifted a thousand heavy white spheres, and to the mind of the murderer, as yet unstained with blood-guiltiness, a thousand tiny bells rang dimly as they dropped their soft weights again. The murderer sat alone on the broad front steps, and the crispness of her pink skirts flowed in a straight line from her waist to three times her width; russet legs and boots stood out primly below. She was in a deep reverie, and the leaves and their waving shadows, the lilacs, the snow-ball bells, had gone with her into a world where imaginative children spend more hours than grown-ups know. She had withdrawn herself into the Enchanted Forest—the still citadel where only the young, of whatever age, may go; about her was a world of wonders, as vividly real to the fresh, unwritten brain as the material world she found so new and astonishing day by day.

There, in the forest, were fairies and hobgoblins and creatures of secret, marvellous qualities, which only she herself knew. There lived the gentle Taladma, of the size of three houses, soft-hearted and sensitive, each of whose ready tears filled a bucket; there were the Kleewalliks, with the bubbling hot brains, from which one must lift the cover often to let them cool, else they boiled over and were reduced to idiocy; there played the bewitching Whangdoodle Pup, who wore overshoes, and an American flag always on his tail, and who did the most unexpected, amusing things; there reigned Renard, the dear red fox who barked in French, the

prince, the leader, the lovable, the centre of every story. It was necessary only to be left alone where it was still, and the pink-frocked figure which bore the semblance of an ordinary little girl had entered into a kingdom such as this.

There was a clang and a jar far away—the gate leading to the stable had shut heavily, and to the dreamer it was as if fairy-land were shaken. Something dark and mysterious was happening. What was that the new nurse, Anna, who had come lately to help her own old Sarah—what was it that she had told her this morning?

“Put away your needle indeed!” Anna had said, indignantly. “A nice place—to put away a needle with the point sticking out of your dolly’s shoulder, so when I takes her up I plunges me thumb in, a inch deep. S’posin’ I’d ‘a’ put me head down and stuck it in me eye—s’posin’ that, just!”

“What would that do to you, Anna?” demanded the child’s awed voice.

“Do to me, is it? It ‘d ‘a’ blinded me, that’s all; or it might ‘a’ kilt me, and then youse would ‘a’ been hung for murder, maybe,” Anna wandered on, as she buttoned the pink frock, letting her imagination play.

“Hung for murder—what does that mean, Anna?” the soft little tones asked, fascinated, horrified at she knew not what.

Anna was cross this morning, and it gave her pleasure to explain. “Mean, then? Means when youse kills somebody youse is a murderer, and the judge catches youse and youse gets a rope tied around the neck, and they hangs youse by it till youse be dead.”

There were no more questions for Anna to answer; she had given food for reflection in plenty to the young imagination—food of a new sort. The child was silent through breakfast, and no one knew that she was planning, half in

shivering repulsion, half in gloating interest, what a "judge" was and how he might tie a rope around her baby throat. But the ugly thought had melted into the delight of the spring morning when she came out-of-doors, and now, as she sat alone, dreaming her accustomed hidden dreams, it was only recalled by the sudden bang of the gate across the lawn.

"Might a gentleman join this hen-party?" a voice inquired, and the Enchanted Forest and its denizens were gone in a breath.

Uncle Nigel! The two words expressed to the mind of the sightseer all that there was of best in human society. The depth and height of a little girl's adoration for a big brother are only known by those who have been little girls, and who have never, however changed in outward ways, quite gotten over it. The pink-frocked child, having no big brother, lavished an ocean of devotion, mostly silent, on the student uncle. Had the President of these United States, the King of England, the monarchs of Europe and Asia, joined in beseeching her to come one way that they might load her with distinguished honors, and had Uncle Nigel stood, tall and smiling, as she loved him, across the road, and suggested that she should take a walk with him, a doubt as to choice would not have entered her mind. At six one is whole-souled, and the overflowing affection of the whole soul of her belonged to Uncle Nigel. He sat down by her and put his arm carelessly about her, and she thrilled, but so reserved a mechanism is a child that she did not even smile.

"What are you doing here all alone, Skeesicks? Where are your dollies? And what makes you look so excited? Your face is as red as a lobster."

Uncle Nigel, pulling absent-mindedly at the thick, cropped hair which fell like a short, gold curtain about her head, suddenly stopped, and looking up from the rapture of his touch, she saw him staring down the lawn, down toward the stable. The child's gaze was caught there too, with instant interest, for in the deep grass about the building moved slowly, casually, stopping from time to time, a light top-wagon and, apparently, nothing else.

"What the dickens!" demanded the boy.

"Maybe it's fairies," a small excited voice at his side suggested, and the great chap laughed easily, with the age-wide superiority of eighteen over six.

"Come on, Skeesicks, and we'll hunt the fairies to earth," he said, and the small hand slipped into the large one blissfully, and off they went, big boy and little girl, in the radiant spring morning, over the velvet lawn, past the fragrance of the lilacs, through the gate that clanged again after them, and into the knee-deep grass of the paddock.

Nigel stopped and pointed and laughed. They had a view of the other side of the mysterious wagon now, and before it a small calico horse, white and red—a pony by rights,—buried to the girths in greenness, plunged her head still deeper in horse ambrosia, and munched and browsed earnestly, and strayed here and there as the spirit moved her, regardless of the carriage harnessed behind, straying too as she went.

"By Jove! Somebody's horse has got loose!" The boy, swinging through the tall grass, caught the rein, with a friendly pat of reassurance on the bent stretch of red-spotted neck.

A small clean-cut head lifted, and intelligent full eyes—eyes that were given a strangely piquant expression by their thick white lashes—regarded him with calm dignity. "Good morning, sir," they seemed to say, quietly. "Is it quite etiquette to interrupt a friend by force at breakfast?"

"I beg your pardon." The young man spoke as if answering a gentle reproof. "But you oughtn't to be wandering about here alone this way, ought you?" He loosed the rein, and for answer the pony dipped her head deep again in grass.

There was a shout from the stable door, and turning, they saw a big man in shirt-sleeves, who gesticulated.

"She's all right!" he called. "All right! It's Kitty!"

"Oh!" the boy murmured. "If it's Kitty, of course that makes a difference. I wonder who Kitty is?"

"I know! I know!" the child proclaimed, in agitation. "Masters told me. It's Kitty what's Dr. Fell's horse—she's a trick-pony. Masters told me she knew just as much as a damn white person."

"Did Masters say that to you?"

"Yes, Uncle Nigel; but he said he begged my pardon, miss, for the damn, but I told him not to mind, so he didn't. And Kitty—come on, Uncle Nigel, let's go and see Dr. Fell." And eighty pounds dragged one hundred and sixty over the ground resolutely.

"Who's Dr. Fell?"

"Why, the horse-dentist, Uncle Nigel. Didn't you know?" She stopped and stared in surprise. She had had the impression, given sometimes by college students, that he knew everything. "He scrapes down their toofies when they gets long and sharp," she explained further. An investigating hand was inserted tentatively between her own lips. "Mine doesn't do 'at way—I wonder why?"

"Oh, well, I dare say he'll scrape you down a bit—I'll ask him," Uncle Nigel remarked, encouragingly. "It 'll do your toofies good." And then reflected aloud, "It was that wagon I saw drive in as I came over—banged the gate behind him with the dickens of a row."

The stable door was wide open, and a healthful, horsy smell mingled with the May breezes. The two stood hand in hand and stared silently. A large old man, of six feet two or more, stood in front of Nancy, the skittish saddle-horse, whom Masters held by the halter close to her head. A great gloved hand and a hairy forearm were thrust far up the horse's mouth, a file was going with excruciating steadiness, and the black muzzle twitched and the dark eyes rolled to this side and that in nervous protest. Dr. Fell was talking steadily—talking solely, evidently, to Nancy.

"There! there!" he murmured, soothingly. "Poppa wouldn't hurt you—poppa's just going to fix your teeth nice so they won't bother. Be a good girl and let poppa—" and at this point Nancy gave a mad plunge, out of all patience with the human race. Dr. Fell patted the tortured brown head gently. "Why, you mustn't do that," he remonstrated, speaking low, as men who know horses learn to speak. "You'll scare poppa! My! my! how you scared me!"

The two shadows in the doorway met his eye, and he turned a big, round, friendly face, with protruding, gentle eyes, towards them.

"Good morning," he said, cordially. "Good morning, madam; good morning, sir."

The word "madam" seemed to its pink-frocked object one of the pleasantest and most appropriate designations ever applied. How well it would be if father, for instance, would call her "madam" in that sensible way, instead of "baby," as was his trying custom. Even "Skeesicks"—Uncle Nigel, looking down from the corner of his eye, saw the small person bristle with grave and satisfied dignity.

"Good mornin', Dr. Fell," the soft voice answered, with ready civility. "We saw your nice trick-pony munchin' grass with the carriage tied on."

"Did you indeed, madam?" and the doctor regarded her with flattering interest. "And did Kitty shake hands with you by chance?"

"No—can she shake hands?" The wide-eyed astonishment flattered the doctor in turn.

"Shake hands!" he repeated, as one who should say, "Can I walk!" "Shake hands! Kitty! I'm surprised, indeed, that she failed so to do. That ain't like Kitty—she's liable to be polite to the ladies." And again a glow of pleasure at being included in that stately "ladies," at this appreciation of her sterling qualities, warmed the intercostal spaces beneath the pink gingham. "I will show you," said Dr. Fell, and laid down his file, and drew off the wet, chewed gloves, and wiped his hands carefully. His manner of saying and doing things was impressive, and the young man as well as the child followed him, fascinated, as he stepped, limping—for the doctor was a veteran of the civil war,—from the stable and into the breeze-tossed grass.

The little calico horse lifted her trim head at his step before he spoke, and gazed at him, as if weighing the possible reasons of his coming, from her bright, queer eyes.

"Kitty, I'm astounded that you ain't shook hands properly with this lady," he addressed her, in quiet tones full of reproach. "Tut, tut! That ain't the way for a polite horse to act, taking advantage of me to forget your manners the minute my back is turned."

The horse blinked her white lashes at him meekly, as if condoning her fault.

"Well, then, put up your fist and shake hands with the madam, pretty,"—and a slim foreleg doubled patiently, and the child reached in solemn ecstasy and grasped it with her fingers. "Now with the gentleman, surely," and Kitty and Nigel saluted each other. Dr. Fell's broad, gentle face beamed with pride, and he patted a red splash on the white head tenderly. "Now, Kitty, make a bow for the madam—two bows—give a lady two bows always, Kitty," and the spirited, obstinate little head bobbed up and down in air twice, with as much devil-may-care defiance, to say the least, as civility in the greeting.

Fifteen minutes later, after more performances, after anecdotes told in a quaint mixture of primness and bad grammar, alive with the charm of the old man's deep-channelled, unconscious originality, the séance was ended, and the pink frock and the tall figure in tennis-clothes found themselves strolling back together again across the lawn.

"I do not love thee, Doctor Fell;
The reason why I cannot tell;
But this one thing I know full well—
I do not love thee, Doctor Fell,"

Nigel remarked, casually, as they went.

"I'm sorry you don't, Uncle Nigel, but I have to love him quite much because he's so pleasant to Kitty and because he calls me madams and ladies."

There was lunch cooking as the pink frock went past the kitchen and up the back stairway to the nursery. The suggestion of steak and baked potatoes was not an unpleasant one, but the material thought was swamped in a supreme joy when she came to the room where the young Alexander, her small brother of four months, held sway. This was one of her enthusiasms, almost the greatest, this remarkable living doll which she was allowed sometimes, as the highest of honors, to hold in her arms. When Anna, left in charge, suggested a plan she caught at it eagerly.

"Would youse like to hold the baby, careful, while I runs down to see me cousin a minute? Sure I won't be gon' long," said Anna, and the child's voice trembled with pleasure as she agreed.

It was very still in the airy nursery. Her mother had gone to the city; her

father was, of course, at business; Uncle Nigel had disappeared into the big place next door, his home; only the servants and the two children were in the house, and old Sarah, the head nurse, was busy in her mother's room far down the hallway, putting away basketfuls of clean clothes. The nurse *pro tem.* was enthroned in a high-backed rocking-chair; her pink skirts stood out straight from it; her tan feet dangled, toes in. The heavy baby she held stopped the circulation in her arms, made her extremely uncomfortable—but what was comfort to bliss? It was bliss untold to feel the warm, helpless weight over her shoulder, the infinitely soft, tiny face against her own. As she rocked she sang,

"Wock-a-bye baby, in the twee top."

She crooned over and over—it was all the song she knew; and as she sang she rocked harder, more enthusiastically. The baby was sound, sound asleep, and a sense of responsibility, of importance, grew. With her whole might would she fulfil this duty, this honor thrust upon her. If singing and rocking would do it, she would keep the baby asleep, cost what it might. She sang more breathlessly, she rocked harder, her toes barely touching the floor as she gave each impulse to the chair. The chair raced forward and back ever at more frantic speed. Finally, at the very crest of action, she felt suddenly a concussion, a jar of the small head in her neck. As quickly as might be she stopped the movement, and carefully, anxiously, swung the baby about until he lay in her lap.

The little girl's eyes dilated with horror; she gasped, shook all over with awful fear, for the wee face in her lap was spotted with a drop of blood. That the infant Alexander was still drawing the steady breath of peaceful sleep she did not notice; that she had merely bumped his nose and made it bleed she did not imagine; to her he was dead, done to death at his sister's hands. Once again Anna's words of the morning, opening a vista into unknown terrors, flashed to her mind. A murderer! She had killed the baby—she was a murderer! The awful judge would come shortly and tie a rope about her neck and hang her. Every instinct of her keen-

ly alive soul and body rose in rebellion, and the good stout stuff of which she was made prompted her instantly to fight her fate. She must escape before the judge should come; she must leave her home, run away.

With trembling care she rose and laid the blood-stained corpse—now snoring heartily—in the crib, and kissed its forehead, damp and warm with perspiration, with quivering lips. Then she looked about her, and a large tear dropped silently on either round cheek. She must leave this dear place that she loved, and father and mother and Sarah and—she sobbed—and Uncle Nigel. Her eyes fell on her doll's trunk—a box eighteen inches long by twelve high. People always took trunks on a journey; she must of course do the same, and this was the very thing. Hurriedly she went to work to pack it.

A small nightgown went in first, then a silver brush and comb—the gift of Uncle Nigel,—then, rolled together, a battered doll and a broad sash of pink ribbon, calculated to be of particular service to an escaping criminal. Then she considered. She must have at least a few relics of home, of the dear ones left behind, to remember them by in the years to come. A pair of Sarah's old shoes took the next place. A photograph of her mother stood, in a massive silver frame, on the dressing-table—that added its weight to the trunk. As for Alexander, the dear deceased, she sobbed once loudly as she crammed down with difficulty his largest woolly lamb. She could see nothing of her father's in evidence at the moment, but decided to abstract his riding-crop as she went through the hall down-stairs. There was Anna, of whom as yet she had no memorial. She hesitated a moment, for it seemed to her vaguely that it was Anna who had caused this upheaval of home and happiness; but the small torn soul would be at peace with all of her world—even Anna she would remember affectionately. Anna's best hat—a stately structure of ribbon and flowers—lay on the table. The little girl folded it together as tightly as her muscle would allow, and plugged the interstices of the woolly lamb with it. Then she searched in her own chest of drawers to see if there was anything left

which might be useful in her future life as a murderer, and selected a pair of white kid gloves and a jew's-harp.

She embowered herself, as a last rite, in the flapping, flower-loaded frame of her best hat, on whose wide brim the poppy and the daisy and the corn-flower and the buttercup and a few grasses vied for mastery—a typical little girl's hat,—and as the broad white elastic creased her fat chin, the sorrowful face it confined bloomed as yet another flower.

So, carrying the trunk in her arms, she passed for the last time through the hall of her home, her mind bent now not on the traditional farewell glances, but on the possibility of reaching her father's crop, the one souvenir needed to complete her collection. It was accomplished, and with that slippery addition to her load she was off.

The place was on the very edge of the country; there was a small back gate which led through a shady lane into a highway, and this was an exit in the spirit of her adventure. There was no one in sight, and she trotted down the glare of the sunny road bravely, though at times she was forced to lay down the doll's trunk to rest her aching fist and to get a fresh and stronger hold of it.

Half a mile slipped by not unpleasantly. In spite of deathless regret, in spite of the nameless dread of the judge, there was quite an exhilaration in running away. Who knew but she might find the Enchanted Forest, and the gentle, large Taladma, and Renard, and the Fairy of the Himalayas, who would settle all her future in a wink?

Up the field, in the shade of a big maple close by a blossoming thorn-bush, she sat down to rest; and as she sat, not yet tired enough to have lost the pleasant sense of excitement in adventure, her eyes wandered half a mile back to the main road, and she saw figures. Then the horror of a hunted thing came upon her. They were on her trail; they would catch her and deliver her to the judge, who would hang her by the neck until—Ah! A shiver of terror shook her from head to foot at the thought of a hand on her throat, and then the big will braced the little muscles.

She staggered along between fence and bushes over the uneven ground as rapidly

as might be towards the woods. It was desperately hard work scrambling over the rough ground; brambles scratched delicate hands, stones bruised soft feet, and often she fell, but held always the precious irksomeness of the doll's trunk clasped to her panting heart. So, plunging along in a mad haste of fear, through, it seemed, uncounted dozens of miles, she gained peace, for suddenly the fatherly branches of trees stretched undemonstrative strong arms, as is the fatherly way, about her. The terrified, battered little lump of humanity felt instantly comforted in the power and gentleness of the woods, and at full length on the ground, with her dirty face pushed regardless into the mould of mother earth's brown skin, with the beloved burden laid aside for the first time, she sobbed her heart out gaspingly, and felt better. Never in her guarded short life had she been bruised and exhausted and roasted and frightened before. There was the hurt of injured dignity topping physical sorrows, and to crown even that, she had had no lunch. What hunger was she had not before known, and she did not recognize it in this unloved, abused sense of lonely wrong, but it played its part. Yet—listen! The branches were whispering about her; she could almost catch words of charmed meaning; there were light sounds on the earth; a twig snapped gently.

She sat up very carefully and clasped her scratched knees in her arms, and forgot life's tragedy as she stared with round eyes, her lips parted, her hearing strained for a sign of the wonderful beings who were probably at this moment close about her, for this surely must be the Enchanted Forest. A long time she sat so, motionless, hugging her knees, listening and gazing, until at length the constraint wearied her, and she rose with a patient sigh.

"I'm here," she announced, timidly, to whom it might concern. And the little voice stabbing the still air startled her.

Suddenly she was afraid of the great quiet of the waving branches, almost of these dear friends of hers who moved so mysteriously behind whispering screens of leaves, who would not meet her as she wished to meet them, in a frank and open spirit. Hurriedly, as the feeling seized

her, she lifted the trunk, and stepping cautiously, as if not to disturb the unseen, inhospitable citizens of this silent place, she slipped away. Into deeper shadows at first, then, by degrees, into a growth of smaller trees, and then, from an open meadow, back once more to the road.

She trudged along, but looking back often to see if the forces of the law were on her trail. And behold, there they were! The little figure close against the fence was not conspicuous, and she saw the bunch of people before they saw her. Under the fence she rolled, into the deep grass of the meadow, and stowed the trunk by a bush and lay quiet, staring and breathing hard. Soon she heard voices—two wagons stopped close by her, and her pumping heart gave an extra jump as she distinguished Uncle Nigel's boyish, deep tones. Uncle Nigel! To think that her best beloved should be hunting her to her death; her mouth quivered, and a long blowing grass tickled the trembling lip, and she sneezed. But her father's big voice drowned the sound.

"Nigel!" he called, "I'll take the right at this turning, and you can go on up the Greenville Road for about a mile more. She can't have gone farther than that. If we don't find her by six, we had better meet at home and"—the murderer did not know that her father choked here—"and I'll see again if there are any traces near Dunstable's Pond."

The meaning of that, the agony of anxiety, did not at all reach the small person in ambush who listened, but she knew that they were going up the two roads whose parting was close beyond. She waited until they were out of hearing, and then she crept forth and took up her weary way, tired, spiritless, hungry, but yet with dogged determination left. On and on she trudged, too tired to think or care much what the end of this weary escape might be, and twice the trunk fell from her weakening grasp and scattered the plunder, and she cried a little as she repacked. Finally she sat down on it, with her back against a tree.

"I think perhaps I'd rather be hanged," she considered.

But a thickening dust rose in the distance, and she slipped swiftly behind a big rock—a farmer's vehicle, a possible emissary of justice, and the



"I'M HERE." SHE ANNOUNCED TIMIDLY, TO WHOM IT MIGHT CONCERN

love of life in her proved still active. Twilight came over purpling hills as she dragged her feet across a field, for now and then she had left the roads by caprice, by a sudden fancy for the grassy stretches, and it was this lack of design in her itinerary which had foiled her pursuers. Utterly worn out, she lay down at the farther edge of the ten-acre lot and fell fast asleep, and might so have slept until morning had not the clean, quick trot of a horse, the rolling of light wheels, awakened her.

She sat up bewildered, calling "Anna" at the top of her lungs. The wheels stopped, there was silence for a moment, but no further sound came, and the horse started off smartly.

The murderer stood up and watched. It was night, perhaps eight o'clock of a May evening; she could see the dark bulk flying up the road; she saw it turn in, about a quarter of a mile beyond, and then a light shone out, and its beams meant humanity. She could not lead this lonely, hunted life longer—it seemed years she had been at it. The light would lead her into the hands of law and justice, but also into the hands of her mother and father. Perhaps, it might be barely possible, they would forgive her, would somehow save her from the judge. At all events it would be pleasant to have supper and to be undressed and go to bed, and if they hanged her in the morning—well, that would not be till morning.

A big man was walking about the stable from which the light had flashed, carrying his lantern here and there with a halting step as he unharnessed and cared for his horse—a small calico horse, white and red. Out of the black shadows which lay sharply against orange lights came a voice, weak and small, which startled the man into stillness.

"Please take me home and let them hang me," the voice said, and the man turned and stared, bewildered.

From the outer darkness crept a figure and stopped. The yellow beams swung, and shone on a limp and soiled pink frock, on russet stockings torn and hanging, on a face where dirt and tears had mixed freely, and on thick gold hair in wild disorder. Projecting into the foreground a large doll's trunk caught the eye, from whose mouth issued abruptly

what seemed the leg of an animal. It took Dr. Fell a long minute to recognize the apparition. Then he set down the lantern swiftly.

"Why, it's the madam!" he cried. "What in the world are you doing here, my lady?" And healing was in the voice and in the words.

"Oh, Dr. Fell!" the murderer exclaimed, joyfully, and dropped the trunk, and never cared that the woolly lamb and its mates went bounding over the stable floor, and found herself weeping miserably, joyfully, on the doctor's broad shoulder, while his voice repeated over and over, as he patted her back: "There! there now! There, there, now!" There was little variety to the remark, but it satisfied her.

After that came a hazy dream, from which issued, in her memory, certain salient points. First she saw as in a vision the wonderful Kitty hastily unharnessed and given a drink, and then she felt herself lifted up, far up in massive arms, and carried, a broken reed, a willing baby, into the house. There Dr. Fell, an old bachelor, living alone, lighted lamps, cooked, set before her, as if before a queen, a royal meal in less, as she remembered it, than five minutes. And while he cooked, and while she ate, he entertained her with stories of Kitty, and in the happiness of steak and potatoes and cool milk her courage came back in a flood, and the contraband feeling of the occasion gave that delicious flavor to the meal which only a sense of the contraband can give, and dimples played on the small grimy face and laughter bubbled up light-heartedly.

"So you see, madam," the doctor explained, confidentially, as horseman to horseman, "they couldn't none of them do nothing, nowise, with Kitty. Every particular time they would harness her, down she would lay in the harness, and beatin' wouldn't budge her. You'd be surprised, madam, how they beat that little horse. It was wrong; it was very wrong. But I'd had my eye on her, and I'd made up my mind she warn't bad, only she were a nervous girl and high-spirited, and beatin' warn't no good. Anyways, I was obliged to get her out of them men's hands. So I paid sixty-five dollars down—consider that, madam—only sixty-five dollars for Kitty."

"That was awfully cheap," the little sleepy voice responded, with the air of a connoisseur in horses.

"Cheap! I believe you!" and the doctor shook his head sidewise solemnly, and the murderer shook hers sidewise too. "So," he continued, "I bought her—for sixty-five dollars—remember that."

"I will," the murderer promised, earnestly, arresting a batch of fried potatoes on its way to her open mouth.

"And then—what next?"

The murderer felt that she ought to know, but she didn't. She humbly waited.

"To drive her—that was the proposition—and you'll say it was a large one, will you not, madam?"

"Yes, I will," assented the murderer, eagerly; that was easy.

"Well, then, I says to Kitty—explaining to her after a manner, do you see?—I says, 'Kitty, my lady, poppa ain't going to hurt you the least mite, so now don't you be rambunctious and scare poppa into fits; just be harnessed quiet and pleasant, like a good girl,'—and what do you think happened?"

"She didn't scare you into fits," ventured the little girl, entranced with this constant appeal to her intelligence.

"*Ex-actly*—exactly what Kitty didn't do," and the old man slapped the table so that the fried potatoes jumped, and a deep sense of satisfaction permeated the murderer. "I see you understand Kitty. Well, I harnessed her and I gets into the phaeton, quiet and ca'm, and I says, says I, 'Get up.' And what do you think Kitty did?"

"She got up," answered the murderer confidently—too confidently.

"No," said the doctor, gravely, shaking his great head again,—"no; you're wrong." But his manner of saying it was almost as flattering as his former agreement. It was equal taking issue with equal on a great question. "You're wrong there, madam. Kitty stood still. What's more, she laid her ears back. Did you ever see Kitty lay her ears back, madam?"

"I—I think not, but I'd like to," the little voice answered.

"It's a sight," said the doctor, "a remarkable sight. They have a world of meaning, have Kitty's ears. Well, she

waggled them ears back at me, as if she was saying, in plain English, 'Until you fix what's wrong I don't stir a step!' That's what she said, plain as talking. So I looks around, naturally, to see what's wrong. And I see the whip setting in the socket, just where them bright eyes o' Kitty's could spy it. So out I gets and takes the whip, in an ostentatious manner of doing it, and lays it one side on the floor. Then in I gets again, and picks up the reins, and out goes Kitty as sweet as a May morning; and from that day to this, madam, if you'll believe it, not a mite of trouble have I ever had with that horse—that horse which had the reputation to be the worst-tempered animal in the country. A wonderful beast she is, a wonderful beast—if a beast, which I sometimes doubt."

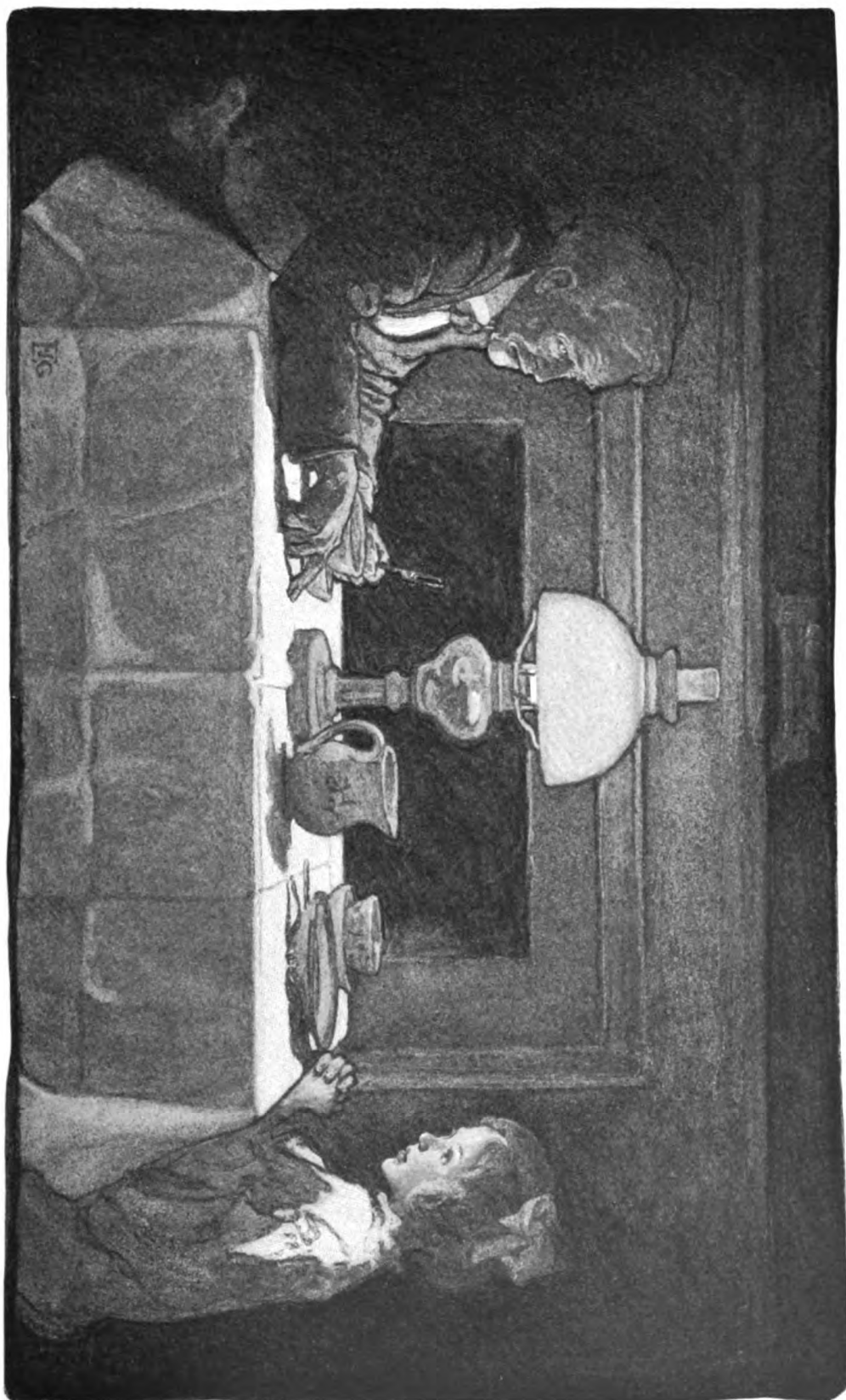
A wanderer stopping to gaze in at the window of the small house would have lingered to see, on either side of a white-spread, lamplighted table, a pretty child whose dirt-streaked features beamed with happiness, and a large, kindly old man whose broad face and prominent pale eyes shone with no less of pleasure.

To the flowing accompaniment of the doctor's conversation a mountain of beef-steak and potatoes had disappeared, and, fed and warmed, and happy in this delightful social function, the murderer lifted innocent eyes in surprise to see him suddenly get up.

"And now," he said, in the pleasant, gentle tones which children and animals loved and trusted,—“now if the madam has had a sufficiency of everything, I rather guess Kitty and I had better take her home. I rather guess momma and poppa 'll be worrying a mite when they don't know where little girls be this time o' night."

At the words a pitiless horizon closed once more upon the fugitive. The glow faded from the happy, dirty face, and her mouth worked. "Couldn't I stay here?" she suggested, piteously. "I'd sleep with Kitty if there wasn't room in this house. I—I don't want to be ha-anged."

With a world of delicate patience he drew the story from her—the story of the crime,—and very quietly when it was told he reassured her. "Why, madam, do you know, I think you're wrong," he



.. THAT WAS AWFULLY CHEAP.. THE LITTLE SLEEPY VOICE RESPONDED

reasoned. "I think you ain't used your customary good judgment to run away before you knew you was a murderer. My opinion is, if you ask it, that you ain't never killed Alexander yet. As I sense the affair, you bumped his nose and gave him a good, smart nose-bleed, and that's all. I'd be willing to warrant it, madam,—I'd be willing to warrant that there baby's been bouncing about, crowing, all this livelong afternoon you've been running away. Tut—tut! never cry now, the plucky little lady that you are—tut—tut! There now, leave your head lay, and no judge nor nothing sha'n't get you while I'm alive." And, her tumbled hair against the mighty shoulders which smelled undeniably of the stable, she let the big arms fold about her, and sobbed comfortably.

It needed but a little more gentle reasoning to persuade her to return, and, so sleepy that she could hardly stagger, it was yet rapture and excitement to go out hand in hand with the doctor to the dark stable and help seriously and responsibly to harness. The doll's trunk was, with a right sense of its dignity, roped on behind. It was a regal moment when she was tucked into the phaeton, wrapped in a carriage-rug, and Dr. Fell, getting in beside her, lifted the reins and started the great and only Kitty down the road for her—the murderer's—journey to her own again. The doctor's cheerful voice kept steadily on as Kitty's quick feet rang musically.

"You ain't going to sleep, be you, madam?" he asked, a trifle anxiously. "Better not drop off till we get you home now—might ketch cold," and he shifted the reins to one hand, and slipped his great arm tenderly around the slim bundle in the rug. "So many little gals in the world," he meditated, in an absent-minded way; "seems a pity I couldn't have one."

Far down the black road a light flashed, was gone, had come again. Soon there was the distant sound of wheels and rapid hoof-beats.

"If I don't mistake the situation, that there is a search-party looking for the most val'able little girl on earth," remark-

ed Dr. Fell, and the theory proved tenable. It was, in fact, the central one of a dozen search-parties then out. Dr. Fell hailed the light an eighth of a mile away, and the voice that answered him was shrill with anxiety—the voice of the murderer's father.

"I've got her—she's all right," the big man's big notes boomed out on the night, and the two—Nigel was also in the wagon—knew, at those words of beatitude, for one reeling moment, what it might be to faint from joy.

A lonely man that night, as he limped about his stable and carefully fed and put to bed the small horse that was all of his family, went over and over again an episode which occurred when the child's father, grim with thankfulness, came to lift her from the phaeton. As she realized, out of the border-land of a swimming world of sleep, that she was being taken from the friend of her adversity, her arms flashed out of the mummylike rug swathings, and Dr. Fell, with a thrill through his heart, felt them clasp him, while a sweet, dirty face was pressed against his, and a fresh mouth kissed his cheek.

"I don't care if Uncle Nigel loves you or not; I love you—I love you," she whispered, and the tight clasp had to be unfastened by force to get her away.

Hardly could the doctor sleep that night for the memory of the touch which seemed to catch him over and over for hours after.

"Let me carry her into the house," begged Nigel, and the returning criminal opened her weighted lids, as the hall light fell on them, to blink from her mother's face, racked but radiant, to that of the beloved uncle, and to know dimly that, after cycles of misery, all was again well with the world. Her mental grip was uncertain, and the good things that had crowded suddenly upon her, mingled, jumbled together.

"I—I think Kitty roped the trunk," the murderer whispered, drowsily, and smiled at her mother. "Knows just as much as—as a damn white person," she murmured.



THE BARE CLIFFS OF KYNANCE COVE

A Valley in Cornwall

BY ARTHUR SYMONS

I
*UNDER the trees in the dell,
 Here by the side of the stream,
 Were it not pleasant to dream,
 Were it not better to dwell?*

*Here is the blue of the sea,
 Here is the green of the land,
 Valley and meadow and sand,
 Sea-bird and cricket and bee;*

*Cows in a field on the hill,
 Farmyards a-fluster with pigs,
 Blossoming birds on the twigs;
 Cool, the old croon of the mill.*

AT Helston the last Cornish railway ends, on a railed motor-track coming from Gwinear Road; and from Helston to Poltescoe it is a drive of ten miles, for the last part of the way along the edge of Goonhilly Downs. As we come into Poltescoe Valley the road becomes steeper, and we climb and descend through high green hedges, until, just after the bridge, we turn aside into a

narrow lane, and, after passing a double cottage and a smithy, come around a slow curve to the thatched cottage standing inside a little garden. There are fields on the slope of a hill opposite, and, lower down, where the road turns around an edge of solid rock, there is a stream, going by an old mill, and, beyond it, a steep rocky hill, with clusters of trees, bracken, gorse, and rough green foliage, rising up against the sky, between the valley and the sea.

I have never lived in so peaceful a place, and the old miller who lives by himself at the mill—"like a single plover," he tells me—says that the people like the restfulness and do not willingly leave it. The washerwoman who has part of the double cottage along the lane says that she would go mad if she went to live in a town, and that the mere thought of it, sometimes, as she goes in and out of her door all day long, makes her feel

uneasy. The miller says that the people do not notice the beauty of the place much, because they are used to it; but he himself told me that, so far as he can hear, it is the prettiest place in England.

The cottage has a few disadvantages. One is that I cannot stand quite upright in either of the lower rooms. When a laborer lived in it there was, of course, a stone floor, and the wooden floor which the new landlord has put in has brought the ceiling lower. Where the ceiling is plain I can stand upright; but there are cross-beams, and the doors are lower than the cross-beams, and I have to go about stooping, for fear of dashing my head against one or the other.

Then there is that very decorative and in some ways practical thing, a thatched roof. I have always wanted to sleep under a thatched roof, but the actual experience has chilled my enthusiasm. There is the delight of looking at it, from the hill going up to Ruan Minor, like a corkscrew, on the other side of the

valley; and there is the delight of sitting under the eaves and hearing the sudden soft rustle of wings as the birds fly in and out of their nests among the thatch. But when you find, on going to bed, a little red worm sitting on the pillow; when black spots of various shapes and sizes begin to move and crawl on the wall and ceiling; when the open window, which lets in all the scents and sounds of the country, lets in also whatever creeps and flies among the bushes—sleep under a thatched roof becomes a less desirable thing.

But for these slight drawbacks, which have their compensations as one sits at night, reading by lamplight, in rooms so pleasantly and quaintly proportioned, and the painted butterflies and sombre moths come in at the window and dash themselves ecstatically at the light: well, I can ask no more of a cottage. And then, with the cottage, have we not the indispensable Mrs. Pascoe (who may be seen standing at the kitchen door in the artist's picture), and is not Mrs.



THE PASCOE COTTAGE

Pascoe the contriver of all expedients, and the journal and encyclopædia of all local knowledge?

II

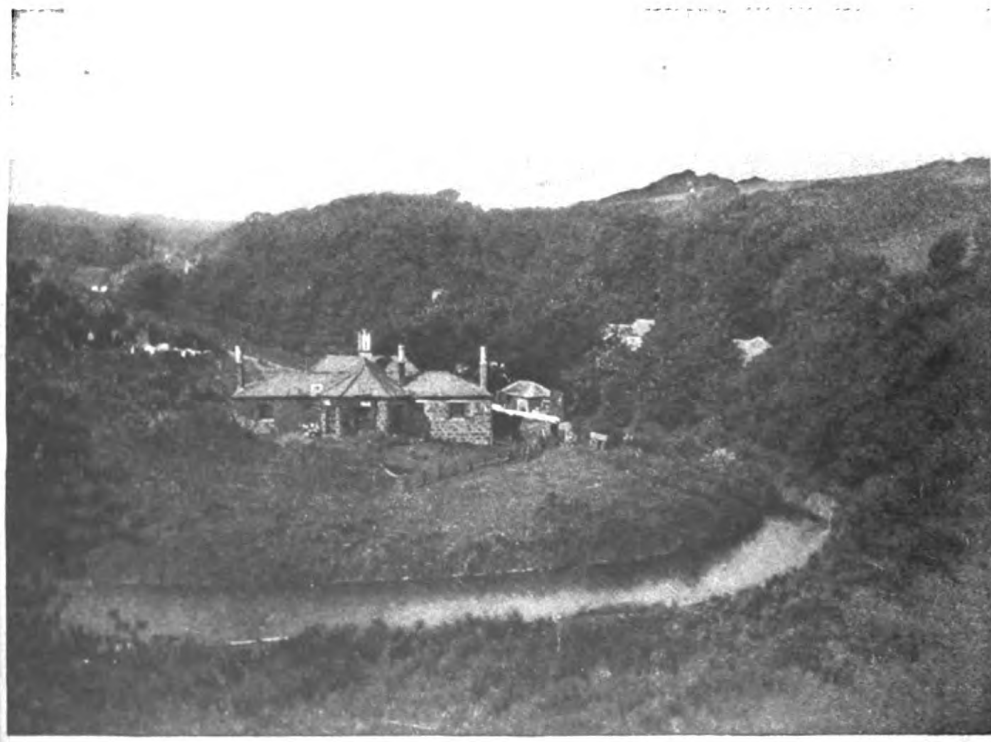
*ALL day I watch the sun and rain
That come and go and come again,
The doubtful twilights, and, at dawn
And sunset, curtains half withdrawn
From open windows of the sky.
The birds sing and the sea-gulls cry
All day in many tongues; the bees
Hum in and out under the trees
Where the capped foxglove on his stem
Shakes all his bells and nods to them.*

*All day under the rain and sun
The hours go over one by one,
Brimmed up with delicate events
Of moth-flights and the birth of scents
And evening deaths of butterflies.
And I, withdrawn into my eyes
From that strict tedious world within,
Each day with joyous haste begin
To live a new day through, and then
Sleep, and then live it through again.*

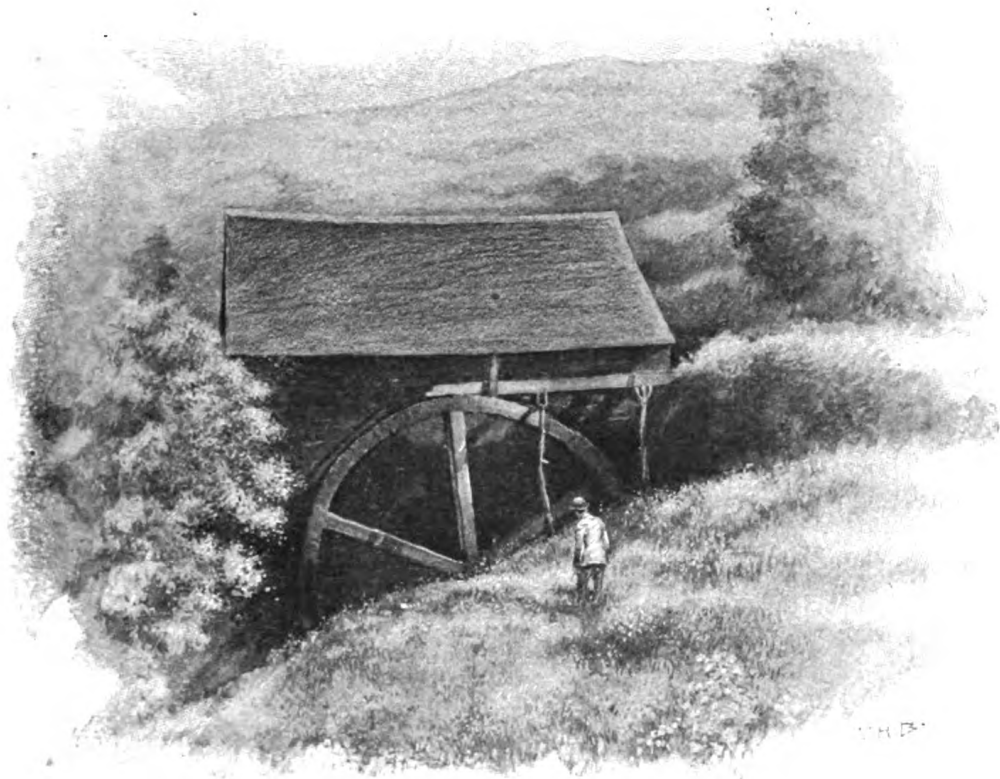
What gives its chief charm to the country about Poltescoe Valley is its intimate mingling of two separate kinds of scenery—the wildest scenery of rocks,

cliffs, and the sea, and the softest and most luxuriant scenery of an inland valley. And the two are not merely there side by side, but they interpenetrate one another in an indefinite series of surprises. Walking across meadows, one comes suddenly upon a ridge of rocks, like a reef in the sea, coming up out of the grass, and partly covered with greenery; sea-birds fly among rocks or stand in companies on the fields; one hears the sound of waves dashing on unseen cliffs as one saunters through a lane deep between hedges; a wheat-field stands out detached on a hill summit against the white sails of a ship at sea.

Among these valleys and on the wooded tops of the hills there are flowers around every cottage; flowers climb up the walls and about the door-posts, geraniums, nasturtiums, red and pink and veined roses; arum-lilies grow in the narrow strip of front garden; there are clusters of fuchsia and veronica, there are hydrangeas and gladiolas and dahlias; and the hedges are full of honeysuckle, of foxgloves, of blue and yellow flowers. The air, as one passes, is laden with sweets; warm, aromatic winds blow softly across one's face;



POLTESCOE VALLEY, WITH ITS FLOWERED COTTAGES



A RELIC OF OLDEN DAYS

and the sleek and shining cattle graze in fields green to the sea's edge, and rest under the shadow of wide trees. At low tide the cows come down from the fields to Kennack Bay, and walk to and fro on the sand, pausing and looking at the sea, the rocks, and drinking from the streams of fresh water that run down the sand. Slow cart-horses, that walk freely about the lanes at all hours of the day and night, come down to the bay, and trudge to and fro, and lay their heads on one another's shoulders as they stand sleepily together.

After sunset, if you go up the road as far as Kuggar, and stand there between the fields and the sea, you will hear the drones humming by the wayside and throbbing about the flowers and gorse in the hedges, red cows graze in green fields, and you hear the deep, half-human sigh of some unseen beast behind the hedge, or a few late twitters among the branches. There is a moon in the pale sky, growing from faint silver to a sickle golden as ripe corn; wide green valleys rising and dipping like

sea waves, almost to the edge of the cliffs that go down dark into the sea, and as far as the rim of the sky, gray-blue, motionless except where it curls into abrupt white waves and breaks into foam around the rocks or upon the beach. And as you stand there, seeing only faint sights and hearing only faint sounds, there is a delicate loneliness in things—not like a real feeling, not a weight, but an impression, vague and dim-colored and wholly pleasant, like the sentiment not of real things, but of a picture.

From Poltescoe the nearest way down to the sea is by Carleon Cove, but I only pass there on my way to the cliffs leading to Cadgwith; I never linger there. It is disfigured and defeated, an ugly gash in the cliff-side. There is always something gloomy and uncomfortable in its cramped bed of pebbles, the great dark cliff, covered thinly with green turf, which rises to so steep a height above it, and the broken and deserted sheds, chimneys, and water-wheel, where the serpentine works had been. The water



A VIEW OF CADGWITH

still runs along a wooden tray from the river to the great wheel, and sometimes, by accident, the rusty thing begins to turn, with a ghastly clanking, like a dead thing galvanized into some useless and unnatural semblance of life. The place is uncanny, like all solitary places which men have spoiled and then deserted.

Kennack Bay, where there is always a stretch of sand, and at low tide a long expanse of it, is like a broad and cheerful face, open to the light. You enter the bay by a latched gate, and then, at most seasons, cross a brook by stepping-stones. At each end of the sand there are clusters of rocks, beginning under the cliffs, and on one side going out a long way into the sea, looking at low tide like the brown ridged backs of crocodiles that have swam to the surface of the water. On the other side the rocks nearest to the cliffs are seen, as you go near them, to be colored as if the liquid colors of the sea, its many greens and its purple stains over hidden rocks, had been reflected and frozen in stone.

When the tide is out, the farther rocks, left bare by the sea, are seen in strange outlines, sharp, broken, as if hewn into cavities and suffering from many rents and gashes. And there is one "cirque of fantastic rocks," half enclosing a little sea-pool, and flanked by a tall, broad, and twisted rock, which is like the sea cavern in Leonardo's "Virgin of the Rocks." Animal content can go no farther than to lie, after bathing, on a natural pillow of hollowed rocks on the green edge of the cliff, and to look out through

half-shut eyelids upon the wet sand of the beach, the dark semicircle of cliffs going round to the Lizard, and the softer semicircle of thin green meadows and wooded hollows inland; with the blue sky and the bluer sea, colored like the Mediterranean, all around and all over one, glittering evenly in the sunlight. Little white waves break on the beach, with a low continuous sound of falling water; a bird's shadow darkens the sand, and if you lift your hat-brim you see the white sea-bird; sheep and cows bend over the grass together in fields; sleep hangs over land and sea with a delicate oppression.

III

THE woodpecker laughed as he sat on the bough,

This morning,

To give fair warning,

And the rain's in the valley now.

Look now and listen: I hear the noise

Of the thunder,

And deep down under

The sea's voice answers the voice.

*All the leaves of the valley are glad,
And the birds too,
If they had words to,
Would tell of the joy they had.*

*Only you at the window, with rueful lips
Half pouting,
Stand dumb and doubting,
And drum with your finger-tips.*

Cornish rain is a cheerful, persistent downpour, which comes down softly in a warm flood, washing the whole valley and the trees, and burnishing the grassy sides of the valley, and lying like a dark mist over the faded headlands and the gray sea. The stream that generally trickles over the pebbles by the old mill has swollen to a yellow river, and takes broad leaps from stone to stone. One can hear the whips of the rain steadily lashing the hedges and the trees. And, louder than the sound of wind and rain, is heard the sound of the river rushing, like the sound of the sea.

Going down to Kennack Bay, at high tide, after a day of ceaseless rain, one sees a line of white foam around the whole coast, edging a sea which has turned to a strange leaden green, veiled with sea-mist, which comes driving across it in a wet vapor, which, as it floats up the valley, looks like a transparent gauze. One breathes water, one sees scarce anything but water, the solid mass of the sea and a racing vapor in the air; one hears nothing but water. The long level cliff going out to Pedn Boar

has faded to a dim outline in a mist; white mists settle on the upper fields in the valley: the whole earth seems to melt away into a wreck and image of water.

Walking, after the rain, on the cliffs towards Cadgwith, the air is at once salt and sweet; the scent of the sea and of the earth mingles in it; and it is as if one drank a perfumed wine, in which there is a sharp and suave intoxication. Overhead the sea-gulls curve in wide circles; you see them at one moment black against the pale sky, then white against the dark cliffs, then matching the flakes of foam on the sea as they fly low over it. They poise in the air, and cry and laugh with their mocking half-human voices; and are always passing to and fro in some rhythm or on some business of their own.

Or, if one would taste a new sensation, neither of valley, cliff, nor sea, one has but to turn inland from Kennack and



A WHITE LINE OF FOAM AROUND THE COAST



THE HEADLANDS OF COVERACK

cross the downs. A path leads up between hedges full of honeysuckle, gorse, and tall white heather, among steep rocks covered almost all over with green. Where the downs begin you can see the sea, behind you, caught in an angle of the land; and then the moorland, barer and barer, until green turf stretches flat to a line of tall black trees against the sky. A straight, flat, narrow road goes across the downs, and as one walks along it there is a sense of loneliness which is bare, severe, but not desolate or unfriendly. The wind blows across them from the sea, as from a living thing not far off; and there is the freedom, the unspoilt homeliness, of the earth left to itself.

IV

*To live and die under a roof
Drives the brood of thoughts aloof;
To walk by night under the sky
Lets the birds of thought fly:
Thoughts that may not fly abroad
Rot like lilies in the road;
But the thoughts that fly too far
May singe their wings against a star.*

Outside the valley you may walk from sea to sea by land. If you go northwest, you will come to Coverack, along cliffs which grow barer and barer as the trees dwindle and the road slopes down to the seashore. If you go southward, you will come to Cadgwith and the Lizard; and, again, as you leave the region of Poltescoe Valley, you will find the cliffs growing barer and barer, and will come northwest to Kynance Cove, and thence to Mullion, which lies almost level with Coverack, on the other side of Cornwall.

Coverack is a cluster of white houses built on the side of a headland which goes out delicately into the sea, curving round to the harbor, which the lowest houses seem to go down into. Low green land goes out across a breadth of water to form a bay; and you see the roads sloping precipitately over the downs to the pebbles on the edge of the blue water, and right above the roofs of the houses. On the other side of the headland there is another breadth of water; one feels the open sea.

At Cadgwith you see the sea from the beach as through the frame of a doorway narrowed to that measure; and the cramped and peevish beach is split in two by a rocky promontory, and gripped on either side by a tall cliff, which on one side is bare rock, and on the other a great swath of green, as if combed upward with the wind. Sea-gulls sit there, on the edge of the land, clustered like a bed of lilies; or swoop downward and fly to and fro over the beach, among the litter of boats and nets and lobster-pots, when the fishermen are cleaning the fish. Looking down from above, thick trees and the fold of sloping green meadows cut off all of the village but its brown thatched roofs and a glimpse of white-washed walls. It huddles there in the cleft of the valley where the valley slips feet foremost into the sea.

At Mullion Cove you are as if imprisoned, deep down, inside a narrow harbor, no more than two boat-lengths wide at the entrance, where the sea chafes at the wall and at the rocks planted hugely without, great black heights which cut off half the sunlight as you pass into their shadow. Sea-gulls sit there in shoals, crying against the wind. There is a fierce seclusion in the place, disquieting, and with its own narrow and unfriendly charm.

Kynance Cove, with its mysterious regular daily appearance and disappearance, is like the work of a wizard, who has arranged its coming and going for magical purposes of his own, and has laid this carpet of pure sand about the bases of fantastic rocks and under the roof of sombre caverns, and has set the busy sea to wash and polish and scrub with sand and stones the smooth surface of the rocks and caverns, until they glow with a kind of flushed and fiery darkness, in which can be discerned colors of green and red and purple and gray, veining the substance of the rock as with the green of the sea and the purple of heather and as with pale jade and as with clots of blood. The cove is sunk deeply between green and stony cliffs, and the sea washes into it from all sides, hissing and shouting in crevices and passages which it has split and bored in the rock itself. It is a battle-ground of the sea, and a place of wild freshness, and a home

of sea-birds. Man comes into it on sufferance, and at hours not of his choosing. He sets his wit against the craft of the tide, and wins no more than a humble edge or margin of permission.

I came first upon the Lizard across heathery grass smelling of honey and seawind, on a day towards sunset when the sea lay steel blue to the immense circle of the horizon; fierce clouds rose there like barriers of solid smoke, and where the sun set unseen behind a cloudy darkness, throwing a broad sheet of shining light across the water, I could see a long line of land going out towards Land's End, hardly distinguishable from the spume and froth of rain-clouds darkening upon it. Unlimited water, harsh rock, steep precipices going down sheer into the sea; in the sea, fierce jags of rock, with birds clustered on them, and little circles of white foam around their bases; the strong air and stormy light seemed in keeping with this end of land where England goes farthest south into the sea.

V

*LEAVES and grasses and the rill
That babbles by the water-mill;
Bramble, fern, and bulrushes,
Honeysuckle and honey-bees;
Summer rain and summer sun
By turns before the day is done;
Rainy laughter, twilight whir,
The nighthawk and the woodpecker;
These and such as these delights
Attend upon our days and nights,
With the honey-heavy air,
Thatched slumber, cream, and country fare.*

In the valley, across fields in which rocks like the rocks on the seashore grow naturally, with ferns and bramble about them, buried deep among old trees, murmuring with rooks, there is a decayed manor-house, now a farm, called Erisey: an Erisey of Erisey is said to have danced before James I. The road leads over many Cornish stiles, and through farmyards where cows wait around the milking-stool, or hens scratch beside the barn door, or pigs hurry to a trough. The air is heavy with scents from the hedges and with the clean, homely odor of farms; there is nothing in this wooded place to remind one that the sea lies on the other side of a few fields. And yet I have always felt some obscure, inexplicable, uneasy sense or suggestion when

I come near this old house set over against a little wood, in which Mélisande might have walked; the wood has a solemn entrance, through curved and pillared stone gateways; the grass is vivid green underfoot, and the tree trunks go up straight in a formal pattern. The old house at the door of the wood seems to slumber uneasily, as if secrets were hidden there somewhere behind the thick ivy and the decayed stone. The villagers will not go that way after dark, because of a field that lies on the road there, which they call Deadman's Field.

Sunset comes delicately into the wood at Erisey, setting gold patches to dance on the dark trunks of the trees. But it is from the downs, or from the croft which lies between the cottage and the sea, that I like best to see the day end. From the downs, or from the road just above the cottage, the sky has often that amber light which Coleridge notes in his poems; with infinite gradations of green, and a strange heaping of sullen and bodiless clouds against pure brightness. From the fields at Carleon, between the valley and the sea, night is seen touching the valley into a gentle and glowing harmony. The valley, a deep dell sunk into the midst of a circle of rocks covered with thin green foliage—is a nest and bower of soft trees, which rise cluster above cluster almost to the edge of the sky, where the rocky line of the fields ends it. Above, you see the bars of color left over by the sunset; the moon hangs aloft between the valley and the sea; and as the valley withdraws into the rich darkness of the earth, the sea still glitters with gray light, to where white clouds come down out of the sky and rest upon it.

Tidings of the outer world come but

rarely into the valley, except by way of the sky. Once a day the old postman comes down from Ruan Minor, and takes the letters back to the post-office. At times the sound of a siren, like the lowing of a brazen ox, comes paradoxically into the midst of the hot inland scents. At times a farm-boy following the cows, or a man sitting on the shafts of his cart, passes, whistling; and the tune will be a hymn tune, "Jesu, lover of my soul," or an air as old as "Rule Britannia," taken very slowly. If you hear the people talking to one another in the lane, you will notice that they speak and reply in phrases out of the Bible, as in a language of which they can catch every allusion. They never pass one another without stopping to talk, and every one of them greets you with the time of the day as you pass.

All day long the tree before the door of the cottage is filled with music, and at night, when the moon is up, the sky before the windows is flooded with strange shapes and motions of light. I have never seen the moon's magic so nimbly or so continuously at work as upon that space of sky where the higher ridges of the croft ended. Kingdoms and seas of cloud passed before us under that calm radiance; they passed, leaving the sky clear for the stars; the polar star stood over the cottage, and the Great Bear flung out his paws at the moon.

*GOLD and blue of a sunset sky,
Bees that buzz with a sleepy tune,
A lowing cow and a cricket's cry,
Swallows flying across the moon.*

*Swallows flying across the moon.
The trees darken, the fields grow white;
Day is over, and night comes soon:
The wings are all gone into the night.*



For the Love of One's Self

BY MARY E. WILKINS FREEMAN

A GAINST the south wall of the shoe-factory stood a tall spruce-tree. One branch of it crossed like an arm Amanda Dearborn's window, in front of which she stood at work on her machine. At first, when she was learning her monotonous task, she scarcely noticed the branch of the tree; now that she had worked a year, she sometimes glanced up at no risk, and her glance of bitter patience fell upon the everlasting greenness of it. She got, in spite of herself and her attitude of spiritual revulsion against comfort, a slight amelioration in the hot midsummer days in the suggestion which the tree gave her of coolness and darkness and winter. In the winter itself the arm draped with changeless green did not suggest so much; still, she sometimes noticed it, and it was a relief to her weary eyes.

Nobody knew how the girl hated her work in the great factory, or how she hated life, yet endured it with a sort of contemptuous grimness. She had a highly strung nervous organization; everything in her surroundings jarred upon her,—the noise, the odors, the companionship. She was herself superior to those about her—that is, to the most of them, although she never realized it. All that she did realize was that she stood day after day at work, at a task which stretched her nerves and muscles to breaking-point, to maintain a life in a world which honestly appeared entirely unattractive to her. She was neither hysterical nor sentimental, but she was naturally pessimistic, and she naturally reasoned from analogy. She was, besides, clear-visioned, and her outlook on the future was not apt to be dazzled by hope. She saw herself exactly as she was, as she had been, and in all probability as she would be. She had not yet reached middle age, but she was no longer exactly young; in fact, she had never been exactly young as some of the girls around her were. She listened to their chatter

as she might have listened to a language of youth which she herself had never spoken. She did not understand, and she had a sort of unconscious contempt for it, as she had for most of the girls themselves. She saw their innocent attempts to be beautiful—to be like those who had not to toil like themselves, to the quick wasting of youth and beauty,—and she in a way despised them for it.

Nothing would have induced her to arrange her abundant brown hair in a fluffy crest, as the girl who stood next her arranged hers. She wore her own hair brushed straight back, exposing her temples, which showed faint lines of care and weariness, but which had nevertheless something noble about them. Nothing would have induced her to muffle her throat in stocks; she had a plain turn-over collar, of the same material as her waist. She indulged in no eccentricities of belts and buttons. She was saving all that she was able from her hard earnings against an old age of inability to work, and want. And yet she might have been distinctly pretty had she cared to make herself so. As she was, she was homely with a hard, stern homeliness. She was stiff and straight and flat-chested; her long arms were becoming every day more and more bony from the strain upon them, but her rigid back of burden was never yielding.

Perhaps she came the nearest to happiness when she went to the savings-bank to make a tiny deposit. The ignoble greed of the miser had an attraction to a nature like hers, non-acquiescent with its conditions, yet with a contemptuous sense of its own helplessness, rather than with any leaning to rebellion. When a strike was talked about she held a position aloof, although her sympathies were entirely with the party who wished to strike. It was only that she realized the futility of fighting with weapons of straw. Had they been weapons of steel, she might have been the most dangerous of them all; but she

saw too clearly the ultimate outcome of it all, just as she saw her own face in the looking-glass of her little room in the boarding-house. However, in that she did not see quite as clearly, since she saw only facts, and not possibilities. She saw only a dark, harsh, sternly set face, not one which was susceptible of other things, as in fact it was.

She had never thought much about her personal appearance, except with regard to its subservience to cleanliness and order and goodness. Her training was partly responsible for that. Her mother had been a very plain-visaged woman, and quite destitute of sentiment or romance. Marriage itself had been in her case a queer coincidence. She had married a widower older than herself, who had died when Amanda was a child; she could scarcely remember him. In his younger days he had held a petty rank in the civil war, and her mother, as long as she lived, had a small pension. It was that pension which had enabled Amanda and her mother to have a home. The house was heavily encumbered; Amanda's father, who had worked like herself in the factory for a living, had been obliged to lay off much on account of an old wound. He had not been able to leave even the house clear to his family. The pension money had paid the interest on the mortgage, the taxes, the repairs; and Amanda's mother took boarders—shopgirls—to eke out the remainder of their living.

After Amanda was old enough, and had graduated from the high school, in a cheap white dress, coming forward in her turn and reading gravely—for she had even as a young girl much self-poise—her stupid little essay, heavy with platitudes, she assisted her mother with the housework. It was necessary, for her mother was growing old; she was not very young when she married. However, she remained still of so much assistance that when she died Amanda realized the impossibility of going on with her work of keeping a boarding-house. They had barely made both ends meet as it had been. When the pension stopped, and the interest, taxes, and repairs were to be paid for out of the small sums received from the boarders, and she would also be obliged to hire help, she saw nothing ahead except bankruptcy. Therefore

she sold at auction, with a resolute stifling of her heartache, most of the old household goods with which she had been familiar since her infancy, keeping only enough to furnish one room, and her mother's bed and table-linen and wedding-china, which she had obtained permission to store in the garret of the house after it had ceased to belong to her. After the mortgage was paid there was a small sum remaining, which she placed in the savings-bank. She took a certain comfort in thinking of that as a last resource in case of illness and inability to work. Her mother had been in the habit of saying often, "Everybody ought to have a little laid by in case they are took sick." Amanda had the same pessimistic habit of thought, though not of speech—for she had no intimate friend.

She boarded in a house where there were several other girls and one married couple who worked in the factory, but she had nothing to do with them. They resented it, and said that Amanda Dearborn was "stuck up," while she had no good reason for being so.

"What if her mother did take boarders, and kept her out of the shop as long as she lived?" said they; "she's there now, and she ain't no call to turn up her nose at them as is as good as she is."

However, they were wrong; Amanda did not feel above them; she simply realized nothing in common with them; and when she came home from work she preferred remaining alone in her own room, sewing or reading. She was fond of books of a certain kind,—simple tales which did not involve much psychological analysis. Overwork in a shoe-factory does not fit the mind for strenuous efforts, except in its own behalf. Amanda used all her reasoning powers upon her own situation in the world and life. Sometimes while she sat sewing of an evening her thoughts were anarchistic, almost blasphemous; then, as always, came the contemptuous realization of their futility. Sometimes, as she sat there, she realized with a subtle defiance and rebellion that she was not in a spiritual sense a good woman. She realized that she was a woman without patience, destined to a hard monotony of life, and non-acquiescent with it. And yet in reality her demands from life, could she have

made them, were small enough. She did not ask so very much, only a house no better than she had been accustomed to have, away from the buzz of the machines and the pressure upon her sensitive soul of the most heterogeneous elements of humanity. She was entirely willing to work beyond her strength, but she wanted herself to herself, and she wanted her home.

Often she took a pencil and paper and calculated at what age, if she had in the mean time no illness or disaster to infringe upon her small resources, she might possibly be able to buy a little house and set up her home again. At such times the impulse of saving grew fairly fierce within her. She went without everything that she possibly could; she patched and darned, although she always looked neat. She had learned that of her mother as she might have learned a tenet of faith. There was never a spot on the black gown she wore in the shop. It smelled of leather, but it was tidy. She was a good worker. One day not long before Christmas the foreman came to her and told her that her wages were to be raised at the beginning of the year. She had been, in fact, considered hitherto as only learning the art of stitching shoes, and her wages had been only nominal. Amanda looked at the foreman as he gave her the information, and there was a curious expression in her serious eyes. In fact, she was not only considering the raise in her wages, but she was considering him, as a brown sparrow, a dusty plebeian among birds, might consider a bird of paradise. She looked upon him as a male of her species, of course, but with a certain wonder, and even intimidation, because of his superior brilliance.

Frank Ayres, the foreman, was in fact an unusually handsome young man. He came of a good family. He was distantly related to the senior member of the firm, and might even in time belong to it. In the mean time he had his own personal advantages, which were enormous. He was only a year younger than Amanda, but he looked almost young enough to be her son. Hair as soft and golden and curly as a child's tossed above his white forehead, which had a childlike roundness. His cheeks were rosy, his lips always smiling, and

with it all he was not effeminate. There was rather about him the triumph of youth and joyousness, which seemed never-ending. He, although only a foreman in a shoe-factory, carried himself like a young prince. The girls all adored him, some covertly, some boldly. He appealed to them all in a double sense, as a lover and as a child,—and the man who appeals to women after that fashion is irresistible. However, he did not take advantage of his power. He smiled at all the girls, but particularized none.

Amanda had watched with furtive disdain the other girls pushing up the fluffs of their pompadours as he drew near, and seeing to it that their shirt-waists were fastened securely in the back, straightening themselves with that indescribable movement of the female of the day, which involves at once a throwing back of the shoulders, a lengthening of the waist, a hollowing of the chest, and a slight bend of the back. She had always continued at her dogged work, and paid no attention to him. However, to-day, when he approached her (it was the hour of closing, and the girls in the vicinity had quitted their machines), she was conscious of a different sentiment. Almost the same expression entered her grave brown eyes that might have entered those of the other girls as she looked up in the joyous, triumphant face of the man. All at once a feeling of tenderness seemed to contract her heart, but it was the feeling that she had sometimes experienced at seeing a beautiful child. It was compounded of admiration and an almost painful protectiveness. In reality the maternal instinct came first in her, and the young man consequently reached it first. She gazed at him with eyes in which was no coquetry, but a gentle tenderness which transformed her whole face. The young man himself started and gazed at her as if he had seen her for the first time. She appealed to a need in his nature, and that is the strongest appeal in the world. That night he remarked to his younger brother, who was a foreman in the packing-room, that the prettiest girl in the factory was Amanda Dearborn. The brother stared. The two were smoking in Frank's room in their boarding-house. "What! that Dearborn girl?" he said. "You are crazy."

"She is the best-looking girl in the factory, and I am not sure that she is not the best-looking girl in town," repeated Frank, stanchly.

"Why, good Lord!" cried his brother, staring at him, "she is the homeliest of the lot. Hair strained tight back from her forehead, and she dresses like her own grandmother."

"I like it a good deal better than so many frills," replied Frank, "and I am dead tired of those topknots the girls wear nowadays, and I am dead tired of the way they look at a fellow."

"Nothing conceited about you," remarked his brother, dryly. Although younger than Frank, he looked older, and was of a heavy build. He had not much attention from the other sex—that is, not much gratuitous attention.

"It is just because I am not conceited that I am tired of it," said Frank. "I would rather a girl would look at me as if she would nurse me through a fever than as if I was a handsome man, and that is the way that Dearborn girl looked at me to-night when I told her her wages were raised. It is high time they were, too. She has been working under rate too long as it is."

As the two young men talked, the snow, or rather sleet, drove on the windows. It was a bitter night—so bitter that neither thought of going out. Amanda Dearborn also remained at home. There was a sociable in the church vestry, and she had thought a little of going, although it was not her usual custom. But when it began to storm she decided to remain where she was. Her room was cold. It was a north-east room, and when the wind was that way little heat came from the register. She sat in the dark beside her window, wrapped in an old shawl which had belonged to her mother, and which always seemed to her to partake of the old atmosphere of home, and she gazed out at the white slant of the frozen storm. The sleet seemed to drive past the windows like arrows. There was an electric light a little farther down the street, and that seemed a nucleus for the swarming crystals. Amanda sat there huddled in her shawl and thought.

All thoughts are produced primarily by suggestion, and so were hers. A little

package which had been found on her bureau on her return from the shop produced hers. She knew what was in it before she opened it. It required little acuteness to know, because a week before Christmas she and her mother for years had received a similar package from a distant cousin in Maine, and it contained invariably the same thing. Amanda opened the package, and found, as always, an ironing-holder. This year it was made of pink calico bound with green, and the year before, if she remembered rightly, it had been made of green calico bound with pink. Back of that she could not remember. An enormous package of these holders was stored away up in the garret of her old home. Amanda, although she was pessimistic, had a sense of humor. When she regarded this last holder she laughed, albeit a little bitterly.

"What on earth does Cousin Jane Dearborn think I want of an ironing-holder now?" she said, quite aloud. Then she considered that soon, by the last mail that night or the first in the morning, would come another package, from Cousin Maria Edgerly, and that that package would contain as usual a knitted washcloth. She then reflected upon the speedy arrival of another package from still another cousin in the second degree, containing a hemstitched duster of cheese-cloth. She and her mother in the old days had often smiled over these yearly tokens, and said to each other that if they ironed every week-day, and bathed every hour, and dusted betweenwhiles, they would have enough of these things to last for a lifetime. But her mother's smile had always ended with an expression of sympathetic understanding.

"Poor Maria," or "Poor Jane," or "Poor Liza," as the case might have been, the mother always remarked, "she wants to do something, and she ain't got any means and no faculty, and it's all she can do." Amanda's mother had had a curious tenderness for these twice and third removed cousins of hers, whom she had not seen for years, and Amanda took comfort in the reflection that she had never expressed the conviction uppermost in her mind on the receipt of these faithful tokens a week before Christmas. It had been a dozen times on her tongue's end to say, "She is just sending this so as

to make sure she gets something from us," but she had never said it. Instead she had aided her mother in preparing the best return presents they could afford—presents which meant self-denial for themselves. She recalled how the very Christmas before her mother died they had sent Cousin Jane a pair of black kid gloves, although her mother's were shabby. "Poor mother, she did not need gloves very long after that, anyway," Amanda reflected; then she also reflected that, knowing what she was now earning, they kept up this absurd deluge of holders and wash-cloths and dusters, in the hope of a reward. They were to her understanding nothing more than so many silent requests for benefits. Suddenly she became filled with an ignoble anger because of it all.

"Why should I drudge all my life and go without, in order to send Christmas presents to these cousins of mother's whom I have not seen more than two or three times in my life, and who send me things which I don't want, like so many machines?" she asked. Suddenly she resolved that this year she would not. They should get nothing. She had planned to spend fifteen dollars—an enormous sum for her—upon these cousins. She had made up her mind, since she did not know what they needed, to send the money this year, five dollars to each cousin. Suddenly she resolved that she would not. She considered how much she herself needed a new gown—a really nice black gown,—how if she had gone to the sociable that night she had not one gown which was suitable. She reflected, not fairly realizing that she did so, that Frank Ayres might have been at the sociable, and, also without fairly knowing, she saw herself as she might have looked in her poor best dress, in those dancing blue eyes of his. She imagined also herself as she would look, in those same eyes in a dainty costume of black crêpe, similar to one which a girl had who worked in the same room with her. She imagined the fluffy sweep of the long skirt, the lace trimming.

"That fifteen dollars would just about buy the material for the dress," she said to herself. Fifteen dollars when she had paid her board, due the first of the month, was nearly all the ready money she had.

She did not dream of drawing upon her little bank-account. Her increase in wages would not begin until the following Monday. She remembered that there was to be a New-year's festival at the church the week following Christmas, and how she might have the dress made and wear it to that.

Suddenly she thought further; her feminine imagination became sharpened. She thought of a rosette of black lace in her hair. "Why should I give all that money to those far-away cousins?" she asked of herself. "While mother was alive we gave to please her, but now— Why should I in return for all these holders and wash-cloths and dusters, which are absolutely valueless to me, go without things I really need?" She thought furthermore in the depths of her heart, even veiling her thought from her own consciousness, how her youth was fast passing, and she thought again how she would look, in Frank Ayres's eyes. She had an under-realization of what that new black dress might mean to her. After all, in spite of her steadfastness and even severity of character, she was only a woman, and a woman untaught except by her own nature and that of her mother. She thought of this girl and that girl whom she had known, who had had her love affair, and had married and become possessed of a happy home, and she wondered if, after all, she was so without the pale as she had always thought. She began to have dreams as she sat there staring out into the storm, of chance meetings with Frank Ayres, of what he might say and do, of what she might say and do. A warmth stole all over her from her fast-throbbing heart in spite of the cold. She trembled, she smiled involuntarily, and all seemed to hinge upon the new black dress and the lace rosette for her hair.

Suddenly she gave her head a resolute shake. "What a fool I am!" she whispered. She was distinctly angry with herself. She got up, lit her lamp, and looked in the glass. There had been a flush on her cheeks, but that and the smile had gone. Her face looked back at her from the glass, above her flat chest, and her uncompromising collar hostile to that which was the legitimate desire and need of her kind. She glowered at

herself in the looking-glass. "What a fool I am!" she said again.

She took a little stationery-box from the shelf under her table, and got her pen and ink from the shelf. Then she proceeded to cut little slips of paper, and write on them, "For Cousin Jane, with a merry Christmas from Amanda," and so on. She did not own any visiting-cards. She proposed to put a slip with a five-dollar note in each envelope, and send to the three cousins by registered mail. But now the cold of her room struck her again. Her hands felt stiff with it.

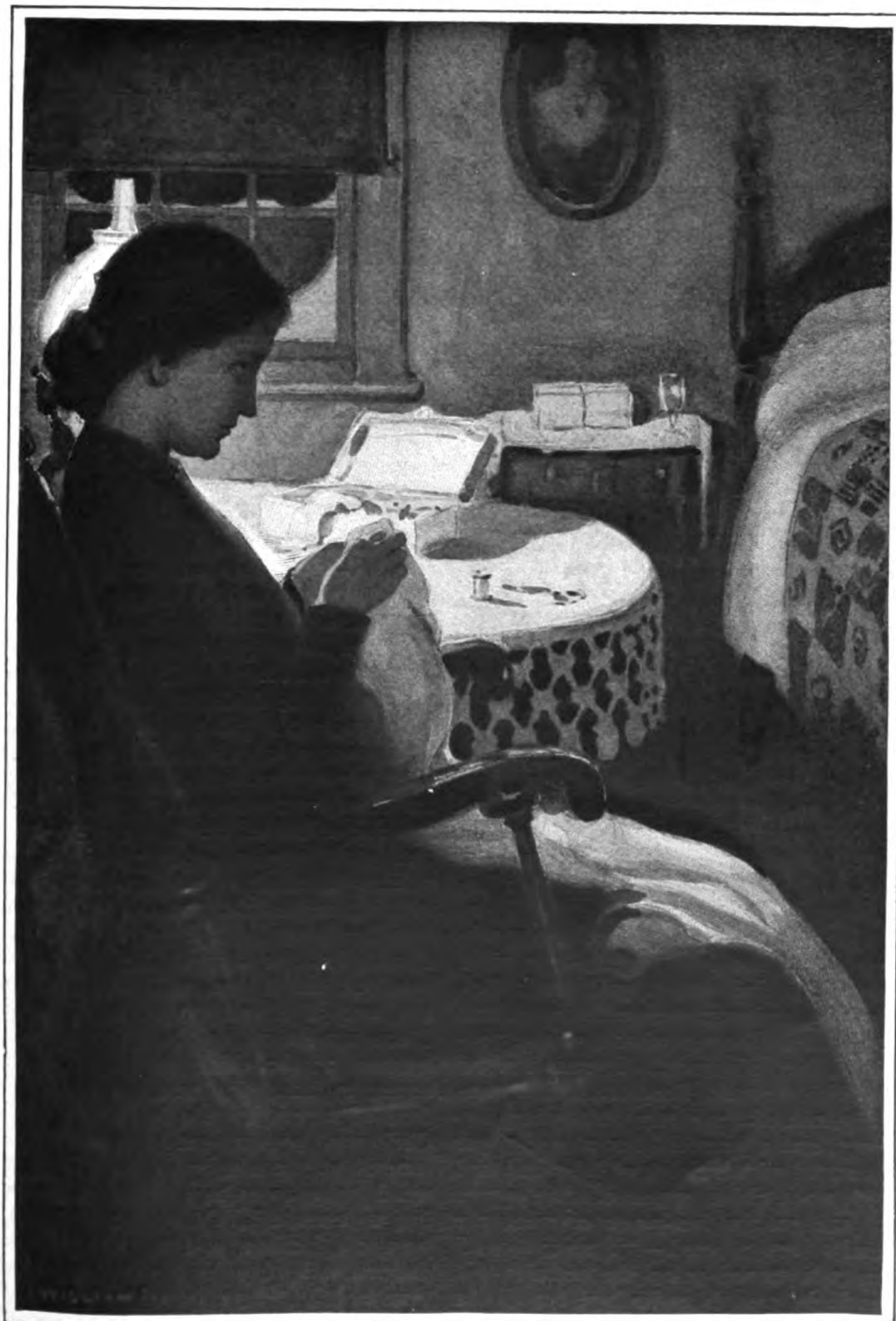
"There isn't any hurry," she said to herself. "Mother never sent anything until the day before Christmas. She thought they liked to get their presents on Christmas day." Then, too, she began to wonder if, after all, it was best to send the money,—if the value of money in gifts would not please them better. She thought that she might buy a pair of blankets for Cousin Jane, who was the poorest of the lot, and a silk waist for Cousin Liza, who had not quite given up, in her remote corner of Maine, the vanities of life, and about whom there had been rumors of a matrimonial alliance with an elderly widower. She also thought that a chenille table-cloth might please Cousin Maria. She decided, on the whole, that she had better wait until the next day before she got the five-dollar notes ready to send, although she was not conscious of a faltering in her determination to send the presents. Therefore she put away her paper carefully—she was very orderly—and went to bed, and lay for a long time awake watching the storm drift and swirl past the window in the electric light.

Amanda probably caught cold that night, for cold air instead of heat came from her register, and the covers on her bed were not so very thick, being well-worn quilts which had belonged to her mother. She had taken a sort of comfort in using them instead of the coverings which the mistress of the boarding-house would have furnished. Sometimes at night she felt, as she nestled under the well-worn quilts, which were heavy rather than warm, as if she were still under the wing of home. Every bit of calico in these quilts had been connected in

some way with her family. However, she caught cold that night, and the next day was so ill that she was obliged to stay away from the shop. She did not even feel equal to getting the presents ready for the cousins. She was, moreover, still undecided whether to buy some gifts or send the money, but she felt too ill even to put the money in the envelopes and make arrangements about registering. The next day she was no better, and it was the fourth day before she could drag herself out of bed and go to the factory. Frank Ayres came and spoke to her, after she had been at work an hour, and inquired if she had been sick, and she felt the blood rise to her steady forehead. A chuckle from the girl at her right after he had gone made her angry, not only with the girl, but with herself and the foreman. The imagination of anything particular in his attention had come to her, but not the belief in it. She simply felt that he was making her an object of ridicule by a notice which must in her case mean nothing.

When she got home that night she was so worn out that she was obliged to go directly to bed. She resolved that the next evening, since the stores were open in the evening during the holiday season, she would go out and look for gifts for her cousins. But the next evening—she had caught a little more cold during the day—she was even more unable to go out. Then she resolved that she would send the money, as she had planned to do in the first place. It was the day but one before Christmas at last, when she dragged herself home, and took out the three new five-dollar notes to put in the envelopes. She had not taken off her wraps, for she wanted to go to the post-office, which was only a block away, to post them and have them registered. Then all at once a revulsion seized her. She again thought of the new black dress which she needed. She thought of the pile of miserable holders and dusters and wash-cloths. She looked at the money.

"What a fool I am!" she said to herself.—"what a fool! Here I shall not have one Christmas present for myself,—not one *real* present, for these are not presents; these are only reminders to me to send the cousins something. Here I am, with no Christmas presents coming



Half-tone plate engraved by J. H. Grimley

THERE WAS SOMETHING UNFAMILIAR ABOUT THE ROOM

to me, going to give away money which I actually need!" Again she seemed to see the foreman's happy, handsome face before her. She remembered the display which the girls around her had made of their gifts that very day. Suddenly she made up her mind that this year she would give her Christmas present to herself. "There is nobody else in this whole world to give me a Christmas present," she thought, "but myself. I will give myself the present."

When she had made this resolve a singular sense of guilt, as if she had blasphemed, was over her, but with it came a certain defiance in which she took pleasure. She began planning how she would have the new black dress made. There was, moreover, all the time the oddest conviction, for which she could not account, of something unfamiliar about the room. It was as if some strange presence was there. Every now and then she looked about. She had her lamp lighted and was seated beside her table doing some mending, but she saw nothing for a long while. She told herself that the quinine which she had taken for her cold affected her nerves. Then all at once she gave a great start. She saw, what it seemed inconceivable that she had not seen before, a package on a little ancient stand, which had belonged to her maternal grandmother, and had always stood by the side of her mother's bed in her lifetime, and now stood beside her own.

She gazed a moment at the package, which was done up in glossy white paper and tied with a gold cord; then she rose, and went across the room, and took it up. She saw what it was—a two-pound box of candy. It was directed to Miss Amanda Dearborn. She carefully took off the glossy white wrapping-paper, and a beautiful box of gold paper decorated with bunches of holly and tied with green ribbon appeared. She opened it, and on the lace-paper covering the candy was a card—"Frank Ayres." Amanda turned pale; she actually felt her limbs tremble under her; but all the while she was assuring herself that there was a mistake, that the candy did not belong to her. She reflected that there was another girl in the factory, working in another room, of the same surname,

although her Christian name was different—Maud. This other girl was very pretty—a beauty some considered her. "This was meant for her," she said to herself, and at the same moment a deep, although ungrudging, jealousy of the other girl seized her. Amanda had good reasoning powers. She admitted that it was quite right and proper that Frank Ayres should send a Christmas token to this other girl in preference to her. She admitted that it was entirely right that the girl should have it instead of her. She was a good girl, besides being pretty and having all the graces which Amanda lacked. She had not one doubt but the box was intended for this other girl, and the more so because she herself knew quite well a young woman who was employed in the store from whence the candy came. She told herself, and with much show of reason, that this young woman, in preparing the package to be sent, had, from knowing her so well, absently confused the two names.

She carefully laid back the folds of lace-paper and looked at the dainty bonbons and fruits glacés. Then she replaced the paper, and neatly folded up the box in the outer wrappings and tied it with the gilt cord, after which she laid it on another table where it would not come to harm, and stood for a moment regarding it. It was only a box of candy, a gift which a man could send to any young woman without in the least compromising himself; it was so slight a matter that taking it seriously would in any case have been absurd, but she thought how she would have felt had it been really intended for her, and if Frank Ayres had sent it. There was something about the very uselessness of the thing which gave it a charm to her. She was not even very fond of sweets, but she had never had a Christmas present except those which savored of the absolutely essential, and which somehow missed something in being so essential. Of course there had been the holders and wash-cloths and dusters, and when her mother was alive they had been accustomed to give each other things which they really needed. That had been all. Amanda, reflecting, could not remember that she had ever had in her life, not even when she was a child, such an expensive and utterly need-



"HERE IS SOMETHING SENT TO ME BY MISTAKE"

less gift as that box of candy. "Such a large box!" she considered, looking at it, "and such a lovely box in itself, and such a waste of ribbon, and if Frank Ayres had sent it, too!"

She began to imagine so intensely what her state of mind would have been in that case that her whole face changed; the downward curves at the corners of her mouth disappeared, she actually laughed. For a second she was as happy as if the box had actually been hers. Then her face sobered, but a change of resolution had come to her with that instant's taste of happiness on her own account. The sweet had been in her heart and relieved it of selfishness because of the joy of possession. One need not covet if one has, and the imagination of having had served her as well as the actuality, accustomed as she was to having little. She wondered how she could for a second have thought of depriving those poor cousins, those women who had had so little of the joys of life, of the Christmas gifts which she and her mother had always bestowed upon them. Her mother's dear reproachful face seemed to look upon her. She imagined the three women going to the post-office—the single one had a mile to go—and finding nothing, and her own heart ached with the ache of theirs. She seemed to put herself completely in their places, to change personalities with them. She looked at her clock and found that she had time enough, and hurried on her coat and hat, took the box of candy, and set out. The candy-store, with its windows radiant with the most charming boxes of bonbons, with evergreens and holly, was first on her way. She entered, and waited patiently for a chance to speak to the young woman whom she knew and who had been an old schoolmate of hers. She had to wait a few minutes, for the shop was packed with customers. Finally she found her chance, and approached the counter with the box.

"Alice," she said, in a low voice, almost a whisper, "here is something which has been sent to me from here by mistake." She spoke in a low tone both because she was embarrassed and because she was afraid that she might make trouble for her friend.

But the young woman, who was fair

and plump, with a slightly imperious air, although she had greeted her pleasantly, stared at her, then at the box. "Why, I did not sell this, Amanda," she said. "I don't know anything about it." Then she called to another girl. "Nellie," she said, "did you sell this box of candy?"

There was a moment's lull in the rush of customers. The other young woman leaned her elbows on the counter and stared with distinct superciliousness at Amanda in her plain garb. She had an amazing bow at her throat, and her blond locks nearly reached Amanda's face with their fluffy scoop. She examined the box with an odd haughtiness which nothing could exceed. She might have been a princess of the blood examining a crown jewel. This girl who worked in a shoe-factory seemed to her immeasurably below her. She felt a contempt for the girl at her side because she treated her so pleasantly.

"Yes, I sold that box to Mr. Ayres," said she. "Why?" She raised her eyes in interrogation rather than pronounced the why.

"It does not belong to me," said Amanda. "It belongs to Miss Maud Dearborn instead of me."

"I am certain Mr. Ayres said Amanda," replied the girl, icily.

But Amanda had also a spirit of her own. She straightened herself. She pushed the box firmly toward the girl. "The box does *not* belong to me," she said, sternly. "Will you be kind enough to erase the Amanda and write Maud instead and have it sent to its proper address?—Good night, Alice." Then she walked out of the candy-store like a queen. She distinctly heard the haughty young woman say that she guessed there must have been a mistake, although she was almost sure he had said Amanda, for she could not imagine what any man in his senses would want to send a box of candy to a cross, homely old thing like that for.

But Amanda did not mind; she was quite accustomed to her own estimate of herself, which was so far from complimentary that its confirmation did not sting her as it might have otherwise done. She went on to the other stores, and bought a beautiful pair of blankets with a blue border—which she had sent by express—



WHEN AMANDA WENT HOME THAT NIGHT, FRANK AYRES WENT WITH HER

for Cousin Jane, a table-cloth for Cousin Maria, and a silk waist for Cousin Liza. Then she returned home and enclosed her slips of paper with her name and Christmas greetings with the waist and the table-cloth, and got them ready for the mail. She also wrote a letter to Cousin Jane, which she sent the next morning, that it might reach her at the same time the blankets arrived. Then she went to bed and thought of the delight which the other girl would feel when she received the box of candy from Mr. Frank Ayres. She seemed to enter so intensely into her state of mind that the same happiness came to her. The suggestion precipitated a dream. She dreamed, when at last she fell asleep, that she was the other Dearborn girl—the one with the pretty face—and that the candy had come to her, and she wondered how she could ever have thought she was anybody else. Then she awoke and remembered herself, and it was time to get up, although not yet light; still the unreasonable happiness had not yet gone.

She went to the shop, and saw Maud Dearborn, looking unusually pretty, standing near the office door. She was evidently waiting for Frank Ayres to come out, and, in fact, he did at that moment. "Thank you so much for the lovely box of candy," Amanda heard Maud say, in her pretty voice; then she passed on to her own room and took her place at her machine. She wondered a little when after a while Mr. Ayres came up to her and said good morning and asked her if she was quite recovered. She answered him quietly and resumed work, and heard the girls near her chuckle as he went away; and again the feeling of anger and injury that they should make a mock of one like her came over her. She reflected how she had gone her own way, and never knowingly hurt any one, and the feeling of revolt against a hard providence was over her. She thought of Maud Dearborn, and how prettily she had thanked Mr. Ayres, and again she seemed to almost change places with her. A great gladness for the other girl who was more favored than she irradiated her very soul. Then she fell to thinking of the joy of the cousins when they would receive their gifts. Her face relaxed, the expression of severity

disappeared. She fairly smiled as she bent over her arduous, purely mechanical task. For the first time she seemed to realize the soul in that, as in all work, or rather the power in all work, for spiritual results. "If I did not have this work," she thought, "I could not have given those presents. I could not have made those poor souls happy."

That night when she went home she reflected with delight that the next day was a holiday, and she would be free of the humming toil of her hive of work for one day at least. She went directly up-stairs to her own room to wash her face and hands and remove her wraps before supper. The minute she entered the room she had, as she had the night before, that sense of something strange, almost the sense of a presence. She looked involuntarily at the little stand beside her bed, and there was another package of candy, directed plainly to her. She opened it with trembling fingers, and there was Frank Ayres's card. Even then she did not dare to understand. The thought, foolish as it was, flashed through her mind that Mr. Ayres might be making presents to all the girls, that she was simply one of many. Even as she stood divided between joy and uncertainty she heard a quick step on the stairs, and there was a knock on the door. The maid employed by the boarding-house mistress gave her a note from the young woman whom she knew in the candy-store. It was this:

"DEAR AMANDA,—Do, for goodness' sake, keep this box of candy. Mr. Ayres just bought it of me, and when I said Miss *Maud* Dearborn, he fairly snapped me up. I guess the other was for you fast enough. Guess you've made a mash.
ALICE."

Even the rude slang of the note did not disturb the joy of conviction that came to the girl. She knew that the present, the sweet, useless, very likely meaningless present, was hers. She realized the absurdity of her suspicion that Mr. Ayres was presenting two-pound boxes of candy to all the girls in the factory. She laughed aloud. She opened the box, and folded back the lace-paper, and gazed admiringly at the

sweets. She no more thought of eating them than if they had been pearls and diamonds. She gazed at them, and she again seemed to see the foreman's handsome, laughing face.

Suddenly she made a resolution. There was a Christmas tree in the church that evening and she would go. She had not taken off her wraps. She hurried downstairs and into the busy, crowded street. She went to a store where a young woman whom she knew worked at the lace-counter.

"See here, Laura," she said, "I want to buy a lace collar. I want to go to the tree to-night, and my dress is too shabby to wear without something to smarten it up a bit. But I can't pay you till Saturday night."

"Lord! that's all right," replied the young woman. She gave a curious glance at Amanda's face, and began taking laces out of a box. She looked again. "How well you do look!" she said; "and I heard you were laid up with a cold, too."

"My cold is all gone," replied Amanda. She selected a lace collar which would cost a third of her week's wages.

"Well, you *are* going in steep," said the young woman.

"I would rather not have any lace than cheap lace," Amanda replied.

"Well, I guess you are right. It don't pay in the long run. That will look lovely over your black dress. I wish I could go to the tree, but I can't get out; my steady will be there, too. You are lucky to work in a shop, after all."

"Maybe I am," laughed Amanda, as she went away with her lace collar.

When she got home there was a loud hum of voices from the dining-room, and an odor of frying beefsteak and tea and hot biscuits. She tucked her lace collar in her coat pocket and went in and drank a cup of tea and ate a biscuit. Then she hurried up to her room and got out her best black dress and laid it on the bed. Then she smoothed her hair, and gazed at herself a moment in her glass. She loosened the soft brown locks around her face, and saw that she was transformed. There was a pink glow on her cheeks; the smiling curves of her lips were entrancing. She put on her dress and fastened the lace collar, which hung in graceful folds over the shoulders, with

a little jet pin which had been her mother's. Then she looked again at herself. She looked a beauty, and she wondered if she saw aright. She looked away from the glass, then looked again, and the same beautiful face smiled triumphantly back at her. She was meeting herself for the first time, and not only admiration and joy but tenderness was in her heart. The woman who sees herself beloved for the first time sees something greater and fairer in herself than she has ever seen. Amanda glanced at the beautiful box on the stand—she had not replaced the wrapping-paper,—and the gold of the box, decorated with holly, gleamed dully. She had become quite sure that Mr. Ayres would not have sent it to her unless he had singled her out from the others; she had become sure that the first box had been meant for her. She laughed aloud when she thought of the other Dearborn girl; then she felt sorry—so careful had she always been of money—that he had been obliged to buy another box,—of the most expensive candy, too. Then she put the box in her bureau drawer and locked it. The thought had come to her that the maid might enter the room and take a piece, and that would seem like sacrilege.

Amanda put on her coat and hat and went to the Christmas tree. She was rather late, and the gifts were nearly distributed. She took a seat at the back of the vestry, which was fragrant with evergreen. She listened to the names which were called out, and saw those called go forward for their present. Her name was not called, and she did not expect it to be. She had from a side glance a glimpse of Frank Ayres near her. After the presents were distributed, and people began moving about, she felt rather than saw him coming toward her. She was quite alone on the settee.

"Good evening, Miss Dearborn," he said, and she turned quite sedately—she had much self-control.

"Good evening," she replied. Then she thanked him for his present. He laughed gayly, and yet with a certain tenderness of meaning.

"I meant the box that Miss Maud Dearborn got for you," he said, "but somehow there was a mistake in sending it."

"It was sent to me," replied Amanda, in a low voice, "but I thought that you could not have meant it for me."

"Why not?" asked Frank Ayres, gazing at her with an admiration which she had never seen in his eyes before. He was in reality thinking to himself that, much as he had liked her, he had never known she was so pretty.

Amanda stole a glance at him. "Oh, because," she said.

"Because what?"

"Why, I thought she was a girl you or any man would be more likely to send a box of candy to," she said, simply, and a soft blush made her face as pink as a baby's.

"Nonsense!" said Frank Ayres. "You underrate yourself." Then he added, "But a man rather likes a girl to underrate herself."

When Amanda went home that night, Frank Ayres went with her. When they reached the door of her boarding-house they stopped, and there was a pause.

"You must miss your home dreadfully since your mother died," he said.

"Yes, I do," replied Amanda.

"I have missed mine a good deal, too," Frank Ayres said. There was another pause. "I have been thinking pretty hard about setting up another one before long," he said, in a low, almost timid voice.

Amanda said nothing.

"I saw last week that the house you used to own was for sale," said Frank Ayres.

"Yes, it is, I believe," replied Amanda, faintly.

"It is a good house, just the kind I like."

"Yes, it is a good house."

There was another pause. Frank Ayres's face had lost its gay, laughing expression; he looked sober, afraid, yet determined. "May I come and see you sometime?" he asked.

"I shall be very glad to have you," replied Amanda, in a whisper.

They shook hands then, and Amanda went into the house. When she was in her own room she took the pretty box out of the drawer and sat with it in her lap, thinking about Frank Ayres and her mother, and kept Christmas holy.

The Lost Ideal

BY CHARLOTTE WILSON

'TIS not because I loved you in those years,
Those early years, that will not come again:

That would not wake this wan old ghost of pain,
That walks a stranger to the balm of tears;

Not that my spirit worshipped at your feet,
And made no marvel of so plain a thing:
I would not grudge the bluebird to the spring,
Nor wish an April niggard of her sweet;

Not what I gave, but something that I missed,
Vexes my vision of the vanished years:
Not that young love stored up so many tears,
But that you broke the vase of amethyst!

Editor's Easy Chair.

IN one of the London weekly newspapers there was held, during the latter part of last summer, a controversy or debate of the sort now somewhat fadedly known as a symposium, on a question not likely to lose its curious interest through unanimous agreement. Do we think in words, or is there a mental process independent of them, or precedent to them? This was the point, or nearly the point, on which a number of clever people, including people apparently of scientific training, as well as gifted amateurs, amicably differed through the course of several weeks, when the affair was closed by the editor, who seemed to think that he had a duty to his readers as well as his contributors. It may, therefore, be reopened, at least on one side, without danger of the amenities losing themselves in exasperation, as they might have done if the discussion had been carried farther on the original terms.

It seemed to us, in following the English controversy, that the two sides there represented equally ignored the subdivision of thinking into the several kinds of which it consists. One side more or less merely insisted that there never was any thinking which was not done in words. The other party as sheerly argued that there was no thinking in words, that words were only the utterance of thinking; that they formed the highway for thought, and that the mind, the soul, the spiritual body, journeyed upon them as a man walks the road.

We believe it will be apparent to those intelligent readers whom we like always to fancy ourselves addressing that there are really two sorts of thinking. For convenience' sake we may call the one sort subjective, and the other sort objective. The last always follows the first, and without the first, it cannot be. It is the distillation into dramatic form of the elements held in solution in the alembic of the mind. Only a few exceptional persons of the more gifted sex can be supposed to think and speak at the same time, for it would not be polite to suppose that they speak so much as they do

without thinking. They are quite confident that they do both simultaneously, and they are equally sure that persons of the other sex, who claim to do their thinking inside of their skulls before it finds delivery at their lips, do not think at all. When these believe themselves to be lost in silent thought the vocal thinkers say that they are merely mooning. They often ask them, "What are you mooning about *now*?" as if silence were positive evidence of mental vacuity; and when it is answered that they are just thinking, they are apt to return, "Then, why don't you say something?"

It must be owned that there is a good deal in their reasoning, and that the burden of proof that they are really thinking rests with such as do not think aloud. Unless they speak how are they better than

"sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain"?

We are aware that all this does not quite touch the point at issue. The point is whether thought which does not present itself in words to the thinker himself is really thought. Is there not some remoter, more elementary mental activity worthier of the high name of thinking than the crude, obvious, tangible expression, in which the thinker is always aware of a difference from his concept and of a grievous loss through the difference? There is nothing that people more easily deceive themselves in than the matter of thinking. You often hear a man who is commonly regarded as an excellent husband and father saying to his wife or his child, "I will think it over," and perhaps he goes away actually believing that he will do so. But if it is, as most probably it is, an unwelcome request or an impracticable proposal, he does not think it over; he merely thinks how best he may forget it, and when he has forgotten it he believes that he has reasoned himself out of agreeing to it.

Or, take the case of a young lady who has received an offer of marriage late in the evening, but is unable to say either yes or no at the moment, and has asked

time to think it over. In the morning she decides to accept it; but has she really thought it over, and over, and over, the whole night through, as she imagines, and as she confides to the friend she tells of it? Has not she rather simply agonized the long hours away, in a shimmer of swiftly successive emotions, with nothing that can be accurately called ratiocination, though she has vividly dramatized a thousand decisions for or against? It may be that she decided to accept her lover as soon as he was out of the house, and that till she next met him she was rapt from assent to assent, so that she was perfectly exhausted by what she would call thinking. But was it any sort of mental operation?

There is a great deal of what may be termed retroactive cogitation which is mistaken for thinking. Many years ago we heard an eminent London publisher declare of his still more eminent friend the author that if ever you knew Charles Kingsley to say, "I have always thought," you could be perfectly sure that the thing had just that instant occurred to him, and that he had never had it in mind before. His habit is one which was by no means peculiar to Kingsley, whom his friend did not accuse of dishonesty in it.

But again we are wandering from the point. The question is what we have stated before, and we need not repeat our luminous exposition. We need only repeat our belief that there are two kinds of cogitation. One may be called thinking without words and the other thinking within them. We are inclined to believe that the first kind is primary thought and the last kind secondary thought, or, as we have said, subjective and objective. Those who think they always think in words are perhaps emotional temperaments deceived by the rapidity of their mental action. We have all had some experience of what is habitual and constant with them, as when, for instance, we have been aggrieved by Jones. The injury or insult has gone so deep that it has at once penetrated to the very springs of being, which have flashed forth and bubbled back in a flow of words so rapid that we believe afterwards we have been primarily thinking in them. We have supposed ourselves

going to Jones, representing the whole case to him, and taking vengeance for our grievance in this sort or that, and then we have eloquently appealed to all our common friends for our justification, and perhaps if the thing has become public, have written to the newspapers, attacking Jones and defending ourselves, or if it has got into court, have vividly and eloquently instructed our counsel how to conduct our case. All this we have done in words, with no consciousness of any moment of mental activity prior to the flow of word-embodied thought. Yet there must have been such a moment in which we indignantly conceived of the fact, and wordlessly thought how wantonly and abominably we had been aggrieved.

The effect of any sort of strong provocation is thinking in words. The mind secondarily acts so, and after its primary action, must act so. The subjective mental state becomes objective, and incarnates itself in parlance. But in the absence of strong provocation, and in those hours of serenity, which afterwards record themselves in words, there must be long spaces of time when thought goes on independently of speech, either tacit or explicit, either imagined or expressed. The proofs are not easily alleged; they are almost as coy as the fact itself. But some of them may be stated, as, for example, the difficulty the speaker, and quite as often the writer, has in *finding the word* for the thing he wants to say. The thing is the thought, and of course it existed before the word, or there would have been no demand for the word.

That mental activity which we call unconscious cerebration is prelusive even to wordless thinking, or interlusive, and we have nothing to do with it here. The primary state of wordless thinking is as entirely conscious as the secondary state of worded thinking; perhaps it is even more so. But if what we say is not true, and if wordless thinking is altogether imaginary, how are we to account for the phenomena familiarly attendant on the loss of memory? It is known that loss of memory was one of the afflictions of Emerson in his later life, and it is said that one of the phases of his affliction was that he could not remember the names of things, though he could remember

their properties and offices. No one will be so bold as to say that Emerson did not think in the days and years of his failing memory, when apparently he could not have thought in words, when he sought long and painfully for them, and when sometimes he could find them only with the help of others.

His state was merely an exaggeration of the common, the almost normal, difficulty of *finding the right word* which writers and speakers experience. Almost in proportion to this difficulty is the excellence of their performance. It is by no means the ready writer or the ready speaker who gives evidence of having thought most over the things he says. In fact, if we are quite honest with ourselves we must own that when we have been most facile we have been most superficial, that when we have most immediately thought in words we have thought turbidly and shallowly. There is, of course, the theory of inspiration, by which the writer or speaker becomes the instrument through which some higher mind utters itself; but this is scarcely the condition of the original thinker, and glibness of phrase is not always evidence of inspiration.

In the sense of something fruitful or edifying there has been very little thinking in the world. But this is not the kind of thinking that the parties to the controversy mean. They mean the kind of mental or passionate activity which ensues upon the conception of something, from somewhere, that vitally or that vividly concerns the thinker, whether edifying or not. Generally it is a selfish interest, and the mental or passionate activity is quite one-sided. It may be conveniently called thinking, but it cannot accurately be called reasoning, which, as we understand, takes account of every side of a question and endeavors solely for the truth. When the passionate activity puts itself into words the words are entirely in behalf of the thinker. In the case of our grievance from Jones, we cannot remember to have allowed him a single word out of the copious flow of language which we turned upon him in reproach and reproof. He had absolutely nothing to say for himself simply because we did not supply him with the words to say it in. But if we had been reason-

ing upon the matter, surely we should have found some shadow of excuse, some attenuated form of justification for him, and we could not have ungenerously withheld expression from him. Even an outraged and indignant man is not capable of such cruelty with an adversary, if he has reasoned upon his offence.

But had we reasoned? No, we had thought. But had we thought? No, we cannot honestly call the process thinking; and this brings us to an important conclusion, or rather, since we like being unfinal, conjecture. We have distinguished already between the two states of thinking and have called the one before the embodiment of thoughts in words the primary state, and the one after the embodiment of thoughts in words the secondary state. But now we are inclined to distinguish again, and to ask the reader, whose judgment we respect so much, whether he really believes the secondary state ought to be regarded as thinking at all. Should not it rather, and far rather, be called feeling? Is not it quite passionate and scarcely mental? The very one-sidedness of the thinking which casts itself in words, the consuming and exclusive egotism of its eloquence, is proof that it is emotioning and not reasoning. As soon, if there is anything in our supposition, as a man (we will not say a woman) thinks in words, he is not thinking at all, he is feeling. How often have we heard the saying from one of the parties at issue, "He would not listen to reason." But was reason really addressed to the stubborn recusant, or merely emotion: a defective and unconvincing report of the words which had rehearsed themselves in the heart of the speaker already?

We must not let this conjecture carry us too far, for although we may have some cause to believe it just, it still leaves the nature or fact of what we have called the primary state of thinking undefined and even undivined. What is that state? To all outward seeming it is the sort of obsession which the more gifted sex has stigmatized as mooning, but it must be something more or other than that. The man is lost in thought. He sits mum and solitary when he ought to be talking and making himself agreeable. If he is in the primary state of

thinking he is so far from sociable that he is not even talking to himself; and here we touch a point which we cannot forbear urging, although it is rather out of sequence. Will those who hold that thinking is inseparable from words, and that there is no thinking except in words, contend that when people are talking to themselves they are thinking aloud? Or are they the prey of an uncontrollable impulse, an overmastering emotion which forces them to put their *feelings* into words? One cannot overhear them without a certain discomfort, without the sense of privy to something unwholesome, almost insane. Yet are they doing anything more than giving audible utterance to the process of thinking in words which some inquirers declare to be the only process of thinking? If we could overhear what passes in the mind when one begins to think in words, how should we find it to differ in substance and effect from the unedifying and rather creepy thing known as talking to one's self? Should we regard it with the same esteem, the same high expectation as that brooding silence of the mind which precedes it, if we could in like manner be privy to that?

It is this silence through which man is in communion with the unseen, the unknown, the unimagined. In its depths is the movement of viewless ideas, the stir of inchoate cogitations shaping themselves to consciousness out of memories, dreams, inheritances of the ancestral past, and not yet declared in the words that shall limit and deform the grandeur and beauty they are to embody and deliver. When the limitation and deformation begins, only the habitual mooner can feel the loss which ensues. The chipper thinker in words cannot conceive of it. He has no recollection of the august state which antedated expression, in which alone he has his mental being. The primary state of thinking has with him been so brief that he cannot believe his formal cogitation has its origin there. This state, however, may be so prolonged that the concepts in which it abounds may never ultimate themselves as thoughts perceptible to others. It is then mere reverie, practically sterile and fruitless, and is not to be regarded as anything better than dreaming; though

as to dreaming, we are here reminded to ask, has any one inquired whether we dream in words? Now and then, of course, we are aware that our dreams break into words; something is said; but that is near the point of waking, when dreaming loses its nature. People talk in their sleep, but that is like talking to one's self, and does not seriously count. In true dreams there seems to be very little wording; there is abundant experience, but scarcely any expression.

The dreaming state, however, differs from the state of primary thinking in being quite involuntary and wholly beyond the dreamer's direction or control. The primary thinker is in the full and free enjoyment of his powers. Without committing his thoughts to the bounds of words he is aware of being most wakenly in the midst of them, and of being able to subject them to his will, to turn some aside and accept others, and give tendency to all, making them work to the end which is not the less definite because it is undefined. His state cannot be analyzed; it is essentially alien to representation. It lies near the borders of dreaming, but it is a free state, and not a despotism. It cannot be continued without losing itself in reverie; it can only preserve its integrity and attest its validity by giving itself to the expression in which it ceases to be. As soon as it does this, as soon as thought words itself, it loses its infinity; it becomes literature, it becomes poetry, philosophy, history, after-dinner oratory, or whatever inferior thing it inspires and perishes in.

We feel that we have conducted this investigation in the reader's behalf at a risk which he should be grateful to have been relieved from; for there is something very bewildering in watching the operations of the mind, and trying to determine the point which separates wordless from worded thinking. Some intellects cannot bear the strain, and from being clear lenses which transmit the light, they turn into kaleidoscopic tubes full of pretty iridescences, which shatter and obstruct it. The brain whirls if you interrogate it too closely as to how it is working, and you end in thinking neither in nor out of words. We seriously advise the reader against any such self-scrutiny.

Editor's Study.

OUR handling of things has narrow range, but our vision widens endlessly within its earthly horizons and in its celestial expansion. Our large awareness is ample compensation for our little doing; it is the greater part of our being—the something which makes being appreciably so much greater than doing.

Herein it is that the reader has, as such, a vast advantage over the writer, or over himself as a writer, if he happens to be one. Unremitting authorship would almost seem to preclude reading by the author; at least we wonder when he can find time for it, and are likely to consider that important and most interesting function as having concluded before he took seriously to writing. Some writers, less prolific in production, we are sure must have read much after they entered upon the career of authorship, and to good purpose, as is evident from the background and texture of their work—George Eliot, for instance, whose keen intellectual curiosity must have constantly lured her even into quests not directly helpful to her as a novelist; and Charles Reade, who eagerly perused the newspapers for striking actualities, and all narrative literature for old stories, having in view the fresh revival of them, with some added piquancy. Sir Walter Scott must have been an indefatigable reader in a general way. On the other hand, Dickens shows no dependence upon books either as informant or stimulant, and we see no indication of such a need in the early English fiction of Fielding, Richardson, and Sterne.

The great imaginative writers have, as a rule, been wise if not omnivorous readers. Chaucer probably possessed the best private library of his time. Shakespeare gives evidence in his plays of his knowledge of the ancient classics independently of translations, and was in other fields a well-read man, though not such a scholar as Ben Jonson. Such examples of ripe scholarship as Jeremy Taylor and Milton need but to be mentioned to suggest what affluence accrues to genius from far-away Pierian springs.

But while it is a characteristic dilection of lofty imaginations to cherish every resource of culture, there are rare but remarkable instances of men who, like Bunyan and Hawthorne, have gained preeminence without such reenforcement. Yet Hawthorne had a better knowledge of literature and a sounder intellectual equipment generally than Goldsmith. Genius may rise to any height or fathom any depth without the help of books, but the lack of this kind of culture limits its expanse and flattens its perspective, though travel and the extensive observation of human life will do much to make up for this deficiency, and will to the writer of fiction mean directly far more than any amount of book-knowledge.

The great book is to the author of more value as a stimulus than as a source of information, and while it may not serve as a model of style, it quickens the individual spirit which makes style, besides being helpful as an illustration of possibilities in the art of expression.

Such books are not many in number, but some of the most important of them are in foreign languages, demanding therefore—since translations will not avail—a liberal education. Usually such a course is preliminary to the career of a man of letters, and the most difficult part of the task is mastered in early manhood, though the best results are obtained only by the continuance of such studies into later years, when they levy a tax upon the author's time not always easily paid. But comparatively few authors of to-day are to this extent men of letters, and it is not a matter of prime necessity that all should be. Within the limits of the English language—including translations and interpretations—the greatest imagination finds abundant nurture. But the nurture is essential. We could not have had a Bunyan if he had not had, at least, the old English Bible.

Fully nine-tenths of our contemporary literature suggests no such nurture, and the writers of it seem to have been brought up on the newspaper,—which, in the case of good newspapers, is not, so far as it goes, a bad training, at least

in terse and forcible expression. But the habits formed by writers breathing this "eager and nipping air," and the attitude toward life and the world taken by these writers, are not conducive to the production of great literature. Hundreds of American young men and women are every year swallowed up in the relentless whirl of this literary maelstrom, from which escape is difficult. The sordid or the sensational aim is most in evidence, and the literary result, usually in the form of fiction, is either unnaturally cold and cynical, or it is feverish and hysterical. These writers find a ready audience of readers brought up on the same highly seasoned diet. It does not even occur to us to inquire what acquaintance an author of this kind may have with the masters of literature; he belongs to a busy and self-sufficient world which worships smartness and success—a practical world, even in its romance and adventure, but not a sane world, since sanity and nobility are inseparable,—a world whose aims fall short of aspirations, and all of whose goals must be renounced by the youth who with spiritual devotion and enthusiasm would give himself to statesmanship, scholarship, science, art, or literature.

Some cloistral seclusion, involving a withdrawal from the distractions of this busy and strenuous world, is not more necessary to the poet than it is to the novelist who studies and interprets contemporaneous life and society; and it is well if this seclusion serves for communion, through their books, with authors who have given distinction to literature. Yet a great writer's leisurely solitude is more for thought than for reading—it is the self-communion that is most important, for, after all, the writer's own personality gives the distinctive value to his work.

The mind most active in production is in its leisure a wonderful absorbent. Books are devoured as by some swift flame which disdains registration in time. Time, indeed, is something negligible in either the expansion or absorption of genius, as it is in childhood; the energy also seems tireless as well as timeless, as if the giving and taking were play rather than work.

The number of books produced by some authors—authors, too, worth reading—seems like a miracle, making upon us an impression such as we receive from the endless disclosure of new letters written by Washington. A notable instance of this kind of surprise was that offered by Professor James De Mille, who during his later years wrote a number of romances for his own amusement, and put them aside with no thought of publication. But one day he let one of them out into the world, under the title of *Cord and Creese*, which was published as the first serial novel in *Harper's Bazar*; and from that time to his death, at the age of forty-three, these romances, full of exquisite humor and romantic adventure, followed each other in rapid succession. Then, we thought, the delightful course was run, but, behold, a posthumous series was brought to light, discovered in unsuspected hiding-places, one after another, and eagerly availed of by his old publishers. At length it seemed that the limit had been reached; but years after the writer had passed away a new novel was discovered, *A Manuscript found in a Copper Cylinder*, the greatest of the author's works, deserving to rank as a classic. The writer who did all these things so easily, incidentally producing an excellent work on Rhetoric and attending regularly to his duties as professor in Dalhousie College, undoubtedly had genius, and probably he was as much of a marvel as a reader, absorbing the best books of his own time and of the past, without apparent effort.

In the face of such miracles, how insignificant seems the elaborate computation so often insisted upon, showing how impossible it is for any one in the longest of lives to master more than a small fraction of human literature! The mathematical demonstration is faultless—so many years so many folios; but the fallacy involved is that in the estimate of time a moment is given a fixed value, the same for every mind and in every kind of mental operation, whereas we know that the moment in a dream is wholly indeterminate as to its possible content, that the boy's moment holds more than a man's, and is quite sufficient to any of his "long, long thoughts," and that time itself expands with the ex-

pansion of the imagination. Moreover, no allowance is made for the subtlety and swiftness of a selection that amounts to divination.

Reading as an industry is quite another matter—the kind that Bacon said “makes a full man” (think of Shakespeare saying that!), as if a man’s mind were like his stomach, with a certain definite capacity; and certainly the “industrious” reader who formally sets himself down to a book—for all that is in it, good, bad, or indifferent, taking it all in as so much compassable material—and to commendable book after book in this way, does seem to be stuffing his mind up to its capacity and is likely to show signs of “fulness”—especially if he writes, when he becomes the “industrious author.” Upon him the limitations of time and of space press heavily; there is no miracle of imaginative expansion in his production, or of vital and quick selection in his absorption of literature.

In any computation of a reader’s power to avail of the accumulated store of human culture contained in books it must be remembered that only a very small fraction of what passes for literature in the general estimate is really such in the higher sense, that is, the product of creative imagination and of creative interpretation. This real literature lies easily within the command of the reader who has a quick and deep imaginative sensibility. It is also within his power to comprehensively grasp the essential data and principles of human history and philosophy, formerly hidden in formidable and indigestible tomes, but now in great part translated from the literature of mere knowledge into that of the real literature of power.

We are now passing from the consideration of the writer as a reader to that of the reader *per se*, to whom the habits and obligations of authorship have no concern. We may as well confess that we have undertaken the subject, from this point of view, “by request,” and rather reluctantly, because advice is asked for. But as the request comes from readers of the Study we have the right to assume such intelligence on their part as dispenses with the necessity on ours of imparting obvious or elementary in-

formation. Nor do we need to specialize for the benefit of our readers, who, in so far as they desire to pursue particular courses of reading for practical purposes or for the gratification of individual tastes, are quite competent to determine their own selection.

As to the general field of what we are pleased to call real literature, it is so wide and it is all so alluring that we are indisposed to suggest limitations; we would rather favor the utmost liberty of choice. The prime condition for the enjoyment of such a feast is that keenness of appetite which easily foregoes high flavors and condiments. Indeed, the highly seasoned dishes are only to be found on side-counters for hasty repast; they can have no place at the banqueting-table spread for all time.

This banquet is quite apart from the pleasures and activities of the busy world, however much these may enter into its “table-talk,” even in that owing their interest and significance to the detachment. The cultivated reader of to-day lives in two worlds—one, that of progressive civilization, where his mind is developed and his moral character formed with reference to external relations, industrial and social, and to the needs and opportunities of his advanced time; the other, as free as genius itself is from all considerations of improvement and betterment—the world of pure ideals as to what in the absolute sense is beauty, truth, or goodness. It is to this latter world that the literature of power belongs; and while there is no restriction as to the sources from which its material is drawn, while, indeed, this material is more fitly and naturally derived, as in the best fiction, from life, yet everything is made anew in the creative imagination, so that the essential truth is disclosed. The detachment is maintained in the field of pure contemplation.

It is true that a large majority of readers never sit down to the higher banquet, preferring to see things as they seem and as they are presented by writers, themselves as dizzy as the dizzy apparitions they behold, and whose very pens seem drunken with the confused rages and passions they describe; and the question is often anxiously raised nowadays whether more than a bare remnant

can disengage themselves from the distractions and distempers of a superficial view of life or have any but the most distant respect for high ideals. Always it is but a remnant. Our only hope is in its steady increase, and of that we are assured. Possibly the Philistines increase more rapidly. As we have said, they belong to a self-sufficient world, having in their material, mental, and moral progress apparently just occasion for boasting, and are therefore the more easily deceived. It is needless to consider the aims and inclinations of the outlying Barbarians who happen to be able to read and for whom a suitable literature is abundantly provided.

In our consideration of the world of readers we are not departing from the discussion of conditions affecting the production of literature. The audience is the most important of these conditions. The writer does not make it; rather, it awaits him, largely determining his aims, his themes, and in a general way his manner of appeal, though not his individual style. We may say that a certain audience was permissive of Shakespeare, of Spencer, of Milton, of Bunyan, of Addison, of Wordsworth, of Browning, of Henry James.

The author and his contemporaneous audience react upon each other. The favor of the best readers is the sunshine of genius; and genius not only meets the waiting response of readers, but creates in them new expectations, with advancing horizons, which still advance with coming generations of readers.

It is much easier to generalize concerning those who read, and to magnify their importance as factors in the making of literature, than it is to give advice what and how to read, or how to cherish and cultivate the habit of reading wisely. But a word upon this last point may not be amiss, though it is the art rather than the habit of reading that we would consider. There is an art in the reception of æsthetic impressions, responsive to the art which creates them. This is only saying that the imaginative faculty appeals to an imaginative sensibility. In the case of music it is only in the ear which listens that the composer's creation has its completion. Equally comple-

mentary to the poet's or the creative prose-writer's art is the sensibility which receives it, in a way re-creating it.

Reading is not a lost art to the same degree that conversation is, but it has in most cases an arrested development through so much reading that makes no demand upon æsthetic sensibility, so that one is apt to bring to a fine story full of delicate shades of thought and feeling the same mind which he yields to a newspaper, putting a blunt interrogation as to its meaning as conveyed in the terms of a rational proposition, and the writer's charm is wholly lost upon him.

While the reader's surrender to the author must be complete, his attitude should not be passive, but that of active responsiveness and partnership. This reception involves that quick selection we spoke of a while ago as contrasted with the slow and contractile prehension of the plodding reader. We had in view a vital selection, a kind of divination, not a selection implying inattention or neglect as in cursory reading. Kant is said to have read books by a scrutiny of their tables of contents, but this analytical selection would hardly be applicable to real literature.

Much reading of even the best books without sympathetic comprehension leads to mental and spiritual dissipation. The injurious effect of it upon the very young is apparent, for, while that is the period for generous nutrition, it is through concentration or an almost latent absorption, rather than through wide ranging of unstable and immature faculties, that capacity is deepened. But in well-established and supple youth and in mature manhood much reading should yield only rich benefits and deep satisfactions. It is simply a question of attitude. If the art of reading is maintained, its range need have no limit save that imposed by good judgment. Even the diligent perusal of sane journalism and of books for strictly mental and moral uses, or with reference to equipment for a practical career, need not unfit the mind for the high uses of this fine art. It is the busy rather than the idle man who should be able to make the most of his leisure, and who should most ardently seek to grow into the full stature of manhood through devotion to the humanities.

EDITOR'S DRAWER

Fate and the Circus

BY CLARK B. WAKEFIELD

AS chums go, Dud was a good fellow and generally tractable. Jim-John admitted, but Dud's was not a mind that grasped possibilities and joined with proper enthusiasm in the plans of Jim-John. Thus for the thousandth time since he and Dud had cast lots together in the fraternity of boyhood, Jim-John curled his lip at Dud's shortcomings and peevishly wished that some day he might find a fellow able to see things as he saw them himself.

Half an hour previous Jim-John had tossed a note, in their newly invented code, to Dud at his desk. But that partner, instead of at once falling to work to decipher it, had winked receptively at Jim-John, thrust the note into his arithmetic, and continued to manipulate his soap-stone slate-pencil on to-morrow's list of "problems."

Jim-John got up and shuffled again to the dictionary-stand, where by dint of reaching far as he bent over the open book he managed to kick Dud on the shins. But the teacher, by some uncanny sleight, saw this performance, and needed not Dud's whistling sigh of pain to bring her to the forefront of duty.

"James," she said, fixing him with her philosophic eye, "you and Jefferson will stay in one hour after school."

She gave time for the sentence to sink in before returning to her explanation to the algebra class, and Jim-John slouched back to his seat at war with all the world. He glared at Dud as the cause of his misfortune; but that young gentleman, at last diverted from "problems," had begun to retrieve his error by spreading the note upon his book and attempting a

stealthy translation. It was a slow job, for Dud was better at foot-racing than at codes; and as he toiled with the lines of obscure symbols Jim-John watched him impatiently, spelling out the words with his lips: "I am going to get up a show, and want"—and then with a final effort Dud had it all—"you to help me." He heaved a sigh of relief, and drooped his left eyelid at Jim-John to signify that all was well, and the terrible import of the message understood and in safe-keeping.

"Now what's this about yer show?" asked



IT WAS THE ENVY AND DESPAIR OF JIM-JOHN

Dud later, as they strolled across the yard. He was in his element now, for his thin and wiry frame was capable of performing feats impossible to any other boy in town, and Dud on trapeze or flying rings was vastly superior, in Jim-John's eyes, to Dud poring over English grammar or laboring to decipher a code message. Jim-John's sphere as a schemer and dreamer was forgotten now, and the laurel was for Dud the intrepid, who put his whole soul into games of strength and speed and agility.

"Where you go'n-a have yer show?" asked the leader now, fully conscious of his superiority, but showing it as little as he could.

"Out t' my house."

"Aw, why don't yuh come intuh town? They ain't nobody go'n-a walk a mile out t' your house jist t' see a show."

Jim-John considered.

"But I got the corn-crib all fixed up," he said. "I got two trapezes an' flyin' rings—worked all day last Saturday a-puttin' 'um up. . . . An' yer off about 'um not comin' out there to a show. If it's a good show, an' we advertise it good, they'll come, all rightee, you jist see."

He nodded his head wisely. Dud was not good at argument, so he turned a hand-spring, as a hint of leadership in his own particular field. It was the envy and despair of Jim-John, who always came down on his heels with a bang that almost jarred his head from its moorings. He tried it now with no better success. Dud's smile was cutting.

"I got t' git limbered up," said Jim-John, uneasily, rubbing his trousers. "Seems like I'm stiff 's a board."

"Fishworm oil 'll do it," remarked the champion, in the midst of another hand-spring, which he topped by walking on his hands.

"Aw, go on! I tried fishworm oil. You put me up t' that once before, an' I got a bunch uh worms an' fried 'um in the sun fer three days, an' when I greased myself with 'um yuh c'd smell me fer a mile; an' I got licked, too."

The next Saturday a medicine show came to town. Jim-John walked in to buy a beef roast for Sunday, and on the street he met Dud. The show was to stay in Alexandria a whole week. They had a full-blooded Indian who gave the dances of the savage tribes, and there was also a magician and juggler.

"An' say! He eats glass!" Dud had the air of one who withholds much.

Glass-eating was a new thing to Jim-John. He asked awesomely how Dud reckoned it was done; and then, with the proper effective pause, Dud loosed his thunderbolt.

"He's go'n-a show me how t' do it myself."

He folded his arms and stood at manly ease.

"Well, say," ventured Jim-John, "if yuh learn the glass-eatin', won't yuh do it fer our show?"

It was the complete capitulation of Jim-John, and both knew it.

"Aw, mebbe so. I reckon. Wait an' see," said the leader; and Jim-John held his peace.

The medicine troupe gave a show that night, and Jim-John and all his people saw it. Cassalvo ate glass; in Jim-John's mind there was no doubt about it, though others more worldly-wise affected to sneer at the performance.

"Eat ut? Of course he eats ut!" declared Dud, after the show, when Jim-John found him in the crowd emerging from the opera-house. "I sh'd say he does eat ut! An' he's go'n-a show me how t' do ut as easy as he does."

"Well," said Jim-John, hanging on his reply, "when yuh git it down fine you'll eat some fer our show, won't yuh?" And again Dud "reckoned so."

Jim-John went home from school in a blaze of ambition. He hurried at once to the corn-crib, emptied two weeks before, when the corn was shelled and hauled to town. The crib was well built of fence boards, and was perhaps fifteen feet high by fifty long and fifteen wide. In one end were the seats, boards rising in tiers, and at the other was the curtained space reserved for the actors dressing-room. This last was Jim-John's special pride and dearest delight, and here he spent most of his idle hours. He had an old tool-chest filled with costumes, which he overhauled almost daily; and to these most necessary articles of the circus-performer's career he now devoted himself.

Exhibit A consisted of a suit of red flannel underwear, now doing duty as tights. They were of a most choleric crimson, and as they had been worn by Jim-John when he was two years younger, they were quite properly entitled to be called tights.

Exhibit B consisted of an Indian costume of white flannel—also once underwear—with fringe on the arms and legs; a hatchet and wooden knife covered with tin-foil.

Exhibit C was made up of a false face, and a clown costume of loud calico.

Jim-John got into the red tights and practised on the trapeze until supper-time. There was a cast-off mattress beneath the trapeze, and on it he alighted often, more scared than hurt, only to arise and attempt again the mastery of some feat which seemed to come so naturally to Dud. Also he practised a good deal on his salute to the audience.

After supper he made up a programme of the acts in his show. James Johnson Corbin's name appeared but once—"death-defying feats on the flying trapeze." He could afford to be modest; moreover, he was not certain that he desired to defy death more than one time. But the star of the circus was "Signor Jefferson Carrick, pupil of the renowned Professor Cassalvo, who will eat glass as if it was apples."

Jim-John printed the programme in his most painstaking capitals, and put it under

the dresser when he went to bed. But in the morning, lo! he had thought of a most brilliant conclusion to "this colossal entertainment." After various other feats the circus was to end with a "parachute leap from a lofty eminence," to wit—though the programme did not say so—the top of the barn.

Jim-John went to school in a blaze of enthusiasm; sought out Dud—who did not wish to come, because he was playing ball with the big boys, by virtue of his glass-eating, of which he had already given a private exhibition. The superior youth looked at the show-bill, and expressed his approval. They set the date for the next Saturday but one, at two o'clock in the afternoon; and the last thing Dud said was, "Now you advertise the thing."

The advertising began next day, by the simple process of dragging desirable patrons away from their games, showing the programme, and trying to exact a promise to attend. Jim-John's spare time after school was spent in practising his death-defying feats. Then one day he tried the parachute—not, however, from the peak of the barn roof, but from the gutter over the stable. The parachute was a big umbrella, and it stood the leap, although it did not seem to Jim-John that it broke his fall to any appreciable extent. He informed Dud at once of the trial, and described it as a success.

"I jumped off the barn in the parachute," he said, "an' it never hurt a bit."

Now Dud was fearless and somewhat vainglorious; he desired all the honors; so he at once declared his intention of making the leap at the circus. While this considerably relieved the mind of Jim-John, he felt a little guilty; but he kept silent thereafter on the subject of the parachute.

The day of the circus dawned bright and fair as any circus proprietor could wish—too fair, as it proved, for all Jim-John's cherished hopes; for with that dawn the Evil One moved a woman, no less than



A MEDICINE SHOW HAD COME TO TOWN

Jim-John's mother, to plan a visit to her sister, a seven-mile drive to the north. Jim-John's mother, Jim-John's sister, and—oh, woe!—Jim-John himself, were to go in the buggy.

"But, maw!" wailed the unfortunate circus proprietor. "What 'll they—what they go'n-a—think—when they git here—an' find me gone?"

His voice rose to a shriek of mingled fury and grief.

"I don't care what they think!" snapped Jim-John's mother. "You go right along and git into that buggy, or I'll whip you till you can't set down!"

It was no use now. Jim-John was vanquished. Fate was against him. The gods jeered at him. And as the buggy rolled out of the yard and started northward it was a crushed and broken-hearted boy who leaned and looked back at the corn-crib through a film of tears.

He came on the school-ground early the next Monday morning; and no sooner had he crawled through the back fence than a howling mob rushed him off his feet.

"Here he is, Dud!" and "Give it to him, Dud!" and similar cries rang about his startled ears; and then, unkindest cut of all, came Dud, and smote him so that Jim-John fell on his side, and Dud bestrode him.

He did not cry: he was too enraged for



"'NUFF!" HE GURLED

tears. The injustice—the terrible, flagrant injustice of it all drove away all thoughts but those of fury.

"It wasn't none uh *my* doin'!" he roared, with his head between Dud's knees. "Let me up!"

"Holler 'nuff!" came Dud's voice, shrill and menacing.

Jim-John thrust his face down into the grass; the scalding tears began to trickle down his nose.

"'Nuff!" he gurgled.

Dud raised his victim's head for an instant, and from that battered visage came a flood of explanation.

"Aw, come off!" cried Signor Carrick. "Yuh can't give us none uh that. Makin' a whole gang uv us walk 'way out t' your house tuh a show, an' then runnin' off an' givin' us the laugh! Holler 'nuff!"

Jim-John's head went down again as he struggled desperately to arise.

"Holler 'nuff!" yelled the crowd.

"Tellin' me all about yer 'safe' parachute," went on Dud; "an' how you jumped off the barn in ut; an' when I jumped off, the derned thing turned inside out an' nearly drove my legs up through my brains. Ah, yuh *would*, would yuh!" — this last through clenched teeth as Jim-John squirmed beneath his clutch. "Holler 'nuff!"

Jim-John raised his head again. He looked all about him at the circle of unsympathetic faces; again the fates were against him.

The Baby's Eyes

BY BURGESS JOHNSON

*LISTEN close, that you may surprise
Part of the secret sweet that lies
Buried deep in the baby's eyes.*

Wise is the baby with eyes of brown,
Clenching each little hand,
Wrinkling its forehead into a frown,
Trying to understand.
Sweetest and wisest in all the town,
Thoughtful baby with eyes of brown.

Mischievous babe with the eyes of blue,
Laughing at other folk,
Planning and plotting the whole day
through
Some little baby joke.

Laughing and happy and clever too,
Mischievous baby with eyes of blue.

Calm is the baby with eyes of gray,
Dear little stay-at-home.
Near to the mother in work and play—
Never will care to roam.
More of a comfort from day to day,
Calm little baby with eyes of gray.

Wilful the baby with eyes of black,
Ruling us more and more.
Sunbeams follow the storm-cloud's track
Brighter than those before!
Heart is fonder when smiles come back,—
Wilful baby with eyes of black.



A Street-car Incident

*"THAT laugh of yours, I say again,
Annoys me quite intensely!"
"You'd better cut your whiskers, then;
They tickle me immensely!"*

The Mystery

THE other night I felt so queer
Jus' sitting on the floor,
And Something whispered soft to me.
"You felt like this before."

And I said to the Something:
"Why, yes, I did, that's so!
And you came in the door with milk—
'Twas long and long ago."

And then the door *did* open,
And nursey came and said,
"Drink up this little cup o' milk
Before you go to bed."

It made me feel so funny
When nurse came in the door. . . .
Now where was I, do you suppose,
When this came true before?

L. M. S.



*"I'M glad my pussy cat is fat, instead of
lean and agile,
For she's a tortoise-shell, you know, and
tortoise-shell's so fragile."*

Havin' to Wait

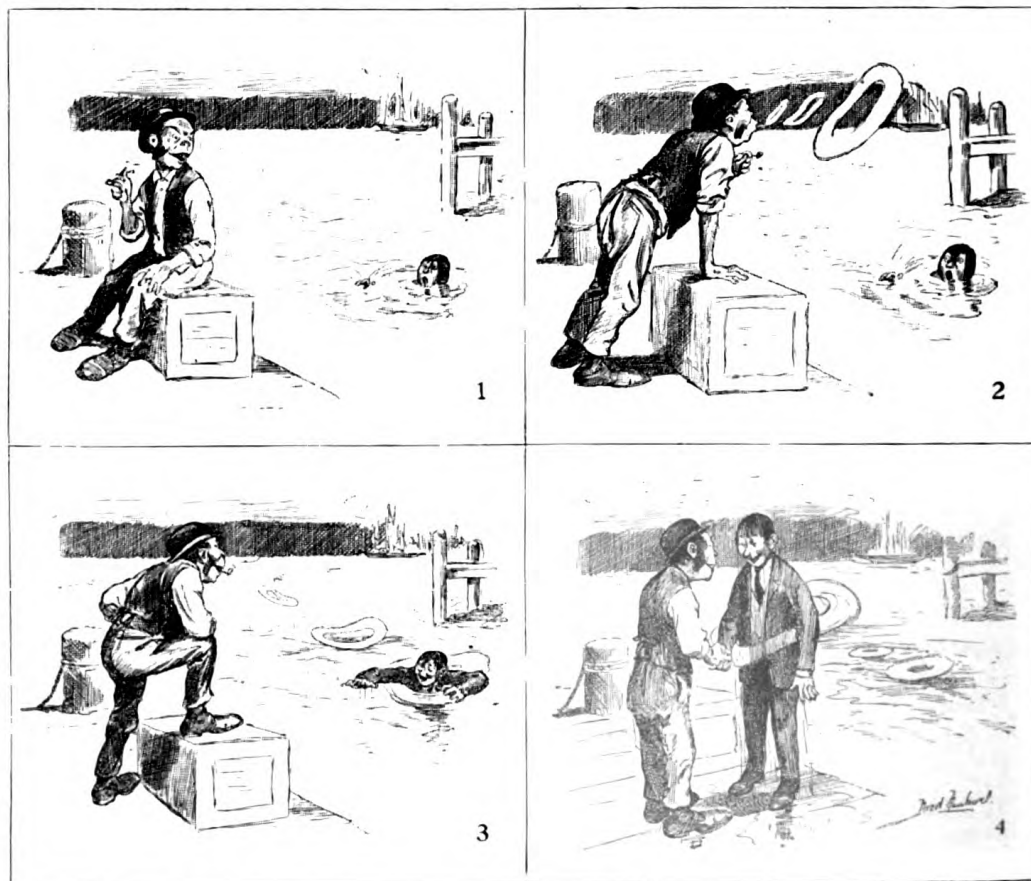
BY EDNA KINGSLEY WALLACE

HAVIN' to wait is awful hard,
When you've got to hurry, or else your
pard
Will go without you.
You *have* to pout—you
Just can't wait 'cause "Mother's busy,"
'Cause so are you—'n' your head is dizzy
With gettin' so mad, when Joe's at the gate,
For it's awful hard, this havin' to wait.

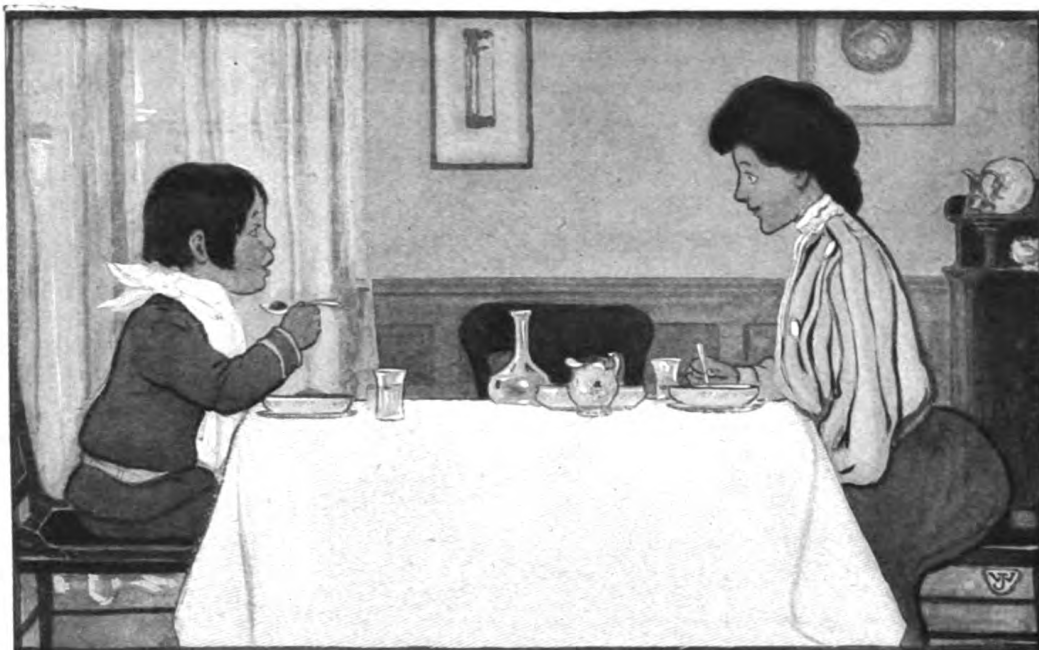
One time she just said, "Hush, my dear,"
When I *had* to tell her, 'n' make her hear,
'Cause things weren't stopping;
An' I got *hopping*
When she wouldn't listen to me at all
'Cause old Mrs. Smithers was there to call,
'N' when I whispered into her ear,
She just said, "There, there—hush, my
dear."

'N' when I just couldn't wait any more,
'N' kicked 'n' pounded my head on the floor,
She said, "I wonder
Who made such a blunder,
And gave me this boy in the place of Jack—
I wish somebody would bring him back!"
'N' I shouted, "I *am* Jack—*so!*—if you
would
Lemme go this once I would be good."

'N' she said: "*My* boy doesn't kick and
shout,
And pucker his lips to an ugly pout.
This must be some other,
Who hasn't a mother
Who loves her boy, and has feelings to hurt."
I just had to bury my face in her skirt.
But—I don't care!—when Joe's at the gate,
It's *awful* hard—this havin' to wait.



A Story without Words



The Commercial Instinct

MOTHER. "Willie, you're getting so careless that I'm going to charge you a cent for every spot you make on the table-cloth."

WILLIE. "I s'pose we can call that ten cents a dozen. Can't we, mother?"

The Twins

WE'RE twins—an' my name's Lucy Brown

An' her name's Lulu; I'm called "Lou,"
An' ever'body in 'is town

'Ey call my sister 'at name, too.

An' folks, 'ey come to see us here,

An' we ist have th' mostes' fun

'Cause ever'body say: "Oh dear!

W'y, 'is one is th' nuther one!"

My papa sometimes look at me,

An' say, "Well, Lulu, how you grow!"

An' nen I laugh, an' nen, w'y, he

Say goodness *sakes!* he'll never know

Which one is *which*. An' nen I say

No one can tell us twins apart

'Cause we're together anyway.

An' nen he holler, "Bless your heart!"

My mamma never gets us mixed;

She always knows my twin fum me.

An' papa say she's got us fixed—

Our clo'es, or hair, so's she can see.

But mamma hugs us bofe up tight

An' kisses us, an' pats our curls,

An' says a muvver's *alwavs* wite

An' always knows her preshus girls.

But nuther folks 'ey ist can't tell—

An' oncet when Lulu clumb a tree

An' couldn't hold, w'y, when she fell

Th' doctor thought 'at she was *me*.

Nen we all laugh, an' he ist say

It's all in how th' notions strike,

'At bofe o' us looks ist one way,

But 'at I look th' most *alike!*

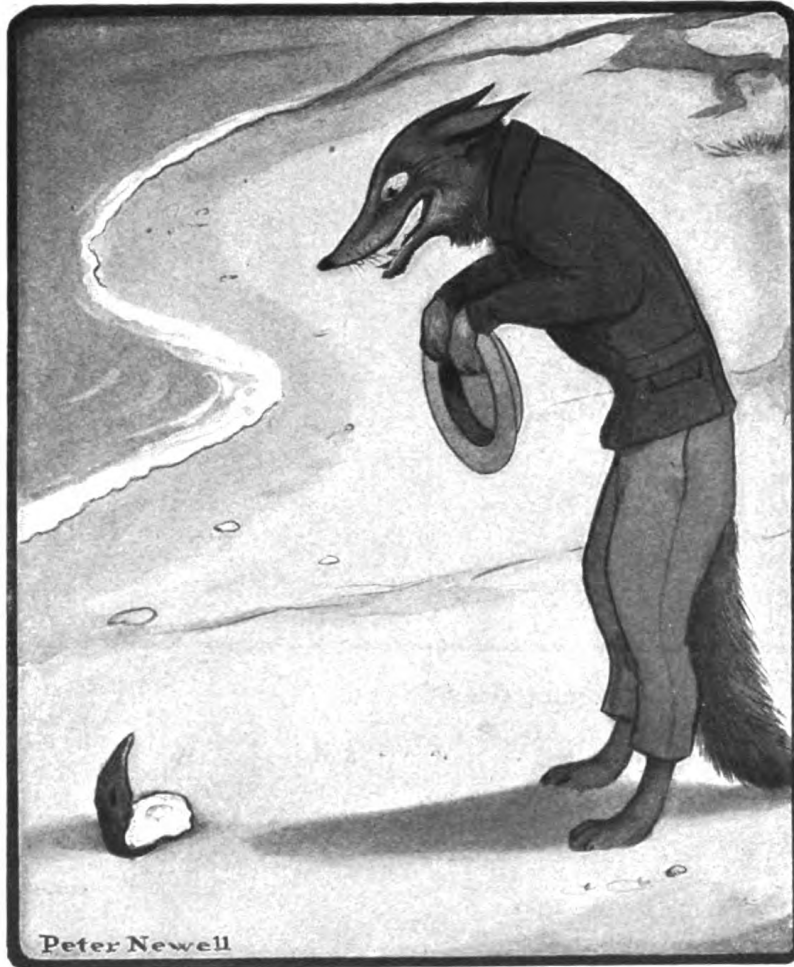
WILBUR D. NESBIT.

Giving Direct

LITTLE Arthur was taken to church for the first time. His mother, knowing the child's power of questioning, had tried to explain to him certain parts of the service—among others, the passing of the plate. The little boy slept during the sermon. Awakened by the first notes of the offertory, he watched with grave interest the deacons who were taking up the collection. When the time came he dropped his little coin into the plate with due solemnity. Just as the deacons were passing to the altar, he caught sight of a friend of his mother's. Wild with delight at the importance of being seen in church, he called out:

"Oh, Mrs. Ellis, I gave my penny to the Lord—that man over there with the bald head!"

W. H. PHILLIPS.



The Clever Fox and the Oyster—A Fable

A CLEVER Fox an Oyster found upon the beach at rest,
Securely locked within its shell, and thus the thing addressed:
“A pleasant night, my dearest friend! I'm sure you'd like to hear
My latest bit of poesy, so lend me, please, your ear.”
And then this wily Fox began, in droning tones and low,
A stupid tale about a Mole and Tommy Rat, her beau.
It seemed as though the tale would last until the day had dawned,
And so the Oyster wearied grew, relaxed its jaws and yawned.
A snap! A gurgle in the throat! A smile, benignant, kind.
An Oyster less was on the beach; the cunning Fox had dined.

*Then never, never yawn, dear friends, whatever bores you meet
For surely at the least a yawn is very indiscreet.*

A Poser

EVELYN is a very cowardly little girl.
The world is so full of terrors for her,
indeed, that her life is scarcely worth the
living. Her father, finding that sympathy
only increased this unfortunate tendency,
decided to have a serious talk with his little
daughter on the subject of her foolish
fears.

“Papa,” she said at the close of his lecture,
“when you see a cow ain't you 'fraid?”

“No, certainly not, Evelyn.”

“When you see a horse ain't you 'fraid?”

“No, of course not.”

“When you see a dog ain't you 'fraid?”

“No!” — with emphasis.

“When you see a bumblebee ain't you 'fraid?”

“No!” — with scorn.

“Ain't you 'fraid when it thunders?”

“No!” — with loud laughter.

“Oh, you silly, silly child!”

“Papa,” said Evelyn, solemnly,
“ain't you 'fraid of nothin' in the world but jest mamma?”

M. S.

Princely Living

LITTLE Karl, aged eight, was given an allowance of five cents a week, and told to save a little. Recently he announced to his mother, with a pathetic air:

“Well, I haven't saved a cent; I know I've been a perfect fool, but, oh, mother, I've lived like a prince!”

Two “Widders”

THE pretty little widow was being wheeled about Palm

Beach by a colored attendant. Upon asking him if he was married he replied:

“Well, miss, I was married, but I ain't now. You-see, ma wife hadn't nothin' to do but cook ma meals and wash ma clothes. But she thought she could make more by herself, so she left me. So, you see, I ain't married no more. Are you married, miss?”

“I'm a widow, Robert.”

There was a silence, then:

“Hi! Gi! A widder pushin' a widder!”

AIMEE RUGGLES GREENE.



Illustration for "The Great La Salle"

See page 342

LA SALLE CHRISTENING THE COUNTRY "LOUISIANA"

HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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No. DCLVII

The Great La Salle

BY HENRY LOOMIS NELSON, L.H.D.

ONANGHISSE, chief of the Potawattomies, used to say that he knew of only three great captains—M. de Frontenac, M. de la Salle, and himself. The Indian chief, knowing the two Frenchmen, was not poor in acquaintance with great men. More civilized men of a larger world echo his estimate of Frontenac and of La Salle. Men of La Salle's time disagree; but sometimes critics and purloiners of his fame, like Hennepin, or even those who were jealous of his success or rejoiced in his failures, unite with the judicious in paying tribute to his patience, his lofty purposes, the grandeur and far extent of his dreams, the courage with which he endured hardships so great that they beggar description, his unconquerable will, his valiant war with fate—all leading to the tragedy of his death, which remains to this day the tragedy of the Mississippi.

Réné-Robert Cavelier, Sieur de la Salle, born in 1643, was of the race of the adventurous merchant princes of Rouen, whose manner of life was that of nobles, and who, with fellow workmen of the town, enriched their charming city with such monuments of beauty that it remains to this day a casket of architectural jewels. He was brought up and educated among the Jesuits, and he acquired from their school a knowledge of mathematics which marked him among his comrades as a learned man. His nature, however, was not of the sort

which made him unquestioningly obedient to the rules and commands of the great Order and its masterful superiors. He was young, therefore, when he quitted it. By the renunciation of its yoke he became the object of the dislike and distrust that invariably wait upon the independence which refuses to take the path pointed out as the only right way by hard and determined minds. New France invited the young man. His uncle had been one of the Hundred Associates of Richelieu. The money of Rouen was invested there. The mysterious land which neither Associates nor Company had yet been able to make profitable to state or to adventurer was now stirring under the strong rule of Courcelles and Talon. Colbert realized its possible advantages to the kingdom, and he and the Jesuit missionaries gained the King's indulgent grace for the land which Bretons and Normans had found and had begun to cultivate. Trade seemed about to flourish, and it is said that La Salle was led to cross the ocean in the hope of bettering his fortune. Better his fortune he did not, although no one in the colony possessed such rich opportunities for gain as he obtained by purchase and by patent, and no one of all the adventurers who went to the woods for trade in furs and peltries, licitly or illicitly, approached La Salle in enterprise, in energy, or in persistence. One who reads the marvellous and noble story of his wanderings for

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the twenty years during which he was toiling to add the larger part of America to the crown of France will prefer to think of him as he at least became—unselfish, uncovetous, a dreamer of a great dream, a patient and suffering pilgrim in the wilds where his inspired vision saw the future dwellings and plantations of a multitude. Frontenac, friend and supporter of La Salle, kept his back to the East and his face to the West: it was La Salle who first saw that the pathway of France to the riches of the woods and mines of the northwest and the north lay not through the cold St. Lawrence, but up the more genial Mississippi.

He reached Canada about 1667, and became the Seigneur of La Chine, the Sulpitians of Montreal being his grantors and his overlords. The name of the seignior and of the rapids is said by some to have been given by neighbors in derision, while others assert that the name was La Salle's own, suggested by the thought which soon took complete possession of him that his estate was situated on the route to China. He had learned of a river that went southwestward to the sea. Like all the great white men who came to this country in these early days, his influence with the Indians was strong. Upon the Iroquois he and Frontenac made a deep impression. These cruel and cunning dwellers on what they called "the roof of the world" respected and perhaps feared the two great white captains; at any rate, the influence of the two Frenchmen was enormous with these enemies of all the French but the Jesuit missionaries. Senecas, members of the western tribe of the Five Nations, visited La Salle at La Chine, and told him stories of a great river which rose somewhere near their homes and made its way to the open sea, so that in the course of nine months one might voyage from the region of the Lakes to the ocean. Soon the seignior and its peaceful labors ceased to have any attraction for the young adventurer. He believed that this giant stream led to the Vermilion Sea (the Gulf of California), and so to the Pacific. Thus it was, perhaps, that the estate was dubbed La Chine, for it was to be the place of departure for the ex-

pedition that was finally to discover the goal which all explorers in the Mississippi Valley had thus far sought in vain.

La Salle obtained permission of Courcelles and Talon to pursue the route which the Senecas had pointed out, but in order to avail himself of the opportunity he was obliged to sell back his seignior to the Sulpitians. Courcelles was really impressed with the value of La Salle's suggestion, and persuaded some Sulpitian priests to join him. The party started on its way on the 6th of July, 1669, and, after a journey of thirty-five days along the southern shore of Lake Ontario (Lake Frontenac), they reached Irondequoit Bay. A short journey southward brought them to a Seneca village, not far northeastward from the site of the present city of Rochester. The Senecas received them cordially; but soon changing their minds, as was said to be the Indian custom, and is, indeed, the universal custom of ignorance, some of them wanted to kill La Salle in revenge for the recent murder of a chief at Montreal.

There were Jesuit missionaries in the village where the party sojourned, and, since the Jesuits always opposed La Salle's efforts at discovery, modern French admirers of the great Norman are quick to accuse the missionaries of the Order with all the trouble with which he met at the hands of the dominant Iroquois; but there is evidence only of the natural jealousy and distrust felt by the Indians, who did not wish the white men, especially the white men of the race which had first fired upon them, to travel through their country. So in the end La Salle and his company were guided back to the head of Lake Ontario, to a spot near which the city of Hamilton, Ontario, now stands. As they passed the mouth of the Niagara River, theirs were the first white ears to hear the thunder of the cataract. After their arrival at Otinawatawa they met Joliet and Peré, who were the first whites to search for the copper of Lake Superior. The meeting was the cause of the disruption of La Salle's party. The two Sulpitians heard from Joliet of the wickedness of the Pottawattomies near the bay known to Marquette and his associates as the Bay of the Fetid, now called Green Bay, and they must needs go to their conversion.



THE BUILDING OF THE "GRIFFON"
From Hennepin's "Découverte"

La Salle himself plunged into the forest. There he remained hidden from the world, and what he did there is still unknown. It is generally supposed that he went down the Ohio in the winter of 1669-70, and that he reached the rapids at Louisville. The Parisian chronicler says that, in 1671, La Salle went to the Mississippi by the Lakes, passing through the straits of Detroit, Lake Huron, passing Michilimackinac, and sailing from Lake Michigan (Lake Dauphin) to the Chicago, then called by the Indians the Divine, River. Thence, it is asserted, he travelled to the Illinois River, and so to the Mississippi. The story is more than doubtful. Parkman says that during his long absence in the shades of the forest La Salle probably discovered the Ohio and the Illinois rivers, but it was left for Joliet and Marquette to find and descend the greater stream in 1673.

La Salle at least, through these discoveries, learned the way to the Mis-

issippi. Joliet and Marquette had done more, however, than to disclose the route to it by the Great Lakes; they had found that the river did not flow into the Gulf of California, but into the Gulf of Mexico. Yet their minds were closed to the visions of the future which La Salle clearly saw. Now began the great work of the pioneer, the work which ended with his death.

In 1674 he went to France and petitioned the King for a patent of nobility and for the grant of Fort Frontenac. Frontenac sustained him and endorsed him. Both requests were granted, and La Salle returned to Canada to carry out his bargain with the court. He had reimbursed the King for the expense incurred in constructing the fort; he maintained his garrison; he cleared the land; he built his church; the trading post flourished, and it promised wealth to the adventurers. La Salle, however, was not satisfied to become a great and rich fur-trader; in 1677 he returned

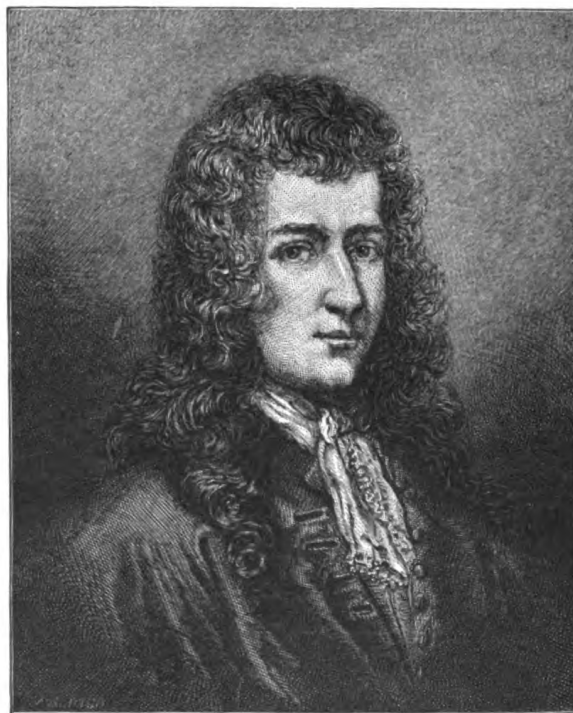
to France to beg the King for permission to explore the Mississippi. The conception was taking form.

La Salle had become possessed of the idea that the proper policy for the French to pursue was to build a fort at the mouth of the Mississippi, and to make that river the highway of its commerce with the forests of the north. He desired, as did Frontenac, to give to France a great kingdom in the New World. He was eager and insistent, for he wished to anticipate both Spain and England. The richest fruits of the continent discovered two hundred years before had not yet been found. To his mind they were to be looked for in the west, and they were to be

reached from France by the great river which rose in the far north and emptied into the Gulf of Mexico, over which Spain asserted absolute control. He impressed the King and his ministers. He had not only the strong friendship of Frontenac, but of Colbert, of his son Seignelay, and the patronage of the Prince de Conti. Most of all, he had, and retained to the end, the loyal attachment of the remarkable Henri de Tonty, the man with the "iron hand," who followed him through his toils and sufferings in America with a devotion which knew no bounds, which balked at no labors, which suffered intolerable hardships in the leader's cause. La Salle obtained all the money that he could borrow or secure in France. Frontenac procured for him a loan of 14,000 livres, secured by a mortgage on Fort Frontenac.

From now on the life of the great discoverer was to be a tragedy. He moved on from the day on which he obtained the King's consent to his enterprise amid a cloud of stinging and poisonous enemies; against obstacles that would have stopped forever one less bold, less hardy,

less obsessed; in spite of almost unheard-of labors, of fearful journeyings, of treacherous savages, of treacherous and more dangerous whites. Not a step did he take from the beginning to the end that was not seemingly taken against fate,—his glorious sail down the Mississippi, which he called the River Colbert, and his last visit to France in 1684 excepted. At the very outset he encountered the dishonesty of



ROBERT CAVELIER, SIEUR DE LA SALLE
After a copperplate by Van der Gucht (1698)

French officials. He was bled by Bellinzani, the director of trade. When he reached Canada again, in September, 1678, he encountered the suspicious Jesuits and the jealous fur-traders. He was to rule over the western tribes, to build forts wherever he saw fit, to carry Récollets and Sulpitians among savages whom the Jesuits had reserved for salvation by the efforts of their own Order; he was to enter the lands and to mingle with the tribes whose furs the Montreal monopolists alone had the right to purchase. His enemies had begun their malign task even in France. They had filled the ears of court gossips with stories of La Salle's madness, of the crack-brain nature of his plans, of his inordinate ambition to rule the valleys of the Ohio and the



LA SALLE PETITIONS THE KING FOR PERMISSION TO EXPLORE THE MISSISSIPPI

Mississippi, of his greedy plot to deprive the Montreal traders and their associates of Paris and Versailles of the profits of the fur trade of Canada.

The story of La Salle's great and successful attempt opens with the meeting with Father Louis Hennepin at Quebec. The journey almost began with the wreck of the vessel that carried him to the mouth of the Niagara, where Hennepin and La Motte had already attempted to establish a post. La Salle's men were tampered with by his enemies and by the Iroquois, who wished to prevent his journey. The cunning savages foresaw that La Salle, if he went on, would ally himself with western tribes which had been the easy victims of themselves, upon whom the French looked as "incarnate devils." They were loath to give permission for the fort at Niagara, but when the leader appeared he persuaded them to permit the building of a warehouse. Then with infinite toil he built the *Griffon*, of forty-five tons burden, at the mouth of Cayuga Creek, dragging the forgings and anchors up the heights at Lewiston. It was now that Father Hennepin was the first of white men to see the great cataract. In the building of the ship, La Salle again encountered the suspicious and jealous Iroquois. Tonty performed the task, while La Salle went back to Montreal and sought for new supplies. He returned also to find that his creditors, acting hastily from fear excited by the story that he was but a hair-brained adventurer, had seized all his property, sold all that he had owned, including the bed of his secretary, procuring processes from the courts with suspicious rapidity, judgment being executed even before notice was served upon the persecuted and swindled defendant. Hennepin says this was the work of the enemies of La Salle's enterprise, and was undertaken to dissuade him from going on. Certainly there was in the direful attack something more than a desire for the payment of the debts due, for these would have been satisfied by the revenue of the fort alone.

La Salle's purpose was adamant. It was the King's condition that he should bear the expenses of the expedition that was to result in the greater glory and the larger empire of France, and at the

very start he was stripped of nearly all his possessions. He had still the *Griffon*, however, and Tonty. In August the ship was pulled through the river to Lake Erie, and made its way to the port of La Salle's enemies at Michilimackinac. Stopping but a moment, he made his way to Green Bay, and thence he sent the ship back to Niagara, loaded with furs for his creditors. He had thus violated the grant which the King gave to him, which forbade him to deal in the furs of the north-west. He committed the offence as a man steals bread for a starving family. His enemies were bent on his ruin; they not only seized his property,—they had stirred up the men whom he had sent before, and these in turn had helped to raise up the Ottawas and Hurons against him. They had also stolen and squandered his stores. The enemies at Montreal and Quebec had announced that La Salle's plan was chimerical, and had predicted certain death to all who followed the insane adventurer; in consequence, his men began to desert him. He sent back the *Griffon* to stop the vicious tongues and to secure anchors and rigging for a vessel which he intended to build for his voyage down the Mississippi. The *Griffon* never came back, and was never again heard from.

La Salle sent Tonty down through Michigan to the Miamis, while he with the remainder of his company travelled down the west shore of Lake Michigan (Lake Dauphin). The hardships of the two parties in the month of October were very great. La Salle's party travelled in canoes; the lake was stormy; they had little food. The Indians whom they encountered were thievish and hostile, until they had been persuaded into friendship by this genius of the forest. More than once the travellers were obliged to wade ashore through the tumbling waves,—on one occasion the athletic Father Hennepin carrying on his shoulders the pious and noble Father de la Ribourde. Drenched in disembarking, they were drenched again in embarking. They slept at night in the open air. Food was very scarce. For twenty-four hours at a time they had but a little corn cooked in cinders or boiled in the fresh water. When they found wild fruits, they ate so much that they became ill. Once

they discovered a dying deer which had been attacked by the wolves, by the veering above it of eagles and crows. For this they thanked God, as they had prayed to St. Anthony of Padua for protection from the storms of the lake. Indians once stole some of their property, and La Salle went forth alone and arrested one of them for the theft. He could not permit the establishment of such a precedent. For this arrest the guilty Indians attacked him, and he conquered their numbers by the boldness of his front. Then the white and the red men were friends for a moment, and they celebrated the sudden new relation with feasting and dancing. Here La Salle first learned that his enemies were stirring up the Illinois against him by telling them that he was a friend of their enemies, the Iroquois, who intended war, and for whom La Salle was but the agent.

When he reached the site of the present St. Joseph, at the mouth of the river of the Miamis, Tonty had not come, so La Salle remained in waiting, building a fort, fearing even to permit his men to hunt lest they should arouse the Indians. At last Tonty came, and on the 3d of December the reunited party started westward. They went on by portage to the Kankakee, down that river and down the Illinois, through prairies on which the buffalo were grazing. As they sailed they came to the great village of the Illinois, now temporarily deserted. La Salle took some corn for his hungry men from the *caches* in which it was concealed, leaving in payment for it some articles, like knives, hatchets, and glass beads, such as are usually carried as gifts for the winning of savage friendship. When he met the Illinois Indians, near the lake Peoria, on the 1st of January, 1680, he was received with suspicion. He put his fleet of canoes in martial array as soon as he caught sight of the savages on the shore, and he did not show them the convincing pipe of peace until he had first impressed them with his fearlessness of them. The pipe of peace brought forth friendly responses, but did not establish perfect confidence. Monuso, the Mascoutin chief, secret ally of the Iroquois and pretended friend of the Illinois, stole into the village at night and poisoned the fearful and cowardly

Illinois with the shrewd story that La Salle was the agent of the Iroquois, and was spying out the land for the information of their cruel and approaching enemies. This was an incident which gave to La Salle an opportunity for the exercise of his great resourcefulness. As Monuso whispered his lies in the deep shadows of the camp-fire, the Frenchmen slept, and in the morning knew that some enemy had been active while they were dreaming, only by reason of the changed and distant manners of their hosts. The averted face and furtive glance told a story all the fuller of menace to the Frenchmen by reason of their ignorance of the meaning of this evident hostility on the part of those who had been so friendly but a few hours before. At last La Salle succeeded during the day in worming the secret from an Indian who had been present at the council. La Salle was too great a master of the dramatic art, too conscious of its value in dealing with savages, to reveal his knowledge or to give tongue to his thoughts, until the moment when the revelation would be most effective. He waited for the speech of the chief Nikanapé in the evening, and after listening to this orator's warnings against the further prosecution of the journey, astonished the superstitious crew by telling them that he had known of Monuso's visit even as he slept, while he denounced the lies by means of which the Mascoutin had undertaken to alienate from the Frenchmen the tribes which he would make allies of his countrymen.

It was a triumphant night for La Salle so far as the bewildered Nikanapé was concerned, but Monuso had helped to weaken the loyalty of some of the wretched specimens of whites, with the like of whom La Salle was burdened in all his journeys. Nikanapé sought to deny the earlier statements of the Illinois that the water route to the sea was open and easily navigable. He therefore pictured the horrors of the river—the devouring monsters which the travellers would encounter, the hostile tribes who would seek to murder them, the whirlpools and the cataracts which they could not pass. Later, La Salle exposed the lie by the lips of a young warrior who had been absent during the chief's tale, and

had, unwittingly, told the truth about the river in return for the hospitality with which La Salle met him before he reached the village. Still, the lie prevailed with some of the Frenchmen, to whose minds it verified the warnings which they had received in Canada. La Salle built the fort called Crève-cœur near the place where Peoria now stands. He began the construction of a vessel. He sent Accau and Hennepin to the Mississippi with instructions to sail northward, and leaving Tonty in command of his new fort, with four Frenchmen and an Indian, and with two canoes, started in March for a five-hundred-league journey to Fort Frontenac, to learn there of the continued activity of his creditors. He learned, too, from Tonty that his men had deserted him; that they had robbed him of his stores, and that they had blown up his fort. Tonty had gone to Starved Rock under orders which La Salle had sent back to him,—the rallying-point, for the rest of La Salle's life, of the western tribesmen whom he desired to unite with the French. Was ruin ever more completely demonstrated? The *Griffon* was lost;



MOLL'S MAP OF THE NORTHWEST IN 1720

a ship bearing money to La Salle from France had been wrecked at the mouth of the St. Lawrence; a fleet of canoes bearing furs had just been dashed to pieces in the rapids; his forces at Crève-cœur had been broken up; his men had deserted him, and some of the deserters were threatening his life. Without money and without men, surrounded by enemies in Canada who had incited the Iroquois to attack the Illinois in order to break

up the cherished plan of making the natives of the west the friends of France, dogged by enemies on his journeys, La Salle nevertheless clenched his teeth and almost alone, except for Frontenac and the faithful Tonty, went on. Passing northward through the Humber River, thence through Lake Nipissing and Lake Michigan and down the Illinois, he came upon the deserted village of the Illinois and found the devastation which the Iroquois had made during his absence. His men had disappeared, and Tonty with them. With the few faithful men who remained he went down the Illinois and looked upon the Mississippi. Then, leaving a sign on a tree which the vanished Tonty might possibly see, he returned to Fort Miami, where he passed the winter of 1681.

In the spring he found Tonty, who had sought shelter among the Pottawattomies. The two together journeyed back once more to Fort Frontenac—then in command of La Forest, another faithful friend of the Seigneur. Here, with Frontenac's aid, more money was obtained, and for the third time La Salle started for the great river, which he reached by the way of the Chicago and the Illinois, on the 6th day of February, 1682.

On the 6th day of April he reached the mouth of the river. He divided his party. He took the western channel, Dautray the eastern one, and Tonty the middle. The water became brackish; the shores receded farther and farther; at last the explorers were upon the open sea, and French eyes, probably for the first time, looked upon the Gulf of Mexico. The three parties joined, and going back to land which might possibly escape the floods, La Salle raised a column and a cross. On the column were inscribed the words, "Louis le Grand, Roi de France et de Navarre, Règne: le Neuvième Avril, 1682." The party sang the "Te Deum," the "Vexilla Regis," and the "Dominie Salvum fac Regem." Amid shouts of "Vive le Roi," and the firing of a salute, La Salle christened the country "Louisiana."

It may well be imagined that La Salle's courage now rose, and that his hopes became brighter. The great Empire of the West seemed assured as he started back up the river to gather about him at

Starved Rock the Indians who were to be fellow subjects with the French of the great Louis, after whom the country had just been named. The day of prosperous sunshine, however, was brief, and it was very soon that Misfortune again claimed her unhappy and almost constant victim. La Salle fell ill with a malignant fever. Some French writers say that his enemies had poisoned him again, but there were other causes sufficient to account for the disease, in the toils, the fatigues, the anxieties which the captain suffered, and in the unwholesome conditions of life in the new country.

La Salle lay near death's door for six weeks, and when, saved by the careful nursing of Membéré and others, he made his way once more to the north, he encountered not applauding countrymen, but vicious enemies, slanderous jealousy, and vile accusations. He had found the better way from France to the northwest of America, and had fixed upon the spot where Louis might build his fort for the protection of his empire and his trade. He had established his fort on the western frontier, and had made the Indians his friends; but there was no welcome for him in Canada, for Frontenac had been recalled, and La Barre, who was entirely under the influence of La Salle's enemies, had replaced him. The new Governor-General refused La Salle supplies needed at Fort St. Louis, which had been constructed at Starved Rock; he detained the messengers sent by La Salle to Quebec with requests for them; he permitted the provisions which they had procured to rot; he wrote to the court expressing his doubt of La Salle's discoveries, charged him with entertaining the design of seizing the Mississippi Valley for himself, and accused him of stirring up the Iroquois against the French. He charged him also with spending the winter of 1683 at Green Bay surrounded by a band of vagabonds among whom he posed as king. At last he gained the ear of the King, who greeted La Salle's success almost as a misdemeanor, saying that such discoveries were useless, "as they tend only to debauch the inhabitants by the hope of gain, and to diminish the revenue from beaver-skins." The great Louis! At last La Barre drove La Salle's friend and lieutenant, La

Forest, from Fort Frontenac, relieved Tonty from the command of Fort St. Louis, and sent there the Chevalier de Baugis with orders to La Salle to come to Quebec.

Once more the great man rose above his disasters. Commanding Tonty to receive de Baugis graciously, he went to France, and once more, as always in the presence of the King, he won his cause. Cold and stiff he was in the presence of his men, haughty they said he was, timid he confessed himself to be, but he never failed to inspire the King and his court with confidence and to excite their hopes of a possible great empire in America, for the realization of which hopes they did very little. La Salle persuaded the King to demand the right of the French to navigate the Gulf of Mexico notwithstanding the prohibitory orders of Spain; to send a force for the accomplishment of this, which might unite with an army of Indians—wholly imaginary, it is true—for the expulsion of Spain from the rich mines of Mexico. The King gave La Salle more ships than he begged, but he also sent in command of them an officer of the navy, Beaujeu, who complained of La Salle to the court, thwarted him, and finally abandoned him. With this officer the King's government furnished La Salle with a rabble of soldiers, deformed, diseased, and unfit for service, and a score of so-called mechanics who had never worked at their trades, or who had never learned them.

The expedition started in 1684 with the favor of the King, whose imagination had been fired by La Salle's eloquence. He had fittingly rebuked La Barre and had ordered the restoration of La Salle's property. This was literally all that Louis did for the building of the Empire in the West. La Salle was carried to San Domingo, and there lay at death's door, tortured in mind and body by a fever which resembled that from which he had suffered two years before on the Mississippi. The debauched sailors, soldiers, and mechanics ran riot on this dis-

ease-infected island. Practically useless before, they left the island the victims of a fatal disorder—the price of their excesses. The vessels were carried west of the mouth of the Mississippi, and La Salle never again saw the river. A landing was made at Matagorda Bay, and a new Fort St. Louis was built there. Two of the vessels were wrecked, and Beaujeu finally left La Salle and his company to their fate. From 1685 to 1687 La Salle made three attempts to find the Mississippi. He was still hopeful and still courageous, although disease had reduced the number of his colonists from near two hundred to forty-five. Never was there a more wretched, a more discordant, a more dissolute company than that which cursed the last days of La Salle's life on Matagorda Bay—far westward of his unattainable goal. A few good men he had with him, like Membré, Douay, and Joutel: a useless meddler was his brother, the Father Cavalier. The rest were revolting victims of disease, or desperadoes. Often the miserable company was hungry. The neighboring Indians were hostile. The clothes of those who had the strength to follow La Salle in his expeditions in search of the river were torn in the forest, so that in the end La Salle and his men were in rags, repaired with patches cut from the sails of the wrecked ships. At last the great leader, who had doubtless grown more reserved, apparently more haughty, sadder, and sterner, as his hard fate grew harder, and as his followers grew more detestable to him, was shot by two of his company, Duhaut and Liotot, near the banks of the river Trinity. The crime was committed on the 18th of March, 1687. Thus fell at the age of forty-four the man who warred with nature and with man for twenty years, and who succumbed at last, his great plan unrealized, to the bullets of treacherous and ambushed assassins. Yet he had foreseen and he had shown the way for the great empire over which France ruled until, in 1759, it was wrenched away from her by England on the Plains of Abraham.

Special Messenger

BY ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

ON the third day the pursuit had become so hot, so unerring, that she dared no longer follow the rutty cart road. Toward sundown she wheeled her big bony roan into a cow-path which twisted through alders for a mile or two, emerging at length on a vast stretch of rolling country, where rounded hills glimmered golden in the rays of the declining sun. Tall underbrush flanked the slopes; little streams ran darkling through the thickets; the ground was moist, even on the ridges; and she could not hope to cover the deep imprint of her horse's feet.

She drew bridle, listening, her dark eyes fixed on the setting sun. There was no sound save the breathing of her horse, the far sweet trailing song of a spotted sparrow, the undertones of some hidden rill welling up through matted tangles of vine and fern and long wild grasses.

Sitting her worn saddle, sensitive face partly turned, she listened, her eyes sweeping the bit of open ground behind her. Nothing moved there.

Presently she slipped off one gauntlet, fumbled in her corsage, drew out a crumpled paper, and spread it flat. It was a map. With one finger she traced her road, bending in her saddle, eyebrows gathering in perplexity. Back and forth moved the finger, now hovering here and there in hesitation, now lifted to her lips in silent uncertainty. Twice she turned her head, intensely alert, but there was no sound save the cawing of crows winging across the deepening crimson in the west.

At last she folded the map and thrust it into the bosom of her mud-splashed habit; then looping up the skirt of her kirtle, she dismounted, leading her horse straight into the oak scrub and on through a dim mile of woodland, always descending, until the clear rushing music of a stream warned her, and she came

out along the thicket's edge into a grassy vale among the hills.

A cabin stood there, blue smoke lazily rising from the chimney; a hen or two sat huddled on the shafts of an ancient buckboard standing by the door. In the clear saffron-tinted evening light some ducks sailed and steered about the surface of a muddy puddle by the barn, sousing their heads, wriggling their tails contentedly.

As she walked toward the shanty, leading her horse, an old man appeared at the open doorway, milking-stool under one gaunt arm, tin pail dangling from the other. Astonished, he regarded the girl steadily, answering her low quick greeting with a nod of his unkempt gray head.

"How far is the pike?" she asked.

"It might be six mile," he said, staring.

"Is there a wood road?"

He nodded.

"Where does it lead?"

"It leads just now," he replied, grimly, "into a hell's mint o' rebels. What's your business in these parts, ma'am?"

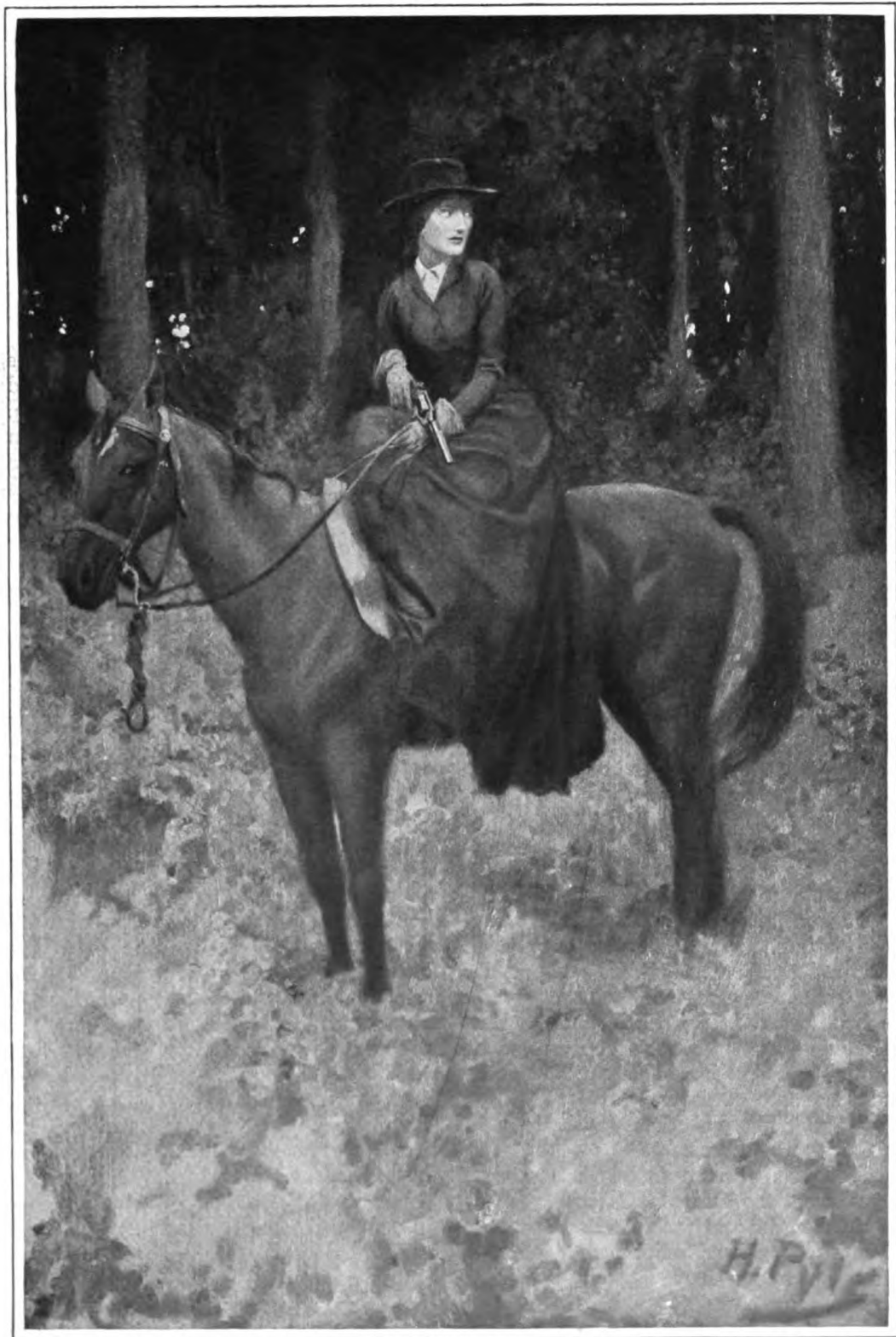
Her business was to trust no one, yet there had been occasions when she had been forced to such a risk. This was one. She looked around at the house, the dismantled buckboard tenanted by roosting chickens, the ducks in the puddle, the narrow strip of pasture fringing the darkening woods. She looked into his weather-ravaged visage, searching the small eyes that twinkled at her intently out of a mass of wrinkles.

"Are you a Union man?" she asked

His face hardened; a slow color crept into the skin above his sharp cheekbones. "What's that to you?" he demanded.

"Here in Pennsylvania we expect to find Union sentiments. Besides, you just now spoke of rebels—"

"Yes, an' I'll say it again," he repeated, doggedly; "the Pennsylvany line is



SHE DREW BRIDLE, LISTENING—THERE WAS NO SOUND

crawlin' with rebels, an' they'll butt into our cavalry before morning."

She laughed, stepping nearer, the muddy skirt of her habit lifted.

"I must get to Reynolds's corps to-night," she said, confidently. "I came through the lines three days ago; their cavalry have followed me ever since. I can't shake them off; they'll be here by morning—as soon as there's light enough to trace my horse."

She looked back at the blue woods thoughtfully, patting her horse's sleek neck.

He followed her glance, then his narrowing eyes focussed on her as she turned her head toward him again.

"What name?" he asked, harshly, hand to his large ear.

She smiled, raising her riding-whip in quaint salute; and in a low voice she named herself demurely.

There was a long silence.

"Gosh!" he muttered, fascinated gaze never leaving her; "to think that you are that there gal! I heard tell you was young, an' then I heard tell you was old an' fat, ma'am. I guess there ain't many has seen you to take notice. I guess you must be hard run to even tell me who ye be?"

She said, quietly: "I think they mean to get me this time. Is there a clear road anywhere? Even if I leave my horse and travel afoot?"

"Is it a hangin' matter?" he asked.

She shrugged her shoulders.

Presently he said: "The hull blame country's crawlin' with rebel cavalry. I was to Mink Creek, an' they was passin' on the pike, wagons an' guns as fur as I could see. They levied on Swamp Holler at sunup; they was on every road along the State line. There ain't no road nor cow-path clear that way."

"And none the other way," she said. "Can't you help me?"

He looked at her gravely, then his small eyes swept the limited landscape.

"A hangin' matter," he mused, scratching his gray head reflectively. "An' if they ketch you here I guess I'll go to Libby, too. Hey?"

He passed his labor-worn hand over his eyes, pressing the lids, and stood so, minute after minute, buried in thought.

"Waal," he said, dropping his hand

and blinking in the ruddy glow from the west, "I guess I ain't done nothin' fur the Union yet, but I'm a-goin' to now, miss."

He looked around once more, his eyes resting on familiar scenery, then he set down milking-stool and pail and shuffled out to where her horse stood.

"Guess I'll hev to hitch your hoss up to that there buckboard," he drawled. "My old nag is dead two year since. You go in, miss, an' dress in them clothes a-hangin' onto that peg by the bed," he added, with an effort. "Use 'em easy; they was *hers*."

She entered the single room of the cabin, where stove, table, chair, and bed were the only furniture. A single cheap print gown and a sunbonnet hung from a nail at the bed's foot, and she reached up and unhooked the garment. It was ragged but clean, and the bonnet freshly ironed.

Through the window she saw the old man unsaddling her horse and fitting him with rusty harness. She closed the cabin door, drew the curtain at the window, and began to unbutton her riding-jacket. As her clothing fell from her, garment after garment, that desperate look came into her pale young face again, and she drew from her pocket a heavy army revolver and laid it on the chair beside her. There was scarce light enough left to see by in the room. She sat down, dragging off her spurred boots, stripping the fine silk stockings from her feet, then rose and drew on the faded print gown.

Now she needed more light, so she opened the door wide and pushed aside the curtain. A fragment of cracked mirror was nailed to the door. She faced it, rapidly undoing the glossy masses of her hair; then lifting her gown, she buckled the army belt underneath, slipped the revolver into it, smoothed out the calico, and crossed the floor to the bed again, at the foot of which a pair of woman's coarse low shoes stood on the carpetless floor. Into these she slipped her naked feet.

He was waiting for her when she came out into the yellow evening light, squatting there in his buckboard, reins sagging.

"There's kindlin' to last a week," he said, "the axe is in the barn, an' ye'll

find a bin full o' corn meal there an' a side o' bacon in the cellar. Them hens," he added, wistfully, "is Dominickers. *She* was fond o' them—an' the Chiny ducks, too."

"I'll be kind to them," she said.

He rested his lean jaw in one huge hand, musing, dim-eyed, silent. Far away a cow-bell tinkled, and he turned his head, peering out across the tangled pasture lot.

"We called our caow Jinny," he said. "She's saucy and likes to plague folks. But I don't never chase her; no, ma'am. You jest set there by them pasture bars, kinder foxin' that you ain't thinkin' o' nothin', and Jinny she'll come along purty soon."

The girl nodded.

"Waal," he muttered, rousing up, "I guess it's time to go." He looked at her, his eyes resting upon the clothing of his dead wife.

"You see," he said, "I've give all I've got to the Union. Now, ma'am, what shall I tell our boys if I git through?"

In a low clear voice she gave him the message to Reynolds, repeating it slowly until he nodded his comprehension.

"If they turn you back," she said, "and if they follow you here, remember I'm your daughter."

He nodded again. "My darter Cynthy."

"Cynthia?"

"Yaas, 'm. Cynthy was *her* name, you see; James is mine, endin' in Gray. I'll come back when I can. I guess there's vittles to spare an' garden sass—"

He passed his great cracked knuckles over his face again, digging hastily into the corners of his eyes, then leaned forward and shook the rusty reins.

"Git up!" he said, thoughtfully, and the ancient buckboard creaked away into the thickening twilight.

She watched him from the door, lingering there, listening to the creak of the wheels long after he had disappeared. She was deadly tired—too tired to eat, too tired to think—yet there was more to be done before she closed her eyes. The blanket on the bed she spread upon the floor, laid in it her saddle and bridle, boots, papers, map, and clothing, and made a bundle; then slinging it on her slender back, she carried it up the ladder to the loft under the roof.

Ten minutes later she lay on the bed below, the back of one hand across her closed eyes, breathing deeply as a sleeping child—the most notorious spy in all America, the famous "Special Messenger," carrying locked under her smooth young breast a secret the consequence of which no man could dare to dream of.

Dawn silvering the east aroused her. Cock-crow, ducks quacking, the lowing of the cow, the swelling melody of wild birds,—these were the sounds that filled her waking ears.

Motionless there on the bed in the dim room, delicate bare arms outstretched, hair tumbled over brow and shoulder, she lay, lost in fearless retrospection—absolutely fearless, for courage was hers without effort; peril exhilarated like wine, without reaction; every nerve and contour of her body was instinct with daring, and only the languor of her dark eyes misled the judgment of those she had to deal with.

Presently she sat up in bed, yawned lightly, tapping her red lips with the tips of her fingers; then drawing her revolver from beneath the pillow, she examined the cylinder, replaced the weapon, and sprang out of bed, stretching her arms, a faint smile hovering on her face.

The water in the stream was cold, but not too cold for her, nor were the coarse towels too rough, sending the blood racing through her from head to foot.

Her toilet made, she lighted the fire in the cracked stove, set a pot of water boiling, and went out to the door-step, calling the feathered flock around her, stirring their meal in a great pan the while, her eyes roaming about the open spaces of meadow and pasture for a sign of those who surely must trace her here.

Her breakfast was soon over—an ash-cake, a new egg from the barn, a bowl of last night's creamy milk. She ate slowly, seated by the window, raising her head at intervals to watch the forest's edge.

Nobody came; the first pink sunbeams fell level over the pasture; dew sparkled on grass and foliage; birds flitted across her line of vision; the stream sang steadily, flashing in the morning radiance.

One by one the ducks stretched, flapped their snowy wings, wiggled their fat tails,

and waddled solemnly down to the water; hens wandered pensively here and there, pecking at morsels that attracted them; the tinkle of the cow-bell sounded pleasantly from a near willow thicket.

She washed her dishes, set the scant furniture in place, made up the bed with the clean sheet spread the night before, and swept the floor.

On the table she had discovered, carefully folded up, the greater portion of a stocking, knitting-needles still sticking in it, the ball of gray yarn attached. But she could not endure to sit there; she must have more space to watch for what she knew was coming. Her hair she twisted up as best she might, set the pink sun-bonnet on her head, smoothed out the worn print dress, which was not long enough to hide her slim bare ankles, and went out, taking her knitting with her.

Upon the hill along the edges of the pasture where the woods cast a luminous shadow she found a comfortable seat in the sun-dried grasses, and here she curled up, examining the knitting in her hands, eyes lifted every moment to steal a glance around the sunlit solitude.

An hour crept by, marked by the sun in mounting splendor; the sweet scent of drying grass and fern filled her lungs; the birds' choral thrilled her with the loveliness of life. A little Southern song trembled on her lips, and her hushed voice murmuring was soft as the wild bees' humming:

"Ah, who could couple thought of war
and crime
With such a blessed time?
Who, in the west wind's aromatic breath,
Could hear the call of Death?"

The gentle Southern poet's flowing rhythm was echoed by the distant stream:

"... A fragrant breeze comes floating by.
And brings—you know not why—
A feeling as when eager crowds await
Before a palace gate
Some wondrous pageant—"

She lifted her eyes, fixing them upon the willow thicket below, where the green tops swayed as though furrowed by a sudden wind; and watching calmly, her lips whispered on, following the quaint rhythm:

"And yet no sooner shall the Spring awake
The voice of wood and brake
Than she shall rouse—for all her tranquil
charms—
A million men to arms."

The willow tops were tossing violently. She watched them, murmuring:

"Oh! standing on this desecrated mould,
Methinks that I behold,
Lifting her bloody daisies up to God,
Spring,—kneeling on the sod,
And calling with the voice of all her rills
Upon the ancient hills
To fall and crush the tyrants and the
slaves
Who turn her meads to graves."

Her whisper ceased; she sat, lips parted, eyes fastened on the willows. Suddenly a horseman broke through the thicket, then another, another, carbines slung, sabres jingling, rider following rider at a canter, sitting their horses superbly;—the graceful, reckless, matchless cavalry under whose glittering gray curtain the most magnificent army that the South ever saw was moving straight into the heart of the Union.

Fascinated, she watched an officer dismount, advance to the house, enter the open doorway, and disappear. Minute after minute passed; the troopers quietly sat their saddles; the frightened chickens ventured back, roaming curiously about these strange horses that stood there stamping, whisking their tails, tossing impatient heads in the sunshine.

Presently the officer reappeared and walked straight to the barn, a trooper dismounting to follow him. They remained in the barn for a few moments only, then hurried out again, heads raised, scanning the low circling hills. Ah! Now they caught sight of her! She saw the officer come swinging up the hillside, buttons, spurs, and sword-hilt glittering in the sun; she watched his coming with a calm almost terrible in its breathless concentration. Nearer, nearer he came, mounting the easy slope with a quick, boyish swing; and now he had halted, slouch-hat aloft; and she heard his pleasant, youthful voice:

"I reckon you haven't seen a stranger pass this way, ma'am, have you?"

"There was a lady came last night," she answered, innocently.

"That's the one!" he said, in his quick, eager voice. "Can you tell me where she went?"

"She said she was going west."

"Has she gone?"

"She left the house when I did," answered the girl, simply.

"Riding!" he exclaimed. "She came on a hoss, I reckon?"

"Yes."

"And she rode west?"

"I saw her going west," she nodded, resuming her knitting.

The officer turned toward the troopers below, drew out a handkerchief and whipped the air with it for a second or two, then made a sweeping motion with his arm, and drawing his sabre, struck it downward four times.

Instantly the knot of troopers fell apart, scattering out and spurring westward in diverging lines; the officer watched them until the last horse had disappeared, then he lazily sheathed his sabre, unbuckled a field-glass, adjusted it, and seated himself on the grass beside her.

"Have you lived here long?" he asked, pleasantly, setting the glass to his eye and carefully readjusting the lens.

"No."

"Your father is living, is he not?"

"Yes."

"I reckon Gilson's command met him a piece back in the scrub, driving a wagon and a fine horse."

She said nothing; her steady fingers worked the needles, and presently he heard her softly counting the stitches as she turned the heel.

"He said we'd find his daughter here," observed the youthful officer, lowering his glass. "Are you Cynthia Gray, ma'am?"

"He named me Cynthia," she said, with a smile.

He plucked a blade of grass, and placing it between his white teeth, gazed at her so steadily that she dropped a stitch, recovered it, and presently he saw her lips resuming the silent count. He reseated himself on the grass, laying his field-glass beside him.

"I reckon your folk are all Yankee," he ventured, softly.

She nodded.

"Are you afraid of us? Do you hate us, ma'am?"

She shook her head, stealing a glance

at him from her lovely eyes. If that was part of her profession, she had learned it well; for he laughed and stretched out, resting easily on one elbow, looking up at her admiringly under her faded sunbonnet.

"Are you ever lonely here?" he inquired, gravely.

Again her dark eyes rested on him shyly, but she shook her head in silence.

"Never lonely without anybody to talk to?" he persisted, removing his slouched army hat and passing his hands over his forehead.

"What have I to say to anybody?" she asked, coquettishly.

A little breeze sprang up, stirring his curly hair and fluttering the dangling strings of her sunbonnet. He lay at full length there, a slender, athletic figure in his faded gray uniform, idly pulling the grass up to twist and braid into a thin green rope.

The strange exhilaration that danger had brought had now subsided; she glanced at him indifferently, noting the well-shaped head, the boyish outlines of face and figure. He was no older than she—and not very wise for his years.

Presently, very far away, the dulled report of a carbine sounded, stirring a deadened echo among the hills.

"What's that?" she exclaimed.

"Yank, I reckon," he drawled, rising to his feet and fixing his field-glass steadily on the hills beyond.

"Are you going to have a battle here?" she asked.

He laughed. "Oh no, Miss Cynthia. That's only bushwhacking."

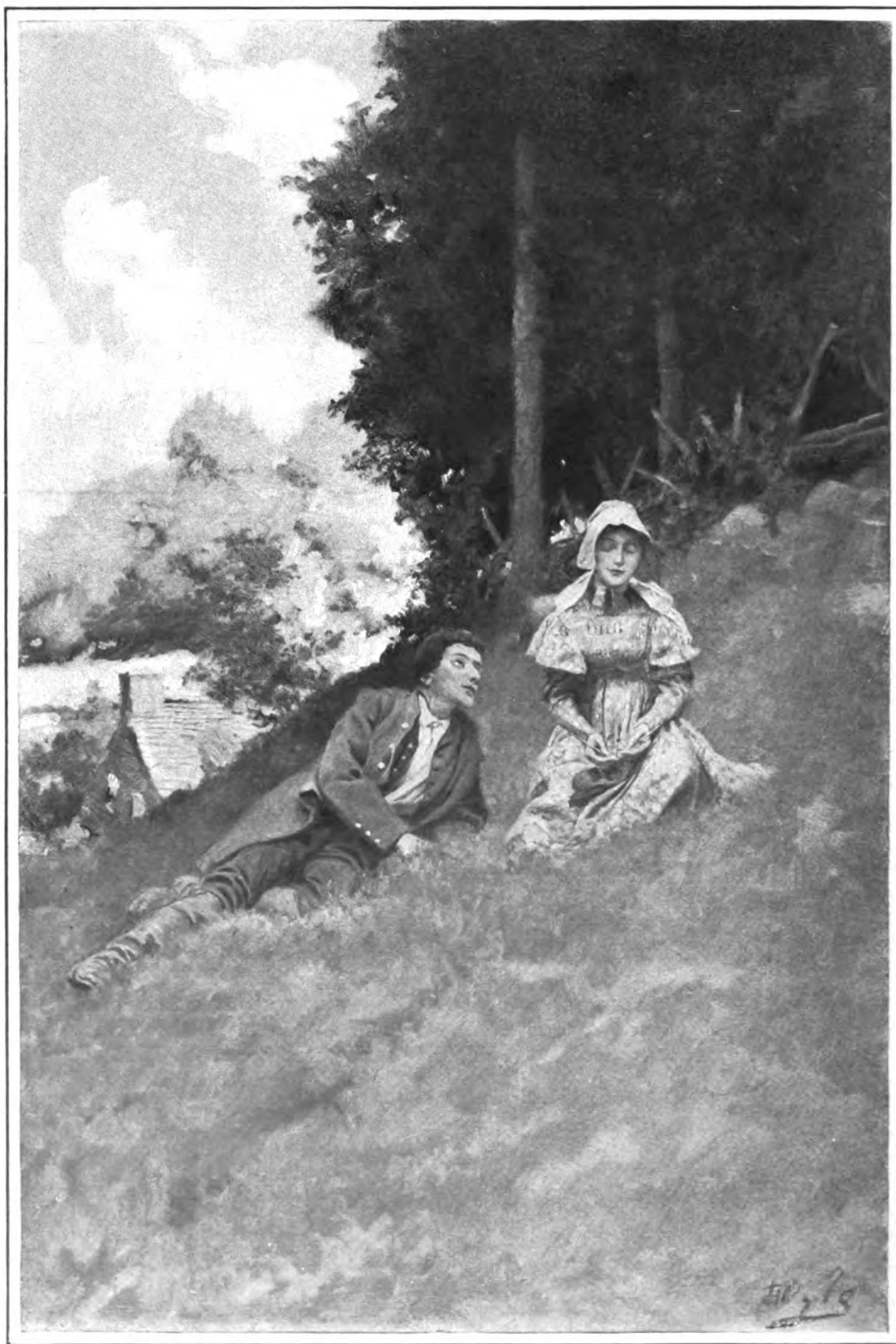
"But—but where are they shooting?"

He pointed to the west. "There's Yankee cavalry loafing in the hills. I reckon we'll gobble 'em, too. But don't you worry, Miss Cynthia," he added, gallantly. "I shall be here to-night, and by sunrise there won't be a soldier within ten miles of you."

"Within ten miles," she murmured; "ten miles is too near. I—I think I will go back to the house."

He looked down at her; she raised her dark eyes to him; then he bowed and gallantly held out both hands, and she laid her hands in his, suffering him to lift her to her feet.

The brief contact set the color mount-



Half-tone plate engraved by W. H. Clark

"ARE YOU EVER LONELY HERE?" HE INQUIRED

ing to his sunburnt temples; it had been a long while since he had touched a young girl's hand.

"I wonder," she said, "whether you would care to share my dinner?"

She spoke naturally, curiously; all idea of danger was over; she was free to follow her own instincts, which were amiable. Besides, the boy was a gentleman.

"If it wouldn't be too much to ask—too inconvenient—" He hesitated, hat in hand, handsome face brightening.

"No; I want you to come," she answered, simply, and took his hand in hers.

A deeper color swept his face as they descended the gentle slope together, she amused and quietly diverted by his shyness, and thinking how she meant to give this boyish rebel a better dinner than he had had for many a long mile.

And she did, he aiding her with the vegetables, she mixing johnny-cake for the entire squad, slicing the bacon, and setting the coffee to boil.

Toward midday the scouting squad returned, to find their officer shelling pease on the cabin steps, a young girl, sleeves at her shoulders, stirring something very vigorously in a large black kettle—something that exhaled an odor which made the lank troopers lick their gaunt lips in furtive hope.

The sergeant of the troop reported; the officer nodded and waved the horsemen away to the barn, where they were presently seen squatting patiently in a row, sniffing the aroma that floated from the cabin door.

"Did your men find the lady?" she asked, looking out at him where he sat, busy with the pease.

"No, Miss Cynthia. But if she went west she's run into the whole Confederate cavalry. Our business is to see she doesn't double back here."

"Why do you follow her?"

"Ah, Miss Cynthia," he said, gravely, "she is that 'Special Messenger' who has done us more damage than a whole Yankee army corps. We've got to stop her this time—and I reckon we will."

The girl stirred the soup, salted it, peppered it, lifted the pewter spoon and tasted it. Presently she called for the pease.

About two o'clock that afternoon a

row of half-famished Confederate cavalrymen sat devouring the best dinner they had eaten in months. There was potato soup, there was johnny-cake smoking hot, coffee, crisp slices of fragrant bacon, an egg apiece, and a vegetable stew. Trooper after trooper licked finger, spoon, and pannikin, loosening leather belts with gratified sighs; the pickets came cantering in when the relief, stuffed to repletion, took their places, carbine on thigh.

Flushed from the heat of the stove, arms still bared, the young hostess sat at table with the officer in command, and watched him in sympathy as he ate.

She herself ate little, tasting a morsel here and there, drinking at times from the cup of milk beside her.

"I declare, Miss Cynthia," he said, again and again, "this is the finest banquet, ma'am, that I ever sat down to."

She only thought, "The boy was starving!" and the indulgent smile deepened as she sat there watching him, chin resting on her linked hands.

At last he was satisfied, and a little ashamed, too, of his appetite, but she told him it was a pleasure to cook for him, and sent him off to the barn, where presently she spied him propped up in the loft window, a map spread on his knees, and his field-glass tucked under one arm.

And now she had leisure to think again, and she leaned back in her chair by the window, bared arms folded, ankles crossed, frowning in meditation.

She must go; the back trail was clear now. But she needed her own clothing and a horse. Where could she find a horse?

Hour after hour she sat there. He had cantered off into the woods long since; and all through the long afternoon she sat there scheming, pondering, a veiled sparkle playing under her half-closed lids. She saw him returning in the last lingering sun-rays, leading his saddled horse down to the brook, and stand there, one arm flung across the crupper, while the horse drank and shook his thoroughbred head and lipped the tender foliage that overhung the water. There was the horse she required! She must have him.

A few minutes later, bridle over one

arm, the young officer came sauntering up to the door-step. He was pale, but he smiled when he saw her, and his weather-beaten hat swept the grass in salute as she came to the door and looked down at him, hands clasped behind her slender back.

"You look dreadfully tired," she said, gently. "Don't you ever sleep?"

He had been forty-eight hours in the saddle, but he only laughed a gay denial of fatigue.

She descended the steps, walked over to the horse, and patted neck and shoulder, scanning limb and chest and flank. The horse would do!

"Will you hitch your horse and come in?" she asked, sweetly.

"Thank you, ma'am." He passed the bridle through the hitching-ring at the door, and, hat in hand, followed her into the cabin. His boots dragged a little, but he straightened up, and when she had seated herself, he sank into a chair, closing his sunken eyes for a moment, only to open them smiling, and lean forward on the rough table, folding his arms under him.

"You have been very good to us, Miss Cynthia," he said. "My men want me to say so."

"Your men are welcome," she answered, resting her fair cheek on her hand.

There was a long silence, broken by her: "You are dying for sleep. Why do you deny it? You may lie down on my bed if you wish."

He protested, thanking her, but said he would be glad to sleep in the hay if she permitted; and he rose, steadying himself by the back of his chair.

"I always sleep bridle in hand," he said. "A barn floor is luxury for my horse and me."

That would not do. The horse must remain. She *must* have that horse!

"I will watch your horse," she said. "Please lie down there. I really wish it."

"Why, ma'am, I should never venture—"

She looked at him; her heart laughed with content. Here was an easy way for stern necessity.

"Sleep soundly," she said, with a gay smile; and before he could interpose, she had slipped out and shut the door behind her.

The evening was calm; the last traces of color were fading from the zenith. Pacing the circle of the cabin clearing, she counted the videttes—one in the western pasture, one sitting his saddle in the forest road to the east, and a horseman to the south, scarcely visible in the gathering twilight. She passed the barn-yard, head lifted pensively, carefully counting the horses tethered there. Twelve! Then there was no guard for the northern cattle-path—the trail over which she and they had come!

Now walking slowly back to the cabin, she dropped her slippers and mounted the steps on bare feet, quietly opening the door. At first in the dim light she could see nothing, then her keen ear caught the quiet sound of his breathing, and she stole over to the bed. He lay there asleep.

Now seconds meant eternity, perhaps; she mounted the ladder to the attic, tiptoed over the loose boards, felt around for her packet, and loosened the blanket.

By sense of touch alone she dressed, belting in the habit with her girdle, listening, every sense alert. But her hand never shook, her fingers were deft and steady, fastening button and buckle, looping up her skirt, strapping the revolver to her girdle. She folded map and papers noiselessly, tucking them into her bosom; then, carrying her spurred boots, she crept across the boards again, and descended the ladder without a sound.

The fading light from the window fell upon the bed where he lay; and she smiled almost tenderly as she stole by him, he looked so young lying there, his curly head pillowed on his arms.

Another step and she was beside him; another; she stopped short, and her heart seemed to cease at the same instant. Was she deceived? Were his eyes wide open?

Suddenly he sat bolt-upright in the bed, and at the same instant she bent and struck him a stunning blow between the eyes with the heavy butt of her revolver.

Breathless, motionless, she saw him fall back and lie there without a quiver; presently she leaned over him, tore open his jacket and shirt, and laid her steady hand upon his heart. For a moment she remained there looking down

into his face; then with a sob she bent and kissed him on the lips.

At midnight as she was riding out of the hill scrub a mounted vidette hailed her on the Gettysburg pike, holding her there while horseman after horseman galloped up, and the officer of the guard came cantering across the fields at the far summons.

A lantern glimmered, flared up; there

was a laugh, the sound of a dozen horses backing, a low voice: "Pass! Special Messenger for headquarters!"

Then the lantern-light flashed and went out; shadowy horsemen wheeled away east and west, trotting silently to posts across the sod.

Far away across the hills the Special Messenger was riding through the night, head bent, tight-lipped, her dark eyes wet with tears.

Mysteries

BY MADISON CAWEIN

SOFT and silken and silvery brown,
In shoes of lichen and leafy gown,
Little gray butterflies fluttering around her,
Deep in the forest, afar from town,
Soft where a stream was trickling down,
I met with Silence, who wove a crown
Of sleep whose mystery bound her.

I gazed in her eyes, that were mossy green
As the rain that pools in the hollow between
The twisted roots of a tree that towers:
And I saw the things that none has seen,—
That mean far more than facts may mean,—
The dreams, that are true, of an age that has been,
That God has thought into flowers.

I gazed on her lips, that were dewy gray
As the mist that clings, at the close of day,
To the wet hillside when the winds cease blowing.
And I heard the things that none may say,—
That are holier far than the prayers we pray,—
The thoughts of music God breathes away
Through the hearts of all things growing.

I looked in her face that was pale and still
As the moon that rises above the hill
Where the pines stand sombre as sorrow:
And the things that all have known, or will,
I knew for a moment—the myths that fill
And people the past of the soul and thrill
Its hope with a far to-morrow.

I heard her voice, that was strange with pain
As a wind that whispers of ruin and rain
To the leaves of the autumn rustling lonely:
And I felt the things that are felt in vain
By all—the longings that haunt the brain
Of man—that come and depart again
And are parts of his dreamings only.

Do Animals Think?

BY JOHN BURROUGHS

PROBABLY I have become unusually cautious of late about accepting offhand all I read in print on subjects of natural history. Newspaper-reading tends to make one cautious,—and who does not read newspapers in these days? One of my critics says, apropos of certain recent strictures of mine upon some current nature-writers, that I discredit whatever I have not myself seen; that I belong to that class of observers “whose viewpoint is narrowed to the limit of their own personal experience.” This were a grievous fault if it were true, so much we have to take upon trust in natural history as well as in other history, and in life in general. “Mr. Burroughs might have remembered,” says another critic discussing the same subject, “that nobody has seen quite so many things as everybody.” How true! If I have ever been guilty of denying the truth of what everybody has seen, my critic has just ground for complaint. I was conscious, in the paper referred to, of denying only the truth of certain things that one man alone had reported having seen—things so at variance not only with my own observations, but with those of all other observers and with the fundamental principles of animal psychology, that my “will to believe,” always easy to move, balked and refused to take a step.

In matters of belief in any field it is certain that the scientific method, the method of proof, is not of equal favor with all minds. Some persons believe what they can or must, others what they would. One person accepts what agrees with his reason and experience, another what is agreeable to his or her fancy. The grounds of probability count much with me; the tone and quality of the witness count for much. Does he ring true? Is his eye single? Does he see out of the back of his head?—that is, does he see on more than one side of a thing? Is

he in love with the truth, or with the strange, the bizarre? Last of all, my own experience comes in to correct or to modify the observations of others. If what you report is antecedently improbable, I shall want concrete proof before accepting it, and I shall cross-question your witness sharply. If you tell me you have seen apples and acorns, or pears and plums, growing upon the same tree, I shall discredit you. The thing has never been known and is contrary to nature. But if you tell me you have seen a peach-tree bearing nectarines, or have known a nectarine-stone to produce a peach-tree, I shall still want to cross-question you sharply, but I may believe you. Such things have happened. Or if you tell me that you have seen an old doe with horns, or a hen with spurs, or a male bird incubating and singing on the nest, unusual as the last occurrence is, I shall not dispute you. But if you aver that you have seen a woodpecker running down the trunk of a tree as well as up, I shall be sure you have not seen correctly. It is the nuthatch and not the woodpecker that runs up and down and around the trees. It is easy to transcend any man's experience; not so easy to transcend his reason. “Nobody has seen so many things as everybody,” yet a dozen men cannot see any farther than one, and reason is not often a matter of majorities. If you tell me any incident in the life of bird or beast that implies the possession of what we mean by reason, I shall be very sceptical.

The other day an intelligent woman told me this about a canary-bird: The bird had a nest with young in the corner of its cage; near by were some other birds in a cage—I forget what they were; they had a full view of all the domestic affairs of the canary. This publicity she evidently did not like, for she tore out of the paper that covered the bottom of her cage a piece as large as your hand

and wove it into the wires so as to make a screen against her inquisitive neighbors. My informant evidently believed this story. It was agreeable to her fancies and feelings. But see the difficulties in the way. How could the bird with its beak tear out a broad piece of paper? then how could it weave it into the wires of its cage? Furthermore, the family of birds to which the canary belongs are not weavers; they build cup-shaped nests, and they have had no use for screens or covers, and they have never made them. Just what was the truth about the matter I do not know, but if we know anything about animal psychology, we know that was not the truth.

It is always risky to attribute to an animal any act its ancestors could not have performed. Again, things are reported as facts that are not so much contrary to reason as contrary to all other observations, and with these, too, I have my difficulties. A recent writer upon our wild life says he has discovered that the cowbird watches over its young and assists the foster-parents in providing food for them—an observation so contrary to all that we know of parasitical birds, both at home and abroad, that no real observer can credit the statement. Our cowbird has been under observation for a hundred years or more; every dweller in the country must see one or more young cowbirds being fed by their foster-parents every season, yet no competent observer has ever reported any care of the young bird by its real parent. If this were true, it would make the cowbird only half parasitical—an unheard-of phenomenon.

The same writer tells this incident about a grouse that had a nest near his cabin. One morning he heard a strange cry in the direction of the nest, and taking the path that led to it, he met the grouse running toward him with one wing pressed close to her side, and fighting off two robber crows with the other. Under the closed wing the grouse was carrying an egg, which she had managed to save from the ruin of her nest. The bird was coming to the hermit for succor. Now, am I sceptical about such a story, put down in apparent good faith in a book of natural history as a real occurrence, because I have never seen the like?

No; I am sceptical because the incident is so contrary to all that we know about grouse and all other wild birds. Our belief in nearly all matters takes the line of least resistance, and it is easier for me to believe that the writer deceived himself, or for some reason wished to deceive his reader, than that such a thing ever happened. In the first place, a grouse could not pick up an egg with her wing when crows were trying to rob her, and, in the second place, she would not think far enough to do it if she had the power. What was she going to do with the egg? Bring it to the hermit for his breakfast? This last supposition is just as reasonable as any part of the story. A grouse will not readily leave her unfledged young, but she will leave her eggs when disturbed by man or beast with apparent unconcern.

It is the rarest thing in the world that real observers see any of these startling and exceptional things in nature. Thoreau saw none. White saw none. Charles St. John saw none. John Muir reports none, Audubon none. It is always your untrained observer that has his posser, his shower of frogs or lizards, or his hoop-snakes, and the like. The impossible things that country people see or hear of would make a book of wonders. In some places fishermen believe that the loon carries its egg under its wing till it hatches, and one would say that they are in a position to know. So they are. But opportunity is only half; the verifying mind is the other half. One of our writers of popular nature-books relates this curious incident of "animal surgery" among wild ducks: He discovered two eider-ducks swimming about a fresh-water pond and acting queerly, "dipping their heads under water and keeping them there for a minute or more at a time." He later discovered that the ducks had large mussels attached to their tongues, and that they were trying to get rid of them by drowning them. The birds had discovered that the salt-water mussel cannot live in fresh water. Now am I to accept this story without question because I find it printed in a book? In the first place, is it not most remarkable that if the ducks had discovered that the bivalves could not live in fresh water, they should not also have discovered that they could not live in the air? In fact, that they would die sooner

in the air than in the fresh water? See how much trouble they could have saved themselves by going and sitting quietly upon the beach, or putting their heads under their wings and going to sleep on the wave. Oysters are often laid down in fresh water to "fatten" them before being sent to market, and probably mussels would thrive for a short time in fresh water equally as well. In the second place, a duck's tongue is a very short and stiff affair, and is fixed in the lower mandible as in a trough. Ducks do not protrude the tongue when they feed; they cannot protrude it; and if a duck can crush a mussel-shell with its beak, what better position could it have the bivalve in than it would be in if ahold of the tongue between the upper and the lower mandible? The story is certainly a very fishy one.

The same writer relates with much detail this astonishing thing of the Canada lynx: He saw a pack of them trailing their game—a hare—through the winter woods, not only hunting in concert, but tracking their quarry. Now any candid and informed reader will balk at this story, for two reasons: (1) the cat tribe do not hunt by scent, but by sight—they stalk or waylay their game; (2) they hunt singly, they are all solitary in their habits, they are probably the most unsocial of the carnivora,—they prowl, they listen, they abide their time. Wolves often hunt in packs. I have no evidence that foxes ever do, and if the cats ever do, it is a most extraordinary departure. A statement of such exceptional occurrence should always put one on his guard. In the same story the lynx is represented as making curious antics in the air to excite the curiosity of a band of caribou and thus lure one of them to its death at the teeth and claws of the waiting hidden pack. This also is so uncatlike a proceeding that no woodsman could ever credit it. Hunters on the plains sometimes "flag" deer and antelope, and I have even seen a loon drawn very near to a bather in the water who was waving a small red flag. But none of our wild creatures use lures or decoys or disguises. This would involve a process of reasoning quite beyond them.

Many instances have been recorded of animals seeking the protection of man

when pursued by their deadly enemies. I heard of a rat which, when hunted by a weasel, rushed into a room where a man was sleeping, and took refuge in the bed at his feet. I heard Mr. Thompson Seaton tell of a young pronghorn buck that was vanquished by a rival, and so hotly pursued by its antagonist that it sought shelter amid his horses and wagons. In all such cases, if the frightened animal really rushed to man for protection, that act would show a degree of reason. The animal must think and weigh the *pros* and *cons*. But I am convinced that the truth about such cases is this: The greater fear drives out the lesser fear; the animal loses its head and becomes oblivious to everything but the enemy that is pursuing it. The rat was so terrified at the demon of a weasel that it had but one impulse, and that was to hide somewhere. Doubtless had the bed been empty it would have taken refuge there just the same. How could an animal know that a man will protect it on special occasions, when ordinarily it has exactly the opposite feeling? A deer hotly pursued by a hound might rush into the barn-yard or into the open door of the barn in sheer desperation of uncontrollable terror. Then we should say the creature knew the farmer would protect it, and every woman who read the incident and half the men would believe that that thought was in the deer's mind. When the hunted deer rushes into the lake or pond, it does so, of course, with a view to escape its pursuers, and wherever it seeks refuge this is its sole purpose. I can easily fancy a bird pursued by a hawk darting into an open door or window, not with the thought that the inmates of the house will protect it, but in a panic of absolute terror. Its fear is then centred upon something behind it, not in front of it.

We are too apt to speak of the lower animals in terms that we apply to our own kind. We can hardly avoid it, but all modern comparative psychologists account for all their actions without attributing to them any of the higher human faculties. A certain situation leads to a certain act, not because the animal thinks about it as we do and is conscious of its purpose, but because certain sense-impressions give rise to certain

impulses, and these impulses result in the act. There is no mental process, no mental image at all in the matter, any more than there is in a man when he instinctively dodges a blow, or responds to a fine day, or to the odors of his dinner. Sense-impressions do it all. This seems to be the view of our younger and most able comparative psychologist, Professor E. L. Thorndike, of Columbia University, and my own line of thought has led me to the same conclusion. Professor Thorndike gives a good idea of what the psychic life of an animal is probably like in the following passage: "It is most like what we feel when consciousness contains little thought about anything, when we feel the sense-impressions in their first intention, so to speak, when we feel our own body and the impulses we give to it [or that outward objects give to it]. Sometimes one gets this animal consciousness while in swimming, for example. One feels the water, the sky, the birds above, but with no thoughts *about* them, or memories of how they looked at other times, or æsthetic judgments about their beauty; one feels no *ideas* about what movements he will make, but feels himself make them, feels his body throughout. Self-consciousness dies away. Social consciousness dies away. The meanings and values and connection of things die away. One feels sense-impressions, has impulses, feels the movements he makes; that is all."

We so habitually impute thought to animals that we come unconsciously to look upon them as possessing this power. Thus the dog seems to think about his dinner when prompted by hunger, or about his home and his master when separated from them. The bird seems to think about its mate, its nest, its young, its enemies. The fox seems to think about the hound that it hears bay-
ing upon its track and tries to elude it; the beaver seems to think about its dam, the muskrat about its house in the fall, the woodpecker about the cell in the dozy limb which it will need as a lodging-place in the winter. That is, all these creatures act as if they thought. We know that under similar conditions we think, and therefore we impute thought to them. But of mental images, concepts, processes like our own, they probably have none. Innate or inherited impulse, which we call

instinct, and outward stimuli, explain most of the actions of the animals. When an animal does something necessary to its self-preservation or to the continuance of its species it probably does not think about it as a person would do, any more than the plant or tree thinks about the light when it bends towards it, or about the moisture when it sends down its tap-root. Touch the tail of a porcupine ever so lightly, and it springs up like a trap and your hand is stuck with quills. I do not suppose there is any more thinking about the act or any conscious exercise of will-power than there is in a trap. An outward stimulus is applied and the reaction is quick. Does not man wink, and dodge, and sneeze, and laugh, and cry, and do many other things without thought or will? I do not suppose the birds think about migrating, as man does when he migrates; they simply obey an inborn impulse to move south or north, as the case may be. They do not think about the great lights upon the coast that blaze out with a fatal fascination in their midnight paths. If they had independent powers of thought, they would avoid them. But the lighthouse is comparatively a new thing in the life of birds, and instinct has not yet taught them to avoid it. To adapt means to an end is an act of intelligence, but that intelligence may be inborn and instinctive as in the animals, or it may be acquired and therefore rational as in man.

"Surely," said a woman to me, "when a cat sits watching at a mouse-hole, she has some image in her mind of the mouse in its hole?" Not in any such sense as we have when we think of the same subject. The cat has either seen the mouse go into the hole, or else she smells him; she knows he is there through her senses, and she reacts to that impression. Her instinct prompts her to hunt and to catch mice; she doesn't need to think about them as we do about the game we hunt; Nature has done that for her in the shape of an inborn impulse that is awakened by the sight or smell of mice. We have no ready way to describe her act as she sits intently by the hole but to say, "The cat thinks there is a mouse there," while she is not thinking at all, but simply watching, prompted to it by her inborn instinct for mice.

The cow's mouth will water at the sight of her food when she is hungry. Is she thinking about it? No more than you are when your mouth waters as your full dinner-plate is set down before you. Certain desires and appetites are aroused through sight and smell without any mental cognition. The sexual relations of the animals also illustrate this fact.

We know that the animals do not think in any proper sense as we do, or have concepts and ideas, because they have no language. Thinking in any proper sense is impossible without language; the language is the concept. Our ideas are as inseparable from the words as form is from substance. We may have impressions, perceptions, emotions, without language, but not ideas. The child perceives things, discriminates things, knows its mother from a stranger, is angry, or glad, or afraid, long before it has any language or any proper concepts. Animals know only things through their senses, and this "knowledge is restricted to things present in time and space." Reflection, or a return upon themselves in thought—of this they are not capable. Their only language consists of various cries and calls, expressions of pain, alarm, joy, love, anger. They communicate with each other and come to share each other's mental or emotional states, through these cries and calls. A dog barks in various tones and keys, each of which expresses a different feeling in the dog. I can always tell when my dog is barking at a snake; there is something peculiar in the tone. The hunter knows when his hound has driven the fox to hole, by a change in his baying. The lowing and bellowing of horned cattle are expressions of several different things. The crow has many caws, that no doubt convey various meanings. The cries of alarm and distress of the birds are understood by all the wild creatures that hear them; a feeling of alarm is conveyed to them—

an emotion, not an idea. We evolve ideas from our emotions, and emotions are often begotten by our ideas. A fine spring morning or a prospect from a mountain top makes me glad, and this gladness may take an intellectual form. But without language this gladness could not take form in ideal concepts.

Animals act with a certain grade of intelligence in the presence of things, but they carry away no concepts of those things as man does, because they have no language. How could a crow tell his fellows of some future event or of some experience of the day? How could he tell him this thing is dangerous, this is harmless, save by his actions in the presence of those things? Or how tell of a newly found food-supply save by flying eagerly to it? A fox or a wolf could warn its fellow of the danger of poisoned meat by showing alarm in the presence of the meat. Such meat would no doubt have a peculiar odor to the keen scent of the fox or the wolf. Insects and animals that live in communities, such as bees and beavers, cooperate with each other without language, because they form a sort of organic unity, and what one feels all the others feel. One spirit, one purpose, fills the community.

In denying reason and thought to the animals, we must not forget how much of our own lives is carried on without the exercise of these powers, being but the result of an inward impulse awakened by some external condition. It is like blushing, or sneezing, or falling in love, or our inherited dispositions, or bodily functions. We have only to think of the animals as habitually in a condition analogous to or identical with the unthinking and involuntary character of much of our own lives. They are creatures of routine. They are wholly immersed in the unconscious, involuntary nature out of which we rise, and above which our higher lives go on.



Rebecca Mary's Diary

BY ANNIE HAMILTON DONNELL

REBECCA MARY decided to keep a diary. It was not an inspiration, though it was rather like one in its suddenness. Of course she had always known that Aunt Olivia kept a diary. When she was very small she had stretched a-tiptoe and with little pointing forefinger counted rows and rows of little black books that Aunt Olivia had "kept." Each little black book had its year-label pasted neatly on the back. Rebecca Mary breathed deep breaths of awe, there were so many of them. There must be so much weather in those little black books—so many pleasant days, rainy days, storms, and snows!

It was Rebecca Mary who remembered that it was Tuesday, and that it had showered a little Wednesday,—shone Thursday,—showered again on Friday. Rebecca Mary was the jog to Aunt Olivia's memory. It gave her now, at the beginning of her own diary career, an experienced feeling, as if she knew already how to keep a diary. It made it seem a much simpler matter to begin.

And then, of course, the minister's littlest little boy—really it was the minister's littlest little boy who had started Rebecca Mary. He had volunteered a peep into his own diary, and made whispered explanations and suggestions. He let Rebecca Mary read some of the entries: "*Mundy*, plesent and good. *Tusdy*, rany and bad. *Wensdy*, sum plesent and not good enuf to hirt. *Thirsdy*—" but he had hastily withdrawn the book at "*Thirsdy*," and a tidal wave of warm red blood had flowed up over his little brown ears and in around all the little brown islands of his freckles. So Rebecca Mary had begun hastily to talk of other things. For the minister's littlest little boy had explained that the first statement in each entry referred to the weather and the second to the deportment of the writer, and Rebecca Mary had remarked a sympathetic resemblance be-

tween the two statements. She had caught a fleeting glimpse of the weather part of "*Thirsdy*"—she could guess the rest. Better let the curtain fall on "*Thirsdy*." On her way home Rebecca Mary decided to keep a diary herself. Her first day's record had been a good deal like the "*Mundy*" of the minister's littlest little boy, only there were more a's in the weather. After that, little by little, she branched out into a certain originality—the Rebecca Mary sort. If she had not been hampered by circumstances, it would have been easier to be original. The most hampering circumstance was the cook-book itself, which she was driven to use in her new undertaking. There was room on the blank leaves and above and below the recipes for cake and pudding and pie. The book was one Aunt Olivia had given her long ago to draw impossible pictures in.

In the beginning Rebecca Mary tried pasting pieces of "empty" paper over the pies and puddings and cakes, but the empty paper was too transparent. In rather startling places things were liable to show through.

As: "*Sunday*.—It rained a level teaspoonful. Aunt Olivia and I went to church. The text was thou shalt not steal 1½ cups of sour milk—" Rebecca Mary got no farther than that. She was a little appalled at the result thus far, and hastily turned a page and began again in a blank space where no intrusive pudding could break through and corrupt. Thereafter she wrote above and below the recipes and pasted no more thin veils over them. It seemed safer.

Aunt Olivia, apparently oblivious to what was going on, yet saw and did not disapprove. It was to be expected that the child should come into her inheritance sometime, early or late. If early,—well.

"It's the Plummer in her. All the Plummers have kept diaries," Aunt Olivia mused, knitting stolidly on while

the child stooped painfully to her self-imposed task. The quaint resemblance to herself at her own diary-writing did not escape her, and she smiled a little in the Aunt Olivia way that scarcely stirred her lips. Aunt Olivia smiled oftener now when she looked at the child. She was "failing" a little, Plummerly. Between the two of them, little Plummer and big, stretched of late a tie woven of sheets and a gorgeous quilt of a thousand bits. It was not very visible to the naked eye, but they were both rather shyly conscious that it was there. They would never be quite so far apart again.

Rebecca Mary took her diary out to the haunts of Thomas Jefferson and read aloud selections to him, with an odd, conscious little air, as though she were graduating. The great white fellow was a sympathetic auditor, if silence and extreme gravity count. Only once did he ever make comments, and Rebecca Mary could never quite make up her mind whether he laughed then or applauded. When a great white rooster elongates his neck, crooks it ridiculously, flaps his wings and crows, it's hard telling exactly what feeling prompts him. But Rebecca reasoned from past experience and her faith in him,—he had never laughed at her before. It was applause. The especial entry which evoked it was the one that first mentioned an allowance.

"*Thursday*.—I think I'm going to," read Rebecca Mary, slowly. And it was significant that on this Thursday there was no weather. "I haven't decided—I don't *know*, but I think I'm going to ask Aunt Olivia to pay me 5 cents a week. Rhoda says you call it an allowance, and I suppose she knows. She is the minister's daughter. She has 10 cents a week unless she's bad and then she pays the minister an allowance. He charges her 1 cent a sin and he gives it to somebody who is indignant—I think Rhoda said indignant. Then I should think he would give it back to Rhoda. I shant only ask Aunt Olivia for 5 cents,—I think she will be more likely. I haven't decided but I *think* I shall ask her tomorrow after her knap. After knaps you are more rested and maybe things don't look just as they do before knaps.

"*Friday*.—I think I'd better wait until tomorrow. Her knap was rather

short. I've decided to say you needn't allow but 4 if 5 is too much. If she allows I'm going to buy me some crimpers. Rhoda's curls natchurally but she says you can crimp it if it doesn't. I have begun to look at myself in the glass and it fritens me—I guess there ought to be a gh in that—to see how homebly I am. I wonder if it doesn't kind of scare Aunt Olivia. Prehaps if I was pretty like Rhoda she would call me darling and dear instead of Rebecca Mary. I don't blame her much because I *look* like Rebecca Mary.

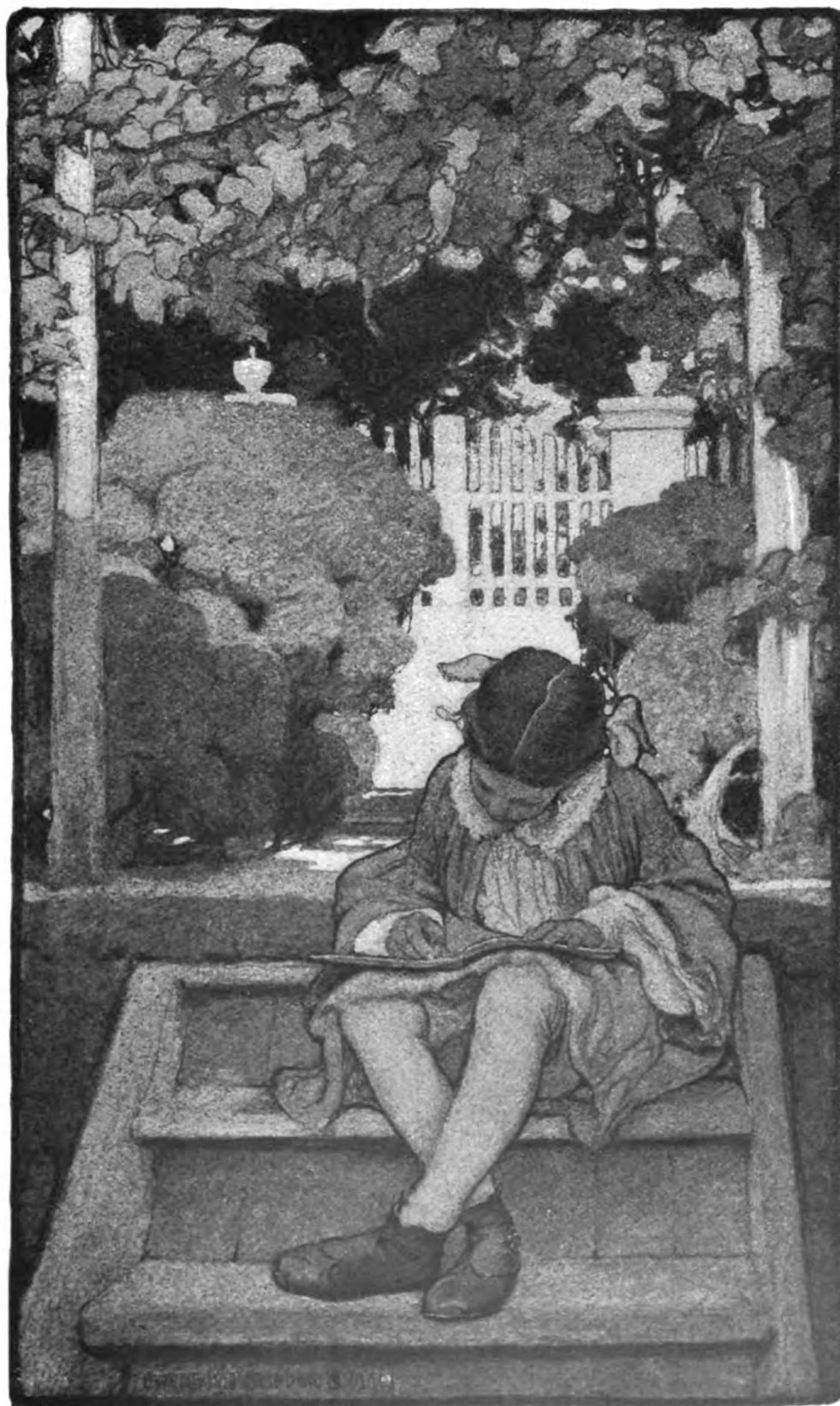
"*Saturday*.—I think Sunday will be the best time to ask her, just after she gets home from meeting and has rolled her bonnet strings up, espesially if the minnister preaches on the Lord lovething a cheerful giver. I am hopeing he will. If I don't get the crimpers I'm going to give up looking in the glass. For I think I'm growing homeblyer right along. There's something the matter with my nose. Rhoda's doesn't run up hill. I never thought about noses before. Aunt Olivia's is a little queer too but I like it because it's Aunt Olivia's nose. I wish I knew if Aunt Olivia liked mine. I wish we were better akquainted.

"*Sunday*.—I wish the Lord had created mine curly because I don't dass to ask Aunt Olivia. I don't dass to, so there. It scares my throat. I suppose it's because aunts arnt mothers,—seems as if you'd dass to ask your *mother*. I hate to be scart on account of being a Plummer. I'm afraid I'm the only Plummer that ever was—"

The reading suddenly stopped here. This was Sunday, and the last entry was fresh from Rebecca Mary's pencil.

"Thomas Jefferson!" stormed Rebecca Mary, in a little gust of passion, "don't you ever *tell* I was scared! As long as you live!—cross your heart!—oh, I wish I hadn't read that part to you! You're a Plummer too, and you never were scared, and you can't understand—"

The diary was clutched to Rebecca Mary's little flat breast, and with a swirl of starched Sunday skirts the child was gone. She went straight to Aunt Olivia. Red spots of shame flamed in both sallow little cheeks; resolution sat astride her little up-hill nose. She could not bear to go, but it was easier than being ashamed. The pointing fingers of all the



ALL THE PLUMMERS KEPT DIARIES

Plummers pushed her on. Go she must, or be a coward. Long ago—it seemed long to Rebecca Mary—she had stood up straight and stanch and refused to make any more sheets. Was that little girl who had dared, *this* little girl who was afraid? Should that little girl be ashamed of this one?

"Aunt Olivia," steadily, though Rebecca Mary's heart was pounding hard,—
"Aunt Olivia, are—are you well off?"

She had not meant to begin like that, but afterward she was glad that she had.

"My grief!" Aunt Olivia ejaculated in her surprise. What would the child ask next! "Am I well off? If you mean rich, no, I ain't."

"Oh! Then you're—why, I didn't think about your being poor! I shouldn't have thought of asking—that makes a great difference. I never thought of *that*!"

She was off before Aunt Olivia had fully recovered her breath, and the stumping of her heavy little shoes going upstairs was the only distinctly audible sound. In her own room Rebecca Mary stopped, panting. "Oh, I'm glad I didn't get as far as *asking*!" she breathed aloud. "I never thought about her being poor—of course then I wouldn't ask!"

But she squared her shoulders and stood up, straight and unashamed. For she had vindicated herself. She had been ready to ask. She could look that other little girl of the sheets in the face. The Other Little Girl was there, coming to meet her as she advanced to the little looking-glass above the table. But Rebecca Mary waved her back peremptorily.

"Go right back!" she said. "I only came to tell you I wasn't a coward,—that's all. Good-by. For I'm not coming any more. You're sorry I'm homely, and I'm sorry you are, but it doesn't do any good for us to look at each other and groan. It will make us unsatisfied. So I shall turn you back to the wall,—good-by."

But for a very instant they looked sadly into each other's little lean brown-yellow faces. It was a brief ceremony of farewell. "Good-by," smiled Rebecca Mary, bravely. And the lips of The Other Little Girl moved as though saying it too. The Other Little Girl smiled. And neither of them knew that just then she was beautiful.

Aunt Olivia was trying to meet her own courage-test. She had been trying a good many days. Duty—stern, unswerving duty—bade her inspect Rebecca Mary's little cook-book diary. Should she not know—ought she not to know the thoughts that were brewing in the child's mind? How else could she bring her up properly?

"Read it," Duty said; "find out. Are you afraid?"

"I'm ashamed," groaned Aunt Olivia. "Do you think Rebecca Mary would read my diary?"

"Is Rebecca Mary bringing you up?"

Aunt Olivia sometimes thought so. The puzzle that she had begun to try to solve when Rebecca Mary's white, death-struck mother had laid her baby in Aunt Olivia's unaccustomed arms was getting a little more difficult every day. Some days Aunt Olivia wondered if she ought to give it up. Oh, this bringing up—this bringing up of little children!

"If I must," groaned Aunt Olivia, and got as far as taking the little diary in her hands. But she got no farther. She laid it gently down again.

"I can't," she said, firmly, but she could not look Duty in the face as she said it. She had always listened to Duty before.

"You know you ought to—"

"Yes, I know, but I can't! It seems a shameful thing to do. I'm sure I've tried often enough—you know I've tried—"

"I know,—that was good practice. Now stop trying and read it!"

Aunt Olivia flamed up. "I tell you I won't! It's a shameful thing. If I found Rebecca Mary reading one of my diaries, I should send her to bed—"

"Read hers and go to bed yourself. It's your duty to read it. When you bring up a child—"

"I never will again!"

Aunt Olivia read it, with the relentless grip of Duty holding her to the task. But flame-spots crept up through the sal-low of her thin cheeks and made what atonement they could.

It did not take long, though some of the pages she read twice. The weatherless week, when Rebecca Mary had put off her "asking" from day to day, Aunt Olivia went back to the third time. When



"AUNT OLIVIA DIDN'T SAY SO BUT SHE ALMOST DID"

she closed the little book it was not a Plummer face she lifted it to and laid it against for the space of a breath,—a Plummer face would not have been wet.

Then she whirled upon Duty. "Well, I've done it,—I hope you're satisfied!"

"It had to be done," calm Duty responded. "If you think it will make you feel any better, you can send yourself to bed."

"I'm going to," sighed Aunt Olivia, slipping away to her room. A strange little yearning was upon her to hunt up Rebecca Mary and call her darling and dear. But in her heart she knew she should not have the courage to do it. Here was another Plummer coward!

"Why are some people made like me!" she thought, "so it kills 'em to say anything anyways tenderish. Seems to be too much for their vocal organs,—they'd rather do a week's washing."

Other thoughts came to Aunt Olivia as she lay on her bed, doing her whimsical penance for violating the sanctity of the little old cook-book. She was not comfortable. It was a hard bed—nothing was soft of Aunt Olivia's. She moved about on it uneasily.

"When they're dead, we're willing enough to say tenderish things to 'em," her musings ran. "We wish we *had* then. I suppose if Rebecca Mary was—"

She got no farther for the sudden horror that was upon her—that sent her to her feet and to the door. But there she stopped in the blessed relief that drifted in to her on a child's laugh. Somewhere out there Rebecca Mary was laughing in her subdued, sweet way. A cracked, shrill crow followed,—Thomas Jefferson was laughing too.

Rebecca Mary was not dead. There was time to say a "tenderish" thing to her before she lay—before that. Aunt Olivia shut her eyes resolutely to the vision that had intruded upon her musings. It was Rebecca Mary who was laughing somewhere out there that she wanted to see.

The next day was Sunday, and in the quiet of the long afternoon Rebecca Mary read aloud again to Thomas Jefferson. It was from the little cook-book diary. Thomas Jefferson was pecking about the long grass of the orchard.

"Oh, listen!" cried Rebecca Mary, her eyes unwontedly shining. "Listen to this, Thomas Jefferson!"

"*Saturday*.—Wind northwest by Mrs. Tupper's weather vain. Something happened yesterday. Aunt Olivia didn't *say* it, but she most did. She came right out of her bedroom and I saw it in her face! "Dear"—"darling,"—they were both there, and she was looking at me! Nobody *ever* looked "dear—darling" at me before. I suppose my mother would have. If I hadn't had another mother I think I should like to have had Aunt Olivia.

"You feel that way more after you get acquainted. When I get *very* acquainted prehaps I shall tell Aunt Olivia. Its queer, I think, how it isent as easy to say some things as it is to think them. You can wright them easier too. I am glad Ime keeping a diary because I can wright about yesterday and what happened. I shall read it to my grand children—to be continude.

"*Sunday*'—that's today, Thomas Jefferson, — '*Sunday*. — This is yesterday continude, because there was too mutch for one day. Something else beutiful happened. My Aunt Olivia said to me as folows, I have desided to pay you a weakly alowance of 10 cents a weak Rebecca Mary. And I never asked her to. And she never said anything about charging me for my sins. I was going to ask her but I found out she was poor. That was a mistake, she isent. She must be *some* well of I think for 10 cents seams a great deal to have of your own every weak. But I shant buy crimpers. Ime going to buy a present for Aunt Olivia byamby. Ime very happy. I wish I knew how to spell hooray.'"

Suddenly Rebecca Mary was on her feet, waving the cook-book jubilantly.

"Hoo-ray! Hoo-ray! Thomas Jefferson!" she shouted, surprising the gentle Sunday calm. She surprised Thomas Jefferson, too, but he was equal to the occasion,—Thomas Jefferson was a gentleman.

"Hoo-ra-a-a-ay!" he crowed, splendidly, with a fine effect of clapping his hands.

This time there could be no doubt. This was applause.

In the Street

BY CHARLES HENRY WHITE

THE picturesque element of a New York street depends, perhaps more largely than in any other town, upon conditions. It is not that obvious picturesqueness of Nürnberg that follows you when you go out, meets you at every turn, or haunts you at night in your slumbers; nor is it that insistent beauty of Venice, which, from its superabundance, makes the artist hesitate at times for fear of verging on mere prettiness or dwindling into the commonplace. New York at first glance is ugly; and it is not until you become intimate with her moods and ways that you begin to discern a subtle beauty lurking somewhere in this ugliness—a beauty suddenly coming to life for one short hour in the day, and vanishing as quietly. The more one loiters through the side streets of the city, the more one begins to feel the elusive character of this picturesque element, and the longer he will avoid coming to hasty conclusions regarding the latent significance of certain street corners, which under ordinary conditions seem commonplace enough: corners that one might pass a dozen times a day without a suggestion of an artistic motive, until some happy accident brings you face to face with your subject—perhaps in the early morning or on a late autumn afternoon, at its “*heure magique*,” when your battered tenement or disreputable junk-shop is transformed, and you are confident that it compares favorably with the best that Paris or London can offer.

That New York has not been more fully exploited by the artists in recent years is largely due to the attitude of the public. After all, the artist must live; and when he finds that a pot-boiler of an old château will not only please better, but sell twice as rapidly as a masterpiece—if he were capable of doing one—of the corner saloon or the peanut-stand, he will quietly draw another château when the rent comes due, and apologize to his friends.

But do not imagine that it is only your crumbling château or Parisian faubourg that is rife with sentimental incident and tradition. While it is true that nearly each step one takes abroad covers ground rich in historical significance and legend, and every turn brings suggestions of bygone splendor, yet New York also has its romance—Zolaesque in character, perhaps, yet equally stirring; and while your sentimental Frenchman will point to a narrow cul-de-sac and say, “There, monsieur, the Duc de Bourgogne was assassinated,” or your Venetian enthusiast, waving his hand in the direction of a crumbling palace, exclaims, “There, signor, from that very balcony the Contessa who formerly lived here eloped with her gondolier,” so your friend on Mulberry Bend, after satisfying himself that you are only sketching and not inquisitive, will point over your shoulder and commence:

“Right over there, Jack”—you are always “Jack” at the Bend,—“where you see de oyester-shack wot used ter be a pipe-joint, Tony Carraccio shot Blinkey Rooke and Hefty Kelly. Rooke fell right where you see de hand-organ playin’, and Kelly dropped just where we’re standin’. The third guy wot was wid de bunch was shifty, and bein’ light on his feet, ducked in time, and here’s wot was comin’ to him,” pointing significantly to a bullet-hole in the wooden cornice above a shop window.

To cut across to the East Side by the most direct route, would be to miss half the pleasure of the roundabout course through Greenwich Village, with its erratic twists and unexpected turns, leading one past little squares dotted with shade-trees, and gabled red brick houses with their quaint Colonial door-posts and wrought-iron work lending a pleasant atmosphere of the past to everything—an atmosphere of the early fifties and sixties which even busy Bleeker

Street cannot escape. There is a certain orderliness existing in Greenwich that one looks for in vain at the Bend; a final struggle to remain respectable that diminishes perceptibly as one goes eastward along Bleecker Street.

Just above the spot where Sixth Avenue fuses itself into Carmine Street, New York's ugliest thoroughfare suddenly becomes interesting. There are the race-track followers—wise, hard-faced gentlemen in elaborate piqué waistcoats,—hanging about the local pool-room or grouping themselves before the corner saloon, with the ever-busy toothpick, while beyond, on either side of the street, are the second-hand-clothing shops with their wonderful collection of trousers and superannuated coats and vests; even the ex-bandmaster's outfit is to be found here with the rest, hanging in picturesque rows, and flapping idly in the breezes. It is here that the Tenor Robusto rents his dress suit for the Sunday-night "trial performance," or the Knockabout Brothers locate the mysterious plug hat—of childish proportions—that sticks to the scalp under trying conditions; the impecunious artist, too, wanders hither when in quest of a "directoire" coat and vest, and even the pop-eyed lacrymose individual in the celluloid collar, who met you last week with the hard-luck story of his phantom wife and child. The proprietors of these stores are superstitious in the extreme, and prosper in the ratio of their ability to interpret signs.

Try, for instance, to get past these crazy shops carrying a dress-suit case, and the hairy figure of Mr. Shinglehausenheimer emerges like a spider from the obscure interior; a long bony arm suddenly shoots out and attaches itself to your coat button, and before you realize what is happening you are dragged within, your dress-suit case is grabbed and placed on the counter.

"Now vat do you vant?" he asks.

"Nothing; absolutely nothing," you answer. The dress-suit case is empty and you are returning it to a friend.

"Gut! den I buy it," he exclaims, energetically, putting it aside on a shelf beyond your reach. "Vat does your vriend vant for it?"

"No; he intends to keep it," you answer emphatically.

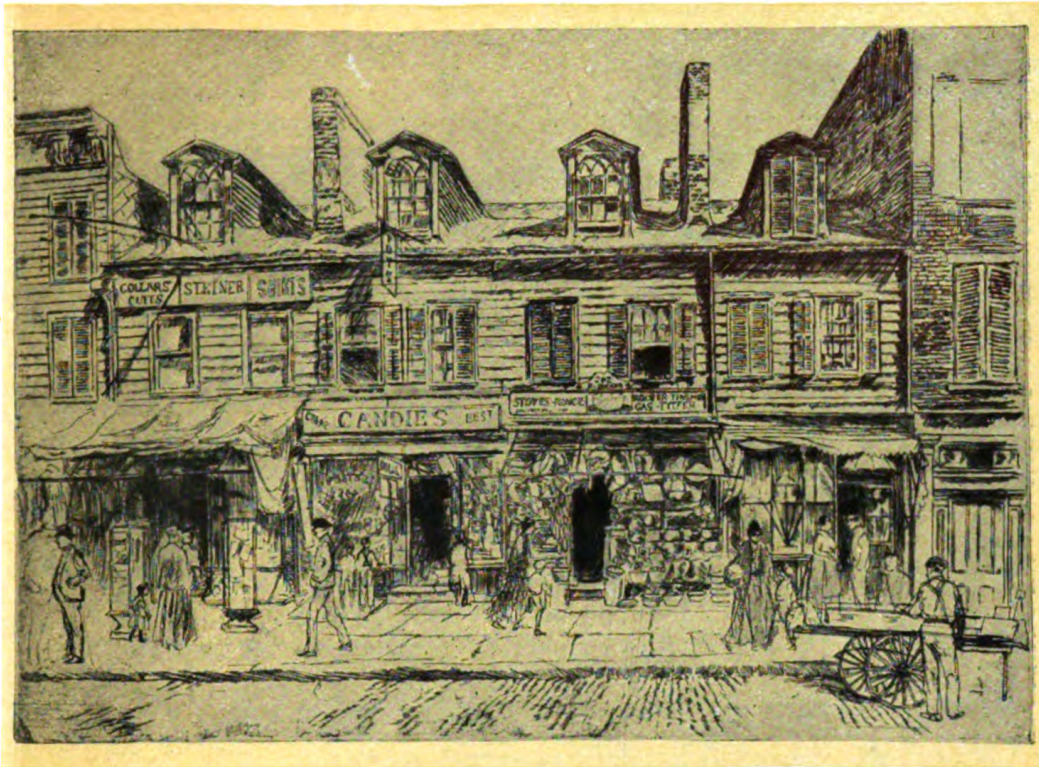
"Den ze coat you have on?" he continues. "I buy it."

No; you insist that the coat you have on, such as it is, still keeps out the rain, and demanding your belongings, beat a hasty retreat.

At Bleecker Street, Sixth Avenue ends and Carmine Street begins. Here one sees, half hidden between the adjacent buildings, a weather-beaten row of timber houses with sloping roofs, crumbling chimneys, and a delightful row of exquisite gables, while below nestle the quaint old shops, crowding one another in keen competition, where toys, candies, umbrellas, or nondescript pots and pans heaped up on the sidewalk invite your inspection.

Beautiful as these old landmarks are, enjoying as they do the peculiar distinction of having been one of the first piano-factories in New York, it is only during a few hours in the morning that they appear to advantage,—when the sun steals around the corner, suddenly bringing them to life, and the shadows sift across the battered façades of the buildings, emphasizing each eccentricity that time has wrought in the timbers. So you return early the next day, affecting, in your simplicity, what you consider to be a fairly decent impersonation of a free and easy manner, at the same time probing around for as inconspicuous a place for work as possible—behind a sign-board or a show-case on the sidewalk.

Do not imagine that your movements have escaped the small boy on the other side of the street, who has been observing you intently. You no sooner decide upon a vantage-point than he tears down the street, turns the corner, and you perspire freely as you hear the shrill voice in the distance sing out, "Hey, fellers! dere's a bloak 'round on Bleecker Street wot's goin' ter drawer a pictur' of dem houses!" and before you can retreat you are surrounded; so, realizing how futile it is to try and escape notice, you steady your nerves and proceed to unpack your paraphernalia. When the three-legged sketching-stool is produced, folded neatly together resembling a club, the excitement is intense; but when this is opened up and you proceed to fit the leather top over it this excitement increases rapidly, and almost ends in a riot when you top



BLEEKER STREET GABLES

Etched on copper by C. H. White

the climax by sitting down on it. Then follow the copperplate, etching-needles, and sundry bottles of varnish. A confused mass of hands and arms are thrust out to hold them for you; and the sudden appearance of a small palette to mix your Chinese white on is the signal for an impromptu fight, in which you act as intermediary.

If there is anything the artist need fear in New York it is rather too much kindness than the contrary. Everybody in the neighborhood is interested and kindly disposed towards him, from Casey the roundsman, who occasionally stops on his beat with a word of encouragement, and a little well-chosen profanity—accentuated by a prod or two from his night-stick to scatter the crowd—to little Tommy Sullivan, who rushes to the drinking-fountain a block away to replenish your water-bottle.

And now you are fairly under way with your sketch, and the buildings across the way begin to assume more tangible forms. In Venice under the same conditions your audience of boys

would be content to stand for hours in open-mouthed admiration at the mere fascination of the intricacies of your medium: at the rapidity with which your needle glides through the wax ground, laying bare the burnished copper. The American gamin is also impressed by this, but coupled with his admiration for mere manual dexterity and the mystery of strange mediums and processes, is a sane desire to put the whole matter on a purely commercial basis, and before long one is interrupted with, "Say, mister; are you gettin' paid for doin' dis?" As a rule one has not time to reply before some intelligent boy answers for you: "Shure! Wot de — do you t'ink de guy's doin' it fer—fer his health?"

The logic of this is so lucid that your interlocutor blinks bashfully and withdraws to the edge of the crowd. Do not imagine that the incident closes here. After a short intermission the intelligent boy says, "Ain't you, Jack?"

"Ain't I what?" you answer vaguely, trying to suppress a smile.

"Gettin' paid fer doin' it?" comes his



A BIT OF HUDSON STREET

Etched on copper by C. H. White

answer, pinning you down. You nod in the affirmative, and dismissing the incident, concentrate your attention on your work. But there is a vital question that has not yet been disposed of that is gnawing the juvenile brain, and it is certain to come in its logical sequence: "Say, Jack, how much are you gettin' paid for doin' it?"

You mention a moderate figure, and are greeted with a chorus of—"Gee whiz, fellers! easy money! Say, Jack, you must hate ter take de money!" And you frankly admit that you do.

As your work progresses you find that one-third of your time is spent constructing diplomatic answers; for it is not only the juvenile element that is inquisitive. There is the elderly gentleman who begs your pardon for making a suggestion, "but wouldn't it be easier for you to take a photograph of the building?" And the clerk from across the street who points out your mistake in putting Jackson on the sign opposite, although it reads so; seeing that Jackson, four years ago, transferred the business to Fangle,

and the latter left an order for a new sign with a party named Smith, who subsequently drank himself to death, ending the matter; and off he goes into an intricate description of the latter's unfortunate domestic life. But you no sooner get rid of him than the bibulous gentleman with the fishy eye, who has hovered about you faithfully the entire morning, appears again and asks you hoarsely, for the thirtieth time, with tears in his eyes, *why* you won't put him in. He becomes irresistible; you take pity on him and sketch him in where there is no place for a figure, invariably spoiling the drawing.

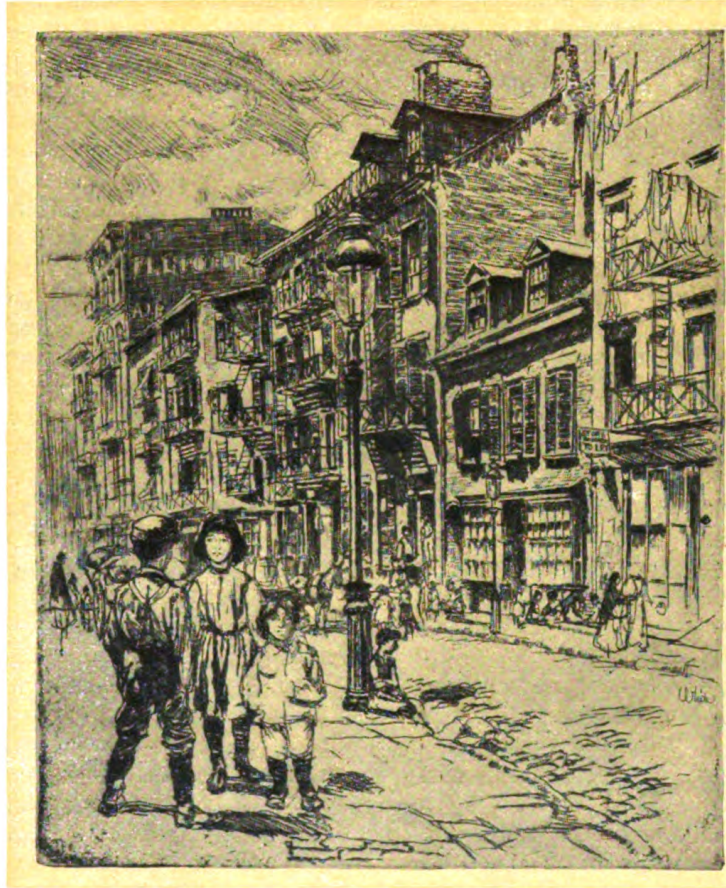
What could be more unexpected than to have the local baker, a mountain of genuine hospitality and good nature, lean over your shoulder while you work, and remark, "That reminds me of the kind of subject Charles Méryon might have chosen for one of his etchings," and this all said without a suggestion of displaying borrowed erudition, but a perfectly spontaneous remark, very apropos at the time, from a man of excellent

taste, who has collected several creditable proofs himself!

A few blocks from here the huge proportions of a great 20-cent-room hotel tower above the housetops, dwarfing everything in the vicinity; and the street becomes more congested, more saturated with varied human interest than one will find in a five-mile radius elsewhere in the city. A continuous stream of humanity passes up and down the street from morning until night—old actors of the days of Booth, pathetic figures in their shiny coats brushed threadbare; greasy Poles, romantic-looking Spaniards, "street men" on an enforced vacation, petty grafters, "vogel-thieves," artist models—yes, even the ex-ward heeler and prize-fighter anchors here during the adverse winds, hopefully awaiting the flood-tide. Just across the street, where the Banca Italiana has its offices, looking west, one can usually see a group of short, thick-necked gentlemen, with petti-larceny faces, clad for the most part in elaborate sweaters, hanging round the Klondike Pool Room, discussing in habitually hoarse and husky voices the latest sporting news.

On one corner stands a curious hotel with a sign that reads, *Agenzia di Passaggi da e per l'Europa*; and beneath this, lost in the confused patches of vividly colored bill-posters on the wall, is the sign Thompson Street. You turn in here. Great rows of tenements on either side, with their corroded iron fire-escapes festooned with vividly colored underwear;

numerous push-carts overflowing with fruit and vegetables in a riot of brilliant color, surrounded by crowds of women in long black shawls bargaining over a few cents; little shops beneath dilapidated awnings with Italian bread and cheese, and prehistoric Salami sausages with



IN CHERRY HILL

Etched on copper by C. H. White

green fur all over them; cigar-stores with those vicious-looking things with straws run through them, such as you smoked in Venice—only worse; and children everywhere—in the gutter, on the door-steps, crawling through the refuse, appearing behind ash-barrels, only to vanish again in the basements—and you have Thompson Street.

It is necessary to go a few blocks before penetrating into the real atmosphere of this diminutive Italian colony. At noon, entering from Bleecker Street, the view is atrocious; but late in the afternoon, when the shadows lengthen

and the tenements empty their inmates into the street, you see the real Thompson Street and confess that it is delightfully picturesque.

But Thompson Street of the red brick gabled house and faded green Colonial door-post and wrought-iron railing is rapidly passing into history. Entire rows of these landmarks vanish, it would seem, overnight, to be replaced by "new-idea" tenements, monstrosities of their kind, replete with preposterous ornament and gaudy brick; a perfect chaos of the different architectural orders, forming a species of Harlem rococo, which when once seen haunts one forever after.

In these everything is up to date—sanitary plumbing and excellent bathtubs, which usually contain Tony's supply of hard coal. How awkward and out of place he looks in these surroundings! How the inharmoniousness of it all must jar him! One might as well paint a Harlem background around one of Teniers's peasants and then ask him to feel comfortable! Business in Thompson Street is transacted on the sidewalk; ostensibly the shop is there for that purpose, but it serves only as a secluded spot in which to retire for a further reduction of prices; the stock, such as it is, is arranged to the best advantage out on the sidewalk, leaning against the store, for the curious to examine at their leisure.

If one comes here on a late Saturday or Sunday afternoon, it seems as if all the tottering gabled buildings and frame derelicts for blocks around had suddenly, by common consent, emptied their humanity into Thompson Street. Swarthy, melodramatic Neapolitans saunter back and forth, followed by women of all ages, wearing the deep orange kerchief on their heads, carrying an infinite variety of babies, stopping from time to time to exchange a bit of gossip or scandal with a neighbor—for this is the social hour in Thompson Street. Through the crowded thoroughfare men ply their way, dragging ponderous two-wheel carts piled high with great bundles of rags, stopping at the obscure basements of the local ragpickers, who suddenly emerge like spiders, and pouncing on their bundles, tug and pull, until with one supreme

"Corpo di Dio!" the last bundle disappears into the dimly lighted basement below. Thompson Street is the home of the ragpicker. On either side of the street, in the dust-laden atmosphere of the narrow basements, you see in the uncertain light these toilers of the underworld—vague weary figures of men and aged women, bending over their task of selecting the rags from the paper and packing them into bags, while in the gutter numerous two-wheel carts, half hidden by pyramids of pure rag bundles, add an occasional picturesque note to the ensemble. Over these a confused mass of screaming barefoot children romp and play.

At Mulberry Bend one has all the elements that go to make the charm of Thompson Street, only elaborated and intensified a hundredfold. In the latter it would seem as if the artist had chosen too small a canvas and confined himself to a rough experimental preliminary sketch, while in the former one has his finished picture, where everything is subservient to a general preconceived idea. One no sooner turns into Mulberry Park than the sombre gray of Baxter Street and its smoky tenements is left behind and the magic touch of the south is felt everywhere. At the "Bend" everything is color. Gazing across this great piazza, with the spire of the *Trasfigurazione* rising beyond the row of odd houses and their subtle harmonies of pale blue and faded salmon, with here and there a rich note of old-gold in a dilapidated shanty, one has difficulty in realizing that this indeed is New York.

Even the Piazza Colonna in Rome, noted for its loungers, never in its palmiest days outnumbered the crowd of good-natured vagabonds that loiters here by the hour, sitting in a semidormant state on the benches in the sun, or fills the picturesque Loggia at the northern end to overflowing. Your first impression is that you have stumbled across a local holiday, and you take a seat and await developments.

Groups of men of all ages, in picturesque hats and nondescript clothes, form and reform on the corners or lean against the iron railings. The handsome Neapolitan with curling mustachios, in search of new conquests,



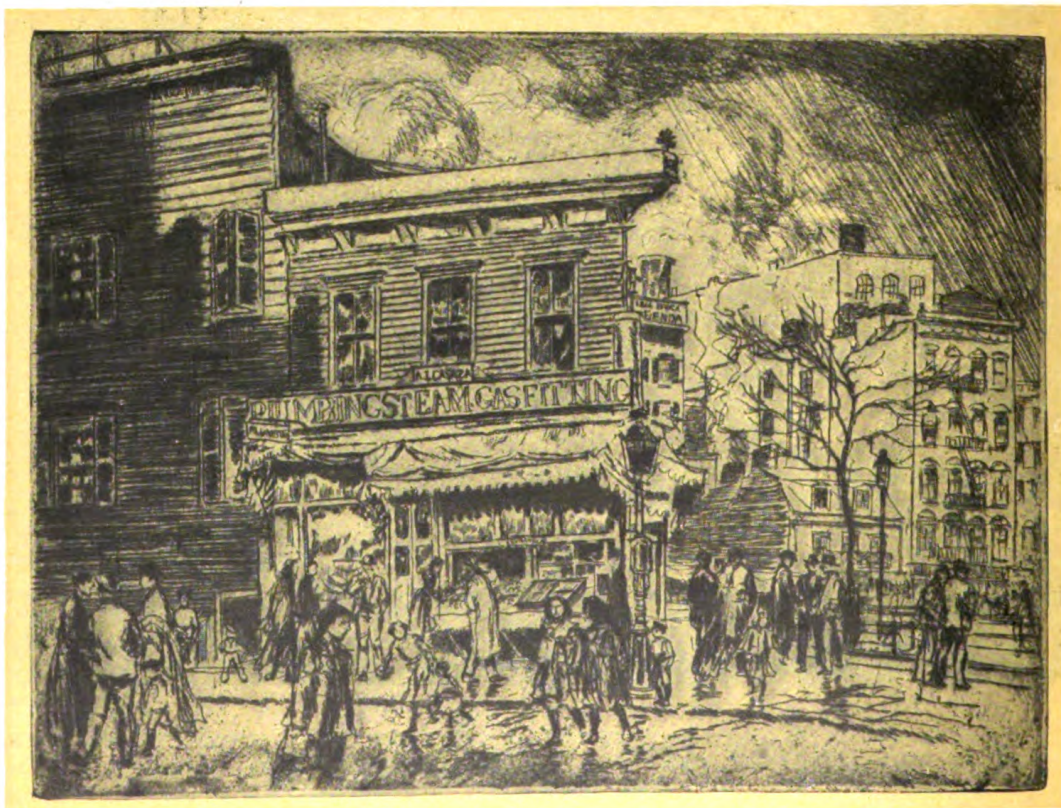
THOMPSON STREET, THE HOME OF THE RAGPICKER

Etched on copper by C. H. White

and the tragic Sicilian in his great felt hat, with a suspicious air of the Mafia about him, saunter past, going nowhere in particular. Next comes a heavy van loaded down with cheap cardboard valises, and men clinging like lobsters to the sides of the wagon, followed by a padrone leading a nondescript crowd of bewildered peasants—new arrivals who have just received their bath and disinfecting at the Island. They no sooner pass out of sight than another crowd, more prosperous-looking but equally picturesque, moves in the opposite direction. This is composed, for the most part, of philosophers, who have saved their 150 or 200 dollars, and are about to return to Italy to spend the winter. As you sit absorbed with the infinite variety of the life here, the distant strains of a funeral march reach your ears, gradually increasing in volume, until you see the funeral procession thread its way through the crowded thoroughfare—the hearse with its many plumes and trappings;

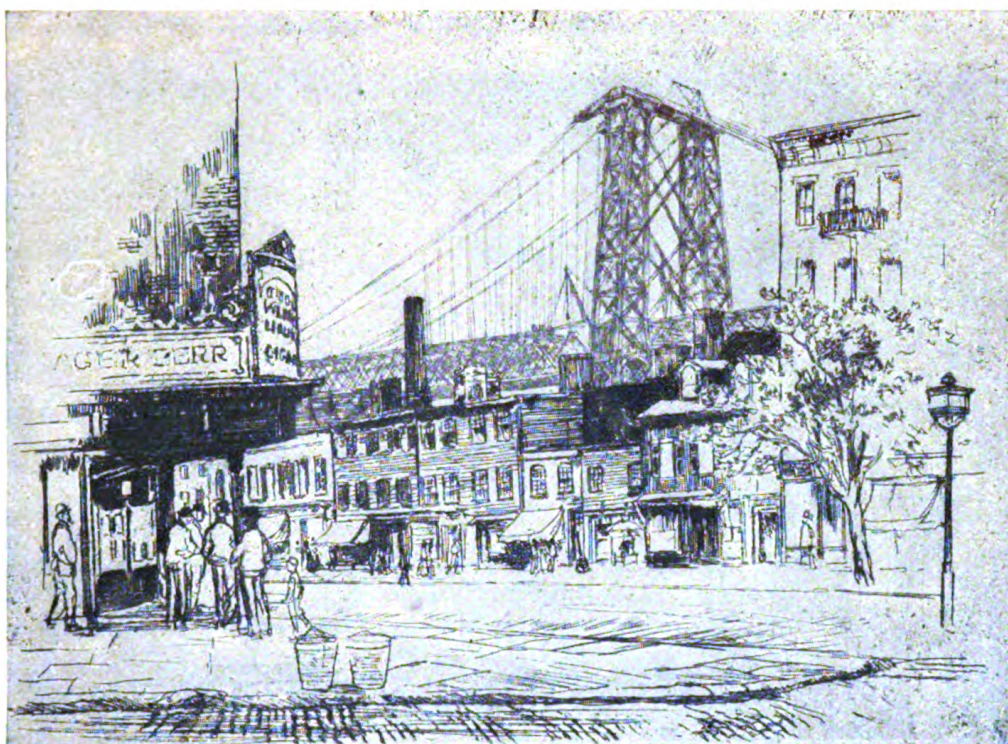
the band in brightly colored uniforms and with muffled drums; the carriages, hired at the cost of a month's rent, filled with mourners, all silhouetted against the warm liquid grays of the adjacent houses.

The rhythmical cadences of the distant miserere still reach your ear faintly as the huge observation automobile rolls past with its cargo of credulous, open-mouthed sightseers, straining their necks and gazing in pop-eyed wonderment at the Cicero in front, as he alternately screams his oratory through a huge megaphone trained at the audience, or dodges fruit that is overripe and thrown his way by the throng of barefoot boys who follow on foot, yelling, "Git a horse! git a horse, rubberneck!" You leave under the impression that you have just seen a local holiday at the Bend; but if you return to-morrow, next month, or in the autumn, the same happy-go-lucky crowd is there basking in the sunshine, or sleeping on benches, and you turn to O'Reilly, the roundsman.



FIVE POINTS, THE MULBERRY BEND REGION

Etched on copper by C. H. White



A GRAND STREET CORNER, NEAR THE EAST RIVER

Etched on copper by C. H. White

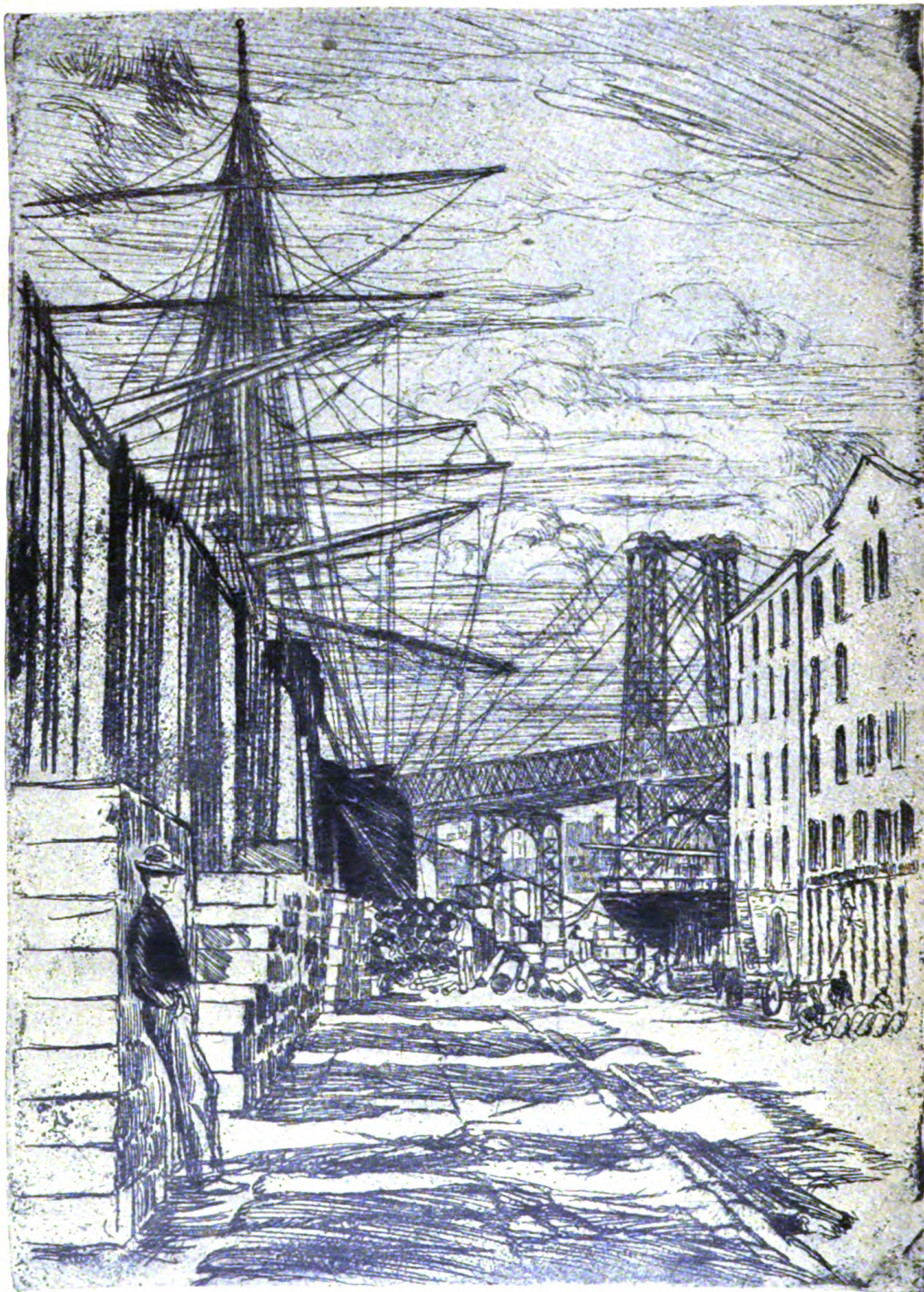
"Shure they're here every day," he replies, indignantly. "They're just settin' around waitin' fer them little shade-trees to grow over yonder."

The Piazza is the home of all who reside near the Bend. They live here and dream away the hours. Perhaps a job may materialize to-morrow or the day after? If it doesn't—well, there's always the Piazza, lots of good company, and, what is more important, sunlight, and the great expanse of blue sky and flying clouds above.

Fresh arrivals come daily with new stories from across the sea, while irresistible little Venetian ladies, with elaborate coiffures, pass and repass with all the airs of a Colonna, causing Tony to suddenly straighten up and brush his coat vigorously, cursing himself all the while for not having worn a collar. After all, life on a park bench at the Bend is not half bad. It is a cheerful devil-may-care sort of poverty, quite devoid of that hopelessly sordid atmosphere prevailing in Hester Street near by.

Each quarter seems to develop its particular "bad man"—a sort of metamorphosed D'Artagnan—quick to avenge a wrong, imaginary or otherwise, and equally willing to go "broke" for a friend. He is at once the pride and terror of the community; and when he saunters down the street you seem to feel an indescribable atmosphere of the charnel-house—a subtle something, a sudden unnatural chilliness in the air, savoring slightly of distant plots of green grass beneath the cypress, and marble slabs with their short, terse epitaphs. Men cease to smile, and mothers seize their babes, withdrawing to the hallways; while even the local pug who cracked a joke at his expense last week, scenting the unwholesome air with a prophetic nose, boards a Battery car—on the run—and thence to Harlem.

It takes a man like Jimmy Murphy to point them out as they pass and give their records; for he knows them all. Jimmy and I met in the early spring last year in front of the chair-factory



THE OLD WHARF, WILLIAMSBURG BRIDGE

Etched on copper by C. H. White

where he works. I was preparing to make a sketch of the combination restaurant, gambling-hell, and banking establishment across the way, when he appeared with a large wicker armchair, and shoving it along the pavement beside me, said, "Better take it easy, Jack," and disappeared before I could thank him. When he appeared again, I remonstrated with him, fearing that I might accidentally spill varnish on it.

"It don't matter wot happens to that chair," he put in, in a confidential tone, dispelling all my fears; "it ain't mine; it belongs to the boss." From that moment I was the recipient of many favors at his hands. When a wagon would drive up and stop directly in my line of vision, it was Jimmy who compelled the driver to move on; or when the wondering crowd collected at the unusual spectacle of a solitary man sitting in an armchair on Mulberry Street, Jimmy would emerge from the doorway, armed with a piece of scantling, and shout: "Gowan now! Ferget it! . . . Wot the — do you think this is—a three-card-monte game?"

Half a block away from Jimmy's chair-factory, looking south, you see the distant towers of Brooklyn Bridge rising beyond the housetops. If one approaches them, he will be led to the water-front, through great canyons of lofty buildings, throbbing with the ceaseless hum of their machinery, past rambling streets fringed on either side by tenements and odd rows of half-forgotten houses falling into decay, until an undefinable something in the atmosphere suggests to one the proximity of the river.

Perhaps it is the faint odor of bilgewater that tickles one's nostrils as he turns a corner, or the innumerable little nautical-supply shops bordering the street, filled with an elaborate display of compasses, ship's logs, brass cleats, and bronze sextants, or the great coils of rope and steel cable, and ponderous anchors, with their chains forming strange evolutions on the sidewalk. All these things heighten your curiosity to push on, and before long you enter the district of the warehouses. Here, framed on either side by the damp weather-beaten wall of the adjoining buildings, rise the masts of a full-rigged merchantman. A sudden gust of fresh salt air rushes through the nar-

row passageway; you hurry through—and emerge on South Street.

The great open sweep of the quays stretches out before one, it would seem, indefinitely. Bordering the water-front are the old warehouses and lofts of the sail-maker and boat-builder, with nautical-supply stores and saloons elbowing one another for breathing-space; while stretching out into the river, like long arms, are the massive piers, and moored to these—their quaint figureheads facing the buildings, and their lofty bowsprits half spanning the street—are the deep-sea merchantmen from beyond the seas, with a swarm of stevedores in blue overalls and jumpers bustling about, unloading the cargo and placing it along the water-front to be loaded on the numerous trucks lined up to receive it. Donkey-engines puff away, huge cranes swing out over the dock, while tugs and lighters thread their way in and out between the piers, or ply their way up and down the river. Above all this is the roar of the ceaseless stream of trucks that forms one continuous procession from morning until night. There is an irresistible movement here that is exhilarating.

A deep-sea merchantman is about to sail, and you stop to investigate. An air of suppressed excitement is felt everywhere. Men bustle about giving orders, and the captain stands on the deck cursing everybody in sight. The only persons who seem absolutely contained in the midst of this confusion are the sailors, who hang over the bulwarks, chewing vigorously, with about as much expression on their faces as wooden Indians. From fragments of the conversation that reach you from the deck it is apparent that some member of the crew is missing. The captain seems to be on the verge of apoplexy; when presently a distant shout centres all interest on the end of the pier. Here they come! The sturdy outlines of the mate appear, propelling the equally ponderous frame of the recalcitrant sailor who had tried to create a liquor famine at the corner.

As they come abreast of you, grave doubts enter your head concerning the mate's ability to get him up the gangway. These, however, are quickly dispelled, for with the former it is an old story and merely part of the day's work

Grasping the unfortunate mariner by the uppermost part of his trousers with one hand, and clutching him by the back of his collar with the other, first dragging, now lifting, with many bumps and some amazing profanity, he drags him up the ladder like so much ballast, and drops him on the deck in a confused heap.

"Do ye want Kelly?" asks the mate, mopping his face on his sleeve. "He's still missin'."

"Let him go to —," replies the captain, decisively, throwing a few orders about at random; and the great ship pulls in her gangplank, slips her moorings, and glides gracefully out into the stream.

Suddenly the figure of a hatless seaman staggers out on the end of the pier, a trifle the worse for wear, waving his arms at the ship and yelling like a maniac. Now it is the mate's turn to be epigrammatical. Standing on the poop-deck with a wicked smile on his face, you hear him shout through his hands, "The alcoholic ward fer yours!" and the ship steals quietly down the stream and disappears from view.

Last year, near one of these old piers, I might have come to grief, had it not been for the timely intervention of a friend—one of those unobtrusive patron saints that the city abounds in,—appearing suddenly, with providential expediency, in one's hour of need.

I was at work on a sketch of the bridge, with the rear view of a steamer moored to the dock for a foreground, surrounded by the customary group of loungers, critically watching every line. My crowd was orderly, however; and if it harbored any antagonistic opinions it had not yet expressed them, until an excessively fat German took a hand in it.

"Dat boat ain't right," he gasped; for

bending over pinched his midriff, making it hang out inordinately over his belt.

"What's wrong?" I queried, working away, keeping my eyes on the paper.

"You can't see de front of de boat," he wheezed, becoming more feverish every minute.

"Neither can you," I suggested, persuasively.

"Ya, but you ought to put it in," he insisted. "Vat's de use of bein' an artist if you can't draw in vat you can't see?" he concluded, triumphantly looking around for sympathy. To argue with a man like this is a futile pastime, yet one must say something to hold up his end of the argument, or the one dissenting voice will soon have its influence on the crowd, and presently everybody takes a hand at criticising, and serious work becomes impossible. I was at my wit's end for an answer, when a stentorian voice behind me supplied it:

"Back to the soup-kitchen fer yours! Wot the — do you know about art? . . . Back to the dishes! . . . Gowan now! Quick! Fade away!"

As I turned, the towering proportions of the local "cop" who had turned art critic were bending over me.

"Say, that's fine, young feller," he exclaimed, authoritatively, inspecting it closely; and then suddenly wheeling around, pointing with his night-stick at the retreating figure of the corpulent German, and pitching his powerful voice in a key calculated to give everybody the benefit of it for a radius of half a block, commenced: "Some of these gasbags around here thinks they're sailors, just because they happen to sling soup on South Street! . . . Say! Put that sucker on a ship, and the first thing he'd do 'ud be to spit t' windward!"



The Prophetess of the Land of No-Smoke

BY MARIE MANNING

OLD Chugg had brought the stage into town one afternoon on a rocking gallop that to the initiated signified some information of importance, and, without leaving the box, had given some advance news in pantomime. He had a passenger inside—an old man with a beard like a prophet, who later went about the vicious little town affixing signs to such resorts as apparently stood most grievously in need of reformation. The notices merely stated that a prayer-meeting would be held on No-Smoke prairie on the following Thursday, and that all would be welcome. But as Chugg's pantomime had consisted of elaborate manipulation of a phantom skirt, with sundry coquettish rollings of the eye and some clerical gesticulation, it had not taken the cognoscenti long to discover that they might shortly expect a visit from the woman preacher.

Town had long heard of her—the fame of her preaching was broadcast. "When she left a settlement," Chugg had been kind enough to add, "you wondered if she had done it alone, or if she had had any seventeen-year locusts in to help her." So town had decided to respond to the invitation as a man—not that it felt itself as seriously in need of reformation as of amusement.

The fire and brimstone that had been hurled at it by the migratory preachers that came to No-Smoke at long intervals seldom failed to enliven the life of the range; and while no outward disrespect to the men of the jeremiads would have been permitted, their diatribes seldom failed to add to the common fund of innocent amusement. The men were willing to pay well for their entertainment, too, when the hat was passed, and, on the whole, they considered that matters between themselves and the casual shep-

herds that came to No-Smoke stood about even. And they would bid an outwardly chastened adieu to the parson and await the next camp happening—which might be vaudeville combined with the sale of patent medicine; some desperate act demanding the swift, unrelenting justice of the plains; or another preacher with his tales of fire and brimstone. On the whole, the woman preacher promised more in the way of entertainment than her brothers in judgment. And one who knew them well would have scented mischief in the men's demureness as they rode forth from town as sedate as a company of pilgrims nearing a shrine.

Spring had come slowly this year in the Land of No-Smoke. Its name, which in the original tongue stood for its great loneliness—the place where no camp-fire nor the curling smoke of tepee intruded upon the silent councils of the hills,—had of late years lost its significance. The Indians had left the land to the sun and the silence and the evil spirits that, according to their traditions, dwelt there. But the big cattle outfits had no traditions, and when they saw that the land was good for grazing they brought many herds, and the silent spaces of No-Smoke fell into the ways that were strange to it. Town sprang into being overnight. The cracked tinkle of the dance-hall piano, the clinking of glasses and spurs, laughter loud if not always mirthful, pistol-shots,—for life there was essentially a thing to be played with,—all contributed their sprightly chronicle, till at last the Land of No-Smoke became a byword for all that was unseemly. And the parsons on their way to towns of better repute hurled damnation at it and left it to its evil ways.

"I take it," said Tom Jarvis, who was in the lead of the string of horsemen

winding their way over the old Indian trail in the direction of the prayer-meeting, "that we're nearing this yere spiritual round-up. The lady parson is even now heating her branding-irons in yonder tent. The herd"—he waved a comprehensive hand toward his companions—"will be druv to the back of the wagon, where the lady will brand it accordin' to taste. 'Rock of Ages' and the passin' of the hat—especially the passin' of the hat—will conclood the services."

Jarvis was undeniably good to look at; even men would admit it. His black, curly head easily topped the crowd that would collect at any of their foregathering-places in the hope of one of his inimitable stories. Jarvis was what was known about camp as "a tall liar," but his work was invariably artistic. His delicately aquiline profile hinted at Latin descent, and the sombrero tilted rakishly but the more closely suggested the resemblance to one of Velasquez's gentlemen. Yet Jarvis spoke the "English" of the range with perfect content, applied his knife to his food with more than a dilettante's skill, and abhorred what he would have called "dude manners." There was a cruel straightness to the lips when he laughed, and he laughed more with women than with men. It was said about town that he had a wife in Texas whom he had quarrelled with, but of this Jarvis had never spoken. He was still in the lead of the string of horsemen heading toward the prayer-meeting when Saunders spurred his pinto abreast of Jarvis's sorrel.

"The whole country seems to be takin' on about us, and now here's this preachin' woman." He spoke pettishly, as though the criticism of the community of which he was an unimportant integer were a personal affront.

Jarvis half turned in his saddle and regarded with frank amusement the chinless face with its round eyes and puffy cheeks.

"Yes," he said, with the keen enjoyment of a big boy making merry with a little one: "*The Platte Valley Lyre* in that last editorial allowed that the bark was on our manners a heap; said we had taken the cure for the water habit, till the sight of a puddle set us barkin' like a caucus of black-and-tans."

"You don't say so!" said Saunders, per-

ceptibly moved by this statement. "I'd just hate my folks to hear that."

The camp of the woman preacher was before them. The eternal flatness of the prairie was broken by the outline of a little white tent and a big uncovered wagon. A pair of lean horses close by were cropping the scant pasturage of early spring. These human appurtenances seemed small and as feebly inadequate to cope with the giant forces about them as a child's toys would have been. The old man who had affixed the notices of the prayer-meeting sat on one of the wagon shafts, sulkily whittling. His attitude toward the impending service seemed analogous to that of the compulsory host whose womenfolk have bullied him into giving a party. He contented himself with a churlish nod to the men and whittled as if whittling were the business of the day.

But with the appearance of Miriam the sanctimonious demureness of the congregation, which had not been put out of countenance in the least by the old man's lack of cordiality, now gave way to self-conscious shyness. She was so unlike the drawings they had made of her on the walls of Magee's that the sudden revelation of their shortcomings as draughtsmen had the effect of turning the tables, so to speak, and scoring a joke against themselves. She had no real claims to actual beauty—which made the almost thrilling effect of her presence the more amazing. She looked her history. All the selflessness, the long battling against sordid conditions, all the medieval mysticism, were written in that face, in the gray eyes that might have seen visions, in the mouth that would be tender even in old age. She had the look of a young sibyl whose heart is wrung that she must speak the words of sorrowful human destinies.

The men made way for her reverently. Their awkward deference had in it a shade more of awe, perhaps, than even the most beautiful woman might have taken unquestioningly as the rightful tribute of a country where the woman-famine made itself insistent at every turn. Her glance swept the throng of faces crowded close about the wagon, then came back to Tom Jarvis. Perhaps it was his general bearing, so startlingly at variance

with the rest of the group, that at first challenged her attention. His easy attitude had in it something of flattery, something of curiosity, something of personal demand. The strained attention that characterized the rest of them was in the case of Jarvis conspicuously lacking. He was frankly interested in her, but not as a possible proselyte to any scheme of salvation that she might have up her sleeve, so to speak. Again she returned his glance, and the words already pressing at her lips took flight. Something there was that seemed to speed from those half-smiling eyes beneath the tilted sombrero and bring with it confusion. For the first time since she had received "the call" to speak to these people of the wilderness she was sensible of self, of an ignoble desire to acquit herself with distinction;—the serenity of the prophetess had given place to the self-consciousness of the woman.

"God! O God!" she called, and her voice was muffled as one who calls feebly in the anguish of a dream. But the sound broke the spell; the congregation was not called to wait longer for her preaching. Miriam spoke to them from the big open wagon in which she had journeyed. On the seat was the old man, her father, his hand in his prophet's beard, looking up at her—though he lost the magic of her words in his wonder at her gift of speech. Her gaze was beyond them all—straight into the blue. The wide shining eyes gave glowing testimony of her abundant inspiration. After that first breaking of the spell the outflow of her sincerity bore her along with the force of a torrent. The grim lines relaxed in the men's faces; they looked up at her, a group of great, overgrown boys with some latent flash of the ingenuousness of childhood lighting up their russet, tanned faces.

"Our Heavenly Father," she prayed, "give me the power to speak Thy word as Thou wouldst have it spoken, lovingly and with mercy. Let these men feel through me, unworthy medium, that Thou art with them in this wilderness,—in this land of such great loneliness that savage peoples long ago called it by a name that means there is no home in all the land. And calling it thus, they left it to the suns and the snows and the silence that

were here always. And if these men, in their desolation, sometimes try to forget that there are no good women and little children who are glad of their coming—if they try to forget these things—do not let them think that Thou judgest them without understanding. False prophets have told them that Thy wrath burns as the summer sun on the desert sand, but tell them through me that it is not so. For Thy mercy, boundless as this wilderness, is with them always."

She stretched out her hands to them in quivering entreaty; the tears streamed down her face. The men were moved by them more than by the words she had spoken;—a woman had wept over them, a good woman. An inarticulate murmur ran through the group. They edged up closer to the wagon and listened like hounds with every sense abeyant.

Subconsciously she was aware of an influence drawing her gaze from the mountains, and the necessity for resisting it. Then in an unguarded moment her eyes wandered from the snows of the towering peaks to the group of faces before her, and her glance encountered the smiling eyes of Tom Jarvis. Tolerance, indulgence even, there were in that narrow look that told unmistakably he was not taking her seriously. Realizing this, there came an end to her inspiration. She was no longer the shepherdess of No-Smoke; she was only a woman who had done her best, and her best had not been found wanting in humor. She asked a blessing on their meeting and took refuge in the little white tent.

The men shook themselves like dogs that had been through deep water—all but Tom Jarvis, whose narrow eyes contracted, then he yawned. Some of the men began to talk to the old man on the wagon shaft. Miriam remained within the tent.

"Say!" said Softy Saunders, his fingers twirling a dirty dollar bill, "that was a heap fashionable sermon, but why don't they pass the hat?"

Jarvis smiled his narrow smile. "She's inside the tent looking up a deep one—the stovepipe hat that the old man wore when he run a faro-bank over in Tucson."

The men changed countenance; the fleeting boyish expression with which they had listened to her preaching gave

place to their every-day reckless look. The haggard lines came back, and there was some unseemly laughter.

"Did you see this man deal faro over in Tucson?"

"I never see his own particular bunch of features hovering over a faro-table," Jarvis admitted, "but I ain't been out in this country for ten years without pickin' up the art of readin' brands some. See an old graybeard trailin' round the country with a likely-lookin' young gal, and I'll show you a coin round-up all right. Sometimes it's singin' an' voyleen, sometimes it's faro, sometimes it's preachin', but you pay for it, no matter what's its alias."

"But if you ain't seen this identical old man and this identical gal dealin' faro, you got no call to run felonous brands on to 'em and turn 'em loose for contumely,"—Softy Saunders grew two inches,—“and by your leave I think you are a liar.”

A dozen hands dragged them apart. The old man on the wagon shaft, talking ramblingly to whomever would listen, had heard no word of the dispute, but now burst into feeble cackles of senile laughter. "Let 'em scrap; let 'em scrap—ha, ha!—used to be a great scrapper myself; stopped it now, though. She"—he jerked his thumb toward the white tent—"she don't like it!" He continued to laugh feebly, looking at them from one to the other, his eyes deep in the mists of seventy odd years. "Used to do right smart o' odd jobs back home," and again the ghostly laughter. "Whitewashed Mis' Todd's fence and mended her chicken-coop all in one day—ha, ha! I tell you there was a livin' in it, but she"—and again the accusing thumb pointed toward the tent—"heard there warn't no ministers out here, and she would sell out an' come. Said what was good enough for Matthew was good enough for us. House belonged to her; her mother left it that way; an' here we be 'most ready for the poorhouse."

Jarvis looked about with a triumphant smile. "Surely, uncle, you'll let me pass the hat among the boys?"

In a twinkling the mist rolled away from the dull eyes.

"If she don't catch us—you couldn't pass no hat—but you might give me any

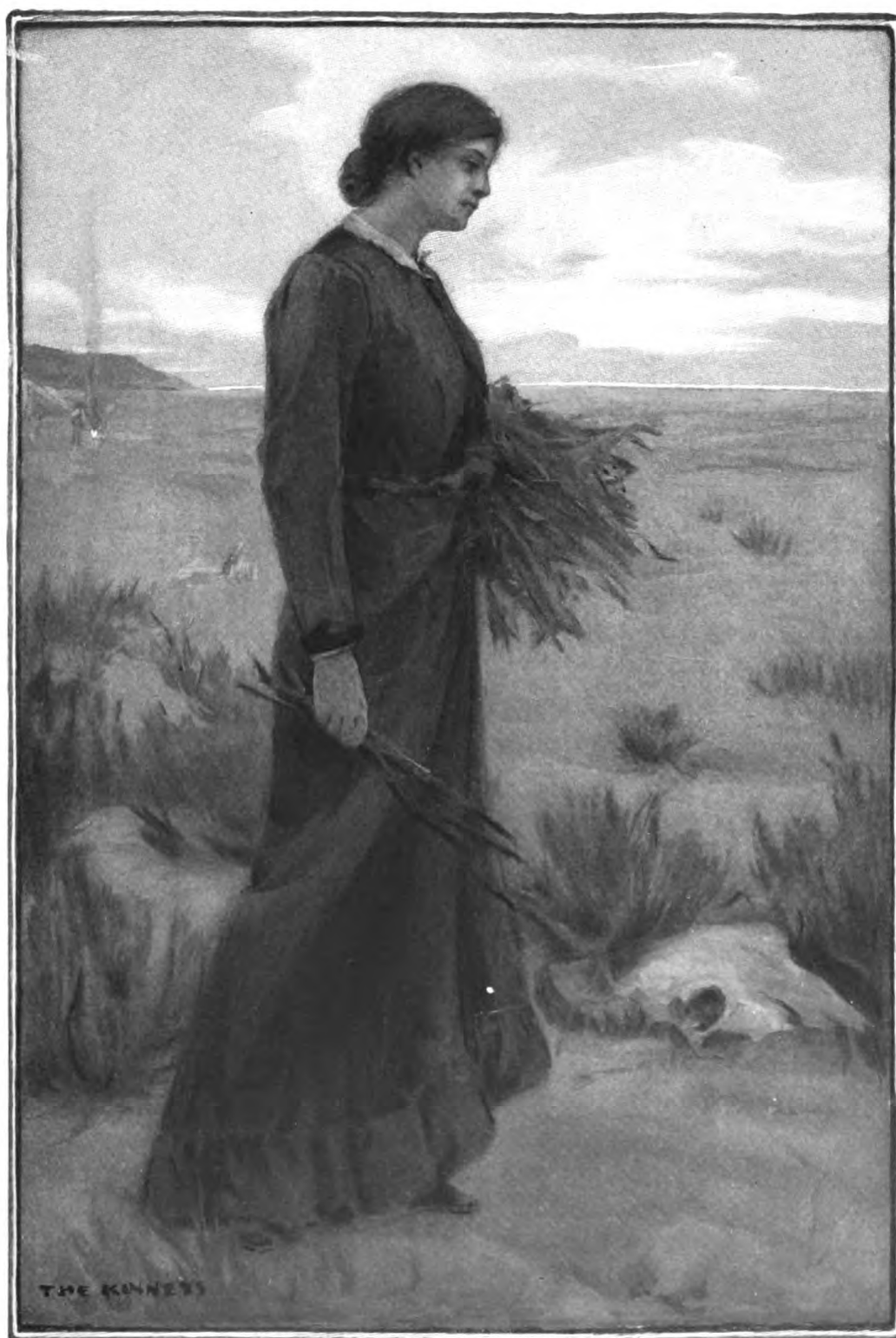
little thing." He looked apprehensively toward the tent. Jarvis sent his eyes up and drew his nose down, and grinned around the circle like a cow-punching Mephistopheles. Saunders had already dropped his dirty dollar in the clutching tentacles of the old man. He answered Jarvis's grimace with a wink. Several of the men followed and deposited coins or bills, according to their capacity for receiving and retaining sentimental impressions under adverse circumstances. The old man cackled feebly as he opened and shut his fist. His eyes had taken on new lustre; they glowed palely, like a candle burning behind a cobwebbed pane.

"Father! father!" The cry, full of distress, rang from the tent, and Miriam ran to the old man and opened his hand quickly, as if she were taking some hurtful spoil from a child. She turned to the men with eyes full of disappointment. "Didn't I say one word to your hearts?" She pointed to the hills against the skyline, blue on blue, till the long chain melted into the snow crests. "And I came all that way to speak to you, and this is your answer!" She crowded the money into Jarvis's hand so carelessly that some of the smaller coins rolled to the ground. "Father is old; he does not understand." With infinite tenderness she led him toward the tent; he was whimpering like a child. "Yes, yes," she soothed him, "I'll get your supper now, and you're to have the fresh eggs we got yesterday,—and I'll make the coffee strong and sweet."

"It looks mighty like the quenchers were on you, Jarvis," said one of the men, lounging up to the doubting Thomas as he tightened his cinch. Town was far away; the sun, a flaming ball, was dropping behind the western range like a round lantern caught afire.

Jarvis continued busy with his cinch, and when he looked up he seemed less sure of himself, less debonair, than they happened to remember him.

"You're right. The quenchers are on me if any one will drink with such a hound!" He flung a leg across the sorrel, and soon was one with the shadows of the foot-hills. At the fork of the road they turned to look back. Miriam had come from the white tent and begun to



Half-tone plate engraved by G. F. Smith

MIRIAM WENT ABOUT HER HOMELY TASK ON THE LONELY PRAIRIE

gather dry sage-brush for the evening fire. They watched her crouching, moving figure, now silhouetted against the red, now lost in the shadows, as she went and came among the dry stalks of last year's rank abundance. The line of the head, the meek profile, the round throat melting into the simply gathered bodice, were all so many arguments in her favor. The eloquence of Demosthenes would not have prevailed against the solitary figure going about her homely task on the lonely prairie.

They went back to town, and not a man among them could have told what it was that had befallen him and robbed his pipe of its savor or Mr. Magee's saloon of its accustomed sorcery. They talked it over far into the night, and decided—with perhaps not more than ninety-five per cent. of self-deception—that what really ailed them was the desire of a firm purpose of amendment. They cast about for a convincingly oblique argument to detain the woman preacher among them, and a coveted salvation seemed to meet the greatest number of artistic requirements. While it was yet early morning a committee was in its saddles, flogging in the direction of No-Smoke to present a petition for a daily prayer-meeting for one week. They did not make a second mistake of offering pecuniary inducement,—but might they not bring a little game to the camp, as the country was fairly running over with things that needed killing? This to the old man, who at the suggestion seemed to strike off a spark or two of cordiality from his generally flinty demeanor.

But the prophetess would not commit herself. She had a journey to make to the north, and—her manner was gently deprecatory—she was not sure that the Lord had need of her work in the Land of No-Smoke. At which ensued such sanctimonious protestations, such crescendos and decrescendos of sighing, such rolling up of eyes and dropping of mouth corners, that had these bronzed men been in anything but a frame of mind utterly unnatural they would have been the first to laugh at themselves. The prophetess told them that she would pray for light, and if it should be made manifest that it was the

will of the Master, she would stay and pray with them daily for a week. They thanked her and returned to town. And the miracle of it was that no one laughed, not even when they were out of ear-shot from her, nor yet when they had dismounted at Magee's—dismounted there merely for the sake of habit. Trade was falling off, and the saloon-keeper, after a morning of unprecedented leisure, poured himself a solitary draught of consolation, and wondered what the town was coming to.

Jarvis joined them. He had not been one of the committee to go to No-Smoke prairie to plead with the prophetess for the prayer-meetings. Unlike the rest of them, he had not mislaid his sense of humor.

"Pass the sugar for the green-gooseberry tarts, Willy," the facetious Jarvis called to an imaginary attendant, waving his hand toward the soured-looking converts, who seemed devoid of inspiration or occupation till such time as they should return to the camp of the prophetess to hear of her decision. "Of course the lady's goin' to pull her righteous freight. A blind mule could see that you are converted straight through to the other side. 'Othello's occupation's gone,' as the gent remarked in the Cheyenne opera-house after he'd done strangling his wife." And the newly regenerate were forced to admit that the chances of further spiritual aid seemed against them.

"I move," continued Jarvis, tilting his sombrero till the white line above the tan on his forehead showed, "that this yere outfit regards me as its forlorn hope. I ain't as yet found grace, and if this here lady soul-sharp can be induced to stop over, it will be because she's convinced that I shorely am in need of it. I therefore move that I act as a committee of one lost sheep, flocks out to her camp, alone, and states the case. The chances are that she'll rather enjoy plucking me as a brand from the burning." They had to admit the plausibility of this argument. Jarvis it was who had refused to take her seriously. Jarvis presenting himself as a proselyte would not be without weight on his side of the argument. They heartily urged on him the rôle of envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to the prophetess; but when

he left town, some half-hour later, on his self-imposed errand of diplomacy, they were conscious of a just indignation in seeing that he wore a pair of new overalls, and that the red silk handkerchief that sagged gracefully from his bronzed throat was the one reserved for state occasions.

The great plain of No-Smoke seemed to yearn in its utter loneliness. On three sides the hills girt it about, and from it the pale spring sunshine, like some golden vintage pouring from a broken cup, streamed down to the great stark desert beyond, that still slept the dreamless sleep of frost-bound desolation. In the uplands the wine of spring had begun to flush into life all winter-numbed things. The wind had the note of the mating bird as it sang in the bare branches of the cottonwoods, already feathery of outline; the tiny cactus leaves were shooting up from last year's shrivelled stumps, their thorns yet as harmless as the claws of a week-old kitten; the creek, full, deep-voiced, sang lustily of abundance. It gave plenty or it gave famine, as it brawled to the struggling ranch-lands below. In the spring there was human destiny in its singing. The first faint earthy smell mingled with the spice of the pines, and Jarvis breathed deeply of its fragrance.

Though the few pitiful household effects of the old man and his daughter were already packed and corded for the onward move—the call to remain not having been made clear to Miriam—she saw in the return of this solitary scoffer a manifestation that left no room to doubt the trend of duty. He had presented himself shorn of all prankishness. There was no mockery in the eyes that met hers, no trace of any cynicism in the voice that asked for help.

"Could I give it you, my brother," and again the quivering appeal of those big, kindly hands, that looked capable of so full a measure of tenderness, "could I give you the grace to see His mercy,—then indeed I would stay. But if this need of yours be to make a mock of me, to give my brothers cause for jest and laughter, then it were better that I go to those who have real need of my poor ministering." There was no anger in her voice, nor any hint of wounded

pride at his failure to take her preaching seriously; but only a gentle setting forth of things expedient.

Jarvis bent his head. "It's true, lady, I grinned last night like a wolf; but don't you know that a man 'll grin when the truth bites at his heart—grin to hide the hurt, that he may not cry like a baby or laugh like a woman?"

Again his eyes sought hers and held them captive; she wrestled blindly with the strange force in her heart, with the alien presence that had crept in like a thief in the night and laid rough hands on treasure that had seemed so secure. She turned toward the hills—serene in their strength. And all unconsciously she thought her prayer aloud: "Lord, is it I who am about to betray Thee?—To do Thy will—or my will?"

Jarvis fell back. "I'm only a black sheep," he said, "not worth saving. Them Injuns you spoke of are better worth while." The deceptive humility of the man, born of a sudden revelation of her character, carried the day. A little later he won his point and—practically—the woman; but for the moment he had been sincere.

She gently dismissed him when his errand was done, and no pretext that his nimble wits could devise could shake her resolution. But when he had gone she watched horse and rider as they climbed and dipped the trail, watched them till they were one with the blur of the skyline melting into the blue. Then she went far away from the camp, and throwing herself face downward on the earth, she prayed the frantic prayers of a woman who sees her little, every-day, familiar world blow away like sand at the coming of a storm.

Town awoke next morning to find itself conscious of heroic promptings. It wanted to vault to its saddle and ride off to knightly deeds. It did not know in the least what was the matter with it, but separately and unitedly it was in love with the woman preacher. The doors of Magee's yawned wide, but there was no coming nor going, and upon the unholy little settlement rested a Sabbath calm such as they remembered at home. The mood of town became contagious; it absorbed independent elements floating through its dingy civic channels, and



"TO-MORROW MORNING, AT SUNRISE," HE SAID

stamped them with the current infection. The fame of the woman preacher spread to the uttermost eddy of the tiny settlement; those who had not heard her were swept up and borne along on the enthusiasm of those who had. And town presented the unprecedented spectacle of animation suspended for the great event of the day—the prayer-meeting on the plain of No-Smoke.

Daily the men presented themselves humbly as pilgrims at a shrine. There was not one of them who would not cheerfully have made a crony of death for the chance of her favor, and yet there was not one who thought himself worthy to kiss the hem of her garment. Jarvis, be it said, had no share in these humilities. He thought himself worthy any favor that his vandal hand might grasp. Women were dolls to Jarvis—dolls of small consequence. For the same reason—the courage that rushes in and casteth out fear—it was Jarvis who elected to act as deputy and bring the gifts of game to the camp. During the visits he managed to establish something approaching intimacy with the old man. He led him to talk of the days when he had been a power in the politics of the corner store at home; the days before Miriam had sold their all and gone to preach in the wilderness. The old man had begun to look forward to these visits of Jarvis as agreeable intervals of secularity.

It had come to be the last day; the prayer-meeting that evening would bring the week to a close. Miriam, spent with the vigil of many wakeful nights, torn by cruel questionings, took her overburdened spirit to the silent counsel of the great plain where it gave to the valley. Her resting-place was a giant boulder enshrined in the twilight of the willow grove, which became as the judgment-seat to the woman preacher. There were stern questionings to be put by Miriam the judge, which Miriam the woman must answer. An hour passed, the inquisition lagged; the judge came down from the bench and joined hands with the prisoner in the dock, the culprit, in whom there began to grow a subdued choking suspense: "Would he come? No, he could not be coming or her heart would not drag like an anchored thing."

Then, for a moment, she saw the question clearly,—she had consented to remain because her will, fluid, unstable, had flowed into the mould of his inclination like water into a vessel. She shut her eyes and prayed for strength, and when she opened them horse and rider stood sharp against the sky-line. The wisdom of the judge, the perturbation of the woman, prompted nothing more than a mouthful of futile incongruous speeches.

He slid from his horse. There was about him the air of one who brings great treasure; youth and spring and sunshine and great strength he seemed to heap at her feet.

"I've come for my answer, Miriam." He took her hand like a flower already plucked—a flower whose fragrance had grown to be something of a matter of course. It was this imperious quality that was at the root of Jarvis's success. He rode at life full tilt, the force of victory in his very aim. There was no time for questionings. The clatter of his horse's hoofs claimed attention, and the beauty, the insolence, the precision of his aim won the day.

He brushed aside her arguments; he had not come to listen to objections, but to trample them underfoot. They loved—that was the supreme answer. What did they owe the world, their world, a handful of locoed cow-punchers,—every mother's son of whom was in love with her and lacked the wit to know it? They came snivelling after salvation,—much use they had of it in the lives they led.

Miriam received these statements as so many indictments against herself. They had come to hear her, then, because she was a woman,—of her ministerings there had been no need. She hung her head with the shame of it.

But Jarvis had again taken up the reel of his argument, flung it broadcast, unwound it so swiftly that her dazed perceptions could scarce follow. Her father would be happier in town. The make-shifts of the wagon life were too hard on one of his years. Leave him what money there was left, and when they should be settled in California they could send for him. Her own work should go on; it would be all the better for a little happiness. He would lend her gladly to her poor, to the sick, to

those in tribulation. She should teach him the secret of her beautiful service,—together they would do the work she loved.

For one pitilessly clear moment Miriam saw the true and the false go up and down like buckets in a well. She saw her arid journeyings over the desert, the fretful complaining of her father, the hunger, the thirst, the desolation, the little done, the undone vast. And then this man had come and held the cup of life enchantingly to her lips, the cup that she must put from her because it was unholy.

But again the man's voice was adjusting the balances, turning her little world awry by its potent sorcery. And Miriam sat on the judgment-seat, a dazed spectator at the drama of her life. "The good that's in the world when the heart is happy! It overflows, my dear, like that little singing creek bringing plenty to the ranch-lands below. I feel it in my heart, all the generous promptings that"—he laughed up at her boyishly—"that I ain't had a bowin' acquaintance with for years. Ah, my girl, the taste of life had grown sour in my mouth till I heard your voice that day on No-Smoke,—the day I grinned, Miriam—do you remember?"

She remembered that, and every moment he had been in her life from that first evening. They were silent, the shadows were growing longer, the magic of that perfect day made the gift of silent comradeship an estimable estate. No-Smoke had the quiescent delights of the land of lotus.

And presently they could hear the old man's quavering treble calling for Miriam from below.

"Father is calling." She sprang up, clutching at this forlorn hope of escape. Jarvis caught and crushed her to him:

"To-morrow morning, at sunrise, I'll have the horses ready."

She struggled for a moment, like a frantic child, then was quiet.

"To-morrow morning, at sunrise," he said, as one who impresses a lesson. And she repeated the words after him like one speaking in sleep.

No-Smoke will never forget that last prayer-meeting. They all came but Jarvis, who pleaded that he had work to do,

and—with a shrug—that he had grown a little tired of preaching petticoats; so they had ridden away without him, while the sun was yet an hour high, in all their ruffianly picturesqueness of apparel—spurs, sombreros, cartridge-belts, shaps, and silk handkerchiefs whipping the breeze, their faces as grave as if their errand had been a lynching. Miriam did not keep them long waiting. She had been ready, though it was earlier by half an hour than the time set for the service. She looked neither to the right nor left as she walked without a trace of self-consciousness to the big uncovered wagon that was to serve as a pulpit. The change that had come over her in the last twenty-four hours was startling. She was no longer the young sibyl whose heart is wrung that she must speak the sorrowful words of human destiny; she was a woman who had drained the chalice of living to its last dregs; a woman who looked at them with a face like the worn bed of a torrent. The golden quality of her voice—a yearning note that sang beneath its sweetness and would have been potent to solace souls in the pit—had fled. The prophetess in her had turned to dust and ashes. Her eyes were wide, as one who walks in sleep, her face had the pallor of death, her voice rang harsh in bitterly accusing accents:

"For I have sold Thee, my Master, for a paltrier thing than the thirty pieces, and though my hands were red I went about and made believe to do Thy work. Like Judas I have wept till mine eyes are blinded to Thy mercies, and no sound comes to mine ears but the wailing of the damned. Lift me up, O God, lest the waters of despair close over me!"

Once, twice, she swayed; then fell forward. The unconsciousness was but momentary, for again she faced them, weak of body, but not infirm of will. "Go, all of you,—you have no need of my shepherding."

It was dark on the plain of No-Smoke. The moon ploughed through a furrow of blackness, then left the ungracious night to its own dour mood. Very small and futile seemed the temporary home-making of the woman preacher on that stark, lonely plain. The woman herself lay on the piled bedquilts within the tent, and from time to time the old man looked at

her with the helpless concern of a child. They were quite alone. But presently she began to turn restlessly and, in spite of her father's protestations, to occupy herself with domestic affairs.

"Are you mad?" he called, angrily, to her, when he saw that she had caught the horses and was harnessing them to the wagon. "Are you stark mad to try to travel to-night, when you fainted, and ben making a fool of yourself in the bargain?"

"Dear father," she answered, with loving forbearance, "God is leading us away from this dreadful place. This place of temptation. Only trust Him." He watched her in silent wonder. But a little while and she had been so feeble, and now she moved and did as if there had been magic in her veins. And presently all was in readiness for the exodus. It was the sick woman who forced the initiative, who led the protesting old man to the wagon, helped

him in, put her arms about him as one would soothe an ailing child. The horses, fresh from their week's grazing, tossed their heads and sniffed the air in readiness for the journey. Eight iron-shod hoofs struck sparks from the road as they sped across the old snake trail, and presently they came to the fork of the road, and the lights of town flashed like stars in the purple west. The upper fork led to the solitary trail across the desert, across the great white plains of alkali. The lower fork dipped toward the town with its lights and human comradeship. But without a moment's hesitation the woman took the fork that led above the town—and temptation. Her father had dozed and wakened, and when they were well along the desert road and the lights of town were far behind he asked,

"Isn't it very dark on the trail, Miriam?"

"Very dark on the trail, father."

The Belated Crown

BY ARTHUR STRINGER

SOME long-beleaguered portal broken down,
When no defender walks the silent town;

SOME home-bound sailor drowning in the storm
Where gleams the window of his cottage warm;

A steadfast lover, drawing to his breast
The dead that all his days he ne'er caressed;

Sordello's too belated victory;
The stricken Nelson, master of the Sea;

Spent Ladas, reaching for pride's sprig of bay
As Death the unapplauded wins the day:

In such things, Life, we find our tangled fate,
Who read and know and love thee—when too late!

The Youth of Mary Stuart

A HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED ESSAY

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

This essay was written by the poet in 1829, in connection with his duties as professor in Bowdoin College. The original manuscript was in the possession of connections of the Longfellow family until a short time ago. The present owner is Dr. S. M. Miller, of New York city.

THERE probably is not a name in all history which awakens an interest at once so deep and so universal as that of Mary Stuart. The history of many sovereigns only serves to render the triumphs of oblivion more complete; for not only their deeds and their existence are forgotten, but likewise the very records which were written to perpetuate them. Others have filled the world with their renown, and left a glorious name behind them. But their history is written for the politician and the scholar; it speaks to the intellect and not to the heart; the reader pauses to wonder, perhaps to admire; yet no trait of personal character calls forth the gentler sympathies and affections of his nature.

Not so the melancholy history of Mary Stuart. The lapse of a century and a half has not effaced a single line; every page still awakens those deep, mysterious sympathies which form the silent language of the soul, and as it were unite the present with the past, the living with the dead, and earth with the spirit-land. This mournful history searches the very soul. With those of gentle natures the sigh and the unbidden tear bear their indignant testimony to the unmerited sufferings of the lovely and the innocent, and even in sterner hearts of those who sit in judgment and condemn the accused, emotions of compassionate tenderness arise and plead within them, "the unlined advocates for the conduct of the misguided."

To the traveller who journeys along the valley of the Loire almost every object of note will recall the memory of the beautiful and unfortunate queen.

Amid those very scenes some of the brightest and happiest days of her youth glided away, as swiftly and silently as the waters of the Loire, upon whose borders they were passed. Every valley and woodland awakens some pleasant though melancholy association; for it is one of the gentle ministries of Nature to call up the memory of the dead to the thoughts of the living; and thus, the kind almoner of her children, she asks the simple charity of a tear, or a passing recollection, for those whom she has gathered to her maternal bosom. Every old château likewise recalls her image. From yonder tower she looked forth upon groves and vineyards and the sheeted Loire; beneath this crumbling gateway she passed with her courtly train in all the pride of youth and beauty; through the woodlands of this now forsaken and solitary park she hunted the deer with hound and horn.

(In musings such as these the spirit of the past came before me. And as I recalled the eventful history of one upon whom providence bestowed the privileges of high worldly rank and the charms of personal beauty and superior intellect, and yet chastised by a life of sorrow and a death of shame, I could but read therein an illustrious example of the insufficiency of worldly rank or personal beauty or intellectual power to shield us from those trials and afflictions which, being our common and inevitable destiny here, are wisely intended as our education for hereafter.)

Mary Stuart was born at Linlithgow Castle in 1542. Her mother was Marie

de Lorraine-Guise; and at the time of her birth her father, the gallant and noble-hearted James the Fifth, the king of the poor, the "*gude man o' Ballangeich*," was lying upon his death-bed at the Palace of Falkland, in Fife. When the dying monarch heard of the birth of his daughter, when he heard that a daughter was to inherit the sceptre of the Stuarts, he exclaimed with a mournful voice, "Then farewell; it cam with ane lass, and it will pass with ane lass." Shortly afterwards he expired. In the language of an old historian, "he turned him upon his back, and looked and beheld all his nobles and lords about him, and giving a little smile of laughter, kissed his hand and offered it to them, and when they had pressed it to their lips for the last time, he tossed up his arms, and yielded his spirit to God." The last words of the dying monarch were prophetic; they but too truly foretold the mournful fate of his child.

The first two years of Mary's life were passed at Linlithgow, and a greater part of the three succeeding years at Stirling Castle and at Inchmahome, an island in the lake of Monteith. In her fifth year she was sent into France, and placed, with the king's daughters, at a convent to complete her elementary education. It is said that she left this retreat of her childhood for the splendors of a gay and fascinating court with tears of regret. Some historians have stated that the calm and peaceful life of the cloister had exercised so strong an influence upon her lively imagination that she wished to take the veil, and thus leave the world forever. If this be indeed true, it would almost seem that some invisible hand withheld her; that some guardian angel whispered within her its sad monitions, and filled the heart of this sweet child with a mournful presentiment of her coming doom.

At court the young princess pursued her studies with renewed ardor under the direction of her uncle, the Cardinal of Lorraine. When only ten years old she was well versed in French, Latin, and Italian; and, according to Brantôme, at the age of thirteen pronounced a Latin discourse before the king and his court, maintaining that females should be instructed in literature and the liberal arts.

Her instructor in Latin was George Buchanan; in rhetoric, Claude Fauchet; Etienne Pasquier in history; and Pierre Ronsard in the study of poetry, which was one of her favorite pursuits. Though a part of each day was set aside for study, yet she entered with all the hilarity of a young heart into the gay and chivalrous pastimes of the French court, and took particular delight in the healthy and exhilarating exercise of the chase.

Thus ten happy years of Mary's life stole rapidly away in the charms of study and the amusements of society. She was now in the fresh, full bloom of youthful beauty. In person she was tall and finely proportioned, with a carriage remarkable for its grace and dignity. Her auburn hair fell in natural ringlets over a high and intellectual forehead; her eyes were of a chestnut color, dark, clear, and expressive; her nose Grecian; her lips full and voluptuous; her chin round and dimpled; and her skin of such dazzling whiteness that, in the language of her old historian Brantôme, "it outrivalled the whiteness of her veil." The same historian speaks of her tuneful voice, her *fort doux, mignard, et fort agréable parler*; and says that she sang well to the music of a lute, which she touched prettily with her fair white hand and delicate fingers.

The biographers of Mary have spoken much of her personal beauty, and of its effect upon those around her. (It is said that as she once walked in a religious procession through the streets of Paris a woman in the crowd exclaimed, "Are you not indeed an angel?") The history of the unfortunate Chastelard is almost too well known to need repetition. He was an accomplished gentleman of Dauphiny, and great-nephew of the celebrated Chevalier Bayard, whom he is said to have resembled in person. He excelled in feats of arms and all athletic exercises, and was endowed by nature with a gallant and chivalrous spirit. He was, moreover, gentle in speech and skilful with the pen, and seems to have been a favorite among the court poets of the day. When the young queen returned to Scotland, he was one of her attendants. Deeply enamoured of his mistress, and listening only to the promptings of an unbridled passion, he twice secreted himself in her bedchamber. The first offence

was pardoned; the second cost him his life. He died, as his biographers expressed it, "par outrecuydance, et non pour crime." His last words upon the scaffold were, "Adieu, la plus belle, et la plus cruelle princesse du monde."

In the spring of 1558, when Mary had entered her sixteenth year, she was married to Francis the Second, then Dauphin of France, and but a year older than herself. The nuptials were celebrated in the church of Notre Dame at Paris; the most costly and sumptuous banquets were prepared in honor of the occasion; and universal rejoicing throughout the kingdom signalized an event, which may be regarded as the first in that disastrous series, whose termination was the bloody tragedy of a death upon the scaffold. Francis had been from his cradle a feeble and sickly child, with a spirit too nearly akin to the weak and enervated body which it animated. As if conscious of his own mental and physical inferiority, he shrunk away from the gaze of the world, and sought seclusion and the peace it gives the aching heart, like a wounded deer that seeks the silent shade, apart from the gallant herd of its fellows. He is spoken of in history as a meek and gentle spirit, and by deep and devoted affection he atoned for the want of that high intellect and noble bearing which should have marked the husband of Mary Stuart. Indeed, his love for her was not that of a prince, but that of a poet; and it was met by the kindred affection of a refined and gentle heart, which seems to have been created as the home and shelter of love; for then is truth in the distich of the old Italian poet,

To gentle hearts Love doth for shelter fly,
As seeks the bird the forest's leafy shade.

In the following year King Henry the Second received his death-wound, at a tournament, from the spear of Count Montgomery, and shortly afterwards Francis was crowned at Rheims, and ascended the throne of France. By this unexpected event Mary Stuart saw herself suddenly exalted to a dizzy height of power. Queen of two kingdoms and in the bloom and loveliness of youth, she was the cynosure of all eyes. But the glorious and dazzling vision soon departed. The hand of disease weighed more heavily

upon the fainting heart of Francis, and the shadow of death stalked gloomily amid the pageantry of a court. His throne was but a stepping-stone to the grave. In one short year the young queen beheld herself an orphan and a widow. The news of her mother's death reached her at the very moment when her husband was expiring in her arms.

Stricken with this double misfortune, she retired from court to the house of a friend in the pleasant environs of Orleans. Here in silence and solitude she wept the loss of those who had been most dear to her on earth. It was doubtless in this retirement that she composed that simple Elegy on her husband's death, which seems inspired with all the sadness of recent bereavement:

In accents sad and low,
And tones of soft lament,
I breathe the bitterness of woe
O'er this sad chastisement,
With many a mournful sigh
The days of youth steal by.

Was e'er such stern decree
Of unrelenting fate?
Did merciless adversity
E'er blight so fair a state,
As mine, whose heart and eye
In bier and coffin lie?

Who in the gentle spring
And blossom of my years,
Must bear misfortune's piercing sting,
Sadness, and grief, and tears;
Thoughts, that alone inspire
Regret and soft desire.

What once was blithe and gay
Changed into grief I see;
The glad and glorious light of day
Is darkness unto me.
The world—the world, has nought
That claims a passing thought.

Deep in my heart and eye
A form and image shine,
Which shadow forth wan misery
On this pale cheek of mine,
Tinged with the violet's blue,
Which is Love's favorite hue.

Where'er my footsteps stray,
In mead or wooded vale,
Whether beneath the dawn of day,
Or evening twilight pale,
Still, still my thoughts ascend,
To my departed friend.

In accents sad and low
And tones of soft lament,
I breathe the bitterness of war
O'er this sad stricken land,
With many a mournful sigh,
The days of youth's glad days.

Was o'er such stern domain
Of unrelenting fate?
And merciless adversity
O'er blight so fair a state,
Its mine, whose heart and eye
In life and coffin lie?

Who in this gentle spring
And blossom of my years,
Must bear misfortune's piercing sting
Sadness, and grief, and loss,
Thoughts, that alone inspire
Requiem and soft sighs.

What more was blithely and gay
(changed into grief I see)

FACSIMILE OF LONGFELLOW'S MANUSCRIPT (SEE PAGE OPPOSITE)

If towards his home above,
I raise my mournful sight,
I meet his gentle look of love
In every cloud of white;
But straight the watery cloud
Changes to tomb and shroud.

When midnight hovers near,
And slumber seals mine eyes,
His voice still whispers in mine ear,
His form beside me lies.
In labor, in repose,
My heart his presence knows.

The year which followed these mournful events *La Reine Blanche*, as Mary Stuart was called, from her white mourning robes, returned to her native land—her heart filled with sad regrets and mournful forebodings. As the vessel which bore her away from her beloved France sailed from the port of Calais, an event occurred which tended to deepen in her sensitive and superstitious mind the presentiments of coming ill. A little bark which was gayly entering the harbor was wrecked in broad daylight, and sank with all her crew. The queen beheld the catastrophe from the deck of her galley, and turning to those around her, exclaimed, "Ah, mon Dieu! qual augure de voyage est cecy!"

As the vessel bounded on her course, and the shores of France grew distant and indistinct, the queen stood gazing back upon them with tearful eyes, mournfully exclaiming: "Adieu, France!"

Adieu, France!" At length the night closed in; and as the last faint vestige of land disappeared in the misty horizon, she exclaimed: "The hour is come, my beloved France, when I must lose you from my sight; for the night is jealous of the pleasure I enjoy in gazing upon you, and drops her dark veil before my eyes to shut out from me so great a blessing. Farewell, then, my beloved France; I shall never see you more." Having commanded the helmsman to awake her at daybreak, if the land were still visible, she threw herself upon a couch that had been prepared for her on deck. During the night the wind died into a calm, and at daybreak the shore of France was still visible, stretching like a faint blue line in the horizon. The unhappy queen arose and gazed long and wistfully upon it, till it grew fainter and fainter and melted into the sea.

It was during this unwelcome passage that Mary Stuart composed that beautiful farewell to France which has been so often quoted:

Farewell, beloved France, to thee!
Best native land,
The cherished strand
That nursed my tender infancy!
Farewell my childhood's happy day!
The bark, which bears me thus away,
Bears but the poorer moiety hence,
The nobler half remains with thee,
I leave it to thy confidence,
But to remind thee still of me!

Evolution

BY HUGH J. HUGHES

A SHAPE looked up from eating herb and grain,
It chanced to see the stars, and with that look
Came Wonderment, and Longing in its train.
The food untasted lay. A beating pain
Smote at its forehead, but it looked again
And yet again. And then it thought.
Lo! Man stood upright as the stars did wane!

Radium—the Cause of the Earth's Heat

BY ERNEST RUTHERFORD, F.R.S.

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THE mutual interdependence between the sciences is illustrated in a very interesting manner by the controversy which has raged intermittently for more than half a century, between representatives of physical science on the one hand and of geology and biology on the other, with regard to the important question of the age of the earth.

The study of geology early showed that the surface of the earth had undergone profound changes in the past. This process of change is continuing slowly but surely to-day. Comparing the startling alterations which have occurred in the earth's crust in the past, with the slowness of the changes taking place at present, geologists were forced to the conclusion that an enormous amount of time must have been required to effect such results.

In the early part of last century there were two great schools of geologic opinion with regard to the changes in the earth, one considering that the agents producing these changes acted with far greater intensity in the earlier epochs of the world, and the other ascribing the result to the ordinary operations of nature taking place to-day, combined with the element of unlimited time. This latter "Doctrine of Uniformity" in Geology, long since given up by geologists, is very clearly described in the famous passage by Playfair (*Illustrations of the Huttonian Theory*). The mathematicians had deduced that, if frictional forces were disregarded, the motions of the planets, though subject to periodic variations, were permanently stable. It was probably in reference to this that Playfair wrote:—"How often these vicissitudes of decay and renovation have been repeated is not for us to determine;

they constitute a series of which, as the author of this theory has remarked, we neither see the beginning nor the end; a circumstance that accords well with what is known concerning other parts of the economy of the world. . . . The Author of nature has not given laws to the universe which, like the institutions of men, carry in themselves the elements of their own destruction. He has not permitted in His works any symptoms of infancy, or of old age, or any sign by which we may estimate either their future or their past duration. He may put an end, as He no doubt gave a beginning, to the present system, at some determinate time; but we may safely conclude that this great catastrophe will not be brought about by any of the laws now existing, and that it is not indicated by anything which we perceive."

The study of fossil remains in the different geological strata had clearly brought to light that the forms of life existing at different times on the earth had passed through a series of stages. Darwin's *Origin of Species* rendered it evident that the time demanded for the succession of life on the theory of evolution must be very great. Since, however, the different forms of life found in the successive geological strata indicate the stages of evolution, it is evident that the biological and geological clock is the same, and that whatever time is required for the changes in the one science must be conceded by the other.

About the middle of the last century, the physicists, represented by Lord Kelvin (then Professor Thomson), Tait, and Helmholtz, entered the arena of geological speculation, and proceeded at once to set a limit to the duration of life on the earth. Lord Kelvin has been the leader

in this movement, and, in a series of remarkable papers, supplemented by a number of popular articles, he has concluded that the age of life on the earth cannot probably be greater than one hundred million years. These conclusions have been based on arguments of the duration of the heat of the sun and earth, and the action of tides in altering the period of rotation of the earth. Although Kelvin in this movement has gained the support of the majority of physicists, his conclusions have been subjected, at different times, to a considerable amount of adverse criticism, not only by geologists and biologists, but also by some representatives of astronomy and physics. Huxley took up the cudgels for the geologists, and, in the position of advocate, proceeded to discuss and criticise the data on which Lord Kelvin based his conclusions. The attitude of geologists at that time to this intrusion of physics into their domain is very amusingly expressed by Huxley (Presidential Address, Geological Society, London, 1869): "This result of Professor Thomson's, although very liberal in the allowance of time, has offended geologists, because, having been accustomed to deal with time as an infinite quantity at their disposal, they naturally feel embarrassment and alarm at any attempt of the science of physics to place a limit upon their speculations."

This controversy has gone on intermittently for the last half-century. The geologists have attempted to form an estimate of the time required for the geological changes by measuring the rate of erosion of rocks and the rate of deposit of sediments in different localities. These deductions are admittedly very uncertain, but, although there is considerable difference of opinion among geologists themselves, they are generally prepared to concede that probably one hundred million years would suffice. As fast as the geologists receded in their estimates, there has been a tendency of Lord Kelvin, with the increase of accuracy of the scientific data at his disposal, to still further cut down the time allowed for the processes of geological and biological evolution.

Of the various physical arguments advanced to set a limit upon the duration

of life upon this earth, the most important is based upon the calculation of the duration of the sun's heat. It is obvious that the existence of life, as we know it, on this earth, depends upon a continuous supply of light and heat from the sun. Any considerable diminution of the present output of heat would at once cause a large portion of the earth's surface to be uninhabitable, while if the sun were to go out, the surface of the earth would soon be reduced nearly to the temperature of absolute zero, and all forms of life would disappear. The argument which depends on the duration of the earth's underground heat, although of secondary importance, is of great interest as fixing a possible limit from data derived from a study of the earth alone. The deduction based on the effect of tidal friction in causing a gradual retardation of the period of rotation of the earth, although of great philosophical interest, is not so direct, but serves to contradict the old doctrine of uniformity in geology. Lord Kelvin has calculated that, in all probability, the earth one hundred million years ago rotated about three per cent. faster than to-day, and if we go back to a farther period of ten thousand million years, the earth must have rotated twice as fast. The centrifugal force due to the earth's motion must have then been four times as great, and, in consequence, the shape of the earth and the distribution of land and water would be very different from that observed to-day.

In this article only a brief résumé can be given of the arguments on which the age of the sun and earth has been deduced. We will first consider the question of the age of the earth's heat. Observations of bores and mines in different localities of the earth have shown that the temperature of the earth rises as we proceed downwards. The amount of rise varies somewhat at different points, depending probably on the nature of the strata, but on an average it is found that the temperature rises about 1-50° F. for every foot of descent. At a depth of one mile the temperature would thus be about 100° F. higher than at the surface. In order to account for the underground heat of the earth, which manifests itself so markedly in volcanic out-

bursts, Lord Kelvin assumed that the earth was originally a very hot body and has gradually cooled down to its present state.

For the purpose of illustration, let us consider the case of a large sphere of rock which has been uniformly heated to a high temperature in a furnace and then left in the open air to cool. On account of the rapid loss of heat by radiation and convection, the outside shell of the rock will rapidly become cool. The interior of the rock will, however, preserve a high temperature for a long interval. In order for the interior of the rock to cool, the heat must be conducted outwards through the mass of the rock. The escape of heat will be slow, since rock is a very bad conductor of heat. At any time during the cooling, there will be a gradual rise of temperature from the outside to the centre. Now Fourier's celebrated solution of the equations of heat conduction allows us to calculate the temperature at any point of the rock at any time after the cooling has commenced, provided the initial temperature, as well as the conductivity and specific heat, of the rock is known. Conversely, if the temperature at any definite point of the rock is observed, we should be able, by means of the theory, to calculate how long the rock has been cooling. This is exactly the problem that confronted Lord Kelvin in calculating the duration of the earth's heat. The earth may be considered as a sphere of rock of about eight thousand miles in diameter. Given the earth is initially heated to a definite high temperature and then left to cool, how long will it take before the temperature gradient of the surface of the earth is equal to that observed to-day, viz., 1-50° F. per foot? Now the time required for cooling to the present state will evidently be longer, the higher the initial temperature of the earth. In order to obtain a maximum estimate of the time required, Lord Kelvin assumed the whole earth was initially at the temperature of molten rock, and deduced that about one hundred million years would be required for the earth to cool down from that temperature to its present state. The calculation is uncertain within fairly wide limits, on account of our ignorance of the way in

which the conductivity and specific heat of the rock of the earth vary under the influence of great pressure and temperature. In a recent communication (*Philosophical Magazine*, 1899), Kelvin has still further cut down the estimate and has concluded that the age of the earth "is more than twenty and less than forty million years, and probably much nearer twenty than forty."

The middle of last century was marked by the establishment of the great principle of the conservation of energy. One of the first fruits of the application of this principle was the explanation by Helmholtz of the origin of the sun's heat. He supposed that the energy continuously radiated from the sun was kept up by a gradual contraction of its bulk due to the action of the force of gravitation. Following the famous nebular hypothesis of Kant and Laplace, the sun was originally supposed to be formed by the coalescence either of a vast nebula or a number of smaller bodies, which fell together under the influence of gravitational attraction. We know that the energy of motion of a bullet on striking a target is partly converted into heat and in consequence the bullet becomes hot. In the same way, when a body falls into the sun it acquires in its descent a high velocity and its energy of motion on striking the sun is finally converted into heat. As the sun's mass became more concentrated, heat was thus developed, part of which was used up in raising the temperature of the sun and part of which was lost by radiation into space. From the determinations of Pouillet and Langley, we know that the energy radiated from the sun is equivalent to that supplied by the burning of about fifteen hundred pounds of coal per hour on every square foot of the sun's surface. Notwithstanding this enormous radiation of energy, Helmholtz calculated that the heat generated in the sun through its contraction would be enough for the sun to shine with his present brightness for a period of about forty million years. The calculation is uncertain within limits, for we do not know how the density of the sun varies from the centre outwards.

Kelvin came to a very similar conclusion and stated that "it seems, therefore, on the whole most probable that the sun

has not illuminated the earth for one hundred million years, and almost certain that he has not done so for five hundred million years. As for the future, we may say, with equal certainty, that inhabitants of the earth cannot continue to enjoy the light and heat essential to their life, for many million years longer, *unless sources now unknown to us are prepared in the great storehouse of creation.*"

This last remark seems almost prophetic in the light of the discovery of a body like radium which emits an enormous quantity of energy. He also concluded that, in all probability, the present output of the sun's heat could not last much more than five or six million years.

Helmholtz pointed out that the heat of the sun could not be explained by chemical action. He calculated that if the sun were composed of hydrogen and oxygen, mixed in the proportions required to form water, the heat generated by their combination would not suffice to keep up the present radiation of heat from the sun for more than four thousand years, and yet these substances in combining emit more heat than any other chemical reaction known. In a similar way, Kelvin showed that ordinary chemical action was not sufficient to explain the presence of the internal heat of the earth.

While the heat supplied by possible chemical combination is quite inadequate to account for the heat of the sun and earth, the recent discovery that the radioactive bodies are able to emit an amount of heat about one million times greater than is evolved in the most violent chemical reaction, throws quite another light on the question. These radioactive bodies, among which the best known are radium, uranium, thorium, and actinium, are mostly found in the mineral pitchblende. Attention has recently been concentrated on the substance radium, which emits heat and other forms of energy at a rate that appeals to the lay and scientific mind alike. The radiations from radium, which are able to produce such marked luminous, photographic and electrical effects, are qualitatively very similar to those emitted by the other radioactive bodies, already mentioned, but differ from them in intensity. Weight for weight, radium emits energy more than a million times faster than uranium

or thorium. In addition to its penetrating radiations, radium also emits heat at a comparatively rapid rate. Curie and Laborde recently observed the striking fact that a piece of radium always keeps itself at a temperature of several degrees above the surrounding air. The amount of heat emitted from radium is sufficient to melt more than its weight of ice per hour. This rate of heat emission is continuous and, so far as observation has gone, does not decrease appreciably with the time. In the course of a year, one pound of radium would emit as much heat as that obtained from the combustion of one hundred pounds of the best coal, but at the end of that time the radium would apparently be unchanged and would itself give out heat at the old rate. It can be calculated with some confidence that, although the actual amount of heat per year to be derived from the radium must slowly decrease with the time, on an average it would emit heat at the above rate for about one thousand years.

But a still more remarkable fact remains to be noticed. Dr. Barnes and the writer showed that more than three-quarters of the heating effect of radium was due to the radioactive emanation stored in it. This emanation is a heavy radioactive gas, continuously generated in minute quantity by the radium itself. The emanation, released by heating or dissolving the radium, was collected in a small glass tube. After standing a few hours, this emanation-tube was found to give out seventy-five per cent. of the heat originally emitted from the radium, although the amount of emanation present was too minute to observe either by its volume or weight. At the same time the heating effect of the radium was cut down to one-quarter. The rate of heat emission of the emanation died away in a geometrical progression with the time, falling to half value in about four days. The radium compound from which the emanation had been separated, on the other hand, spontaneously regained its heating effect in the course of one month.

Sir William Ramsay and Mr. Soddy have recently found that the volume of the radium emanation stored in one gram of radium is about one cubic millimetre at atmospheric pressure and tem-

perature. The emanation is known to be a heavy gas, and, taking its molecular weight to be one hundred times that of hydrogen, it can be readily calculated that if one pound weight of the emanation could be collected, it would initially radiate energy at the rate of about 8000 horse-power. This output of energy in the form of heat would fall off with the time, but the total amount of energy liberated during its life corresponds to that required to drive an engine of 10,000 horse-power for five days.

Since there is little doubt that a quantity of radium, left to itself, would in the course of time completely change into the emanation and other products, we see that at least an equal quantity of energy must be given out by radium during its transformation. According to present views, the emission of heat is a consequence of a breaking up of the radium atom into a succession of radioactive products. The disintegration is explosive in character, and is accompanied by the projection of a flight of material particles with great velocity. These projected particles, known as α particles, have about the same mass as the helium atom and are probably, indeed, atoms of helium. They are expelled with a velocity of about twenty thousand miles per second, and thus possess an energy of motion enormous compared with their mass. Notwithstanding their great speed, these particles are readily stopped by matter, and the greater proportion of those emitted from a piece of radium are absorbed by the radium itself. Their energy of motion is transformed into heat in situ, and the radium, in consequence, is heated by its self-bombardment. In a similar way, the heating effect of the emanation and its products is due to the intense bombardment of the walls of the containing vessel by the α particles, which are expelled at the moment of its disintegration.

Since all the radioactive bodies emit particles, each of them probably emits heat at a rate proportional to its radioactivity. The heating effect of uranium is probably only about one-millionth part of that shown by an equal weight of radium.

Although the radioactive substances are found in the greatest quantity in pitchblende, radioactive matter has been

found to be distributed to a minute extent throughout the atmosphere and the earth's crust. Much of our information in this important field has been due to the splendid work of Professors Elster and Geitel, teachers in the High School of Wolfenbüttel, Germany.

The emanations of radium and of other radioactive substances are present everywhere in the atmosphere. These radioactive gases possess the property of being transformed into a non-volatile kind of matter, which is deposited on the surface of bodies and can be collected on a wire charged with negative electricity. Every falling rain-drop and snowflake carries some of this radioactive matter to the earth, while every leaf and blade of grass is covered with an invisible film of radioactive material.

These emanations are not produced in the air itself, but are exhaled from the earth's crust, which is impregnated with radioactive matter. If a pipe is let down into ordinary garden soil, the air which is sucked up is found to be markedly radioactive. The air in confined spaces like caves and cells is, in most cases, very radioactive on account of the presence of emanations which have diffused from the soil. The radium emanation has been found in the water from deep wells and springs, in surface and lake water, in escaping natural carbonic acid, and in the oil from wells. The water from many hot springs has been found to contain an unusually large quantity of radium emanation. Elster and Geitel have shown that the soil itself is radioactive to varying degrees, the activity being most marked in clayey deposits. The mud or "fango" deposited from a hot spring in Battaglia in North Italy was found to contain a very large quantity of radioactive matter. Indeed nearly every substance that has been tested has been found to possess this property to a slight extent.

The method of detection of the feeble radioactivity observed in ordinary matter depends upon the property of the radiations of causing a discharge of an electrified body. As a means of detection of radioactive matter, the gold-leaf electroscope far transcends in delicacy even the spectroscope; for with only a gram of matter, the presence of radium to the extent of only one part in one hundred

thousand million can readily be detected. If a large amount of matter is available for testing, the presence of much smaller quantities of radium per unit mass can readily be observed.

Since the radioactive substances present on the earth are continuously expelling α particles, heat must be evolved in amount proportional to the quantity of active matter present and to the intensity of its radiations. The question then arises, Is the amount of radioactive matter present in the earth sufficient to heat it to an appreciable extent? I think that, even with our present knowledge, this question must be answered in the affirmative.

Taking the value of the conductivity of rock used by Lord Kelvin, and knowing the average temperature gradient, the amount of internal heat lost per second from the earth by conduction to its surface can readily be calculated. Since one gram of radium emits enough heat each hour to raise one hundred grams of water through 1°C ., a simple calculation shows that the present loss of heat from the earth is equivalent to that supplied by the presence of about two hundred and seventy million tons of radium. This amount may seem very large compared with the small quantities of radium hitherto separated, but is small, for example, compared with the annual output of coal from the world. It can readily be deduced that this amount of radium, if distributed uniformly throughout the earth's crust, corresponds to only five parts in one hundred million million per unit mass. This is a very small quantity, and calculations based on the observations of Elster and Geitel show that the radioactivity observed in soils corresponds to the presence of about this proportion of radium. In some soils it is greater, in others less, and in this calculation no account has been taken of the deposits of uranium and thorium materials. A large amount of observations of the materials of the earth for radioactivity will be required before such a conclusion can be considered to be established, but the magnitude of the radioactivity observed is certainly suggestive.

In this calculation it is not assumed that the radioactivity of the soil is due to radium alone. Other kinds of radioactive matter are undoubtedly present,

but, for simplicity, the results are expressed in terms of that amount of radium in the soil required to exhibit the observed radioactivity.

If radioactive matter is distributed throughout the whole earth to the extent that experiment indicates, the heat evolved by the radioactive matter would compensate for the heat lost by the earth by conduction to the surface. According to this view, the present internal heat of the earth tends to be maintained by the constant evolution of heat by the radioactive matter contained in it. The calculations of the age of the earth made by Lord Kelvin, which were based on the theory that the earth was a simple cooling body in which there was no further generation of heat, cannot apply, for the present temperature gradient of the earth may have been nearly the same for a long interval of time.

Whether the internal heat of the earth was in the first place due to the presence of radioactive matter or to other causes is a very debatable question, for the answer involves considerations of the origin of the earth as a member of the solar system. Whatever view may be taken of this problem, there can be no doubt that the discovery of the distribution of radioactive matter in the earth throws grave doubt on the validity of those calculations of the age of the earth which are based on the assumption that it is a simple cooling body, and tends to show that the present internal heat will be maintained for a much longer interval than was at first supposed.

On this theory of the maintenance of the internal heat, no definite limit can be set for the age of the earth, but some deductions can be made of the probable variation of the internal heat with time.

The experimental evidence at present obtained points to the conclusion that a quantity of radium left to itself would be half transformed in about one thousand years. If the whole world had originally been composed of pure radium, its activity twenty thousand years later would not be greater than that observed in pitchblende to-day. Since the earth is much older than this, in order to account for the presence of radium at all, it is necessary to suppose that radium is a transition element continuously produced

by the breaking up of some other substance. In this respect, radium behaves like its product, the radium emanation, the only difference being that the radium breaks up much more slowly. The most likely parent of radium is the element uranium, with which it is always found associated in pitchblende. This view has recently obtained strong experimental support. Boltwood of New Haven has shown that the quantity of radium present in different varieties of pitchblende is always proportional to the amount of uranium. In addition, the amount of radium found in pitchblende is about what is to be expected if radium is a disintegration product of uranium. This question of the origin of radium is now being vigorously attacked by several investigators, and a definite answer will probably soon be forthcoming.

If uranium is the parent of radium, the amount of radium present in the earth will at all times be proportional to the amount of uranium, so that the duration of radium is dependent on the life of uranium. It is probable that uranium or thorium would be half transformed in one thousand million years, so that if the radioactive matter in the earth is mainly derived from the breaking up of one or both of these substances, it is to be expected that the heat generated in the earth would fall to half value in about one thousand million years. The earth would thus cool very slowly with the time and must have been hotter in past times, but no estimate of the age of the earth can be made from the amount of internal heat observed to-day.

Some speculations regarding the effect of radioactive matter in prolonging the possible duration of the sun's heat will now be considered. It will be remembered that Kelvin arrived at the conclusion that the present output of light and energy would, in all probability, not continue for more than five or six million years.

A simple calculation shows that the presence of radium in the sun to the extent of only 2.5 parts per million of its mass would account for the present rate of emission of energy. There is no direct evidence that radioactive matter exists in the sun, but, from the similarity of the chemical constitution of the sun and

earth, its presence is to be expected. The spectroscope has shown that the rare gas helium exists in the sun, and this is an indirect indication of the presence of radioactive matter, for Ramsay and Soddy have found that helium is continuously evolved from radium. A small trace of radioactive matter in the sun would not suffice to sensibly prolong the present estimate of the duration of the sun's heat, but there is another possibility in this connection that must not be overlooked. It is not unlikely that under the influence of the very high solar temperature, the atoms of the non-radioactive elements may break up into the simpler forms with the evolution of a large quantity of energy. The present electrical theory of matter demands that the atoms of the heavier elements contain an enormous quantity of latent energy, which would be released when the atoms break up. If this store of atomic energy is available in the sun, and if ordinary matter in breaking up emits as much heat as radium, then it can be deduced that the duration of the sun's heat would be prolonged for about one hundred times the estimate founded on the condensation theory. The spectroscopic observations of Sir Norman Lockyer showing that the hottest stars apparently consist of only the simpler forms of matter like helium and hydrogen, while the cooler stars show the presence of the heavier elements, support the view that the elements are broken up into simpler forms under the action of intense heat.

If this heat of atomic disintegration is available, it would suffice to keep up the present output of energy from the sun for about five thousand million years—a period of time which probably both geologists and biologists would consider sufficient for the processes of organic evolution, while the duration of the sun's heat in the future may possibly be extended for a hundred times the estimate made by Kelvin.

Although such considerations may increase our estimate of the probable duration of the sun's heat, science offers no escape from the conclusion of Kelvin and Helmholtz that the sun must ultimately grow cold and this earth must become a dead planet moving through the intense cold of empty space.

Unremembering June

BY ABBY MEGUIRE ROACH

"WHAT'S the matter with Loring?
Hasn't been here for a week."
"Wife says he's pretty sick."

"Going to get back soon?"

"Beginning to fancy not."

"Any one been to see him?"

"No; just the 'phone."

"I'll go myself. It's on my way. They took him into our Blue Lodge a couple months ago."

He went into the sick-room as he did everything else—straight to the point, with vim. Not that his manner was noisy, only tense. Red-blond he was, G. W. Reno, clean-featured, square-jawed, broad-shouldered, alive.

"'Gene, Mr. Reno's come to see you." A contralto voice, of course, from that full white throat.

The young man turned quickly in bed, "That's awfully good of you," and tried to sit up.

His wife's firm hand pressed him back, while she smiled at the visitor—a smile that seemed to take him into her confidence and into some joke at the same time.

"Lie still," Reno ordered, with his usual conciseness.

"Mr. Reno didn't come to see a jack-in-the-box, 'Gene." Her manner was humorously brusque. "Don't get gay, or he'll think you might be back at work. You're not a bit smart." Her eyes had more meaning than her words; they seemed to suggest in every commonplace deeper significance and lurking fun.

Loring smiled dully. And as the back of her hand—a large, shapely hand,—in adjusting the pillow, brushed his cheek with perhaps intentional inadvertence, he turned his head quickly so that it swept his lips as well.

"No fellow ever had such a nurse before, Mr. Reno. Always joking, always doing just the right thing, never tired, and *strong*! She can lift me like a baby now, I'm so thin."

"Listen to him!" she scoffed, between pride and embarrassment. "He knows which side his bread's buttered on now!" Her hand rumbled through his hair with jocular roughness that was all tenderness.

Indeed, Reno had been looking at her. What sweet and generous plumpness! He had never before seen a woman at once so large and so dainty. And her throaty voice, her steady eyes, her unhurried yet unflagging movements,—what reserve force!

She went with him to the door, her eyes moist and shining, as she answered his inquiries with startling simplicity of acceptance. The doctors were not sure, suspected unlocated tuberculosis, did not either encourage nor discourage her. But she knew; it had been coming for a long time; she could see it now, only he never gave up till the knock-out; he would never get up again.

Even while he told her not to give up hope, and to see everything done, he felt his own banality; he might as aptly have encouraged the tide in rising.

As he passed under the window, going down a side street (Reno always found a short cut to everything), he heard the man: "Mighty clever in the boss to come himself."

And the cheerful, rich, woman's voice: "Wasn't it decent? And he says they're not needing you at the office; if you were there you'd be just loafing around getting into bad habits; so you're to make your mind easy, take this for a vacation, and get well."

As it had never occurred to Reno, and, considering Reno, never could have occurred to him, to say anything of the sort, he went smiling on his way.

"I'm tired," Loring breathed, growing suddenly heavy among the pillows. "Reno's always like a dynamo in full hum."

The atmosphere of the place he had left seemed to follow the visitor, like

perfume clinging to his clothes. An eye that had had to be trained to appraise such things, once unfamiliar, had taken in the values of the furnishings—quality, simplicity, fitness, comfort. He wondered suddenly how the salary of a mere department head could keep up so nice a cottage in so nice a neighborhood. Next morning he looked up Loring's account. It proved a couple months' undrawn salary to the good; always was, the bookkeeper said, and he added that, only a few months before, Loring had taken out quite a little accumulation for some investment.

"What a difference the right kind of a wife makes!" Reno thought, with a rush of reminiscent bitterness—bitterness that was, however, being buried deeper and deeper by a pair of little patting hands—Lola's, the daughter who had been his salvage from the wreck of his marriage.

So far Lola stood for a single predominant trait—love-hunger. Her heart was like an empty flower-cup, always held up thirstily for precious drops from heaven. She would roost all evening on the arm of his chair, her face against one cheek, her clasped fists against the other, silent, content, while he smoked (at some disadvantage, perhaps), in quizzical, tolerant affection. Reno had never begun to picture some woman filling the woman-needs of his life, domestic, social, without the presentiment of a jar in this little daily scene—a presentiment that vetoed the suggestion.

Week after week it became more evident that Loring was fighting a losing fight; and week after week it became evident also that *two* great events were ahead of the young wife. Yet her strength never seemed taxed nor her cheerfulness forced. She did all the nursing, which was constant; and when Reno or the doctor remonstrated—"But what else would I be doing? And he likes me around. And I know how he wants things." When she slept was a mathematical puzzle; yet the delicacy of her bloom never changed, nor the unfailing tenderness of her jocular roughness.

She wore always what appeared each time to be a perfectly fresh gingham shirt-waist suit; and in the warm house, even carried over into the winter, it

seemed especially personal and appropriate. Even dressed so, she was not beautiful, but stunning, smart. Reno thought he had never seen a woman who could be counted on to be so attractive at breakfast and without assistance.

She insisted on new advisers, fresh investigations, other experiments, staking everything they had saved, as quiet, game, and unswerving as a general or a gambler—and with never a line in the smooth, fresh face. When at last they told her their discovery, she looked from one to the other steadily: "You mean to tell me there is *nothing* more to be done?" For a long pause she sat looking down, the fine, capable hands relaxed in her lap. Then she moved toward the sick-room.

"You mean to tell him?"

"Why, no."

"Sure you had not better?"

"Why should I? He's comfortable and not bothering."

"But might he not want time to—to prepare?"

"Prepare? Why, there won't be anything much left, and there's only me, anyway."

As she went in, 'Gene stirred and looked at her, perhaps suspiciously. "What kept you so long, Molly-Moll?"

"Dr. Landis, with one of his stories—of the negroes on the plantation, who used to come to him drunk with malaria, and who would still go on doing anything and eating anything, with that and the medicine both to attend to. He had first to make them too sick to move before he could make them well. Besides, they were great husky fellows, not susceptible to gentleness in any form. One of them came back some time after the dosing,—'I jes wan' tell yoh, sah, dat's de stuff, whut yoh give. Yoh de doctah foh me. Why, yoh—yoh kin *kill a niggah and bring him to!*'"

"Isn't he just the patientest baby you ever saw?" she appealed to Reno, as she mothered 'Gene's helplessness. "And such grit! I tell you fighting helps. He'll win out yet."

'Gene groped for her hand and guided it to his lips with the habit of thanks. "We'll win out," he corrected. And above his closed lids she looked across at Reno, with a flush of hot tears to her eyes.

“NO FELLOW EVER HAD SUCH A NURSE BEFORE, MR. RENO.”

Half-tone plate engraved by H. Leimoth



At last the doctor carried his insistence, and a nurse took the night-watch; but Molly slept opposite the door and woke to the mere dropping of medicine in water. Reno sent his carriage to give her airings after dusk. But of her own condition she seemed not only regardless, but oblivious.

Lola was hanging to her father's hand one night when he stopped.

To all inquirers Mrs. Loring responded with full details of diagnosis, assuming an equal and equally matter-of-fact interest. She talked before children as if they were not there. But her personality deodorized the unpleasant by simple unconsciousness of it.

"Won't you come in and see him?"

"Not to-night. I'm afraid my little girl might disturb—"

Molly looked down at a timid, inquiring, uplifted face. "Oh yes, of course," gruffly. "Terrible child, I'm sure! We don't want any little girls around here. What would *we* do with children?"

The child shrank sensitively. All Reno's red-blondness verified itself in instant challenge. Then he saw the double joke in the eyes at their habitual trick of laughter and allusion. And Lola, peeping up, smiled out, and was scooped up for a big hug. She talked of Mrs. Loring for weeks.

At last, one night, as Reno reached the steps, he knew. He went by several persons waiting in outer rooms, feeling himself about as unobtrusive as an automobile. The man was too vital and individual to be unremarked even in the most casual encounter; at sight he stirred interest, antagonism, admiration. In an atmosphere like this, all the more because his manner was so quiet, he had on people an effect like the knowledge of a fuse lighted to a dynamite charge. His mere presence where death was seemed abruptly contradictory.

He stopped in the doorway beside the doctor. Molly was leaning over the bed. "'Gene—oh, 'Gene! Can't you speak to me, dear? 'Gene!'"

The lids fluttered, a faint smile wavered across the face, a hint of motion guided her hand to his lips, to the ghost of a kiss. "Molly-Moll!" he breathed, and flickered out into darkness—at least for those left behind.

She bent over him, watching. At last, "He's gone," and she stood up.

But suddenly the unfailing hands trembled; she dropped back into her chair, shaking with sobs.

Reno laid a virile hand on her shoulder.

Shortly the paroxysms ceased. "There's a lot to do," she said, and turned to do it.

The young doctor's face was working. "Did you ever see such a woman? Such capacity for devotion, with such strength for endurance."

The clergyman took her hand, his manner grave, comforting, sweet. "God has left you a beautiful memory, Mrs. Loring, and the consciousness of having done everything possible under the Divine Will. Let Him be your Friend and Protector now." A sudden flutter of surprise widened her eyes, then swiftly falling lids.

Lola must needs take her flowers in person, and not for the funeral nor the dead man. Very grave and much too important to hold papa's hand, she went to make the free-will offering of a prayerful heart.

"Whose child she is I often wonder," Reno said. "Certainly not her mother's." His thin red lips gripped. "And equally not her father's." He laughed at the idea of comparison, and looking down at her, quizzical, tolerant, instinctively sheltered her with his arm.

"No?" smiled Molly. "Not a bit like you? Really?" Her look suggested that much had been left unsaid,—unthought as well. Reno sometimes caught himself wondering: and yet he was glowing now as if there was an implication, and he admitted it to be a compliment.

"And your plans?" he asked.

"I'm going back with my sister to the country. They have a farm and several children. I shall be quite welcome there so long as I need stay—" Her hand abstractedly dropped to a chubby little one lying on her knee; its instant response without motion drew her eyes to the child; and they two looked at each other deeply for a breath—a look that stabbed Reno with a dozen sweet and cruel thrills. "But of course before long I must do something. I know a little of shorthand, working with 'Gene. But to board alone in the city and with the baby—" Her breath caught almost im-



Half-tone plate engraved by Frank E. Pettit

LOLA. SILENT, CONTENT, HER FACE AGAINST ONE CHEEK

perceptibly at having spoken of it. Then she faced him steadily.

And he looked at her with clean eyes. "Never mind about business now. You mustn't think of it. Your business is to keep strong and get well. Don't worry—" He stopped, amused at himself, as often before her. The advice would have been as relevant offered to a flower. Yet to-day for the first time she looked almost sallow, the whites of her eyes faintly blue—an extreme admission for her. She had gone over and over the whole story so many times in the last few days, searching for explanations, for might-have-beens, every reminiscence an appreciation, talking, talking, with brief breaks of sobbing joined by the sympathetic caller,—as near nervousness as Molly could possibly come. "Just rest a while now; you're tired out."

"Tired? I? Why, I'm never tired. Besides, I've had three good nights' sleep since 'Gene died.'"

"And you will let me have word of you? Surely? And give me a chance to be of use? Won't you?" He persisted, taking leave. She swept his face swiftly with a glance of inquiry, intelligence. "Won't you?"

"O-h—perhaps," with just the faintest puckering of the mouth.

But spring passed without a word from her, until there were times when Reno's impatience seethed like a colony of bees at hiving-time.

At last he wrote.

With unpardonable deliberation a brief answer came: Molly's son was a couple months old—but yet not finished enough to be much to look at!

He wrote again: Lola was pale from the city, and bored with herself and her maid; a farm with other children on it sounded like fairy-land to her. Could some arrangement be made? . . .

Lola had been there a month before he had any word but her own hard-written and naturally not very voluminous love-letters; letters in which the homesickness was an ever fainter and fainter echo of the first wild cry, and in which the reference to "Dandie" made it plain that she had adopted the other children's auntie into a peculiar relationship with

herself. At last a postscript from Mrs. Loring herself: "Wouldn't you like to come to see her? It's worth a longer trip.—'DANDIE.'"

"Of course I would. You're uncommon slow asking me. What kind of father, and man, do you think me?"

Molly was standing with the baby in her arms, chewing its chub of fist. In the warm wind soft wisps of blown brown hair curled all around forehead and neck. Her flesh was firm, transparent, aglow; her skin as clear, satiny, pink, as the baby's. And what generous sweet plumpness! She was perhaps at the most beautiful time of a woman's life—in the glamour of first young motherhood, with the beauty of perfect health and uncoarsened maturity.

And in the black and white of her shirt-waist suit there was no more suggestion of mourning than there is remembrance of winter in full June—rich, warm, full of promise, unremembering June, the present and future tenses of the year's declension.

As she stood biting the baby, Reno understood why. His look devoured her.

Seeing him, her eyes only gave greeting, and, smiling, directed his to the group of animated children's overalls in a sand-pile in front of her. One particular occupant of one particular pair of overalls spied him. Lola flew! He held her off—brown, round, rosy. "Why, who is this? Whose little girl—or boy—are you?"

Her head dropped; she drooped from his hand like a nipped flower.

"Whose little girl *are* you?" coaxed a rich voice with an undercurrent of laughter.

Like a flower again, the child swayed at the breath of that elemental nature. "Dandie's little girl," ventured a small voice. At sight of the father's face Molly laughed—a laugh of many significances. And with a flood of recollected loyalty, "Papa's!" gasped the child, and smothered him with remorse.

"Wouldn't you like to be Dandie's and papa's little girl all at once?"

("Well! I like that!")

"Why, yes. Ain't I? Can't I?"

"I think you can."

("Oh, you do?")

"No?" His grip on her wrist hurt and forced her to look up—"Is it only a mother you want for Lola—and yourself?"—forced her to look up; and looking, she was satisfied; and looking, she flushed slowly from head to foot, answering him.

"The most loyal, affectionate woman in the world!" he added, after a little.

"Oh, never mind the fairy-tales!" she scoffed, pleased, waiting.

He spoke none of the time-honored commonplaces that belittle, or dignify, or mask the real individual feeling under the stereotype of what it is assumed love ought to be. He could foresee her amuse-

ment. Besides, it would have been about as appropriate as trying to capture a bird with a smile.

"But I would never marry any woman that I wasn't sure would be kind to Lola and fond of her."

"Oh, Lola!" Her whole look was soft and sweet. "I am fond of her now." Then a mischievous laugh bubbled in her throat. "And could be of you too, if you insist." Even with the laugh her eyes were deeper than the words, grave and tender.

"As to that also, Molly-Moll—what you will be to me—I am quite satisfied,—quite."

The Watcher

BY FANNY KEMBLE JOHNSON

THREE of the night, when men are still,
You hear the Silence creeping down—
All day it crouches on the hill
And looks toward the town.

But only at the dead of night
It dares to leave its dark retreat
And like an evil, untamed thing
Invade the vacant street.

The thousand sleep and do not hear,
Sleep sound, sleep deep, and never know
How hours long throughout the town
It paces to and fro,

Or lies at ease with large bright eyes
Fixed full upon my window square.
For sometimes, sickened of surmise,
I rise and find it there.

I shudder, but I surely know
Some day when fires of Dawn are lit
To drive it backward to the hill,
That I shall follow it.

And let it lead me where the pines
Cast shadows that shall never shift
For any sun, and leave me lost
Where shadows never lift.

The Marriage of William Ashe

BY MRS. HUMPHRY WARD

CHAPTER XVII

"**A**MONG the numerous daubs with which Tintoret, to his everlasting shame, has covered this church—"

"Good heavens!—what does the man mean?—or is he talking of another church?" said Ashe, raising his head and looking in bewilderment, first at the magnificent Tintoret in front of him, and then at the lines he had just been reading.

"William!" cried Kitty,—"*do* put that fool down, and come here; one sees it splendidly!"

She was standing in one of the choir-stalls of San Giorgio Maggiore, somewhat raised above the point where Ashe had been studying his German handbook.

"My dear!—if this man don't know, who does!" cried Ashe, flourishing his volume in front of him as he obeyed her.

"*'Dans le royaume des aveugles—'*" said Kitty, contemptuously. "As if any German could even begin to understand Tintoret! But—don't talk!"

And clasping both hands round Ashe's arm, she stood leaning heavily upon him, her whole soul gazing from the eyes she turned upon the picture, her lips quivering, as though, from some physical weakness, she could only just hold back the tears with which indeed the face was charged.

She and Ashe were looking at that "Last Supper" of Tintoret's, which hangs in the Choir of San Giorgio Maggiore at Venice. It is a picture dear to all lovers of Tintoret, breathing in every line and group the passionate and mystical fancy of the master.

The scene passes, it will be remembered, in what seems to be the spacious guest-chamber of an inn. The Lord and His disciples are gathered round the last sacred meal of the Old Covenant, the first of the New. On the left, a long table stretches from the spectator into the depths of the picture; the dis-

ciples are ranged along one side of it; and on the other sits Judas, solitary and accursed. The young Christ has risen; He holds the bread in His lifted hands and is about to give it to the beloved disciple, while Peter, beyond, rising from his seat in his eagerness, presses forward to claim his own part in the Lord's body.

The action of the Christ has in it a very ecstasy of giving; the bending form indeed is love itself, yearning and triumphant. This is further expressed in the light which streams from the head of the Lord, playing upon the long line of faces, illuminating the vehement gesture of Peter, the adoring and radiant silence of St. John,—and striking even to the farthest corners of the room, upon a woman, a child, a playing dog. Meanwhile from the hanging lamps above the supper-party there glows another and more earthly light, mingled with fumes of smoke which darken the upper air. But such is the power of the divine figure that from this very darkness breaks adoration. The smoke wreaths change under the gazer's eye into hovering angels, who float round the head of the Saviour, and look down with awe upon the first Eucharist; while the lamp-light, interpenetrated by the glory which issues from the Lord, searches every face and fold and surface, displays the figures of the serving men and women in the background, shines on the household stuff, the vases and plates, the black and white of the marble floor, the beams of the old Venetian ceiling. Everywhere the double ray, the twofold magic! Steeped in these "majestics of light," the immortal scene lives upon the quiet wall. Year after year the slender thought-worn Christ raises His hands of blessing; the disciples strain towards Him; the angels issue from the darkness; the friendly domestic life, happy, natural, unconscious,

frames the divine mystery. And among those who come to look, there are from time to time men and women who draw from it that restlessness of vague emotion which Kitty felt, as she hung now, gazing, on Ashe's arm.

For there is in it an appeal which torments them,—like the winding of a mystic horn, on purple heights, by some approaching and unseen messenger. Ineffable beauty, offering itself,—and in the human soul, the eternal human discord:—what else makes the poignancy of art?—the passion of poetry?

"That's enough!" said Kitty, at last, turning abruptly away.

"You like it?" said Ashe, softly, detaining her, while he pressed the little hand upon his arm. His heart was filled with a great pity for his wife in these days.

"Oh, I don't know!" was Kitty's impatient reply. "It haunts me. There's still another to see—in a chapel. The sacristan's making signs to us."

"Is there?" Ashe stifled a yawn. He asked Margaret French, who had come up with them, whether Kitty had not had quite enough sightseeing. He himself must go to the Piazza and get the news before dinner. As an English cabinet minister, he had been admitted to the best club of the Venice residents. Telegrams were to be seen there; and there was anxious news from the Balkans.

Kitty merely insisted that she could not and would not go without her remaining Tintoret, and the others yielded to her at once, with that indulgent tenderness one shows to the wilfulness of a sick child. She and Margaret followed the sacristan. Ashe lingered behind in a passage of the church, surreptitiously reading an Italian newspaper. He had the ordinary cultivated pleasure in pictures; but this ardor which Kitty was throwing into her pursuit of Tintoret—the Wagner of painting—left him cold. He did not attempt to keep up with her.

Two ladies were already in the cloister chapel, with a gentleman. As Kitty and her friend entered, these persons had just finished their inspection of the damaged but most beautiful Pietà which hangs over the altar, and their faces were towards the entrance.

"Maman!" . . . cried Kitty, in amazement.

The lady addressed started, put up a gold-rimmed eye-glass, exclaimed, and hurried forward.

Kitty and she embraced, amid a torrent of laughter and interjections from the elder lady, and then Kitty, whose pale cheeks had put on scarlet, turned to Margaret French.

"Margaret!—my mother, Madame d'Estrées."

Miss French, who found herself greeted with effusion by the strange lady, saw before her a woman of fifty, marvellously preserved. Madame d'Estrées had grown stout; so much time had claimed; but the elegant gray dress with its floating chiffon and lace skilfully concealed the fact; and for the rest, complexion, eyes, lips, were still defiant of the years. If it were art that had achieved it, nature still took the credit; it was so finely done, the spectator could only lend himself and admire. Under the pretty hat of gray tulle, whereof the strings were tied bonnet fashion under the plump chin, there looked out, indeed, a face gay, happy, unconcerned,—proof, one might have thought, of an innocent past and a good conscience.

Kitty, who had drawn back a little, eyed her mother oddly.

"I thought you were in Paris. Your letter said you wouldn't be able to move for weeks—"

"*Ma chère!—un miracle!*" cried Madame d'Estrées, blushing, however, under her thin white veil. "When I wrote to you, I was at death's door—wasn't I?" She appealed to her companion, without waiting for an answer. "Then some one told me of a new doctor, and in ten days, *me voici!* They insisted on my going away,—this dear woman—Donna Laura Brufani,—my daughter, Lady Kitty Ashe!—knew of an apartment here, belonging to some relations of hers. And here we are—charmingly *installées!*—and really *nothing* to pay!"—Madame d'Estrées whispered, smiling, in Kitty's ear—"nothing compared to the hotels. I'm economizing splendidly.—Laura looks after every sou. Ah! my dear William!"

For Ashe, puzzled by the voices within, had entered the chapel, and stood in his turn open-mouthed.

"Why, we thought you were an invalid."

For, some three weeks before, a letter had reached him at Haggart, so full of melancholy details as to Madame d'Estrées's health and circumstances that even Kitty had been moved. Money had been sent; inquiries had been made by telegraph; and but for a hasty message of a more cheerful character, received just before they started, the Ashes, instead of journeying by Brussels and Cologne, would have gone by Paris that Kitty might see her mother. They had intended to stop there on their way back. Ashe was not minded that Kitty should see more of Madame d'Estrées than necessity demanded; but on this occasion he would have felt it positively brutal to make difficulties.

And now here was this moribund lady, this forsaken of gods and men, disporting herself at Venice, evidently in the pink of health and attired in the freshest of Paris toilettes!—As he coldly shook hands, Ashe registered an inner vow that Madame d'Estrées's letters henceforward should receive the attention they deserved.

And beside her was her somewhat mysterious friend of London days, the Colonel Warington who had been so familiar a figure in the gatherings of St. James's Place,—grown much older, almost white-haired, and as gentlemanly as ever. Who was the lady? Ashe was introduced, was aware of a somewhat dark and Jewish cast of face, noticed some fine jewels, and could only suppose that his mother-in-law had picked up some one to finance her, and provide her with creature comforts in return for the social talents that Madame d'Estrées still possessed in some abundance. He had more than once noticed her skill in similar devices; but, indeed, they were indispensable, for while he allowed Madame d'Estrées one thousand a year, she was, it seemed, firmly determined to spend a minimum of three.

He and Warington looked at each other with curiosity. The bronzed face and honest eyes of the soldier betrayed nothing. "Are you going to marry her at last?" thought Ashe. "Poor devil!"

Meanwhile Madame d'Estrées chattered away as though nothing could be more natural than their meeting, or more

perfect than the relations between herself and her daughter and son-in-law.

As they all strolled down the church she looked keenly at Kitty.

"My dear child, how ill you look!—and your mourning! Ah, yes, of course!"—she bit her lip—"I remember—the poor, poor boy—"

"Thank you!" said Kitty, hastily. "I got your letter,—thank you very much. Where are you staying? We've got rooms on the Grand Canal."

"Oh, but, Kitty!" cried Madame d'Estrées,—"*I was so sorry for you!*"

"Were you?" said Kitty, under her breath. "Then, please, never speak of him to me again!"

Startled and offended, Madame d'Estrées looked at her daughter. But what she saw disarmed her. For once even she felt something like the pang of a mother. "You're dreadfully thin, Kitty!"

Kitty frowned with annoyance.

"It's not my fault," she said, pettishly. "I live on cream, and it's no good. Of course I know I'm an object and a scarecrow; but I'd rather people didn't tell me."

"What nonsense, *chère enfant!* You're much prettier than you ever were."

A wild and fugitive radiance swept across the face beside her.

"Am I?" said Kitty, smiling. "That's all right! If I had died, it wouldn't matter, of course. But—"

"Died! What do you mean, Kitty?" said Madame d'Estrées, in bewilderment. "When William wrote to me, I thought he meant you had overtired yourself."

"Oh, well, the doctors said it was touch and go," said Kitty, indifferently. "But of course it wasn't. I'm much too tough. And then they fussed about one's heart. And that's all nonsense too. I couldn't die if I tried."

But Madame d'Estrées pondered the bright intermittent color, the emaciation, the hollowness of the eyes. The effect, so far, was to add to Kitty's natural distinction; to give, rather, a touch of pathos to a face which even in its wildest mirth had in it something alien and remote. But she too reflected that a little more, a very little more, and—in a night—the face would have dropped its beauty, as a rose its petals.

The group stood talking a while on the steps outside the church. Kitty and her

mother exchanged addresses, Donna Laura opened her mouth once or twice, and produced a few contorted smiles for Kitty's benefit, while Colonel Warrington tipped the sacristan, found the gondolier, and studied the guide-book.

As Madame d'Estrées stepped into her gondola, assisted by him, she tapped him on the arm.

"Are you coming, Markham?"

The low voice was pitched in a very intimate note. Kitty turned with a start.

"A casa!" said Madame d'Estrées, and she and her friend made for one of the canals that pierce the Zattere, while Colonel Warrington went off for a walk along the Giudecca.

Kitty and Ashe bade their gondoliers take them to the Piazzetta, and presently they were gliding across waters of flame and silver, where the white front and red campanile of San Giorgio—now blazing under the sunset—mirrored themselves in the lagoon. The autumnal evening was fresh and gay. A light breeze was on the water; lights that only Venice knows shone on the tawny sails of fishing-boats making for the Lido, on the white sides of an English yacht, on the burnished prows of the gondolas, on the warm reddish-white of the Ducal Palace. The air blowing from the Adriatic breathed into their faces the strength of the sea; and in the far distance, above that line of buildings where lies the heart of Venice, the high ghosts of the Friulian Alps glimmered amid the sweeping regiments and purple shadows of the land-hurrying clouds.

"This does you good, darling!" said Ashe, stooping down to look into his wife's face, as she nestled beside him, on the soft cushions of the gondola.

Kitty gave him a slight smile, then said with a furrowed brow,

"Who could ever have thought we should find *Maman* here!"

"Don't have her on your mind!" said Ashe, with some sharpness. "I can't have anything worrying you."

She slipped her hand into his.

"Is that man going to marry her—at last? She called him 'Markham.' That's new."

"Looks rather like it," said Ashe.

"Then *he'll* have to look after the debts!"

They began to piece together what they knew of Colonel Warrington and his relation to Madame d'Estrées. It was not much. But Ashe believed that originally Warrington had not been in love with her at all. There had been a love-affair between her and Warrington's younger brother—a smart artillery officer—when she was the widowed Lady Blackwater. She had behaved with more heart and scruple than she had generally been known to do in these matters, and the young officer adored her—hoped, indeed, to marry her. But he was called on—in Paris—to fight a duel on her account, and was killed. Before fighting, he had commended Lady Blackwater to the care of his much older brother, also a soldier, between whom and himself there existed a rare and passionate devotion; and ever since the poor lad's death, Markham Warrington had been the friend and quasi-guardian of the lady,—through her second marriage, through the chequered years of her existence in London, and now through the later years of her residence on the Continent—a residence forced upon her by her agreement with the Tranmores. Again and again he had saved her from bankruptcy, or from some worse scandal which would have wrecked the last remnants of her fame.

But, all the time, he was himself bound by strong ties of gratitude and affection to an elder sister, who had brought him up; with whom he lived in Scotland during half the year. And this stout Puritan lady detested the very name of Madame d'Estrées.

"But she's dead," said Ashe. "I remember noticing her death in the *Times* some three months ago. That of course explains it. Now he's free to marry."

"And so Maman will settle down, and be happy ever afterwards!" said Kitty, with a sarcastic lifting of the brow. "Why should anybody be good?"

The bitterness of her look struck Ashe disagreeably. That any child should speak so of a mother was a tragic and sinister thing. But he was well aware of the causes.

"Were you very unhappy when you were a child, Kitty?" He pressed the hand he held.

"No," said Kitty, shortly. "I'm too like Maman. I suppose, really, at bot-

tom, I liked all the debts, and the excitement, and the shady people!"

"That wasn't the impression you gave me in the first days of our acquaintance!" said Ashe, laughing.

"Oh! then I was grown up—and there were drawbacks. But I'm made of the same stuff as Maman," she said, obstinately,—“except that I can't tell so many fibs. That's really why we didn't get on.”

Her brown eyes held him with that strange unspoken defiance it seemed so often beyond her power to hide. It was like the fluttering of some caged thing hungering for it knows not what. Then as they scanned the patient good temper of his face, they melted; and her little fingers squeezed his; while Margaret French kept her eyes fixed on the two columns of the Piazzetta.

"How strange to find her here!" said Kitty, under her breath. "Now if it had been Alice—my sister Alice!"

William nodded. It had been known to them for some time that Lady Alice Wensleydale, to whom Italy had become a second country, had settled in a villa near Treviso, where she occupied herself with a lace-school for women and girls.

The mention of her sister threw Kitty into what seemed to be a disagreeable reverie. The flush brought by the sea-wind faded. Ashe looked at her with anxiety.

"You have done too much, Kitty,—as usual!"

His voice was almost angry.

She shrugged her shoulders.

"What does it matter? You know very well it would be much better for you if—"

"If what?"

"If I followed Harry." The words were just breathed, and her eyes shrank from meeting his. Ashe, on the other hand, turned and looked at her steadily.

"Are you quite determined I sha'n't get *any* joy out of my holiday?"

She shook her head uncertainly. Then almost immediately she began to chatter to Margaret French about the sights of the lagoon, with her natural trenchancy and fun. But her hand, hidden under the folds of her black cloak, still clung to William's.

"It is her illness," he said to himself, "and the loss of the child."

And at the remembrance of his little son a wave of sore yearning filled his own heart. Deep under the occupations and interests of the mind lay his passionate regret, and at any moment of pause or silence its "buried life" arose and seized him. But he was a busy politician, absorbed, even in these days of holiday, by the questions and problems of the hour. And Kitty was a delicate woman—with no defence against the torture of grief.

He thought of those first days after the child's death, when in spite of the urgency of the doctors it had been impossible to keep the news from Kitty; of the ghastly effect of it upon nerves and brain already imperilled by causes only half intelligible; of those sudden flights from her nurses, when the days of convalescence began, to the child's room, and later, to his grave. There was stinging pain in these recollections. Nor was he, in truth, much reassured by his wife's more recent state. It was impossible indeed that he should give it the same constant thought as a woman might,—or a man of another and more emotional type. At this moment, perhaps, he had literally no time for the subtleties of introspective feeling, even had his temperament inclined him to them, which was, in truth, not the case. He knew that Kitty had suddenly and resolutely ceased to talk about the boy, had thrown herself with the old energy into new pursuits, and, since she came to Venice in particular, had shown a feverish desire to fill every hour with movement and sightseeing.

But was she in truth much better?—in body or soul?—poor child! The doctors had explained her illness as nervous collapse, pointing back to a long preceding period of overstrain and excitement. There had been suspicions of tubercular mischief; but no precise test was then at command; and as Kitty had improved with rest and feeding, the idea had been abandoned. But Ashe was still haunted by it, though quite ready—being a natural optimist—to escape from it and all other incurable anxieties as soon as Kitty herself should give the signal.

As to the moral difficulties and worries of those months at Haggart, Ashe remembered them as little as might be. Kitty's illness indeed had shown itself in more directions than one, as an amending and

appeasing fact. Even Lord Parham had been moved to compassion and kindness by the immediate results of that horrible scene on the Terrace. His leave-taking from Ashe on the morning afterwards had been almost cordial—almost intimate. And as to Lady Tranmore, whenever she had been able to leave her paralyzed husband, she had been with Kitty, nursing her with affectionate wisdom night and day. While on the other members of the Haggart party, the sheer pity of Kitty's condition had worked with surprising force. Lord Grosville had actually made his wife offer Grosville Park for Kitty's convalescence,—Kitty got her first laugh out of the proposal. The Dean had journeyed several times from his distant cathedral town to see and sit with Kitty; Eddie Helston's flowers had been almost a nuisance; Mrs. Alcot had shown herself quite soft and human.

The effect indeed of this general sympathy on Lord Parham's relations to the chief member of his cabinet had been but small and passing. Ashe disliked and distrusted him more than ever; and whatever might have happened to the Premier's resentment of a particular offence, there could be no doubt that a visit from which Ashe had hoped much had ended in complete failure, that Parham was disposed to cross his powerful henchman where he could, and that intrigue was busy in the cabinet itself against the reforming party of which Ashe was the head. Ashe indeed felt his own official position, outwardly so strong, by no means secure. But the game of politics was none the less exhilarating for that.

As to Kitty's relation to himself,—and life's most intimate and tender things,—in these days, did he probe his own consciousness much concerning them? Probably not. Was he aware that, when all was said and done, in spite of her misdoings, in spite of his passion of anxiety during her illness, in spite of the pity and affection of his daily attitude, Kitty occupied in truth much less of his mind than she had ever yet occupied?—that a certain magic—primal, incommunicable—had ceased to clothe her image in his thoughts?

Again,—probably not. For these slow changes in a man's inmost personality are like the ebb and flow of summer tides

over estuary sands. Silent, the main creeps in or out; and while we dream, the great basin fills, and the fishing-boats come in,—or the gentle pitiless waters draw back into the bosom of ocean, and the sea-birds run over the wide untenanted flats.

They landed at the Piazzetta as the lamps were being lit. The soft October darkness was falling fast, and on the ledges of St. Mark's and the Ducal Palace the pigeons had begun to roost. An animated crowd was walking up and down in the Piazza, where a band was playing; and on the golden horses of St. Mark's there shone a pale and mystical light,—the last reflection from the western sky. Under the colonnades the jewellers and glass-shops blazed and sparkled, and the warm sea-wind fluttered the Italian flags on the great flagstaffs, that but so recently had borne the Austrian eagle.

Ashe walked with his head thrown back, thinking absently, in this centre of Venice, of English politics, and of a phrase of Metternich's he had come across in a volume of memoirs he had been lately reading on the journey:

"Le jour qui court n'a aucune valeur pour moi, excepté comme la veille du lendemain. C'est toujours avec le lendemain que mon esprit lutte."

The phrase pleased him particularly.

He, too, was wrestling with the morrow, though in another sense than Metternich's. His mind was alive with projects; an exultant consciousness both of capacity and opportunity possessed him.

"Why, you've passed the club, William!" said Kitty.

Ashe awoke with a start, smiled at her, and with a wave of the hand disappeared in a stairway to the right.

Margaret French lingered in a beadshop to make some purchases. Kitty walked home alone, and Margaret, whose watchful affection never failed, knew that she preferred it, and let her go her way.

The Ashes had rooms on the first bend of the Grand Canal looking south. To reach them by land from the Piazza, Kitty had to pass through a series of narrow streets or *calles*, broken by *campos* or small squares, in which stood churches. As she passed one of these churches, she was attracted by the sound of gay music,

and by the crowd about the entrance. Pushing aside the leathern curtain over the door, she found herself in a great rococo nave, which blazed with lights and decorations. Lines of huge wax candles were fixed in temporary holders along the floor. The pillars were swathed in rose-colored damask, and the choir was ablaze with flowers, and even more brilliantly lit, if possible, than the rest of the church.

Kitty's Catholic training told her that an exposition of the Blessed Sacrament was going on. Mechanically she dipped her fingers into the holy water, she made her genuflection to the altar, and knelt down in one of the back rows.

How rich and sparkling it was—the lights, the bright colors, the dancing music! "*Dolce Sacramento!—Santo Sacramento!*" these words of an Italian hymn or litany recurred again and again, with endless iteration. Kitty's sensuous, excitable nature was stirred with delight. Then, suddenly, she remembered her child, and the little face she had seen for the last time in the coffin. She began to cry softly, hiding her face in her black veil. An unbearable longing possessed her. "I shall never have another child," she thought. "*That's all over.*"

Then her thoughts wandered back to the party at Haggart, to the scene on the terrace, and to that rush of excitement which had mastered her, she scarcely knew how or why. She could still hear the Dean's voice,—see the lamp wavering above her head. "What possessed me! I didn't care a straw whether the lamp set me on fire—whether I lived or died. I wanted to die."

Was it because of that short conversation with William in the afternoon?—because of the calmness with which he had taken that word "separation," which she had thrown at him, merely as a child boasts and threatens, never expecting for one moment to be taken at its word. She had proposed it to him before, after the night at Hamel Weir; she had been serious then; it had been an impulse of remorse; and he had laughed at her. But at Haggart it had been an impulse of temper; and he had taken it seriously. How the wound had rankled, all the afternoon, while she was chattering to the royalties! And as she jumped on the pedestal, and saw his face of horror, there

was the typical womanish triumph that she had made him *feel*,—would make him feel yet more.

How good, how tender he had been to her in her illness! And yet—yet?

"He cares for politics, for his plans,—not for me. He will never trust me again—as he did once. He'll never ask me to help him,—he'll find ways not to,—though he'll be very sweet to me all the time."

And the thought of her nullity with him in the future, her insignificance in his life, tortured her.

Why had she treated Lord Parham so? "I can be a lady when I choose," she said, mockingly, to herself,—"*I wasn't even a lady.*"

Then suddenly there flashed on her memory a little picture of Lord Parham, standing spectacled and bewildered, peering into her slip of paper. She bent her head on her hands and laughed, a stifled hysterical laugh, which scandalized the woman kneeling beside her.

But the laugh was soon quenched again in restless pain. William's affection had been her only refuge in those weeks of moral and physical misery she had just passed through.

"But it's only because he's so terribly sorry for me. It's all quite different. And I can't ever make him love me again in the old way. . . . It wasn't my fault. It's something born in me—that catches me by the throat."

And she had the actual physical sense of some one strangled by a possessing force.

"*Dolce Sacramento!—Santo Sacramento!*" . . . The music swayed and echoed through the church. Kitty uncovered her eyes and felt a sudden exhilaration in the blaze of light. It reminded her of the bending Christ in the picture of San Giorgio. Awe and beauty flowed in upon her, in spite of the poor music and the tawdry church. What if she tried religion?—recalled what she had been taught in the convent?—gave herself up to a director?

She shivered and recoiled. How would she ever maintain her faith against William?—William who knew so much more than she?

Then into the emptiness of her heart there stole the inevitable temptations of memory. Where was Geoffrey? She



THE MUSIC SWAYED AND ECHOED THROUGH THE CHURCH

knew well that he was a violent and selfish man; but he understood much in her that William would never understand. With a morbid eagerness, she recalled the play of feeling between them, before that mad evening at Hamel Weir. What perpetual excitement!—no time to think—or regret!

During her weeks of illness she had lost all count of his movements. Had he been still writing during the summer for the newspaper which had sent him out? Had there not been rumors of his being wounded?—or attacked by fever? Her memory, still vague and weak, struggled painfully with memories it could not recapture.

The Italian paper of that morning—she had spelled it out for herself at breakfast—had spoken of a defeat of the insurrectionary forces, and of their withdrawal into the highlands of Bosnia. There would be a lull in the fighting. Would he come home? And all this time had he been the mere spectator and reporter, or fighting himself? Her pulses leapt as she thought of him leading down-trodden peasants against the Turk.

But she knew nothing. Surely during the last few months he had purposely made a mystery of his doings and his whereabouts. The only sign of him which seemed to have reached England had been that volume of poems—with those hateful lines! Her lip quivered. She was like a weak child—unable to bear the thought of anything hostile and unkind.

If he had already turned homewards? Perhaps he would come through Venice? Anyway, he was not far off. The day before, she and Margaret had made their first visit to the Lido. And as Kitty stood fronting the Adriatic waves, she had dreamed that somewhere beyond the farther coast were those Bosnian mountains in which Geoffrey had passed the winter.

Then she started at her own thoughts, rose—loathing herself,—drew down her veil, and moved towards the door.

As she reached the leathern curtain which hung over the doorway, a lady in front who was passing through held the curtain aside that Kitty might follow. Kitty stepped into the street and looked up to say a mechanical "Thank you."

But the word died on her lips. She gave a stifled cry, which was echoed by the woman before her.

Both stood motionless, staring at each other.

Kitty recovered herself first.

"It's not my fault that we've met," she said, panting a little. "Don't look at me so—so unkindly. I know you don't want to see me. Why—why should we speak at all? I'm going away." And she turned with a gesture of farewell.

Alice Wensleydale laid a detaining hand on Kitty's arm.

"No!—stay a moment. You are in black. You look ill."

Kitty turned towards her. They had moved on instinctively into the shelter of one of the narrow streets.

"My boy died—two months ago," she said, holding herself proudly aloof.

Lady Alice started.

"I hadn't heard. I'm very sorry for you. How old was he?"

"Three years old."

"Poor baby!" The words were very low and soft. "My boy—was fourteen. But you have other children?"

"No,—and I don't want them. They might die too."

Lady Alice paused. She still held her half-sister by the arm, towering above her. She was quite as thin as Kitty, but much taller and more largely built; and, beside the elaborate elegance of Kitty's mourning, Alice's black veil and dress had a severe conventual air. They were almost the dress of a religious.

"How are you?" she said, gently. "I often think of you. Are you happy in your marriage?"

Kitty laughed.

"We're such a happy lot, aren't we? We understand it so well.—Oh! don't trouble about me. You know you said you couldn't have anything to do with me. Are you staying in Venice?"

"I came in from Treviso for a day or two, to see a friend—"

"You had better not stay," said Kitty, hastily. "Maman is here. At least if you don't want to run across her."

Lady Alice let go her hold.

"I shall go home to-morrow morning."

They moved on a few steps in silence. Then Alice paused. Kitty's delicate face and cloud of hair made a pale luminous

spot in the darkness of the *calle*. Alice looked at her with emotion.

"I want to say something to you."

"Yes?"

"If you are ever in trouble—if you ever want me, send for me. Address Treviso, and it will always find me."

Kitty made no reply. They had reached a bridge over a side canal, and she stopped, leaning on the parapet.

"Did you hear what I said?" asked her companion.

"Yes. I'll remember. I suppose you think it your duty. What do you do with yourself?"

"I have two orphan children I bring up. And there is my lace-school. It doesn't get on much; but it occupies me."

"Are you a Catholic?"

"Yes."

"Wish I was!" said Kitty. She hung over the marble balustrade in silence, looking at the crescent moon that was just peering over the eastern palaces of the Canal. "My husband is in politics, you know. He's Home Secretary."

"Yes, I heard. Do you help him?"

"No,—just the other thing."

Kitty lifted up a pebble, and let it drop into the water.

"I don't know what you mean by that," said Alice Wensleydale, coldly. "If you don't help him you'll be sorry—when it's too late to be sorry."

"Oh, I know!" said Kitty. Then she moved restlessly. "I must go in. Good night." She held out her hand.

Lady Alice took it.

"Good night. And remember!"

"I sha'n't want anybody," said Kitty. "Addio!" She waved her hand, and Alice Wensleydale, whose way lay towards the Piazza, saw her disappear, a small tripping shadow, between the high close-piled houses.

Kitty was in so much excitement after this conversation that when she reached the Campo San Maurizio, where she should have turned abruptly to the left, she wandered a while up and down the Campo, looking at the gondolas on the Traghetto between it and the *Accademia*, at the Church of San Maurizio, at the rising moon, and the bright lights in some of the shop windows of the small streets to the north. The sea-wind was still

warm and gusty, and the waves in the Grand Canal beat against the marble feet of its palaces.

At last she found her way through narrow passages, past hidden and historic buildings, to the back of the palace on the Grand Canal in which their rooms were. A door in a small court opened to her ring. She found herself in a dark ground-floor—empty except for the *felze* or black top of a gondola,—of which the farther doors opened on the Canal. A cheerful Italian servant brought lights, and on the marble stairs was her maid waiting for her. In a few minutes she was on her sofa by a bright wood fire, while Blanche hovered round her with many small attentions.

"Have you seen your letters, my lady?" And Blanche handed her a pile. Upon a parcel lying uppermost Kitty pounced at once with avidity. She tore it open—pausing once, with scarlet cheeks, to look round her at the door, as though she were afraid of being seen.

A book—fresh and new—emerged. *Politics and the Country Houses*,—so ran the title on the back. Kitty looked at it, frowning. "He might have found a better name!" Then she opened it,—looked at a page here and a page there,—laughed, shivered,—and at last bethought her to read the note from the publisher which accompanied it.

"'Much pleasure—the first printed copy—sure to make a sensation'—hateful wretch!—'If your ladyship will let us know how many presentation copies'—Goodness!—not *one*! Oh—well!—Madeleine perhaps,—and of course Mr. Darrell."

She opened a little despatch-box in which she kept her letters and slipped the book in.

"I won't show it to William to-night—not—not till next week." The book was to be out on the 20th, a week ahead,—nine weeks from the day when she had given the MS. into Darrell's hands. She had been spared all the trouble of correcting proofs, which had been done for her by the publisher's reader, on the plea of her illness. She had received and destroyed various letters from him—almost without reading them,—during a short absence of William's in the north.

Suddenly a start of terror ran through

her. "No, no!" she said, wrestling with herself,—"he'll scold me, perhaps—at first; of course I know he'll do that. And then I'll make him laugh! He can't—he can't help laughing. I *know* it'll amuse him. He'll see how I meant it, too.—And nobody need ever find out."

She heard his step outside, hastily locked her despatch-box, threw a shawl over it, and lay back languidly on her pillows, awaiting him.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE following morning early a note was brought to Kitty from Madame d'Estrées:

"DARLING KITTY,—Will you join us to-night in an expedition? You know that Princess Margherita is staying on the Grand Canal?—in one of the Mocenigo palaces. There is to be a *Serenata* in her honor to-night,—not one of those vulgar affairs which the hotels get up, but really good music and fine voices,—money to be given to some hospital or other. Do come with us. I suppose you have your own gondola, as we have. The gondolas who wish to follow meet at the Piazzetta, weather permitting, at eight o'clock. I know, of course, that you are not going out. But this is *only* music!—and for a charity. One just sits in one's gondola and follows the music up the Canal. Send word by bearer.

Your fond mother,
MARQUERITE D'ESTREES."

Kitty tossed the note over to Ashe. "Aren't you dining out somewhere to-night?"

Her voice was listless. And as Ashe lifted his head from the cabinet papers which had just reached him by special messenger, his attention was disagreeably recalled from high matters of state to the very evident delicacy of his wife. He replied that he had promised to dine with Prince S—— at Danieli's, in order to talk Italian politics. "But I can throw it over in a moment, if you want me. I came to Venice for *you*, darling," he said, as he rose and joined her on the balcony which commanded a fine stretch of the Canal.

"No, no! Go and dine with your

Prince. I'll go with Maman,—Margaret and I. At least,—Margaret must of course please herself!"

She shrugged her shoulders, and then added: "Maman's probably in the pink of society here. Venice doesn't take its cue from people like Aunt Lina!"

Ashe smiled uncomfortably. He was, in truth, by this time infinitely better acquainted with the incidents of Madame d'Estrées's past career than Kitty was. He had no mind whatever that Kitty should become less ignorant, but his knowledge sometimes made conversation difficult.

Kitty was perfectly aware of his embarrassment.

"You never tell me," she said, abruptly. "Did she really do such dreadful things?"

"My dear Kitty!—why talk about it?"

Kitty flushed, then threw a flower into the water below with a defiant gesture.

"What does it matter? It's all so long ago. I have nothing to do with what I did ten years ago—nothing!"

"A convenient doctrine!" laughed Ashe. "But it cuts both ways. You get neither the good of your good, nor the bad of your bad."

"I have no good," said Kitty, bitterly.

"What's the matter with you, Miladi?" said Ashe, half scolding, half tender. "You growl over my remarks as though you were your own small dog with a bone. Come here and let me tell you the news."

And drawing the sofa up to the open window which commanded the marvellous waterway outside, with its rows of palaces on either hand, he made her lie down, while he read her extracts from his letters.

Margaret French, who was writing at the farther side of the room, glanced at them furtively from time to time. She saw that Ashe was trying to charm away the languor of his companion by that talk of his, shrewd, humorous, vehement, well-informed, which made him so welcome to the men of his own class and mode of life. And when he talked to a woman as he was accustomed to talk to men, that woman felt it a compliment. Under the stimulus of it, Kitty woke up, laughed, argued, teased, with something of her natural animation.

Presently, indeed, the voices had sunk so much and the heads had drawn so close together that Margaret French slipped away, under the impression that

they were discussing matters to which she was not meant to listen.

She had hardly closed the door, when Kitty drew herself away from Ashe, and holding his arm with both hands, looked strangely into his eyes.

"You're awfully good to me, William. But—you know—you don't tell me secrets!"

"What do you mean, darling?"

"You don't tell me the real secrets—what Lord Palmerston used to tell to Lady Palmerston!"

"How do you know what he used to tell her?" said Ashe, with a laugh. But his forehead had reddened.

"One hears,—and one guesses,—from the letters that have been published. Oh! I understand quite well!—You can't trust me!"

Ashe turned aside and began to gather up his papers.

"Of course!" said Kitty, a little hoarsely, "I know it's my own fault, because you used to tell me much more. I suppose it was the way I behaved to Lord Parham?"

She looked at him rather tremulously. It was the first time since her illness began that she had referred to the incidents at Haggart.

"Look here!" said Ashe, in a tone of decision, "I shall *really* give up talking politics to you, if it only reminds you of disagreeable things."

She took no notice.

"Is Lord Parham behaving well to you—now—William?"

Ashe colored hotly. As a matter of fact, in his own opinion, Lord Parham was behaving vilely. A measure of first-rate importance for which he was responsible was already in danger of being practically shelved,—simply, as it seemed to him, from a lack of elementary trustworthiness in Lord Parham. But as to this he had naturally kept his own counsel with Kitty.

"He is not the most agreeable of customers," he said, gayly. "But I shall get through. Pegging away does it."

"And then to see how our papers flatter him!" cried Kitty. "How little people know, who think they know! It would be amusing to show the world the real Lord Parham!"

~She looked at her husband with an

expression that struck him disagreeably. He threw away his cigarette, and his face changed.

"What we have to do, my dear Kitty, is simply to hold our tongues."

Kitty sat up in some excitement.

"That man never hears the truth!"

Ashe shrugged his shoulders. It seemed to him incredible that she should pursue this particular topic, after the incidents at Haggart.

"That's not the purpose for which Prime Ministers exist. Anyway, *we* can't tell it him."

Undaunted, however, by his tone, and with what seemed to him extraordinary excitability of manner, Kitty reminded him of an incident in the life of a by-gone administration, when the near relative of an English statesman, staying at the time in the statesman's house, had sent a communication to one of the quarterlies, attacking his policy and belittling his character, by means of information obtained in the intimacy of a country-house party.

"One of the most treacherous things ever done!" said Ashe, indignantly. "Fair fight, if you like! But if that kind of thing were to spread, I, for one, should throw up politics to-morrow."

"Every one said it did a vast deal of good," persisted Kitty.

"A precious sort of good! Yes—I believe Parham in particular profited by it,—more shame to him! If anybody ever tried to help me in that sort of way—anybody, that is, for whom I felt the smallest responsibility—I know what I should do."

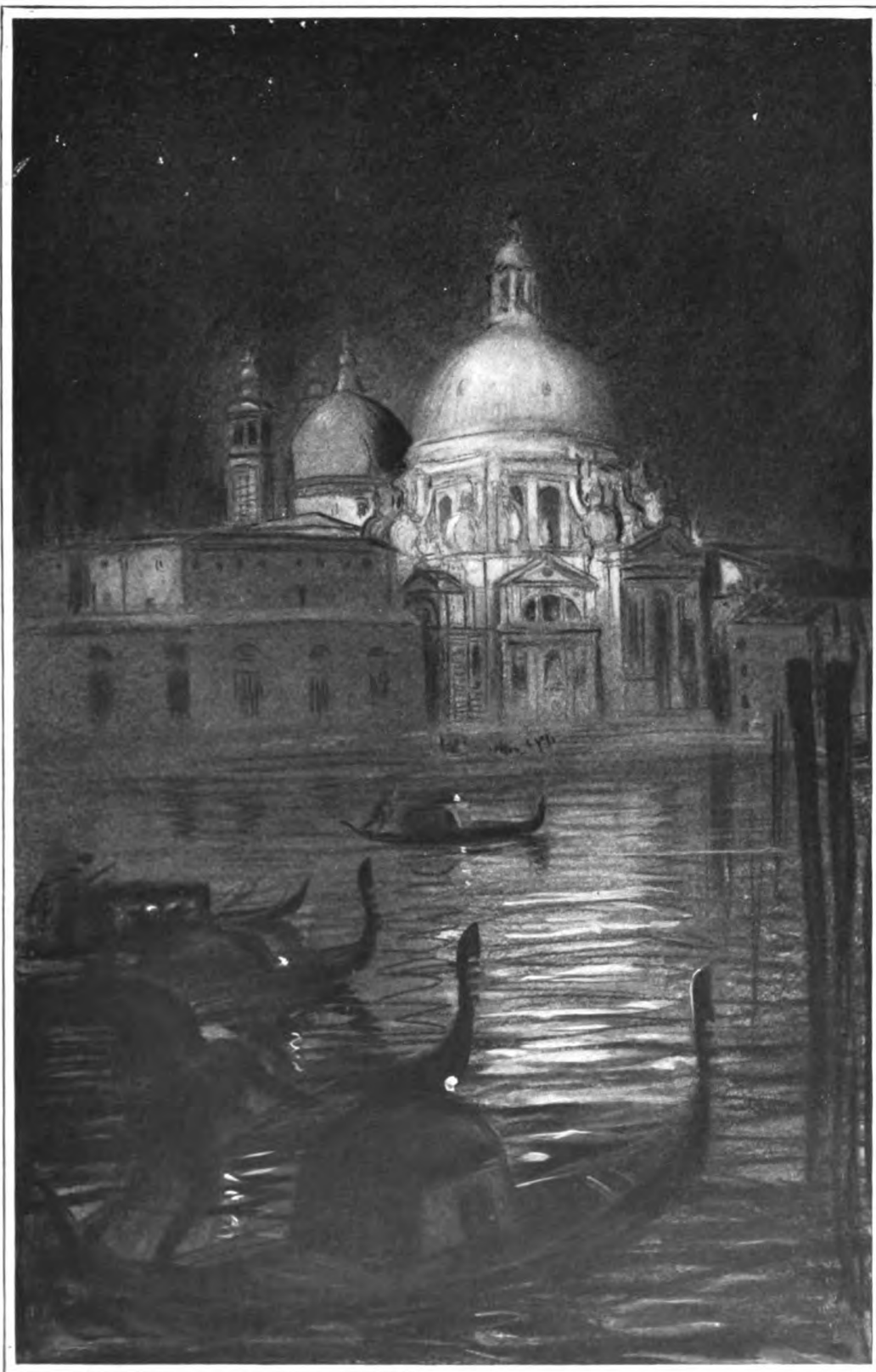
"What?" Kitty fell back on her cushions, but her eye still held him.

"Send in my resignation by the next post—and damn the fellow that did it! Look here, Kitty!" He came to stand over her,—a fine formidable figure, his hands in his pockets. "Don't you ever try that kind of thing—there's a darling."

"Would you damn me?"

She smiled at him—with a tremor of the lip.

He caught up her hand and kissed it. "Blow out my own brains, more like," he said, laughing. Then he turned away. "What on earth have we got into this beastly conversation for? Let's get out of it. The Parhams are there—male and fe-



OUT OF THE DARKNESS THE VISION SPRANG, ALIVE AND RICH

male—aren't they?—and we've got to put up with them. Well, I'm going to the Piazza. Any commissions? Oh! by the way"—he looked back at a letter in his hands,—“mother says Polly Lyster will probably be here before we go—she seems to be touring around with her father.”

“Charming prospect!” said Kitty. “Does mother expect me to chaperon her?”

Ashe laughed and went. As soon as he was gone, Kitty sprang from the sofa, and walked up and down the room in a passionate preoccupation. A tremor of great fear was invading her; an agony of unavailing regret.

“What can I do?” she said to herself, as her upper lip twisted and tortured the lower one.

Presently she caught up her purse, went to her room, where she put on her walking-things without summoning Blanche, and stealing down the stairs, so as to be unheard by Margaret, she made her way to the back gate of the Palazzo, and so to the streets leading to the Piazza. William had taken the gondola to the Piazzetta, so she felt herself safe.

She entered the telegraph-office at the western end of the Piazza, and sent a telegram to England that nearly emptied her purse of francs. When she came out she was as pale as she had been flushed before,—a little terror-stricken figure, passing in a miserable abstraction through the intricate back ways which took her home.

“It won't be published for ten days. There's time. It's only a question of money,” she said to herself, feverishly,—“only a question of money!”

All the rest of the day Kitty was at once so restless and so languid that to amuse her was difficult. Ashe was quite grateful to his amazing mother-in-law for the plan of the evening.

As night fell, Kitty started at every sound in the old Palazzo. Once or twice she went half-way to the door—eagerly—with hand outstretched—as though she expected a letter.

“No other English post to-night, Kitty!” said Ashe, at last, raising his head from the finely printed *Poetæ Minores* he had just purchased at Ongania's; “you don't mean to say you're not thankful!”

The evening arrived,—clear and mild, but moonless. Ashe went off to dine with his Prince, in the ordinary gondola of commerce, hired at the Traghetto; while Margaret and Kitty followed a little later in one which had already drawn the attention of Venice, owing to the two handsome gondoliers, habited in black from head to foot, who were attached to it. They turned towards the Piazzetta, where they were to meet with Madame d'Estrées's party.

Kitty, in her deep mourning, sank listlessly into the black cushions of the gondola. Yet almost as they started, as the first strokes carried them past the famous palace which is now the Prefecture, the spell of Venice began to work.

City of rest!—as it seems to our modern senses,—how is it possible that so busy, so pitiless and covetous a life as history shows us, should have gone to the making and the fashioning of Venice! The easy passage of the gondola through the soft imprisoned wave; the silence of wheel and hoof, of all that hurries and clatters; the tide that comes and goes, noiseless, indispensable, bringing in the freshness of the sea, carrying away the defilements of the land; the narrow winding ways, now firm earth, now shifting sea, that bind the city into one social whole, where the industrial and the noble alike are housed in palaces, equal often in beauty as in decay; the marvellous quiet of the nights, save when the north-east wind, Hadria's stormy leader, drives the furious waves against the palace fronts in the darkness, with the clamor of an attacking host; the languor of the hot afternoons, when life is a dream of light and green water, when the play of mirage drowns the foundations of the *lidi* in the lagoon, so that trees and buildings rise out of the sea as though some strong Amphion-music were but that moment calling them from the deep; and when day departs, that magic of the swiftly falling dusk, and that white foam and flower of St. Mark's upon the purple intensity of the sky!—through each phase of the hours and the seasons, *rest* is still the message of Venice, rest enriched with endless images, impressions, sensations, that cost no trouble, and breed no pain.

It was this spell of rest that descended for a while on Kitty, as they glided

downwards to the Piazzetta. The terror of the day relaxed. Her telegram would be in time; or if not, she would throw herself into William's arms, and he *must* forgive her!—because she was so foolish and weak, so tired and sad. She slipped her hand into Margaret's; they talked in low voices of the child, and Kitty was all appealing melancholy and charm.

At the Piazzetta there was already a crowd of gondolas, and at their head the *barca*, which carried the musicians.

"You are late, Kitty!" cried Madame d'Estrées, waving to them. "Shall we draw out and come to you?—or will you just join on where you are?"

For the Brufani gondola was already wedged into a serried line of boats in the wake of the *barca*.

"Never mind us!" said Kitty. "We'll tack on somehow."

And inwardly she was delighted to be thus separated from her mother and the chattering crowd by which Madame d'Estrées seemed to be surrounded: Kitty and Margaret bade their men fall in, and they presently found themselves on the Salute side of the floating audience, their prow pointing to the Canal.

The *barca* began to move, and the mass of gondolas followed. Round them and behind them other boats were passing and repassing, each with its slim black body, its swanlike motion, its poised oarsman, and its twinkling light. The lagoon towards the Giudecca was alive with these lights; and a magnificent white steamer adorned with flags and lanterns, the yacht, indeed, of a German prince, shone in the mid-channel.

On they floated. Here were the hotels, with other illuminated boats in front of their steps, whence spoilt voices shouted "Santa Lucia," till even Venice and the Grand Canal became a vulgarity and a weariness. These were the "Serenate publiche," common and commercial affairs, which the private Serenata left behind in contempt, steering past their flaring lights for the dark waters of romance which lay beyond.

Suddenly Kitty's sadness gave way; her starved senses clamored; she woke to poetry and pleasure. All round her, stretching almost across the Canal, the noiseless flock of gondolas,—dark leaning figures impelling them from behind, and

in front the high prows and glowworm lights; in the boats, a multitude of dim shrouded figures, with not a face visible; and in their midst the *barca*, temple of light and music, built up of flowers, and fluttering scarves and many-colored lanterns, a sparkling fantasy of color, rose and gold and green, shining on the bosom of the night. To either side, the long dark lines of thrice-historic palaces; scarcely a poor light here and there at their water-gates; and now and then the lamps of the Traghetto. . . . Otherwise, darkness, soundless motion, and, overhead, dim stars.

"Margaret! look!" Kitty caught her companion's arm in a mad delight.

Some one for the amusement of the guests of Venice was experimenting on the top of the Campanile of St. Mark's with those electric lights which were then the toys of science, and are now the eyes and tools of war. A search-light was playing on the basin of St. Mark's and on the mouth of the Canal. Suddenly it caught the Church of the Salute;—and the whole vast building, from the Queen of Heaven on its topmost dome, down to the water's brim, the figures of saints and prophets and apostles which crowd its steps and ledges, the white whorls, like huge sea-shells, that make its buttresses, the curves and volutes of its cornices and doorways, rushed upon the eye in a white and blinding splendor, making the very darkness out of which the vision sprang alive and rich. Not a Christian church, surely, but a palace of Poseidon! The bewildered gazer saw naiads and bearded sea-gods in place of angels and saints, and must needs imagine the champing of Poseidon's horses at the marble steps, straining towards the sea.

The vision wavered, faded, reappeared, and finally died upon the night. Then the wild beams began to play on the Canal, following the Serenata, lighting up now the palaces on either hand, now some single gondola, revealing every figure and gesture of the laughing English or Americans who filled it, in a hard white flash.

"Oh! listen, Kitty!" said Margaret. "Some one is going to sing 'Ché faro.'"

Miss French was very musical, and she turned in a trance of pleasure towards the *barca* whence came the first bars of the accompaniment.

She did not see meanwhile that Kitty had made a hurried movement, and was now leaning over the side of the gondola, peering with arrested breath into the scattered group of boats on their left hand. The search-light flashed here and there among them. A gondola at the very edge of the *Serenata* contained one figure beside the gondolier,—a man in a large cloak and slouch hat, sitting very still with folded arms. As Kitty looked, hearing the beating of her heart, their own boat was suddenly lit up. The light passed in a second, and while it lasted those in the flash could see nothing outside it. When it withdrew all was darkness. The black mass of boats floated on, soundless again, save for an occasional splash of water, or the hoarse cry of a gondolier,—and in the distance the wail for Eurydice.

Kitty fell back in her seat. An excitement, from which she shrank in a kind of terror, possessed her. Her thoughts were wholly absorbed by the gondola and the figure she could no longer distinguish,—for which, whenever a group of lamps threw their reflections on the water, she searched the Canal in vain. If what she madly dreamed were true, had she herself been seen—and recognized?

The “*Serenata*” in honor of Italy’s beautiful Princess duly made its way up the Grand Canal. The Princess came to her balcony, while the “Jewel Song” in *Faust* was being sung below, and there was a demonstration which echoed from palace to palace, and died away under the arch of the Rialto. Then the gondolas dispersed. That of Lady Kitty Ashe had some difficulty in making its way home against a force of wind and tide coming from the lagoon.

Kitty was apparently asleep when Ashe returned. He had sat late with his hosts—men prominent in the *Risorgimento*, and in the politics of the new kingdom,—discussing the latest intricacies of the Roman situation, and the prospects of Italian finance. His mind was all alert and vigorous, ranging over great questions, and delighting in its own strength. To come in contact with these able foreigners, not as the mere traveller, but as an important member of an English government, beginning to be spoken of by

the world as one of the two or three men of the future,—this was a new experience and a most agreeable one. Doors hitherto closed had opened before him; information no casual Englishman could have commanded had been freely poured out for him; last but not least, he had at length made himself talk French with some fluency, and he looked back on his performance of the evening with a boy’s complacency.

For the rest, Venice was a mere trial of his patience! As his gondola brought him home, struggling with wind and wave, Ashe had no eye whatever for the beauty of this Venice in storm. His mind was in England, in London, wrestling with a hundred difficulties and possibilities. The old literary and speculative habit was fast disappearing in the stress of action and success. His well-worn Plato or Horace still lay beside his bedside; but when he woke early, and lit a candle carefully shaded from Kitty, it was not to the poets and philosophers that he turned; it was to a heap of official documents and reports, to the letters of political friends, or an unfinished letter of his own, the phrases of which had perhaps been running through his dreams. The measures for which he was wrestling against the intrigues of Lord Parham and Lord Parham’s clique, filled all his mind with a lively ardor of battle. They were the children—the darlings—of his thoughts.

Nevertheless, as he entered his wife’s dim-lit room, the eager arguments and considerations that were running through his head died away. He stood beside her, overwhelmed by a rush of feeling, alive through all his being to the appeal of her frail sweetness, the helplessness of her sleep, the dumb significance of the thin blue-veined hand,—eloquent at once of character and of physical weakness,—which lay beside her. Her face was hidden, but the beautiful hair with its childish curls and ripples drew him to her,—touched all the springs of tenderness.

It was a loveliness so full, it seemed, of meaning and of promise. Hand, brow, mouth,—they were the signs of no mere empty and insipid beauty. There was not a movement, not a feature that did not speak of intelligence and mind.

And yet, were he to wake her now, and talk to her of the experience of his

evening, how little joy would either get out of it!

Was it because she had no intellectual disinterestedness? Well, what woman had! But other women, even if they saw everything in terms of personality, had the power of pursuing an aim, steadily, persistently, for the sake of a person. He thought of Lady Palmerston—of Princess Lieven fighting Guizot's battles,—and sighed.

By Jove!—the women could do most things, if they chose! He recalled Kitty's triumph in the great party gathered to welcome Lord Parham, contrasting it with her wilful and absurd behavior to the man himself. There was something bewildering in such power,—combined with such folly. In a sense, it was perfectly true that she had insulted her husband's chief, and jeopardized her husband's policy, because she could not put up with Lord Parham's white eyelashes.

Well, let him make his account with it! How to love her, tend her, make her happy,—and yet carry on himself the life of high office,—there was the problem! Meanwhile he recognized, fully and humorously, that she had married a political sceptic,—and that it was hard for her to know what to do with the enthusiast who had taken his place.

Poor, pretty, incalculable darling! He would coax her to stay abroad part of the Parliamentary season,—and then perhaps lure her into the country, with the rebuilding and refurnishing of Haggart. She must be managed and kept from harm,—and afterwards indulged and spoilt and fêted to her heart's content.

If only the fates would give them another child!—a child brilliant and lovely like herself—then surely this melancholy which overshadowed her would disperse. That look—that tragic look—she had given him on the day of the fête, when she spoke of "separation"! The wild adventure with the lamp had been her revenge—her despair. He shuddered as he thought of it.

He fell asleep, still pondering restlessly over her future and his own. Amid all his anxieties he never stooped to recollect the man who had endangered her name and peace. His optimism, his pride, the sanguine perfunctoriness of much of his character, were all shown in the omission.

Kitty, however, was not asleep while Ashe was beside her. And she slept but little through the hours that followed. Between three and four she was finally roused by the sounds of storm in the Canal. It was as though a fleet of gigantic steamers—in days when Venice knew but the gondola—were passing outside, sending a mountainous "wash" against the walls of the old palace in which they lodged. In this languid autumnal Venice the sudden noise and crash were startling. Kitty sprang softly out of bed, flung on a dressing-gown and fur cloak, and slipped through the open window to the balcony.

A strange sight! Beneath, livid waves, lashing the marble walls; above, a pale moonlight, obscured by scudding clouds. Not a sign of life on the water or in the dark palaces opposite; Venice looked precisely as she might have looked on some wild sixteenth-century night in the years of her glorious decay, when her palaces were still building and her state tottering. Opposite, at the Traghetto of the Academia, there were lamps, and a few lights in the gondolas; and through the storm-noises one could hear the tossed boats grinding on their posts.

The riot of the air was not cold; there was still a recollection of summer in the gusts that beat on Kitty's fair hair and wrestled with her cloak. As she clung to the balcony she pictured to herself the tumbling waves on the Lido; the piled storm-clouds parting like a curtain above a dead Venice; and behind, the gleaming eternal Alps, sending their challenge to the sea,—the forces that make the land, to the forces that engulf it.

Her wild fancy went out to meet the tumult of blast and wave. She felt herself, as it were, anchored a moment at sea, in the midst of a war of elements, physical and moral.

Yes, yes!—it was Geoffrey. Once, under the skipping light, she had seen the face distinctly. Paler than of old,—gaunt, unhappy, absent. It was the face of one who had suffered—in body and mind. But—she trembled through all her slight frame!—the old harsh power was there unchanged.

Had he seen and recognized her?—slipping away afterwards into the mouth

of a side canal, or dropping behind in the darkness? Was he ashamed to face her?—or angered by the reminder of her existence? No doubt it seemed to him now a monstrous absurdity that he should ever have said he loved her! He despised her,—thought her a base and coward soul. Very likely he would make it up with Mary Lyster now, accept her nursing and her money.

Her lip curled in scorn. No, *that* she didn't believe! Well, then, what would be his future? His name had been but little in the newspapers during the preceding year; the big public seemed to have forgotten him. A cloud had hung for months over the struggle of races and of faiths now passing in the Balkans. Obscure fighting in obscure mountains; massacre here, revolt there; and for some months now, hardly an accredited voice from Turk or Christian to tell the world what was going on.

But Geoffrey had now emerged,—and at a moment when Europe was beginning perforce to take notice of what she had so far wilfully ignored. *A lui la parole!* No doubt he was preparing it, the bloody exciting story, which would bring him before the footlights again,

and make him once more the lion of a day. More social flatteries, more doubtful love-affairs! Fools like herself would feel his spell, would cherish and caress him, only to be stung and scathed as she had been. The bitter lines of his "portrait" rung in her ears,—blackening and discrowning her in her own eyes.

She abhorred him!—but the thought that he was in Venice burnt deep into senses and imagination. Should she tell William she had seen him? No, no!— She would stand by herself, protect herself!

So she stole back to bed, and lay there wakeful, starting guiltily at William's every movement. If he knew what had happened!—what she was thinking of! Why on earth should he? It would be monstrous to harass him on his holiday—with all these political affairs on his mind.

Then suddenly—by an association of ideas—she sat up, shivering, her hands pressed to her breast. The telegram—the book! Oh, but *of course* she had been in time!—*of course*. Why, she had offered the man two hundred pounds! She lay down, laughing at herself—forcing herself to try and sleep.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Clover

BY WITTER BYNNER

"Come and sing a song, lover!"

"Very well; I'll sing of clover:
Sweet, sweet, honey-sweet,
Hardy in the open heat,
Stray'd from meadowful to street,
Sweet, sweet, honey-sweet!
Bees bumble as they meet,
Cattle curl a tongue and eat,
Children play with romping feet,
Lovers come and hearts beat,
Sweet, sweet, honey-sweet:
There's the song I sing of clover!"

"Nothing of yourself, lover?"

The Word Business

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

THERE are times when a man who sells words for his living, bringing words to market as other men bring the visible ponderable work of their hands, is inclined to quarrel with his business, and throw down his pen with a sigh that he is not as other men are—soldier, sailor, or even a good honest tinker. Compared with the brawny muscular occupations of his fellows—such as lawyers and stock-brokers—his work takes on a certain humiliated air of unreality. Other men are dealing with things: his business is with the shadows of things—"a shadow handling all things as shadows." Properly speaking, he does not live at all. He is merely the scrivener of life, and he longs sometimes to turn his pen into a sword—or even a ploughshare. He seems to get a glimpse into the reason why the world, ungratefully enough, has always regarded players and minstrel folk with a certain contempt—as of the battle-axe for the lute. He too is merely an "entertainer"—sitting there arranging his little black tesserae upon the page. Perhaps if his mood of discontent is very blue, he—still the helpless victim of words, even in this moment of revolt against them—may improvise after some such fashion as this:

Tragic the fate of the man who worships
the image of things,
Instead of doing some work—paints, or
fiddles, or sings:
I all my life have followed the bubble of
beautiful sight:
The bubble has burst, and my heart is black
and bitter and—night.

Stevenson, it will be remembered, once had a bad attack of these literary blues, and blasphemed his craft in a highly moral vein. Of course it is all nonsense. The man who was born to write would never be happy doing any other work but his own. Still, the mood is real while it lasts, and at the back of it there is a

certain truth which there is no denying—and it is the realization of that truth which thus occasionally saddens the children of the pen. It is not strictly the unreality of his work that haunts the writer, but—the unreality of himself.

Far from being unreal, it would not be difficult to prove that literature is about the realest thing in the world: real by the inexhaustible potency of its influence upon life, and real by the durable nature of its media. Is there anything more indestructible than a line of Shakespeare, more livingly lasting? Compared with it—with all its stored *elixir vitae*—the pyramids are pointlessly, foolishly immortal.

No, the book is real enough; it is the writer who is curiously, even tragically, unreal; and he is more unreal than any other artist, because the material of his art, the stuff his dreams are made of, is the absolute whole of life, thought as well as deed, the centre no less than the surface of existence—everything conceivable existing for the mind as well as for the eye, all emotions the most intimate, his own soul and the soul of every one else: there is nothing in human experience which is not to him material, nothing that remains personal, nothing left, so to say, for his real life. For illustration: However much in life a painter may be able to paint, there must always remain a vast realm of experience which is beyond the scope of his art, and which his brush cannot therefore dehumanize. Owing to the limitations of his art, there is much of life which he is unable to possess as a painter, a large residuum of human material left over from his art, his relation to which, therefore, is that of an average, a normal, human being. In short, his art admits of his being an average human being, a citizen, a father, as well as an artist. With the writer, however, this is not so; for in his case there is nothing

of life left over for the man by the artist—because the art of the writer absorbs the absolute whole of life. Nothing can happen to the writer merely as a private individual. His most personal joys and sorrows, his most intimate experience of every kind, is, consciously or unconsciously, material for his art. Nothing remains, as we say, for his own life. He has no life of his own. Everything that happens to him happens not, so to say, for himself, but for his art—and from this devouring comprehensiveness of his art there is for him no escape.

He dreams that he is a lover,—and indeed he experiences all the heights and depths of love's joy and sorrow with an intensity of which real lovers seem hardly capable. Yet, when he comes out of the dream he sees that he has not been a real lover, after all, but that he has been allowed to see and feel in a vision all the emotions of love merely in his capacity as an artist. His business with the reality is only so long as it is necessary for him to learn it for use in his art. He has come out of his love-dream with a handful of songs—which the real lovers will say over and over to each other with breaking hearts, but which he will forget. That was the purpose of the destiny that is over him. He did not fall in love for himself, though he himself deemed it so—unconsciously he was but doing the bidding of his imperious muse.

And so it is for him with the whole of life. We might again fitly compare his relation to life to that of a priest who comprehends all human joys and sorrows, with a great pity and tenderness in his heart, but has no personal share in them. When an event happens to real men and real women they think of it singly and simply as it is, in itself—a serious fact, maybe, directly bearing on themselves. But the writer, however near and important it may be to him and his personal life, cannot see it simply and singly. He sees it rather in a universalized image of himself. If a child is born to him, it is not so much his child as—childhood; if one dear to him should die, it is not so much a loved one who is dead as—death, and all the pity of it. His apprehension of experience is not, of course, necessarily so impersonal while he is un-

dergoing it—though his most instinctive moments are more or less tinged with consciousness,—but when it is once gone by he sees that its value for him has been less the human than the literary value—using the phrase in its fullest sense; that is, its value through words to the whole world of men and women. It is by virtue of this gift of artistic metempsychosis—often superficially misunderstood as insincerity—that the writer is able to be the mouthpiece of every variety of temperament and experience. It is because, properly speaking, he has no joys and sorrows of his own to limit him that he is able to express the joys and sorrows of the whole world.

He is of all men the mime, the actor, *par excellence*, but with this painful difference, that whereas the actor—except perhaps in the intensest moments of the greatest actors—knows he is acting, the writer only occasionally suspects, and lives through his particular appointed experience, whatever at the moment it may be, with all the poignancy of reality, to find at the end that he has been tricked into all this heart-break, for—nothing but a song.

This is what I meant when I spoke of a writer being saddened by the unreality of himself. Often, as he stands in front of the books he has made, he feels that it is they that are real and he a shadow. They are the product of which he is merely the process—the abandoned chrysalis of his Psyche. Like the humble mother of a great man, he sees that his significance was to give birth to these children—"these forms more real than flesh and blood." Whether he lives or dies, it is no matter. All that life needed of him is there upon the shelves. Other men are valued for themselves. They are—what they are, there visible and talking before you. But you talk to the writer of his books—as you talk to an old lady, not of herself, but of her beautiful sons and daughters. Even to the reader there is something mythical about the writer. So soon as his name has become classically established, it is difficult to conceive of him as a real man. And, in fact, the reader is unconsciously right. A real man he is not, but, like Wordsworth's cuckoo, "a wandering voice"; and this he feels himself to be. Thus he goes

about among his fellows, with a sense of being abstract and phantomlike amid all their stable lives and concrete interests. There is nothing he does not understand of this strangely pathetic world—but there is nothing in it that he can call his own; nothing but the words he makes of it, nothing but a song.

Ah! but the song!

After all, it is a wonderful business—this of words, quite a fairy-tale way of earning one's bread. Verily, the lot of the writer brings him compensations for his "unreality." It may even be that some of the real men and women would change with him—the real men and women who do the grim and weary work of the world. Their lot is real indeed. Some of them might perhaps wish it a little less real, and be not unwilling to face that sense of unreality haunting the man whose business is words.

"What!" said Stevenson's landlady to him on one occasion, looking at a page of his manuscript—"what! they pay you for that!" Yes! When you come to think of it, it is a little surprising that in a world with so many real things to buy, they should pay you for words—"pay you for *that*!" One might reasonably fear the authenticity of a check that was given you for no more tangible value received than mere words: yet the bankers cash them just like any other checks—which to one humble scrivener is one of the standing marvels of the literary life. Think of it!—they pay you for that! No doubt one's readers are occasionally no less surprised.

Yes! though, seriously speaking, the career of letters is in many respects a tragic one, yet the writer may well exclaim, "What wondrous life is this I lead!" for, like Andrea del Sarto, in Browning's poem, he does what some men dream of all their lives. Whereas other men must to a large extent occupy themselves with the mere journalism of living, and, highly or lowly stationed, are for the most part mechanics engaged in running the physical machine, the feeding and clothing and scavenging of the world, slaves in mind, if not in body as well, to some gross or frivolous human need, the writer is all the time dealing with the great elemental forces, the motive passions, of life: the things of the spirit,

the dreams of the heart, the aspiration, the romance, all the higher significances, of existence. With such beautiful material as that is his "business," his "day's work." As he comes down to his word-factory in the morning, it is, say, the love-affairs of Lancelot and Guinevere that claim his pressing attention. Or perhaps his arduous task for that day is to write on Irish fairies, or to turn some verses to a daffodil. The mere rough material of his art, so to say, is marble and flowers and precious stones; his business transactions are with the rising moon, and the ancient sea, the face of woman, and the soul of man.

And when he comes to deal with all this thrilling material, what joy is his as he shapes it according to his will, as he watches it being mysteriously transformed beneath his pen into the strange symbolism of words, which, though but little markings on paper, and having none of the advantages of arts making direct appeal to the senses, such as painting and music, are yet possessed of a magic which combines and surpasses all the other arts in one—

Strange craft of words, strange magic of
the pen,

Whereby the dead still talk with living
men:

Whereby a sentence, in its trivial scope,
May centre all we love and all we hope;
And in a couplet, like a rosebud furl'd,
Lie all the wistful wonder of the world.

Other folks, of course, have their poor pleasures, but for a man who loves words no joy the world can give equals for him the happiness of having achieved a fine passage or a perfect line. When Thackeray struck his fist on the table, as the story goes, when he had finished the scene of Colonel Newcome's death, and exclaimed, "By God, this is genius," there was no empire he would have accepted in exchange for that moment. We often hear that your true artist is never satisfied with his work, his ideal escapes him, the words seem poor and lifeless, etc., compared with the dream. Whoever started that story knew very little about the literary temperament, or he would have known that—the words are the dream. The dream does not exist even as a dream, or only very imperfectly, till it

is set down in words. Yes! the words are the dream.

As everything the old king touched turned to gold, so with the writer everything he touches changes into words. Yet he is well content, for if all the world be shadows to him, and he himself to himself most shadowy of all, yet life has vouchsafed him one incomparable reality—the reality of words. Here as in an imperishable essence is the thrilling ichor of existence in exquisite distillation. That he should ever have deemed his

life unreal was but a passing concession to the coarser standards of reality; for indeed his is the secret of a reality purged of its mortal parts, caught in its high expressive moments and removed from the decaying touch of time; a reality sublimated and eternalized, a reality ascended into the finer life of words. After all, starlight is no less real than sunlight. The hot sunlight of fact is not the only reality. Indeed, to the writer life seems still more real, and how much finer, as he lives it—in the starlight of words.

Ballade Memorial

BY LAURISTON WARD

WHETHER in Persia or Cathay
Or in some region farther yet,
Beyond the confines of the Day,
Its moon-encircled walls are set,
Whether its ramparts glow with jet
Or shine with every star that gleams.
I seek it still, beyond regret.—
The City of Forsaken Dreams.

The storm-tossed creeds of yesterday
Find harbor there. Its streets are wet
With tears of those who weep alway
For Athens, and for Olivet.
Visions of cross and minaret,
Of crucifixion that redeems,
It holds them all, though men forget,—
The City of Forsaken Dreams.

Whether its battlements be gray
With ancient sorrow and the debt
Of dead desire, who can say?
But still I think its parapet
Glow with a lustre yet unmet
And wide and wider throws its beams:
Its desperate triumph knows no let,—
The City of Forsaken Dreams.

ENVOY

Prince, though the far-enfolding net
Of Circumstance unending seems,
Know well its strands shall never fret
The City of Forsaken Dreams.

Flanagan and Stevey Todd

BY ARTHUR COLTON

THE last cargo I carried before selling out the *Annalee* and leaving the sea was what you might call a continuous cargo, which, if you didn't want to call a cargo, you might call a circus, or a variety show; but its name was, "The Flanagan and Imperial Itinerant Exhibition," and the *Annalee* was in partnership with it. Flanagan was owner, manager, and exhibitor, and I owned the ship, and we went into partnership.

I met Flanagan in Mexico when the show was made up of three Japanese tumblers, a tintype man, and a trained dog named David, and they shipped with me to a town on the Caribbean, and there Flanagan engaged the Bills. Madame Bill was a part Spanish and part Indian woman, and exhibited as "The Princess Popocatapetl, Lineal Descendant of Montezuma, and Queen of the Caribbees"; and Bill, her husband, was the Fat Boy, and very successful in that way. He weighed two hundred, and in height was four feet eight inches, and though thirty to forty years old, his face was round and smooth as an apple; and what with wearing a little jacket and sailor hat, and carrying a piece of gingerbread in general, when on exhibition, in that way he was satisfactory to every one, and Flanagan rented the advertising space on his legs to, Infant Foods, and Patent Medicines for Dyspepsia, which was popular and profitable. Madame Bill looked expensive and was a handsome woman, and valuable, and not Flanagan himself had a better eye for giving the public sensations. Yet Flanagan had a knack. He was an Irishman, and very grand at speechmaking, a large red-haired man, heady, sudden, and spectacular by nature.

He shipped with me then to the different ports I was billed for on that voyage, picking up additions to the company, till it was a large company; and I was free to admit the profits he made out of the

seaport cities between South America and Charleston surprised me; so that at Charleston, when he offered me a partnership, I took it, on this agreement: I to put in the use and management of the *Annalee*, and he to put in "The Flanagan and Imperial"; I to run the ship, and he to run the show, and the profits to be divided half-yearly after paying expenses of ship and show.

We ran under this agreement several years, and exhibited from Bangor to Rio, according to the season, and sometimes went inland up navigable rivers, such as to Albany and Philadelphia, summering northward and wintering southward. We did better than most shows on transportation expenses, besides having an open season through the year. Prosperity kept us together until after the Fat Boy died. It came from his being too ambitious and proud of his line, and having his heart set on two hundred and fifty pounds. And Stevey Todd, who was chief cook and caterer for ship and show, was considerable interested in helping Bill along; but Bill's digestion being no good, he died young that might have had a long career.

Stevey Todd was a shipmate of mine, and one that cooked for me more than twenty years. Wherever I commanded a ship, there Stevey Todd was always cook, till it got to that point that other victuals than Stevey Todd's seemed to me unfriendly strangers likely to be hostile. As a cook he was bold, skilful, and enterprising, but outside the galley he was a backward man. Caution was his motto, and in argument he was, as you might say, a gradual man. His nature differed there from Flanagan's, as might be seen in this way: For when Bill was dead, and Flanagan and Stevey Todd each wanting to marry Madame Bill, their notions of it were different, same as sharks and mud-turtles, Flanagan mainly resembling a shark, which comes along



A Madder Woman Than Madame Bill Was Seldom Seen

and takes by the leg those that are thinking of something else.

"Popo," he says, "Bill's off. Here's to him. May his ghost weigh two hundred and fifty. I'm on," he says. "Whin shall it be?"

Then a madder woman than Madame Bill was seldom seen, for she threw Montezuma's crown at Flanagan and chased him under the tent ropes with the gilt-headed, feather-tipped spear of the Queen of the Caribbees, by which she ruined an eighteen-dollar crown, and stuck Flanagan in the shoulder-blade quite vicious with the spear.

Whereas Stevey Todd the rather bided a while, as a cautious man would do, until some time had decently gone by.

Then he gets me, as a friend, in ambush inside the cabin window for precaution and testimony, and plants the tinstypist at a distance to take photographs that might be useful, and he brings Madame Bill to the window.

"Now," he says to Madame Bill, "sup-

posing there was a man, that we'll call under middle age and that might be a cook maybe by profession—for it would do no harm if we took it he had leanings that way; and if you said he was as good a one as ever stepped into a galley, I wouldn't go so far as to say so myself, nor yet deny it, for Bill had that opinion, and he was a man of good judgment on things that had to do with his line, though when his feelings moved him he was apt to put it warm; nor I ain't denying that when his digestion was otherwise his remarks was sometimes contrary and various. Now, supposing there was a lady, whose merits I wouldn't nowise try to state, but if you was to say her talents were good, and her weight about a hundred and forty, I wouldn't say you were wrong, which I've heard it put that as a Lineal Descendant she was worth climbing that volcano to see, which supposing she complimented it by borrowing that name, it's no harm if she did. Now, supposing those parties was talking of this



HE LOOKED DISGUSTED, AND WENT AWAY TOO

thing and that, as anybody might do, and say they got to talking of the show business, maybe, or say they happened to mention such a thing as matrimony. Now, what would be your idea of that last as a subject of conversation between those parties?"

Madame Bill didn't answer the question, though it seemed to me delicately put, but burst into a melodious gobble of laughter and ran away; and the tintype man, whose natural expression was dislike of his fellow man, he looked disgusted more'n you'd believe, and went away too. And Stevey Todd put his head through the window, and said,

"Now, supposing a party acted in such or such a way to one party, which acted another way to another party, what would you say might happen to be her meaning?"

I gave my opinion candid, though friendly to both. I said, as to Madame Bill, I judged something or other pleased her, and by her behavior to Flanagan it looked as if there was something then which she hadn't liked, though what it might be in either case was more than I could say, but, speaking generally, it looked hopeful for Stevey Todd. I stated that opinion.

Stevey Todd went back to the galley, and it seemed to me the difference between his nature and Flanagan's was something to wonder at and admire in this world. And when I saw Flanagan he seemed to have the same opinion with me on that, for he cried:

"Powers an' fryin'-pans! Thot cook! Thot galley shlave! Thot boiled pertaty widout salt. Shall a barrel of flour put me in the soup? Tell me thot!"

But I didn't tell him, not wishing to get into other folks' flour or soup.

At the time we were exhibiting in the towns along Long Island Sound, dropping into little harbors and setting up the big tent on any bit of meadow convenient to the pier. We stayed a long or short time, according to patronage, and the people flocked in from all directions, attracted by Flanagan's advance posters. The harbor we were hauled into then was named "Greenough," the old shore town lying back a quarter of a mile from the harbor, with shaded streets of houses, and a church with a gilt-roofed cupola topping its spire.

Whether it was that Flanagan was too busy, or angry at Madame Bill for her actions, and didn't know if he wanted a wife with a spear, or one that reckless with her head-gear, I couldn't have said at that time, but he surely said no more to Madame Bill that I knew of, whereas Stevey Todd kept arguing with her all



"POWERS AN' FRYIN'-PANS! THOT COOK!"



MADAME BILL SEEMED TO ENJOY THOSE ARGUMENTS

over the ship, and mainly under my cabin window. Sometimes he'd trim his sails close in to the subject of matrimony, and sometimes he'd be sailing so far off by the quarter that I couldn't but call out and tell him: "Hard alee, there! Come about, Stevey! You'll never fetch it on that tack," when he'd shift his helm, feeling the edge of the breeze with as neat a piece of seamanship as a man could ask, and come up dead into the wind, his sails dropping back stiff on his yard-arms, and the subject of matrimony speared on the point of his bowsprit. Then Madame Bill would get up and run away, laughing, for she seemed to enjoy those arguments, and I judged Stevey Todd would fetch port, maybe, in course of time.

Flanagan saw the tent, platform, and benches put up, and then in the early evening went inland to the town of Greenough. He didn't come back for some hours.

It was a moonlight summer night, and the show people were still getting ready for the next day. I sat aboard at the cabin window smoking an evening pipe, looking at the tent that glimmered under the moon and shone from the dim lights

inside. It stood on a sandy piece of land hard above the beach, and the ship was moored to the old stone pier. Presently I heard David barking, and I looked out and saw Stevey Todd and Madame Bill along in the wake of David, and I judged that Stevey Todd was meaning to put in an odd moment or two arguing, and that Madame Bill was going to be joyous about it, and that David was feeling tolerably cheerful himself. They sat down by the window, and Madame Bill was speaking:

"M'sieu Stevey," she said, "I think it would not be such advantage, not at all. Why? Because it is not good to my appearance that I become two hundred pounds, like my Bill, and if now I have a husband who cook so delicious, so perfect, as you do, and who make me laugh between meals without rest, without pity, as you do, which gives the appetite enormous, so that I have gained five pounds since I weigh before, and by this am alarmed, disconsolate, *helas!* what do I do? Am I elephants in this show? But, M'sieu Stevey, I observe you do not ask that I marry you, but you say, 'It's a good time to talk here or there, about this or that, about—eh? Well, perhaps,



PRESENTLY I HEARD DAVID BARKING

matrimony.' Ha! ha! But how so? If you do not say 'Will you?' how can I say 'No'?"

"Taking that argument so stated," said Stevey Todd, "it might be called a tidy argument and no harm done, or you might say there was two arguments in it. Now, taking that first one, a man might make this point as bearing on it. For you take the tintypist, who's a good eater and a well-fleshed man, and yet he's a gloomy man, as you might say, not putting it too strong; and on the other hand, here's David, who's what you call a hilarious dog, and as an eater without an equal of his size, and yet he's a thin dog, as his business in the show makes needful for him. Which, says I, might be put up as an argument by such as wanted

to use it, if any one was speaking contrary to cooks as being dangerous to parties in the show business, on account of their interests not being along the line of weight, nor yet advertising space on legs which they're able to furnish. Now, taking the second argument, I wouldn't deny you might be right, and there's the point, d'ye see, as follows. For, not to speak of giving no cause for crowns thrown around expensive or spears stuck into parties disrespectful to memory of deceased—putting all that aside, I says, here's the point. For if you can't say 'No' till I say 'Will you?' it follows you can't do it till I say those words."

"I can, too!" cried Madame Bill.

"No, ye can't! No, ye can't!" said Stevey Todd, earnestly. Madame Bill began to laugh, and Flanagan, who was coming over the ship's side, stopped at hearing her, and slid across the deck behind the com-

panion. Madame Bill went below ha-ha-ing melodiously, and Flanagan called in a loud whisper over the roof: "Hoi! Stevey Todd! Are ye done wid it?"

"She ain't said no," said Stevey Todd. "She ain't said no."

Toward noon of the next day the show was opened and the people came pouring in. We gave three performances a day when the patronage was good.

Near by the tent door was Stevey Todd's "Cocoanut Cake, Hot Waffle, and Fizz Table," and on the platform the company sitting in a half-circle, ready for Flanagan's opening, whereby he should explain the qualities and talents of each. It was a show to be proud of, and in point of color resembling solar spectrums and peacocks' tails; for Madame Bill

had charge of costumes, and her tastes were what you might call exhilarated. Flanagan began:

"Ladies an' gintlemen. The pleasure I take in inthroducin' the 'Flanagan an' Imperiale Itinerant Exhibition' to this intilligint aujunce has niver been equalled in me mimory.

"I see before me a riprিসintative array of this g-r-r-reat counthry's agricultural pursuits, to say nothin' of thim that fish. I see before me numerous handsome an' imposin' mathrons, to say nothin' of foine washed babies. I see before me many a rosy gir-rl a-chewin' cocoanut candy that ain't so swate as hersilf, an' many a boy wid his pockets full of paynuts an' his head full of divilthries.

"Is it the presence of such an aujunce which gives me the pleasure unequalled in me mimory? No!

"Ye see before ye the 'Flanagan an' Imperiale Itinerant Exhibition!' Yonder are the three Japanese tumblers from the private company of the Mikado, trained to express by motion an' mystical attitude the eternal principles of poethry as understood by Orientals, Iiinjoos, an' thim Chinaysers; forninst the same is the beautecheous Princess Popocatapetl, whose royal ancesthors was discovered by Columbus, an' buried by another cilibrated Dago that ought t' have been ashamed of it; next her is the Hairy Man wid a chin beard on the bridge of his nose an' the hair of his head growin' out of the shmall of his back; an' next, the cilibrated performin' dog, David, that ye'll recognize by his shmilin' looks an' polka-dot complexion; an' so on the others in due order, that will soon be increasin' your admiration for the marvels of creation, an' servin' as texts, I doubt not, for the future discourses of me friend, the venerable clergyman of this parish, that sits in the front row—may Iivin bless him!

"All these are mimbers of the Flanagan an' Imperiale, includin', aye, even down to the poor wake-minded man thot sells hot waffles at the door, which if ye tell him afther this performance that his waffles is the same kind of waffles that a shoemaker pegs on for the sole of a shoe, it's me own opinion he'll be in no timper to argy the point.

"Is it pride in this g-r-reat show that

gives me the pleasure on this occasion unequalled in me mimory? No!

"What is it, ladies an' gintlemen,—what is it?

"Gintlemen an' ladies. 'Tis no other than the approach of the occasion of the public ceremonial of the rite of matthrimony between meself, Michael Flanagan, an' a party thot has no notion what I'm talkin' about, but is further named in this doccymment, which, if your riverence will now shtep up on the platform, ye will find to be signed and sealed by the honorable town clerk of this pasthoral an' marine community. Ladies an' gintlemen, if ye niver was invited before to the weddin' of a man of me impressive looks an' oratorical gifts, that first published his banns an' thin proposed in your intilligint an' sympathetic presence to a lady of exalted ancesthry an' pre-eminent fame, ye have now thot unparalleled experience. Sor, as ye see by this license an' authority, this lady, the lineal descendant of Mixican imperors, is known an' admired in private life as Madame Anatolia Bill."

He stepped back and offered his hand and said something, that was lost in the cheering of the audience, to Madame Bill, who nearly fell off her chair with surprise, and began ha-haing melodiously. What with the roaring and clapping of the crowd, Flanagan and Madame Bill were up in front of the minister before Stevey Todd could be heard from the door, crying: "She ain't said no, Flanagan! She ain't said no!"

"Will somebody near the door," said Flanagan, "koindly take the waffle man an' dthrop a hot waffle down the back of his neck to disthtract his attention while the ceremonies proceed?"

At that Stevey Todd ran out of the door, and the minister twinkled his eye and married Flanagan and Madame Bill, with a happy populace in front and a hilarious show behind—Japanese tumblers in different mystical attitudes, David turning handsprings till he sweated his spots into streaks, and the tintypist in a corner taking sarcastic photographs of the community.

But I've always had my doubts what may have been previous in Madame Bill's mind as regards intentions to Flanagan and Stevey Todd, which is not saying but



JAPANESE TUMBLERS IN MYSTICAL ATTITUDES, AND DAVID TURNING HANDSPRINGS

Flanagan's ambush was what you'd call a good ambush, as arranged by one that knew Madame Bill, a show-woman by nature and gifts, that would never have the heart to spoil a fine act in the middle of it, which was successful and coming on well. And the same was Madame Bill's own theory and explanation of the fact that she made no objection, and Stevey Todd's opinion was also the same, namely, it came only of Flanagan's unrighteous ambush. But Flanagan didn't agree. He referred pointedly to his natural gifts as better than Stevey Todd's. They never got over arguing it, and Madame Flanagan always agreed with Stevey Todd, but I've always had my doubts.

Deaf

BY MARGARET DELAND

O H, Lord, I cannot hear; didst speak, oh Lord?
My soul is deaf; oh, speak so I may hear!

—Dawn trumpets on the hills, and draws her sword,
All glittering from its scabbard of the dews,
And, hearing, with a shout Day's hosts arise!
Quick, at Spring's footstep on the April snows
The daffodils pour fragrance to the skies.
The eager seas arise to clasp the land,
Then turn, with joyous patience, to retreat
Back to the deep, at some low-voiced command.
Men answer to the whirlwind and the fire,
And to melodious silences of peace;
To summonings of beauty, fear, desire,—
The changing Word of that unchanging Voice
Which gives to Time, Eternity's demand.
All these, Thy children,—seas, and stars, and men!—
Listen: and answer as they understand.

I do not answer, for no word is clear;
And yet I listen, Lord, I listen, too—
But nothing reaches me! I cannot hear.
My soul is deaf; Lord, speak that I may hear.

The Little Fighting-Whales

BY JAMES B. CONNOLLY

WHENEVER the people of Tromsø heard that a stranger was about to take a cruise with their famous whale-hunter, they would be almost sure to go out of their way to ask that stranger: "And so you are going off with our whale-killer? Yes? Then surely you will hear of his great blue whale, the immense one he has been chasing these ten years now, and never yet caught—and never will, we think. Never a week by his fire in the long winter nights at home that he does not tell of that whale; never a cruise to the northward in the summer that, standing by his lance-gun, he does not at one time or another tell it once again. Yes—but you shall hear him for yourself."

And now, somewhere to the eastward of Spitzbergen, the whaling-steamer was patrolling, and the skipper, standing on the gun-platform in the bow of the steamer, called for another cup of coffee. And while drinking his coffee, eyes aloft and all about, searching the sea above the rim of the cup, he told again the story of the fabulous one. "I am telling you,—I who have been whaling in the Arctic for thirty-five years; and in that time I have seen many strange things—huge icebergs that crushed, seas that overwhelmed, terrific winds, and from out of the sea many awful things. But of huge creatures nothing in size to equal that great blue whale that for eleven years now I have been hunting. Ah, the thousands of miles I have steamed to get him! Aye, the tens of thousands in the hopes of getting him; and not yet have I got him,—but some day, some day, I feel it in me—some day— Another cup of coffee, Fred.

"One time—where were we then? Oh yes, here it was—in this very spot almost. One time, I say, I crept upon him, and I got one shot at him. It is true. And struck him? Oh yes—the lance went in to the line—five feet of

iron buried deep in his back—yes. I have killed my thousands—and it is not once in the thousand I miss. And I did not miss that time. But away he went—you would not believe the speed! The grenade?—it did not explode. With all the power of the engines against him—and she steams ten miles this steamer of mine—and yet, even so, he towed us twenty-five miles—twenty-five and ten. Yes, it is true—thirty-five miles an hour. No more to him was this steamer than to this steamer would be the log astern—not one ounce.

"And he towed us, and towed us, and towed us, from seventy-six fifty to above the eightieth parallel—past Spitzbergen, clear to the edge of the ice-fields, and there— Another cup of coffee, Fred. It is good coffee."

"And then?"

"And then? Poof! under the ice he went, and with him eight hundred fathoms of our stoutest line—most expensive line—for we cut it quickly when we saw it must be that or go under the ice too. Such a huge fellow!—nobody would believe. But I who have put a lance into him, I am telling you. It was hard to lose him so—there was rage in my heart that day—but it is in the luck of life. But something tells me—something tells me—that some time he will fall to me.

"Twice since that time I have seen him—once five years back, and once again three years ago. But he would not let me get near—not he, the wise one. But some time, I tell you, he will fall to me. And I will know him. Thousands of them I have killed, but the great one who escaped me I remember best."

It would have been called cold enough that morning in July were it anywhere else than in a polar zone. Two o'clock in the morning it was, an overcast sky, thin clouds, and gray shadows of them on the sea, except where here and there through tiny peep-holes shot stray pale-

yellow needles of the light of the mid-night sun.

It was one of those stray needles of light that, striking the crest of a gently tumbling sea, disclosed to the lookout a great splashing to the northward. Hardly any need for the man in the cask at the foremast-head to call out the news. The skipper, with eyes ever roving, had seen it too, and while yet the echo of the lookout's "Whale-O" was dying away, had with one hand motioned to the man at the wheel, and with the other rung cruising-speed ahead.

Forward she jumped, and to the northward turned all eyes—skipper's, lookout's, wheelsman's, deck-hands'. Even the cook in his apron and the fireman in his overalls—the white clothes and the grimy ones—stood together on the after-deck and discussed the chances for the first whale of the trip.

Clipping along at eight knots went the steamer, and soon the vapory spoutings became more clearly marked against the gray. And then the spoutings gave way to plainly visible splashes and leaps into the air.

The skipper, noting that, inquires of above: "A blue whale, Peder?"

"Aye, sir, a blue one it must be."

"And a big blue one, Peder?"

"I think so—a great strong one."

"Good. And at play, Peder?"

There is no immediate answer from aloft, and the skipper glances up for explanation. Peder's body is half out of the cask, stomach across the chimes, and eyes intent on the spectacle ahead. His attitude makes it plain to all hands that there is something unusual going on, and looking more intently, they all soon see that it is the liveliest kind of a splashing to the northward.

"What is it, do you think, Peder?" asks the skipper again. "Oh, what is it, Peder? Surely a big one? and at play?"

"A blue whale, yes—but listen." All voices become hushed on deck and soon they hear it. Down on the wind it comes to them, the scream of a great creature in pain.

"The blubber-cutters!" exclaims the skipper. "The blubber-cutters!" exclaim the crew, and, "Aye, the blubber-cutters," affirms Peder from aloft—"the little fighting-whales."

"So," says the skipper. "And they have attacked the big one?"

"Just so. And all swarming in on him—a school of them. Again he screams—you hear him? And leaps!—see him now again? Oh, the little devils!"

Full speed, signals the skipper. The fireman dives below, and others of the crew, looking out over the rail and watching the swirling foam slide past the steamer's sides, begin to mutter, "If she would but go faster—they will have him eaten before we can get there. Aye, yes, if she would but go faster."

"Patience—patience, she is doing her best—ten miles, no less." It is the skipper who advises, as it is he who pats the breech of his gun and waits, with eyes that never swerve from the scene of the combat ahead. A hundred and twenty kilos is the skipper's weight, two hundred and sixty odd pounds, no fat, and six meals a day with that, plenty of work and a sufficiency of salt air—he does not run to nerves.

One mile away is the steamer now, and no need to be to the masthead to fall into sympathy with Peder's excited exclamations. Clearly enough, now, can they all hear the big whale's screamings and make out his dark shadow against the gray haze and grayer sea as with every scream he leaps into the air.

"A tremendous great fellow he looks, but that may be the shadows. One cannot always tell." So the skipper talks in a voice still smooth and even,—but it is a more than ordinarily careful examination that he makes of the powder charge as he rams it home, and again of the bomb-lance as that is slid in after it, and pats the breech, and makes sure that swivel and pinions are working smoothly—with a last few little drops of oil by way of no harm. And his eyes are brightening and his chest lifting beneath his jersey, and, looking at him, it occurs to all hands—the tale of the big blue whale their skipper has never given up hope of some day getting. Within this very hour has he not said it again?—"Some time, I tell you, he will fall to me. And I will know him when he comes." One of the tales of whaling that, they said at the time, and not to be too seriously considered, they have known

of other whale-hunters in their time who told tales that were even more difficult to believe.

Less than half a mile away is the steamer now. One minute more, half a minute perhaps—and the skipper signals to slow down. They can plainly hear the bell ringing in the engine-room below—it is still as that on deck.

And why so still? It is their business to kill whales. They, too, have been in at the death of thousands. But this is different—a life and death struggle such as man seldom sees. And there is the skipper. They watch him as he gazes, watch him as he gazes and gazes, and follow his eyes with their eyes as, contemplatively leaving the gun-platform, he goes aloft. They watch him there and hear him when he exclaims, though half under his breath, "It is my great whale, Peder—my great whale." And, this when he is on deck again, "Now you shall see a real whale."

And they see. The blubber-cutters, the little fighting-whales, they with the teeth of a horse, are darting in and under, up and away, like demons bent on torture. There may be twenty, or twenty-five, or thirty of them—it is difficult to say, they dart, and dive, and cross so rapidly. As long as a man's thumb, and fully as thick, are their teeth, and these are their weapons. The whale, with only layers of bone in his jaws, cannot nip as can they. But he has his great flukes—and when he brings them down—so—the sea boils as if it were a little gale stirring.

The blubber-cutters attack. One, two, three, five, ten—a whole school—in single file and in ranks, individually and in squadrons, in they shoot for their victim. And more rapid than any torpedo-flotilla are they in attack. Their lines of advance may be followed by the swiftly, smoothly gliding fins on the surface—that is, the line of those who snap at whatever of the blue-black body that may be seen above the water. The advance of those that attack from under may be traced no farther than the edge of blood, gurry, and foam which mingles with the cold gray sea and hides everything directly below from sight. It is after that dive in, that roll over, as jaws open and into that great belly they bite, then it is that the big whale screams in his agony—

the scream of a horse when he is mortally hit, but in volume of sound a hundred-fold increased.

Over that cold gray waste that penetrating cry carries for miles, and in it is an infinity of suggestion. And as he screams he leaps—flings his tremendous bulk so high out of the sea that the little whale-steamer could find room to pass beneath. The crew cannot help speaking of that; but to be beneath as he comes down!—w-r-r-h!

And in that instant of time when he seems to be suspended, the moment when he has ceased to rise and yet is not falling, those on the steamer get a fair look at the immense body, and so creeps over them an awe of the almost incredible power that can toss that huge bulk so high in the air—and to lift almost clear of the water, also, the leeches with the bulldog jaws, who can now be seen with their teeth locked in the flesh of their prey, quivering with the eagerness of their grip, seeming to be boring for a fresh hold as they are carried up. Whoever has given a bulldog something to take hold of and then has lifted him off his feet and swung him back and forth and tried to shake him off—that is how it was. And now the blubber-cutters try to hang on, and do hang on until the tremendous one shakes his body and snaps them off—then they drop.

Seeing him at this close range the crew of the steamer cease to wonder—they in Tromsø might cease to wonder, too, could they but see—that for ten years now this skipper of theirs had been telling his story. How long he is! A hundred—yes, and a hundred and five—aye, a hundred and ten feet. And his flukes! Eighteen, nineteen, yes, and twenty or twenty-one feet across—and a head as long as his flukes. Glory of King Olaf! but those are flukes.

Those flukes it is that stand by him in the worst of the fight. When he comes down full length and shakes off those that are clinging to him to the very last, he would, ere he could gather for another leap, be at the mercy of the reserves waiting to dash in and overpower—would, but for the great flukes with which he thrashes and flails the water and puts the greater part of them to rout and so keeps their forces scattered. Every fall

of those flukes and a squad of them take to the wide waters. Skeddaddling away so after such thwarted attacks, they cut so close to the steamer that the men on her deck at last take to standing by with their long lances. "Ugh, you devils," grunt the crew, and stab—and miss.

So the fight goes on. The blubber-cutters attack, the great whale repels—with head, flippers, and flukes he repels—churning the sea into foam for ten rods around—that foam which was clear white at first, but is now beginning to take on a strong crimson tinge. Now and then he catches one of the little savages a fair blow with his flukes; off goes the little one then in circles that widen, until at last he darts straight off, before the others discover it and put an end to him. He may be one of their own kind, but he is good eating, too.

An hour of this with never a moment's rest for the whale, and he begins to weaken. They will get him in the end—they always do when they are hungry—and these are hungry, fighting hungry. He screams more loudly than ever—a scream that now has more of fear and pain and less of anger in it. Like a call for help is his scream now. "A call for help?"—it is the skipper who interprets. "We will give him help," and he smiles grimly; and yet there is pity, too, in the smile. "Again he calls—again—he is calling to Heaven for mercy now. We will give him mercy. Mercy—yes—and cheat the blubber-cutters—the little devils of blubber-cutters. All clear with the line. Two knots speed now. Now—but closer yet; he is such a big fellow—it would not do to miss him. Not once in a thousand have I missed—but who can tell? Now—now—steady—steady."

The steamer is so close and the lifted flukes so high above that the skipper throws back his head the better to follow them. "Look, the size of them!" he is exclaiming, when down they come, almost touching the muzzle of the gun, and striking the surface of the water with a tremendous report. He goes under water—too far under for a good shot. It is not yet time. No, not yet—next time—it would not do to miss. Now—now left, right—no, left—now—now. "Wee—pee!" the skipper, up on his toes, screams as he pulls the trigger. "Wee—

pee!" and then he laughs like a little boy, when he sees he has not missed.

After the flame the smoke puffs out, and through the cloud of it can be seen the line that follows the lance. The lance goes out of sight in the blue-gray back—lance and shaft are buried—a good shot, just aft of the middle of the back, where he lies highest out of water. It was like shooting at an inclined bank, so large and safe a mark it offered.

With the report scuttle the blubber-cutters—the cowardly blubber-cutters. Their flying fins cut the water toward every point of the compass.

The whale screams no more. He comes to a full stop as if numbed. He does not seem to know what to make of it. Perhaps he fancies he is free, or, perhaps, to his whale's memory comes a recollection of the iron that pierced him years ago. Whatever he thinks or remembers—whatever it is that holds him for about three seconds—his first act after that dead pause is to shoot off to the right across the steamer's bow. There he halts again, this time for perhaps five seconds, and then begins to thrash the sea with the mammoth flukes, straight up and down, without moving half his length from the one spot. He stays thrashing there too long. A second lance has been made ready, the steamer creeps up, and the skipper shoots again. This is a good shot, too, and beside the first line a second line runs.

That second lance is barely in when the bomb of the first one explodes. Fifteen or twenty seconds later and the second bomb explodes. But there he is spouting his blood, and that is a pitiful thing to see. He is like nothing that men have been taught to care for, he is only a monster of the sea that all men have been taught to fear, and yet, even so, it is his life blood that is welling up, and it is a pitiful thing to see.

The skipper watches him for a moment, shakes his head, and orders his men to haul in. They run the line about the drum of the winch and begin to warp him in. The mere weight of him is something in itself, and he does not come in too rapidly. He makes one last effort before he is alongside—he is not giving up on command, but he does not get far. He who once towed the steamer

twenty-five miles an hour for half a day, with the full power of the engines against him, does not now get a hundred yards away before he has to stop.

Even when he is alongside and almost passive, with only a little occasional tremor and frothy bubbles from the blow-hole to prove that he is still breathing, the skipper is not satisfied. "There is no telling—he might yet wake up—lance him, Peder." And Peder stabs him with the long lance twice, and after each stab up spouts the thick, dark blood—two streams four feet high and thick around as a man's wrist almost.

"What a great fellow," says the skipper. Already he has said it twenty times at least—"a great strong fellow." And standing by the rail he looks his full. "Is he not what I said? Back in Tromsø will they believe me now? Will they? And the iron that I put in him years ago—see the scar of it! Later I shall myself cut that iron out—and keep it, yes. And to show them at home what a monster he is, I am almost tempted to tow him there—but it is too far—more than a hundred miles—four hundred English miles—it is too far, yes. Put the chains to him now—a strong fellow—and will bring seven—yes, eight or nine

thousand kroner. And what will I do with nine thousand kroner? What? Ho—ho—ho—my oldest boy shall go to the university with it—shall go if he will. But will he? Who can say? He is like his father—he, too, cares more for whale-hunting than for schools. And you, you little fighting-whales,"—he waved a big arm where the fins of the blubber-cutters cut the sea—"you, you little devils, did I not cheat you fine? Did I not, hah? Oh, but I would like to put a lance in some of you. I have a mind to try it—'twould teach you a lesson—yes. And yet, you little fighting devils, but for you I would not have him now. No. But such a strong one—and eight thousand kroner. And the university for Olaf—yes—if he will but go. Ho—ho—such a day—such a day! Oh, Fred, a cup of coffee here. I begin to feel it. Forty hours on the platform—it is a long time without sleep. But to-day I sleep—eight thousand kroner—ho—ho!—the length of him, look! and eight thousand kroner. And not alone the greatest whale that ever I killed, that ever any Norwegian killed, but the greatest that any man ever killed. And oh, Fred, a cup of coffee all around—and let all hands eat, for we hunt no more to-day."

To Understand

BY MARGARET SUTTON BRISCOE

TO live, to love, be glad, give and be given,
 Is earth—is Heaven!
 Laughter and living,
 Gifts and the giving,
 Lightly we understand;
 To love—ah, love is when we suffer
 Hand in hand!

Portrait of a Lady, by W. M. Chase

COURBET said of his own method, "I love all things for what they are," which summarizes Mr. Chase's method of picture-making. Like Courbet, he is a realist in demanding that any object represented shall not be imagined, but shown in its actual condition of life. When Mr. Chase was studying in Paris in the seventies, Courbet's innovations were much discussed by the younger men, and in returning home Mr. Chase brought some of his better ideas hither, and ever since has exerted a strong influence over the younger generation of painters. His coming was attended by something of a shock to the Academic circles of that day, because the sincerity of his work gave it the character of a protest. In time they learned to understand, and in the end to follow him. He is not the limner of dreams and melancholy, but of things seen in wakeful hours. We never find him dealing with legend and mystery, or the glamour of the regions of fancy, but with realities. His labor has ever been toward more accurate vision and the more complete rendition of facts. Whatever Mr. Chase produces is characterized by energy, ardor, vitality. He has given us a long line of portraits marked by sincerity and a visual keenness that is at times startling. There is ever present in his work recognition of the truth of values—a modern term first sounded in Courbet's time. This portrait of a lady is a mosaic of values that delights the painter's soul. The warm tones of the hair and the brilliant complexion are so well rendered as to leave no suggestion of difficulties overcome. The whole conveys an intense sensation of life.

It is opus 661 of Mr. Wolf's wood-engravings, a marvellous record of artistic achievement.

W. STANTON HOWARD.



PORTRAIT OF A LADY

*Engraved on Wood by Henry Wolf, from the original Painting by
W. M. Chase*

"The Land of a Hundred Castles"

BY ERNEST RHYS

WHEN an old French romancer like Chrestien wished to be sure of his hearers, and set his story going, he knew of one way that never failed. He had only to conjure up the name, alluring and remote, of some Welsh castle, and his story began to move like a hound that has just caught the scent:

Un jour de pasques au tems nouvel
A Caradignan son castel—

At Caradignan, he says, Arthur's court was held, and in Caradignan he has a name to call into the page the land which was a magic place to his fellow countrymen, but which to-day is curiously little known for what it is and for what it was. There, indeed, stretches the region which gave the Middle Ages the imaginative atmosphere they most loved, and which, being more becastled than any other of like size in the world, was able to supply the market with any amount of wild legend and fabulous and delicious produce. For every castle was a merchant of romance; every one had its own story to add to those of the country, and thus lend them likelihood and actuality, and a new vogue. To-day, if you would surprise something of the old effect they had, you must turn castle-hunter, and range from Striguil and Caerleon, and the White Castle and the Red Castle, to Carreg Cennen on its gray limestone spur and Chrestien's Caradignan. Even then you will have but half explored these southern castleries, but you will have done not too badly for a first adventure.

We crossed Caerleon bridge late one September evening, having on the road from Newport passed St. Julian's (which Lord Herbert of Cherbury, not the least of later romancers, gained by marriage with another Herbert), without identifying it in the dusk. A light drizzle began

to fall, as we made our way up a turn in the ascending street, and the old "city of legions" was like a deserted place.

Having found quarters, we sallied out while a simple medieval supper of ham collops was preparing. We made out at the east side of the town what we took for the mound of the castle, where the Norman keep stood; and it recalled the boy-king Arthur,—how he came out of the tower, and "under his gown a jesseraunt of double mail"—after King Lot had laughed at him and called Merlin a witch. When we were safe again in our inn, the rain having urged a retreat, my fellow traveller (who is a descendant of Welsh princes) insisted on rehearsing in a loud voice the whole battle fought at Caerleon between Arthur and the kings of Garloth and Carados and Gare (Gower):

"What will ye do?" said Merlin to them. "Ye were better for to stint. Ye shall not here prevail, though ye were ten so many."

"Be we well advised to be afraid of a dream-reader?" said King Lot. With that Merlin vanished away, and came to King Arthur and bade him set on to them fiercely." (But you can continue the tale in the "Morte d'Arthur.")

Tennyson went to Caerleon in 1856, when he was steeping himself in the Arthurian tradition. He stayed at the "Hanbury Arms" upon the river bank—an inn partly built out of the odds and ends of Caerleon Castle. When I first visited the inn its air accorded too well with the Roman nettle, which still grows under its walls,—sparse survivor of the "City of Legions,"—to be altogether a knightly residence. But no doubt Tennyson remembered as he sat in its parlor how at Caerleon Arthur yearly held his "Whitsuntide feast," "in the most royal-est, wise that might be"; and how King Mark sent letters there, and Dinadan made a lay and a satire of the Cornish

king,—the most bitter that “ever harper sang with harp!” But Tennyson makes one think of Geraint, and we were even more bent on tracing the road—most delightfully indicated of all the roads in Welsh romance—which figures in the opening of the original Welsh story of the Sparrow Hawk, upon which Tennyson drew in his *Enid and Geraint* idyl. The idea of this road, more than any Roman remains or actual Norman history, possessed us. It is a road to put you on the one authentic highway of those wayfarers, defenders and siegers, that passed from castle to castle in this region. But we were destined, after all, not to traverse it, for when we looked out of window next morning the rain was falling in a businesslike British way, and there was something in the slow hastening by of a passing milk-cart (which was built on the precise model of an ancient British chariot) to suggest it would be a wet day.

The end of it was that we ignobly imagined from the train the road Geraint had travelled in the wake of the Knight and the Dwarf to the town of the Sparrow Hawk and the great ships, which is to-day indeed the fifth seaport in the British Isles, but which in the romance days was the heart and capital of the castle country. In the old story of Geraint, it may be remembered, he follows the inevitable trio of that fantasy, the Knight, the Lady, and the Dwarf, and “the road they took was below the palace of Caerleon and across the ford of Usk.” And then they went along “a fair and even and lofty ridge of ground,” until they came to a town, and at the end of a town saw a fortress and a castle.

It is an exquisite fine fragment of the medieval romance of place that follows. The town was alive with the stir and rumor of preparation for a great occasion. Every house was full of men, every door let out a noise of arms. “And they were polishing shields and burnishing swords and washing armor and shoeing horses.” And every one in the town and the castle was glad to see the Knight of the Sparrow Hawk and the Lady, and their attendant Dwarf,—so that from the gates and the battlements the onlookers risked their necks in their eagerness to greet the three

travellers. But no one knows or greets Geraint, and so he goes on sadly, and brings us, after the gayety and bustle of the town, to the companion cartoon of the old ruined house without the town, “wherein was a hall that was falling to decay.” There is only one chamber in the hall, but—and this too is very typical—there is a bridge of marble-stone leading to it. Its inmates are of a part with it: the old gray-haired knight in rags, the old noble dame who had been beautiful, in her tattered satin, and the damsel in the vest or veil, that was old and “beginning to be worn out.”

The story of the fight for the Sparrow Hawk need not be followed, since you can read it in the *Mabinogion*; but if you will read between the lines of actual history, you will find in local color and event the very counterpart of the romance episodes that can be dug out of the French and Welsh tales. One page alone, out of the local records of Caerleon, dating from the twelfth century—the romance century of centuries,—may go to show this. The famous Welsh lord of Caerleon was Iorwerth; and when Henry II., returning from Ireland, paused at Newport, he sent a safe-conduct to Iorwerth and his two sons, in spite of which the “castellwyr” out of Newport waylaid the elder son, Griffith, and killed him. Iorwerth, and the rather as Henry’s half-brother was Castellan of Newport, saw in this an act of deliberate treachery; and in revenge he marched through Gwent and on to Gloucester, ravaging and burning the country. Out of this grim episode and its consequences, and out of the adventures of Ivor the Little of the Red Castle, were made many of the familiar Welsh romance episodes. But this brings us to the scene of Ivor’s daredevil capital exploit, Cardiff Castle.

The old castle of Robert of Normandy’s long penance—long enough for him to learn to write Welsh verse—has an air, as one sees it renewed to-day, of the ineffectually spruce old gentleman who has given up commerce and bought clothes too youthful for his years. One approaches it by streets modern as Broadway, which it is hard to believe are fairly paved with antiquity. A continual hum of great forges, distant steam-horns of



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CARREG CENNEN

great vessels, and the wheels and whistles of interminable coal-trains mix with the nearer street noises. But once within the gates of Cardiff Castle, all is changed. We had left rain at Caerleon; the sun shone out of fresh-washed white and blue afternoon sky as we crossed the green-sward of the great court toward the keep on its mound. Then the figure of Robert Curthose, stout and important, sentimental and pedantic, started up, a very real creature, out of the shadows. We remembered his Welsh lines, addressed to an oak on Penarth Head, which he spied every day from his tower window:

Oak that grows on the grassy rood,
After the battle,—thrust and blood.
Alas, for the wine that fed the feud.

Oak that watches from the bluff
The Sea of Severn, fair or rough:
Alas, for the old not old enough!

There are more verses, and, unluckily for Robert's fame as a Welsh poet, they are extremely like some older ones, addressed to another oak. But one hears the genuine echo of his predicament in them nevertheless.

"Ah, for the old, not old enough!"

There is the accent of Robert of Normandy, lingering out his years, while his brother Henry Beauclerc flourished, and at last died and went his way: and while his son fought, and drank life to the full; while kings and kingdoms changed and passed. "Duke Robert's Tower," as it stands, is a much-altered and added-to tower, and, in fact, Cardiff Castle is a puzzle for wise and simple—dating from all the centuries in turn. But meanwhile we are forgetting him who had to make desperate assay at its walls in the twelfth century—prince of castle-breakers, Ivor the Little!

Only a Dumas could do justice to this great little creature. A sort of Dumas we had, a fighting cleric and an intermittent romancer, in Gerald de Barri, who did write an account of Ivor's capping adventure. But he wrote it very much in earnest, for his own people held castles, and he felt the two currents, Welsh and Norman, at strife in his own blood, and realized, and must realize, that castle-breaking was a serious business. Even so, in reading this episode of Little Ivor, we seem to breathe that finer, rarer element which gave to real

history an air not quite real, an air of the unconditioned; for here was an all but incredible actual adventure carried through by a real magic knight of this Arthurian country, for whom restraints did not count, and who treated castle walls and their garrisons and castellans almost as lightly as Kai treated the Castle of Gwrnach the giant in the old story of Olwen in the *Mabinogion*.

William, Earl of Gloucester, held, says Gerald, besides Cardiff Castle, all the old land of Glamorgan, and he quarrelled with Ivor—"a man of small stature but great courage." Ivor owned, "Welsh fashion, a large tract of the wooded and the wild hill-country; and this the earl was minded to take from him. Now, at that time the Castle of Caerdyff was walled by high walls, kept by 120 men-at-arms, a fine body of archers, and a strong watch. Yet, defying them all, Ivor scaled the walls at dead of night, seized the earl and countess and their only son, carried them off, and did not let them go again till he got back everything that had been taken from him,—ay, and a pretty solid compensation of land beside!"

Ivor's strong-house was in a notch of the hill, probably on a site a little above Lord Bute's renovated Castell Coch, which again suggests the Red Castle of many tales. But the capitol of all these castles, Gerald's Caerdyff or Kaerdivia, had its revenge on Ivor's stock. In the old *Book of Glamorganshire Antiquities* we read of a son of Ivor's who married a castle wife, a Clare, whose grandchildren first had their eyes put out, and then were starved to death,—all but one babe that escaped. "Of whom God," says the author, "multiplied a great people."

Ivor's effect, real or imaginary, was not only revived in a babe's tragedy which Dante's Florence might have perpetuated and Dante epitomized. It went much farther. The best of our castle historians says it was probably Ivor's daredevil raid that led, although at a century's remove, to the building of the tower of Whitechurch, and of Morlais Castle and Castell Coch. He reminds us too that what is architecturally the most superb castle in the south—Caerphilly—was built, still later, upon Ivor's lands by the De Clares. He does not

attribute this to the lingering sensation of Ivor's feat, but we shall not go far wrong if we refer part of the mystery attending its erection to the bad attack of nerves which the good people of that house suffered for some generations in consequence of Ivor's doings.

Caerphilly, indeed, is a thing amazing and gigantesque. The grime of the coal-fields, the dreary approaches, cannot affect its air of splendor in desolation. Words fail to call it up in its sleepy monstrosity. It reminds one, if one must find it a mate, of the repose of that Château Coucy, built by a Titanic man, Simon de Montfort's fellow soldier, the Sieur Enguerrand III. Viollet-le-Duc says of Coucy, or rather of the "Keep," that it seems to have been built for a race of giants—intended for a race larger than man. Something of the same superhuman expression is produced by Caerphilly,—which, seen as I have seen it, in its rank solitude, is like a fortress of dead Titans.

One must regarrison it, recondition it altogether; and then what does one see? A castle in which water is used, as well as stone, to extend its defences. A kind of Château d'Isle in an inland valley: a made lake round it, a canal at its kitchen door, and a gallery over a water-gate suggesting that its lords were quite prepared to exercise their feudal rights, as they might have said, "*fossa cum furca*." Make the fosse into a circumferent lake: and then throne in its waters castle within castle; and you still fail to realize its line after line of defences that must be carried before the defenders could be beaten and the whole taken. For the outer revetment walls are no joke to begin with: 110 yards east and west by 90 yards north and south, and each angle with a bastion corresponding to the four great towers of the citadel or castle proper, and with smaller gate-houses to correspond to the inner gate-houses. The inner court is some 60 yards east and west by 50 yards north and south. It was enclosed by four great curtain walls capped at each angle by massive drum-towers. The inner gate-houses, commanding each end of this court, held the living-rooms, guardrobes, bedchambers, oratories, and dungeons. The south side of this enclosure had the

great hall, chapel, and castellan's quarters. The four drum-towers and two gate-houses had portcullised doorways, and could be held separately. Along the south side the inner ward was occupied "by a strong and vaulted but rather low tower, containing the kitchen, and the square tower and gallery covering the water-gate. Opening from the kitchen is a sort of scullery, a large oven, and a tank, probably a fish-stew." For even the eating was on a Porthos scale. The kitchen communicated with the lower end of the great hall, from which also a doorway opened into a sort of gallery or passage, "large enough to contain two or three boats when hauled up, and opening by a doorway upon the water."

Palisades, wooden gateways, and draw-bridges were provided at the western entrance to the castle; and there were two earthen pitches, twelve or fourteen feet above the surrounding low ground, with three cross-ditches, to further embarrass the daring sieger who had seized the outworks.

But the main front faced east, and it was 300 yards long, and had a big gate-

house in the centre, and at either end towers covering "posterns of unusual strength." Here the brook, Nant y Gledyr, having become a lake, formed something like a fosse: in truth, this east front was in some sort a huge dam to the reservoir.

When this amphibious monster drew his water-works around him, he was, he must have looked, impregnable.

No wonder that there was a mystery about Caerphilly, and that it grew into a proverb in the country. Why was it made so big—big enough to hold an army? Because, it is said, of the fears entertained of the princes of Gwynedd by the lords of Glamorgan. For if Ivor Bach could do what he had done, what might not a prince of the whole of North Wales achieve, who had already reached as far south as Morlais? So Caerphilly grew to match the growing shade of Ivor Bach, that grew and waxed greater after his death, till it waxed huge as Arthur the Great.

But let us leave Caerphilly for castles where the Arthurian fantasy starts more



A CASTLE FARM (CARMARSTRESHIRE)



CHEPSTOW CASTLE

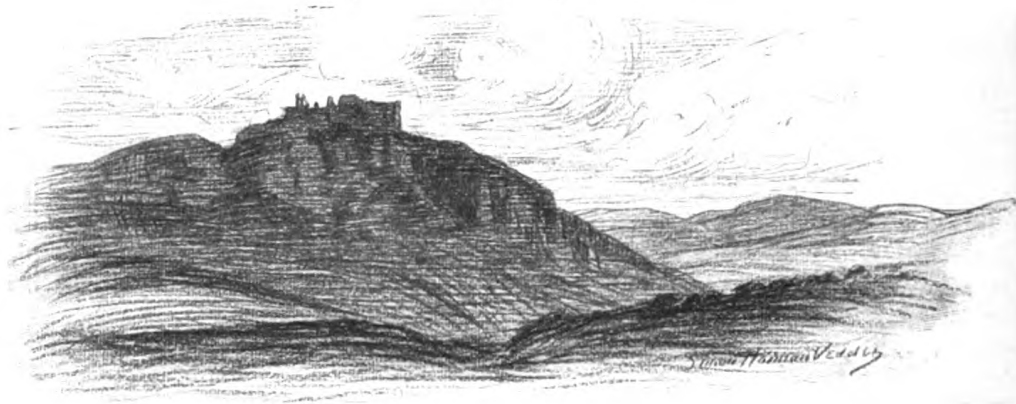
visibly to life. As the crow flies from Caerphilly, it is only ten miles east to Caerleon, less than twenty northeast to the old castle at Abergavenny of De Braos; and Caerleon and Abergavenny together explain in a very sinister fashion the castle's influence as a begetter of romance. Of Caerleon and its lord we have heard something, and at Abergavenny, we may recall, the horrible massacre of the Cymric men took place in 1176 by William de Braos. He had lured them there in what seemed the perfect good faith of reconciliation and hospitality,—Seisyll, lord of Upper Gwent, his next neighbor, and his boy, amongst them; but on a given signal every unsuspecting guest was put to the sword. Not one of the Welsh chiefs, who had laid aside their swords at their host's desire, escaped. Worse was to come. The Welsh houses that had been left, "sans tête," were next attacked, and their wives and daughters and young children suffered. To-day the castle is tamed, made into a picnic-ground, its terror lightened with swings and children's games; but see it

on some late autumnal day of gloom, it needs nothing but a historic memory to hear there the moan of Seisyll's poor little son, crying for mercy and receiving no mercy.

There are many castles in Wales whose names bear heavily on the ear—like that we hear of in Normandy, Château Ganne. This name, it is said, always calls up a shudder, a suggestion of murder and treachery. And so with De Braos's castles. Abergavenny is chief of these; and it is as significant as you like to make it that as there is a "Rue Iscariote" in Haie Pagnel near that Château Ganne which was betrayed by the Pagnels, so there is, or was, in Abergavenny a Traitor's Lane, winding away from the back of the castle into the town.

And in William de Braos, murderer of his guests, destroyer of helpless women and children, we have one perfect instance of the filtration of medieval history through medieval romance. William de Braos the elder* undoubtedly is that

* It was his grandson of the same name whom Llewelyn strung up at Aber.



THE CASTLE ON THE ROCK

very same Breus sans Pit  who appears so often in the Arthurian tales, and always with villainous effect, always in keeping with his real character, as the Welsh conceived it.

"What knight is he?" says Sir Harry Fise Luke in the "Morte d'Arthur."

"Sir," said Bleoberis, "he is the most coward knight, and a devourer of ladies, and a destroyer of good knights, and specially of Arthur's."

The escape of Sir Breuse, in this episode, is fairly exact; described as if the romancer had just been told one of the hairbreadth escapes of De Braos, as when at Dingestow he got away when his companion, Ranulf de la Poer, fell. But before one leaves Abergavenny, one is urged by a tomb in the old church, which shows a child with a squirrel in her arms, to tell how little Eva de Braos, following a pet squirrel round the walls, slipped and fell and was killed. A fatal house, it may be thought, what with that William de Braos who escaped finally back to France and died there; and his wife, Maud—"Moll Walbe" of the Welsh folk-tales,—who was haughtier—yes, and fiercer—than himself, and whom John starved to death in Windsor Castle; and his grandson whom Llewelyn hanged in Aber glen.

Tragic, vivid, painted in carmine, the shapes in the background in this and other of these old cartoons of history have faded into gray now, or taken on neutral tints like tapestries hung on a mouldy wall. But breathe upon them, and they

momently revive, and the castle fantasy becomes real again—as real to you, mayhap, as the premedieval Arthurian legends were to those medieval folk.

From Abergavenny you can go on past Crickhowel and Tretower and their castle remains to Brecon, where not much of the castle remains to be seen, but where there is a noble old abbottine church, far finer than Llandaff.

But in going to Abergavenny we have strayed far north of the Glamorgan Castle chain. If you return now, and resume it at the close loop it makes about Cardiff, you will, at its westward twist and throw-off, find castle after castle, almost within hail of one another. There, Dinas Powys, St. Fagan's, Wenvoe, Beili, Porthkerry, Barry, Sully, Penmark, Fonmon, East Orchard, Castleton, and Flimston (Flemingston) carried the chain on into the heart of the district; and at the last named you are in touch with yet another loop around the demure old town of Cowbridge. But I spare you the whole list, and pass by St. Quintin's, and Penlline, and Llantrisant, on their several perches, and a full score besides. You ought, however, to give up one day's hunting to Llantwit Major and St. Donat's, and then another to another castle, with the shadow of De Braos, or Le Breus sans Pit , resting on its towers behind the new post-office in Swansea town. There the Gower castles and Arthur's Stone will tempt you to prolong the route in that old land of Gore and

Morgan le Fay. Continuing westwards, you pass a fighting castle at Loughour, near the mouth of the haunted river of that name; and you surprise at Kidwelly a noble building and one of the best preserved in the country, which has two strange memories, both romantic, and one very pitiful, and one very fantastic. The first is of Gwenllian, the wife of its Welsh lord, who in her husband's absence in the north fell in leading her men against the Normans, whereupon her little six-year-old daughter of the same name died of grief in the castle. The other is of Eva, the wife of the Norman lord, who did not like the great deer-forest her husband was stocking. So she told him his deer worried and ravaged her sheep; and when he was dubious, had

a buck killed and some sheep's wool put in its entrails. Whereupon her husband, like a wise man, gave up his deer-forest.

Soon after Kidwelly, the railway makes a turn north and northeast up the river Towy; and you have a wonderful twenty-seven miles of castles and valley to tempt you, from Llanstephan, past Green Castle (hidden under the ruins of its Tudor additions), and Rhyd-y-Gors (which has gone altogether), and Carmarthen (turned into a gaol, alas! and deformed by a great, blank, unrelieved retaining-wall). Continuing the journey up-river, you soon pass Merlin's Hill on your left, where Merlin sleeps beneath some signs of an old British dike, and Dryslwyn and Dynevor as you approach Llandilo. Here you are in the



LAUGHARNE CASTLE

midst of a valley sown with princely traditions, every mile of it, reminding one of that valley of princes of which Dante speaks: the "diletto dimorando," the delightful tarrying, to which Sordello conducts him, where sit many princely souls on the grass singing "Salve Regina!" And here you will find grass as green, and as delightful a tarrying, and see the spirits of the old princes of the south, the Lords Rhys of Deheubarth, if you will.

If you turn west and southwest into Pembrokeshire, you will be obliged to go to Narberth Castle, for the sake of the mysterious story of King Lear's son and the disappearing castle in the *Mabinogion*; you must certainly go and see Manorbier Castle and the military church opposite, for Gerald de Barri's sake, though the additions there, too, have heavily disguised the twelfth-century castle he knew. And at Pembroke you have another perfect waterside fortress; and if you get a glimpse of Roche Castle on your way to St. David's, you have a castle—half a thing of nature on its wild rock—which is Pembroke's opposite. Finally you must go to Cilgerran, and, since Cardigan is merged in a private mansion, picture the Caradigan, or Ceredigion, of the "Eric and Enide" romance, from what Cilgerran can still show in its sadly uncared-for state on the steep brinks of the Teivy, a short league above Cardigan town.

Not a quarter of the castles that might be hunted by the inveterate castle-hunter in Wales have been named. But here are enough for one summer; and your favorite old castle, like your favorite landscape, requires to be known, and seen in all its winds and weathers, winter as well as summer. And even when you have seen many castles, and known one thoroughly, and made it and its type familiar, you have still to get to know the country where they stand. For it was not only the castle-building and the land-hunger of the Normans, nor their way of aggrandizement through their Welsh wives (the Normans conquered, it was said, through their diplomatic marriages); nor was it the seen beauty of a Nest, nor the fabled beauty of a

Gwenevere, an Essylt and a Luned, echoed in the French lays and contes, that helped to quicken Arthurian romance. It was—as one realizes in judging its effect upon the inquisitive, romance-loving disposition of the Norman adventurers,—it was the spell of the country itself.

The charm remains, but it is not for everybody. The country has its moods,—and in places its coal smoke,—and its impossible weathers. Its rains do not stop in some seasons till the last tourist has gone. Its castles are often involved in a sort of tantalizing magic veil—a fine hanging fleece of mountain vapor or Atlantic mist, into which they vanish like the vanishing castle which puzzled Pryderi in one of the Welsh tales. These are the natural difficulties of the castle adventure, and will not prevent the castle-hunter, when he sees a steep, from doing as the old heroes did and climbing it. Then if he is lucky enough, and comes upon "the tree," the "marble slab," the "silver bowl,"—which were the symbols or romance tokens in one tale,—he will not care if the mist and rain come. For after the rain the one predestinate knight may appear—a knight, let us advise, on a coal-black horse, "clad in sable, a pennon of black linen on his lance."

Now, that black knight is the type of the castle fantasy. Follow him, and he will bring you out at last to some wildest castle—one perhaps set like Carreg Cennen on its gray precipice in a red-sandstone country—which is my idea of a Castle Perilous, as the medieval men conceived it. If you look out at the narrow window-niche above the precipice, in the corner of Carreg Cennen Castle, as we did once at the end of a long summer's campaign, you will be brought, I believe, exactly to our sense of this immemorial region. You will see why it was a land of promise to those medieval men, and how its castles, mixing ancient gossip of Arthur Vawr, or Arthur the Great, with the latest news of an Ivor Bach, or Ivor the Little, contrived to give a new impulse to that flood of Cymric tradition, which, bearing its mysterious king on its crest, did not stop till it had flowed over all Europe.

The White Sleep of Auber Hurn

BY RICHARD RICE

THE thing happened in America; that is one reason for believing it. Another land would absorb it, or at least give a background to shadow over its likelihood, the scenery and atmosphere to lend an evanescent credibility, changing it in time to a mere legend, a tale told out of the hazy distance. But in America it obtrudes; it stares eternally on in all its stark unforgetfulness, absorbing its background, constantly rescuing itself from legend by turning guesswork and theory into facts, till it appears bare, irremediable, and complete,—witnessed at high noon, and in New Jersey of all places, flat, unillusive, and American.

The thing was as clear a fact in its unsubtle, shadowless mystery as was he—that is, as was the shell and husk of him lying there in the next room after I had watched the life and the person drawn out, leaving only mere barren lees to show what had gone. Hours it lay there to prove the thing, to settle it in my mind, to let me believe eternally in it. Then we buried it deep under the big pile of scree on my hill. As I write I can see the white stones from the window.

It is not all guesswork to begin with; indeed it is not guesswork at any moment if the end is always in view, and we had to begin with the end. I tell you it was as plain as daylight. People saw him, heard him talk; saw him get off the train at Newark to mail my letter—this one—addressed to my engineers in Trenton; heard him say, "Promised Crenshaw to post this before reaching the city; guess this is my last chance to keep it." It is a little thing that counts; you can't get by that; it alone is final; but there were a dozen more. Ezekiel saw him on the platform hunting for the right box for west-bound mail, and saw him post the letter after considerable trouble. When I heard that, I yielded to the incredulous so far as to telephone to Trenton, asking if the firm had received it. I did that,

though I held the letter in my hand at the time, and knew it had never left this house. Ezekiel was sure that he mailed the letter, that it went from his hand into the box. He was watching carefully because just then the train began to move; but Auber, leisurely ignoring this, appeared to be comparing his watch with the station clock, and finally looked up at the moving train as if in disapproval. Ezekiel lost sight of him in the crowd, and then, at the same moment, he was taking his seat opposite again.

Ezekiel said, "I thought you were going to miss the train, characteristically, for the sake of setting your watch." And Auber replied, rather queerly: "Great God! It's impossible now; I can see that." Ezekiel did not know what he meant, but remembered it afterward when we were talking the whole thing over in this room.

Besides Ezekiel, there were four men who saw him after the train left Newark; and the porter remembered holding the vestibule door and trap-platform open for some one as the train pulled out.

Then there is my coachman who drove him to the train, here in Barreton, who had his tip of a silver dollar from him. Put it in his pocket—and then—lost it, of course. You see, there's the most conclusive link in the chain. If William had produced his dollar, or my engineer had received that letter, the whole thing would fall through—jugglery and imposition, mere ordinary faking. The hypnotic theory might still hold, but it must stretch fifty miles to an improbable source in a man who is, at the time, dying strangely on my bed.

Of course, there is no use asking if any one on the train touched him,—not only saw and heard him, but shook hands with him, let us say. It is the same story as William's, or not so good. Ezekiel is sure that he shook hands when Auber first boarded the train; Judson is sure that he

did so when he stepped across the aisle to ask about me. Yet, I tell you that would have made no difference; let him have been as impalpable as the very air of the car, those men would have felt the flesh, just as William felt his silver dollar. "Fulfilment of sure expectation on the ground of countless identical experiences," your psychologist would explain. Illusion and fact were indistinguishable; and though I happened to watch the facts, and the others the illusion, their testimony is as good as mine.

There is the testimony of four men that, when the smash came, they saw him thrown from his seat, head first, into the window-jamb, and lie for a moment half through the shattered pane. Just before this, he had taken out his watch. Its familiar picture-face, and also its enamelled hands exactly together at twelve o'clock, had caught Ezekiel's eye. He said that Auber looked at the watch, and then leaned forward as if to call attention to the view from the window. It was then that the smash came. When Ezekiel and some others, who were only thrown to the floor, looked up again, Auber was gone.

You see, the time is identical; we calculated it exactly, for the train left Newark on time and takes just six minutes to reach the bridge; that is, at exactly noon. When I noticed the hour here, it was, perhaps, a few minutes later, and that is not a difference in time-pieces, for it was by his own watch on the bedside table. No one saw him on the train or on the bridge after that. It seems conclusive, just that alone. They finally decided that he must have fallen from the window and somehow rolled from the sleepers into the river.

Actually no one else in the Pullman was badly hurt. The men picked themselves up and rushed to the doors of the car, or climbed out of the windows. Ezekiel put his head through the shattered pane which Auber had struck. Men were running toward the car ahead, from which screams came. In the excitement of rescuing those from the telescoped coach, Auber was forgotten; but when it was all over, Ezekiel and Judson looked everywhere for him, till they assured themselves that he was not on the bridge.

At all events, that is how he came to

be reported among "The Missing,—known by friends to have been on the train,—Auber Hurn, the artist."

During that night, when Ezekiel and Judson had come down in response to my telegrams, we sat here, talking endlessly, guessing, relating, slowly developing the theory of the thing, delving into our minds for memories of him, gradually getting below the facts, gradually working back to them, examining the connections, completing the chain. The main fact, the culmination, had to be the soulless shell of him, lying there in the next room. Our theory began far away from that, in what he used to call "white sleep," and more especially in a curious occasional association between the dreams of this sleep and the landscape pictures that he painted. What impressed you most as he recounted one of those half-conscious dream concoctions, that he named "white-sleep fancies," was the remarkable scenery, the setting of the dream. This was in character with his pictures, for about them both you felt that peculiarly pervasive "sense of place," for which his landscape is of course famous, and which in these dreams was emphasized through a subtle ominousness of atmosphere. You perceived what the place stood for, its sensational elements, and you began vaguely to imagine the kind of event for which it would form a suitable background. In his pictures the element was a sort of dream-infusion, as though in each scene the secret goddess, the Naiad of the spot, must have stood close to him as he painted, and thrilled him to understanding at her impalpable touch. Whatever the exact nature of these creative intuitions, there was between his art and his dreams a lurking connection, out of which, as we believed, finally grew his strange faculty for seeing beyond the scene, an intuition for certain events associated with what we called "an ominous locality."

This faculty began to distinguish itself from mere psychical fancy through a curious contact of one of Auber's dreams with his actual experience.

The dream, which came at irregular intervals during a number of years, began with a sense of color, a glare to dazzle the eyes, till, as Auber insisted, he awaked and saw the sunset glow over a

stretch of forest. He was on a hillside field, spotted with daisies and clumps of tall grass. On one side a stone wall, half hidden by the grass and by a sumac hedge in full bloom, curved over the skyline. All this was exactly expressible by a gesture, and when he reached the bottom of the field he looked back for a long time, and made the gesture appreciatively. It was at this point that he always recognized the recurring dream; but he could never remember how it was going to end. Then he entered the wood on a grassy path, and for a long time the tall tasselled grasses brushed through his fingers as he walked. Suddenly it grew dark, and feeling that "it would be folly to continue," he tried hard to remember the point of the dream. Just as he seemed to recollect it, the sound of running water came to him, as from a ravine, and he knew that "he could not escape." The low sound of running water,—the little lonely gurgle of a deep-wood brook, all but lost in the loam and brush of the silent forest,—why should he feel an incomprehensible distaste for the place? He tried feverishly to recollect the outcome of the dream, but all memory of it had fled. Nor could he bring himself to continue on the path; when he tried to take another step his leg dangled uselessly in front, his foot beating flimsily on the ground till he brought it back beside the other. The longer he listened to the sound of the running water, the stronger grew his aversion for the place. This continued indefinitely, till he awoke.

You perceived the vague sense of "ominous locality" developed out of the simplest details. There is a recognizable introduction, the field, the stone wall, the grass striking his fingers; but there is no ending, nothing happens; the dream-spell at last dissolves, and the sleeper wakes. His aversion to the sound of the brook can, therefore, come from no conscious knowledge of a portending catastrophe in the dream. It was always Auber's fancy that the dream would really end in a catastrophe, which, though the mind proper continue in ignorance, casts its ominous shadow through the subconsciousness upon the surroundings of the event.

It was also a fanciful idea of his that dreams in general imply a subconscious

state coexisting constantly with the actual realm of thought, but penetrated by our consciousness only when the will is least active, or during sleep. With ordinary mortals sleep and consciousness are so nearly incompatible that the notion of actual mental achievement during sleep is unthought of. Dreams are allowed to run an absurd riot through the brain, disturbing physical rest. The remedy for this universal ailment and waste of time was to be found in "white sleep," a bit of Indian mysticism, purporting to accomplish a partial detachment of mind and body, so that the will, which is always the expression of the link between these two, is, for the time, dissolved. The body rests, but the unfettered mind enters upon a "will-less state of pure seeing," where dreams no longer remain the meaningless fantasies of blind sleep, but become luminous with idea and sequence. With the body thus left behind, the intellect rises to the zenith of perception, where the blue veil of earthly knowledge is pierced and transcended.

How often had we heard Auber talk in his fantastically learned fashion, with an amused seriousness lighting up his face. At what point he began to see something more than amusement in his dreams and theories, I never knew; but the serious beginning of the thing took shape in an incident which not even the most fervent theorist could have created for the sake of a theory.

It was up among the little knobby hills to the north of my farm. We were as usual sketching, and Auber had been going on all the afternoon about the mournful scenery, talking of nothing but browns, and grays, and "mountain melancholy." He had a way of stringing out a ceaseless jargon while he worked,—an irritating trick caught in the Paris studios. At the end of the afternoon, he held up a remarkable sketch, suggesting the color scheme for a picture in the atmosphere of oncoming dusk—a bit of path over the hill toward the sun.

"You have struck it most certainly," I said. "Be wary of finishing that; it is strangely suggestive as it is."

He nodded; and then, as we packed up, he said, "Do you know, I have felt vaguely intimate with this spot, as if I had been here before, as if I were paint-

ing a reminiscence." I remarked tritely on the commonness of this feeling.

At the bottom of a hillside meadow I was hunting for the entrance of a path into a patch of woods. Auber, instead of helping me, kept gazing back at the fading light while he made random observations on the nature of the sky-line,—one of his cant hobbies. "See how crudely the character of everything is defined up there against the sky," I heard him say, while I continued to search for the path. "Now even a sheep or a cow, or an inanimate thing, like that stone wall, for instance,—see how its character as a wall comes out as it sweeps over the top." At this moment, a little drop of surprise in his voice made me look around. He was walking backwards, one arm extended toward the hill in a descriptive gesture. "Why, it is the dream!" he murmured in hushed excitement. "Ah, of course! I might have known it. Now, I'll turn to find the path."

"I wish you would," I said.

He started abruptly. Then he came slowly, and touched me in a queer evasive way on my shoulder. Finally he drew a long breath, and gripped me by the arm. "Don't you recognize it?" he cried. "It's the dream! See! the stone wall—the field—the sumac! Now that's the first sumac—"

"Oh, come along!" I said; "there are twenty such fields. That is curious, though: you made the gesture. Do you recognize it all exactly?"

"It's it! the whole thing—and now, you see, I'm turning to find the path."

I admitted that it was curious, and said that it would be interesting to see how it all turned out.

For a long time Auber followed in silence, which I tried to relieve by bantering comments. I was some distance ahead, when I heard him say, "The grass is brushing through my hands."

"Why not?" I laughed, but it rang false, for I recollected the detail. It was childishly simple; perhaps that was why the thing bothered me. I noticed that in the growing darkness the forest took on a peculiar look. It had been partly burnt over, leaving the ground black, and some of the trees gaunt, upbristling, and sentinel-like. The place, even in broad day-

light, would have had a night-struck appearance. At this hour, when the sudden forest darkness had just fallen, there was a sense of unusual gloom, easily connecting itself with strange forebodings.

Perhaps it had been five minutes, when Auber said, "I am conscious that I cannot take my hands out of the grass."

As I said, it was a simple thing. With an odd impulse, I groped back toward him till I found his wrists, and then shook them violently above his head. We stood there for several moments performing this absurd pantomime in the darkness. His arms, with the sleeves rolled up, felt heavy with flesh in my grip. I seemed to be handling things of dead, cold flesh.

Then Auber said, "I can still feel my hands down in the grass."

I drew back in a strange horror; but, at the same moment, we both stood stock-still to listen: from some distance to the right came the trickling sound of water. It was barely perceptible, and we listened hard, indefinitely, while the silence congealed in our ears, and the darkness condensed about our eyes, filling up space, and stopping thought save just for the sound of the brook. It seemed a sort of growing immobility, eternal, like after death.

At last Auber spoke, laying a hand on my shoulder: "It is over; let us go ahead."

After a while we talked about it. There was little to "go" on. You see, nothing happens, and, as Auber expressed it, "the psychological data are ineffective for lack of an event." But though the whole thing remained then a purely psychological experience, and did not "break through," yet it had something of the fulness of fate. Auber, as usual, had a theory: in the dream some manifestation was undoubtedly striving to break through, but he had been unable to facilitate the process. The present experience, he decided, was immature, a mere coincidence. The outcome might yet, however, be foreseen through the dream, if the creative perception of "white sleep" could be attained.

That is the affair which started the whole thing. Auber must have taken the suggestion it contained much more seriously than any of us for several years

imagined; nor did we connect the long contemplativeness of the man with any definite purpose. The thing was too vague and illusive to become a purpose at all.

Before long there were half a dozen instances, some trivial, or seemingly coincidental, but all forming our theory. There is one Ezekiel recounted, as we sat here talking that night. It was just a matter of old Horace MacNair's coming in on them once during a thunder-storm. The family were sitting in the big hall; the ladies with their feet up on chairs to insulate them from the lightning; young Vincent Ezekiel teasing them by putting his on the mantelpiece. At one point in the storm came a terrible crash, and Auber jumped up, starting toward the door. Then he came back and sat down quietly. They laughed, and asked if he had been struck.

"No," he said, quite seriously, "not by the lightning, but by a curious idea that I saw Horace MacNair opening the door. I suppose I must have dreamed it; I was nearly asleep."

The Ezekiels looked at one another in surprise, and Mrs. Ezekiel said: "There is something curious in that, for the last time Horace was here, just before he died, he came in the midst of a thunder-storm as we were sitting here, much as we are now. And, why! I remember that he had come over because he expected to see you, but you had not arrived."

"That's so," put in young Vincent, "because he said that if you had been here, you wouldn't have been too afraid of the lightning to stand up and shake hands. And by Jove! I had my feet on the mantelpiece! I remember that, because when he saw me he laughed, and lined his up beside mine."

"He was wearing a gray rain-coat, and high overshoes that you made fun of," added Auber, shortly, and then kept an embarrassed silence.

That was true, Ezekiel said; and Auber had not seen the man in five years.

There were many cases which we strung that night on the threads of our theory, all working toward its completion; and yet we neared the end with misgiving and doubt, for we had the necessity of believing, if we would keep ourselves still sane. All of us had noticed

that so far as there was an element of terror in the strange incidents, it lay in the fact of a subtle undercurrent of connections, as if Fate were dimly pointing all the while toward the invisible culmination. Suddenly there would be a new manifestation of Auber's faculty, and a new instance would be added, illusive, baffling, and yet forming each time new threads in the vague warp and woof of something that we called our theory. "There it is again," we would say to ourselves, as we sent the ghostly shuttle flying in our psychological loom.

This undercurrent appeared to touch the incident of Horace MacNair, for it seemed that the old artist had walked over to the Ezekiels that night on purpose to talk with Auber about making a series of pictures of the salt marshes along the Passaic River. Old Horace was dead of his heart before Auber arrived, but the suggestion was repeated by Ezekiel; and Auber, taking it as something like a dying request from his old master, besides appreciating its value, set to work at once.

The long reaches of the Passaic tidal lagoon, with their mists and blowing swamp-grass, are crossed by the trestles of all the railways which enter New York from the south. It was old Horace MacNair's idea that this place, more travelled, more unnoticed, and yet more picturesque, perhaps, than any spot near the metropolis, might be the making of Auber's reputation. The varied, moody tones of the marsh-land, forever blending in a pervasive atmosphere of desolate beauty, suited Auber's peculiar style. Here he would paint what passed in the popular eye for the dullest commonplace, and would interpret, at the same time, both this landscape and his little-understood art.

While he worked I frequently visited Auber on his yawl *Houri*, which was canvassed over for an outdoor studio, and anchored at the point from which he wished to paint. One day we were tied up to a pile by the Central Railroad trestle. It was just the heat of the day, and Auber, stretched out on a deck chair, was taking a sort of siesta. His eyes were closed, and he had let his cigar go out. Whether it was due to the light through the colored awning, I was not

sure, but I was suddenly attracted by a dull vacancy that seemed to be forming in his countenance. It stole upon the features as if they were being slowly sprinkled with fine dust, blotting their expression into a flat lifelessness. Then the rush of a train passing over the bridge disturbed him. With a fleeting look of pain he sat up, glanced first furtively at me, and then stared hard around.

"Was there a train?" he asked, at length.

"Yes—an express."

"It did not stop here on the bridge for anything?"

"No, of course not."

"Of course not," he agreed, absently.

"How long ago?"

"Perhaps two minutes," I said.

He examined his watch. After a while he got up, seeming to pull himself together with an effort, and began scraping nervously on his picture. I noticed that the palette-knife trembled in his hand.

"What is the matter?" I asked, finally.

"I feel very much upset," he replied, and sank weakly on the hatch. "I was on that train and—"

I had to jump below to the ice-chest; Auber seemed to have fainted. Jerry, the skipper, and I applied cold water for five minutes, and then Auber revived and asked for whiskey.

"I was on the train," he began again, persistently. "Several people, whom I knew, must have been in the chair-car with me, because I seemed to be taking part in a conversation. Was there a Pullman on the train?" he asked, abruptly.

"Yes," I said; "at the end."

The answer seemed to reassure him unhappily. "I was on the train," he continued, "but I could not think where I had come from. There were vague recollections of a walk, then of a long drive in the dark. Now I was on the train, and yet I was somehow not there even now." I poured out more whiskey, but he pushed it aside absently. "I was not there, nor was I here; for when I moved, something seemed to be folded about me, like bedclothes. It was all a kind of duplication, and I could be on the train or in the other place at will. That is why it seemed confused and unreal. We were talking about some matter of business. I held a list of figures that I referred to now

and then. Once I leaned forward to look out of the window; it was just here. I was pointing, and saying to some one, 'There is my last salt marsh!' when a great shock stopped the words, and sent me against something in front. For a moment I was conscious that you were leaning over me. Then I had a strange feeling of becoming gradually detached, as if from my very self. A weight and a feeling of bedclothes slipped from me; there was alternate glaring light and enveloping darkness. Finally the light prevailed, and I found myself looking up into this hideous awning."

"Well," I said, "that is a very queer dream!"

"Yes; it was white sleep," he replied, slowly; "but something was added this time." He put his hand on my arm appealingly. "I knew it would come; I have had the beginnings of that dream before." He spoke as if from a tragic winding-sheet, a veil spun in the warp of his own fancy and also in the very woof of Fate; and out of this veil, through which none of us ever saw, he was stretching his hand to ask of me—what?

I did what I could. Auber consented to come at once to my farm till rest should partly restore him. We reached here that night. It was just two weeks ago; in thought, it is, for me, a lifetime. It was a time of suspense and waiting when diversion seemed almost irreverent, but at last it was forced upon us by that ever-moving providence which stood back of the whole affair. My dam broke at the upper farm. Chance! Nothing of the sort! I went up to see how it had happened, and found some rotten joists and rust-eaten girders. They are in the course of events. Auber went with me while I should see things set to rights.

It was a simple incident, but somehow I suspected it of finality even as we started out of the yard on the long drive. I was suspicious of that knobby hill region, which was connected with the incipient indications of the whole affair. On arriving in the late afternoon, however, nothing could be more natural than that Auber, having inspected the dam, should stroll on to the pasture, where he once sketched the path that runs down to his dream-meadow.

I went back to the farmhouse, and wrote to my engineers a detail of the breach in the dam, then sat down on the porch to enjoy a smoke. The day was warm and dreamy; the sun, filtering through the September haze, rested on the eyelids like a caressing hand. I was soon half asleep, peering lazily at the view which zigzags down between the knobby hills to the more cultivated farm-lands that we had left hours behind us, when the telephone rang. I got up and answered it:

"William?—at the farm? Oh yes—a message, a telegram—for Mr. Hurn, you say? Is it important?—Well, go ahead—What! Must take 11.10 express—crisis on Wall Street?—meet on train—Who?—Ezekiel."

It had come, then! Chance? No. A railroad merger; stockholders interested. At first I said: "I won't tell him." Then I thought: "After this supposed Sentence is delayed and delayed till he no longer looks on the world as his prison cell, and the whole matter evaporates in a psychological mist, he will say: 'Our superstitions, my dear friend, and your loving care, cost me just twenty thousand dollars that trip. My picture of the twilight path, which you would have interrupted, won't replace a hundredth part of that.'"

I wandered down to the broken dam; there beside the breach, with the river sucking darkly through, Josiah Peacock stood, contemplating the scene with his practical eye against to-morrow's labor. Suddenly I found myself mentioning the telegram. He said, "Then you'll have to drive back to-night." I felt alarmed; surely this was none of my doing. Presently I was taking the short cut through the woods. The red glow of sunset was fading behind me, and darkness already gathered among the trees. Aware of a vague anxiety that impelled me forward, an odd notion that I might be late for something, I began to hurry along, the gaunt tree trunks watching like sentinels as I passed. Was I looking for Auber Hurn? It was strangely reminiscent, not a real experience. "This is absurd," I said to myself at length, and straightened my foot to stop. Instead, I unexpectedly leaped over a fallen log, and continued with nervous strides,

while I flung back a sneaking glance of embarrassment.

On the turns of the path darkness closed in rapidly; the outlines of objects loomed uncertainly distant through the forest. Gradually I became aware that at the end of a dim vista down which I was hurrying, something white had formed itself in the path. I stopped to look, but could make out nothing clearly. It remained dimly ahead, and I approached, a few steps at a time, peering through the obscure gray shadows, striving to concentrate my vision. At last I recognized that it was Auber Hurn in his shirt-sleeves, standing still in the middle of the path. Apparently he, too, was trying to see who was coming.

"Auber!" I called. I was not sure that he replied.

When I was very close I began at once, as if involuntarily: "Auber, you see, I came to meet you. There is a message from Ezekiel—a Wall Street panic, or something. He wants you to meet him on the 11.10 to-mor— It will be necess— Auber?" Had I been talking to the air? I looked about me. "Auber!—Auber Hurn!" I called. There was no one there; but in the hush of listening there came, as if wandering to me through the forest, the little lost gurgle of a distant brook.

For a moment I stood fascinated by a reminiscence—and then, a sudden fear swelling convulsively in my throat, I ran. Back on the path I fled, my legs seeming to go of themselves, hurling my body violently along; my feet pounding behind, as if in pursuit; whirling around the turns, then down the last straight aisle, past the sentinel trees, out into the light.

When I reached the farmyard, a fresh team was being hitched to our carriage.

"What! Has Mr. Hurn come back?" I asked, shakily.

"No," said Josiah, "but I thought maybe you'd want things ready. Didn't you find him?"

"Why—no," I replied, and then repeated firmly, "No, I did not."

I sat down, exhausted, on the porch, and waited. At the end of ten minutes Auber Hurn entered the gate, crossed to the buggy, and got in. Josiah, from between the horses where he was buck-

ling a knee-guard, looked up in surprise. "You got that message, Mr. Hurn?"

"Yes," said Auber, speaking very distinctly. "Mr. Crenshaw just gave it to me."

Josiah turned to me. "I thought you said—" he began.

"I was mistaken—I mean, I misunderstood you," I interposed.

Josiah stared, and then finished the harnessing. "Your coats are here under the seat," he remarked. I took my place mechanically. Mrs. Josiah came with some milk and sandwiches. I finished mine hurriedly, and took the reins.

Auber sank into his corner without a word, leaving me to feel only a sense of desperate confused isolation, of lonely helplessness.

At length Auber said, in a voice that startled me, a low, contented voice: "You were on the path? You went to find me yourself?"

"Yes," I answered; and then, after a long time, "And you were not there—yourself?"

"No, I was not there." He leaned back against the cushions, and I thought he smiled. "I was in that hill meadow. I went to sleep there for a short time."

It was two o'clock when we drove into the yard. William was waiting to take the horses.

As we went into the house, William asked if he should have the trap for the 11.10 express. I could not answer, and Auber said, looking full at me in the light of the open door, "Yes, most certainly."

I can see him now in the cheerless white hallway, his tall figure exaggerated in a long driving-cloak, his high features sharpened in the light of the lantern.

In taking off my coat I felt, in the pocket, the letter I had written to my engineer in Trenton. I laid it on the hall table. "You might post that tomorrow before you get to New York," I said, casually.

Then I lighted him to his room, and we said "good night."

Undressing mechanically, I went to bed, and after a long time I slept, exhausted.

A rumbling noise; then, after it had ceased, the realization that a carriage had driven out of the yard—that was

what woke me up. The clock on my bureau said half past ten. For a moment I forgot what that meant; and then sliding out of bed, I tiptoed quickly down the hall. Putting my ear to Auber's door, I listened—till I had made sure. From within came the dull breathing of a sleeper. Throwing on a few clothes, I went down-stairs. The waitress was dusting in the hall.

"Where has the carriage gone?" I asked her.

"Why, sir," she said, "William is taking Mr. Hurn to the station."

After a while I had the courage to say cautiously, "I thought Mr. Hurn was still asleep; I did not hear him come down."

"He came down ten minutes ago," she replied, "and in a great hurry, with no time for breakfast."

"You saw him?" I cross-examined.

"Yes. The carriage was waiting, and he seemed in a great hurry, though he did run back to take a letter from the table there."

I was standing between the table and the maid.

"Well, of course you're right," I said, carelessly, and at that moment I put my hand on the letter. I turned my back and put it in my pocket.

I went hurriedly to the barn. The run-about trap and the mare were out. Then I finished dressing, and had breakfast. Soon after, William drove into the yard, and I called from the library window—"Where have you been?"

"Just to the station, sir."

"What for? Has my freight arrived?"

"Mr. Hurn, for the 11.10,"—he explained respectfully.

"Ah, yes!" I cried, in an overvoice; "I keep forgetting that I have just waked up. You saw him off? Ah—did he leave any message for me? I overslept, and did not see him this morning."

"No, sir; I had no message," he replied. "But he's a liberal man, Mr. Hurn, sir." He grinned and slapped his pocket; then, with a look of doubt, he straightened out one leg to allow his hand inside; the look grew more doubting; he stood up, dropped the reins, and searched systematically, under the seat, everywhere.

"Guess it rolled out," I said, very much interested. "What was it?"

"A silver dollar," he answered, mournfully.

"Oh, well, I'll make that up," I called, and shut the window.

I took out my watch and made a calculation; Auber's train was probably at Newark. I could stand it no longer, and I went toward his room, stamping on the bare floor, whistling nervously, and rattling the rickety balustrade. I banged open the door and began to shout: "Auber! you've missed your—"

He did not move. He was lying on his back, with his arms extended evenly outside the bedclothes, which were tucked close around his breast. He lay as if in state, with that dull dusty pallor on his face, and that eyeless vacancy of an effigy on a marble tomb—a voidness of expression, with masklike indications of duration and immobility. On the reading-table, at his bedside, I noticed his watch lying face up. It was two or three minutes of the noon hour.

Sitting down on the bed, I touched Auber on the shoulder. He did not move. An intuition, growing till it all but became an idea, and then remaining short of expressibility, unable to perceive even its own indefiniteness—a film for impressions where there is no light—such was the vagueness of my guess concerning the metamorphosis that was taking place. Yet I began to understand that Auber Hurn, the real man, was not there, not on the bed, not in my house

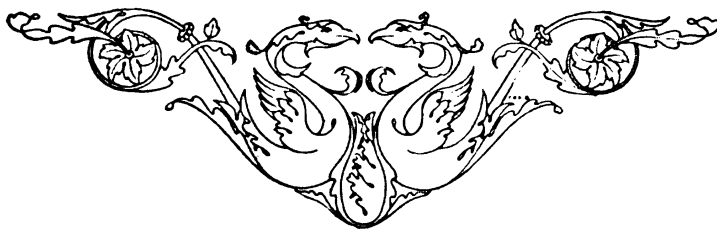
at all. It was as if the Person were being gradually deducted, leaving only the prime flesh to vouch for the man's existence. Even as I sat in wonder, with my eyes upon him, the life tinge faded utterly from his skin. There was a fleeting shadow as if of pain. His breast sank in a long outbreathing, and then, after seconds and minutes, it did not rise again. I listened. The room seemed to be listening with me. The silence became stricken with awe, with the interminable and unanswering awe—the muteness of death.

We believed in the thing. Ezekiel and Judson came down in response to my telegrams, and we sat here talking it all over, hours through the night. It was inevitable to believe in it. We took his body up in the darkness, and buried it in the scree on my hill; then we came back to Auber's room, and faced each other by the empty bed.

"This is not for the practical world, or for the law," I said. "No coroner on earth could return a verdict here."

"We could never see the thing clearly again if the practical world got hold of it," said Judson. "Look; you have to believe so much!" He had picked up Auber's purse from the table, where it had lain beside his watch. He opened it over the bed. A roll of bills fell out—and one silver dollar.

"That belongs to William, before the law," said Ezekiel.



Studies in Marine Biology

BY W. S. HARWOOD

LOOKING down through a microscope one day, I saw one of the most marvellous sights which may ever be disclosed to the eye of a mortal—an animal re-creating itself. It was low in the scale of life, but it was definite animal life in the very midst of this wonderful process.

It had been discovered but a few moments before, by one of the searchers in the long room—a roundish mass of semi-translucent material, with a sharply defined border, appearing under the microscope the size of a large pea. It was full of animal life, moving so rapidly about in the drop of water a constant readjustment of the slide was necessary to keep it in the field of vision. Soon a ridge or line appeared upon its oval top; it increased in definition; it cut down into the living body; it swept back the life from side to side; it bore on down until, at last, it severed the body:—two new lives had been born from the old life,

the whole marvellous function disclosed to the human eye.

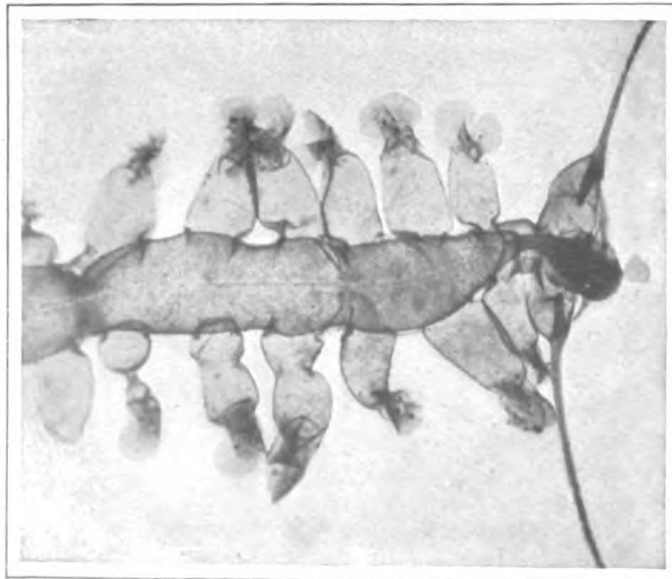
Truly, the sight was hard by the First Things.

It was in a room in a biological station on the Pacific Ocean where I saw this strange act—a station recently established, but marking an important advance step in scientific progress. Indeed, it promises some day, should its underlying plan be fully carried out, to mark an era in marine biological research, to lead the biological stations of the world in the breadth and scope of its work.

In this American station, while nothing is done to stifle but everything done to stimulate individual freedom, each investigator articulates with every other one, and all with the scientific machinery of the whole. In a word, the work is organized instead of individual. This is made possible by the fact that each investigator is paid for his work. His travelling expenses, should he come from

a distance, are paid, together with a satisfactory salary while at work. The project takes into consideration the eminently practical fact that your average scientific man is preeminently a man whose demand for funds for carrying forward his investigations is always greater than his supply. It is held in this new American station that a biologist is at least as much entitled to remuneration as a butcher or a bricklayer.

So the new station is being built upon a secure practical foundation. It is the working



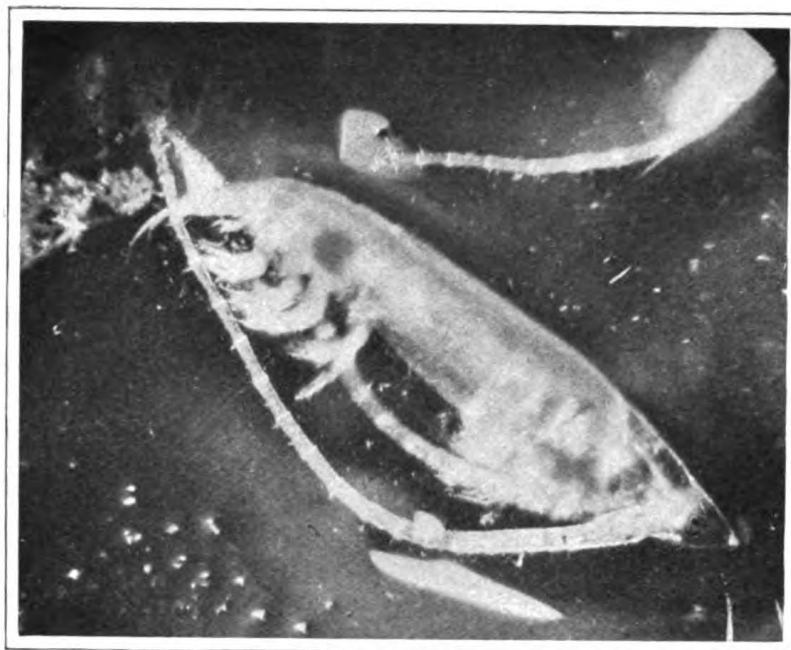
FORWARD PORTION OF A DEEP-SEA WORM
Note the phosphorescent organs at the end of its tiny arms

out of a plan long cherished by a leading American biologist, Dr. William E. Ritter, of the chair of zoology of the University of California, who is in charge of the station, and who will supervise and direct its activities. The funds needful for the carrying forward of the work of the station have been assured. Pending the erection of permanent buildings, for which plans are now being pre-

pared, the station is housed in temporary quarters on a bay off Coronado, near the city of San Diego, California.

In the comparatively short time that investigations have been in progress, now about two years, more than one hundred new forms of life, unknown to the world before, have been discovered. The Pacific Ocean, the least known, biologically, of all the oceans, is remarkably rich in the character and extent of its animal life. The sea on the coast where this station is established is, as compared with the Atlantic, remarkably smooth during the entire year, thus giving an uninterrupted series or cycle of years for the prosecution of any particular line; so that in all ways the outlook before such a station is of unusual promise.

Some of the investigators will be at the station the entire year, carrying on their own special lines of work, or assisting in the gathering of material for others, while some of them will be scientific men of note from Eastern universities, spending a few months each year at the station, and working up their material during the remainder of the year. At the end of 1906 the station will pass



A DEEP-SEA CRUSTACEAN

Showing its peculiarly translucent body; the antenna of one side of the head drawn under the body. Greatly magnified

under the control of the University of California, the support for the administration of the station coming from an endowment quite apart from the funds of the State.

It is an enormous field presented to the biologist, this mighty series of oceans, three-fourths of the surface of the globe in extent. The depths of the sea, that portion beyond the shallower water along the shores, cover an area of one hundred and forty millions of square miles. The average depth of this abyssal region is about two thousand fathoms, approximately two and one-third miles. Soundings have been reported at six thousand six hundred fathoms—thirty-nine thousand six hundred feet, or seven and one-half miles—and even at this enormous depth bottom was not reached. The greater area of the immense deeps of the ocean, however, is a vast plain covered with mud or ooze.

Until within a few years, relatively, the depths of the sea were held by scientific men to be an absolutely barren region, a place where the zero of animal life was reached, no animal could possibly exist;—sunlight could not penetrate

beyond a hundred fathoms, the water in the great depths was ice cold, the pressure of the water is beyond comprehension. At the depth of two thousand fathoms the pressure upon the shoulders so adjusted as to allow the passage of the water through the cylinder was lowered two thousand fathoms. When drawn up, the glass was a fine white powder like snow, so enormous was the pressure.



WILLIAM E. RITTER, PH.D.
Professor of Zoology, University of California

of a man standing upon the bottom was estimated by Sir Wyville Thomson to be that of twenty railroad locomotives, each bearing a long train of cars loaded with pig-iron, while the pressure at the sea-level would be but fifteen pounds to the square inch of the man's body. A thick glass tube encased in a copper cylinder

question, were all other sea knowledge swept away, the immense richness of the animal life in the uttermost depths of the sea. From the very lowest point at which a dredge may be worked, in some instances as far as three miles below the surface, abundant animal life has been drawn, some of it minute, some of it mi-

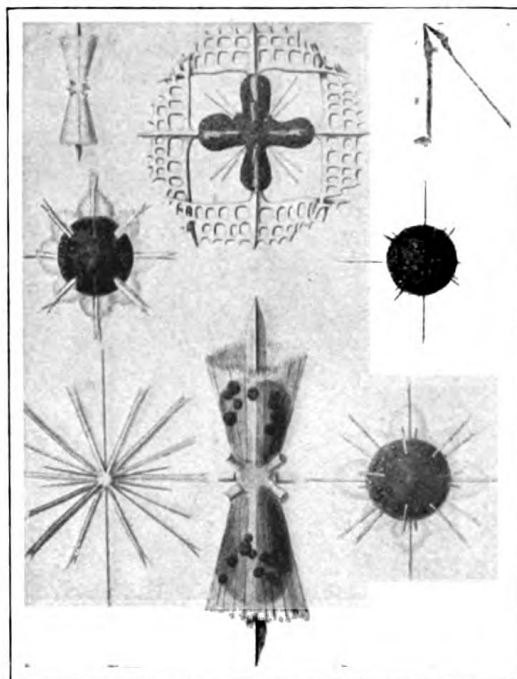
Besides all this, it was held that as plant life does not exist in the ocean below two hundred fathoms, therefore there would be no food for animal life in the great depths;—intense cold, absolute darkness, enormous pressure, absence of food,—everything established a zero of animal life in the sea below, which stretched a mighty waste, barren, tenantless, unknown, an awful realm of silence.

Within a generation all this has been overthrown. Enough has been disclosed as to the character and conditions of the great depths of the sea in the work of this one station alone to establish beyond all

croscopic, some of it, as in the case of fishes and starfish, normal in size. And yet, so little has the field been worked, it is doubtful if, out of the 140,000,000 square miles of ocean depths, a single square mile of surface has yet been dredged.

For the sake of clearness, the animal life of the sea has been divided into three classes, technically known as plankton—those animals which float or drift; nekton—those which swim; benthos—those which crawl, or fasten themselves to the bottom. The three words have rather a severely scientific look, but they are not, after all, very formidable,—plankton, the wandering; nekton, the swimmers; benthos, out of the great depths.

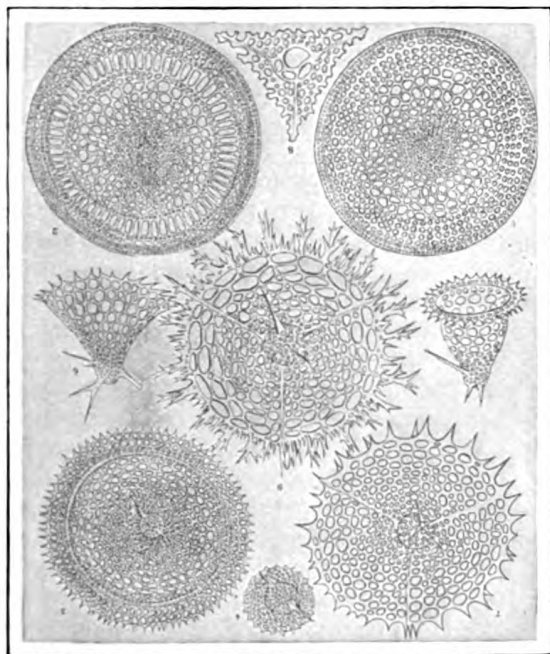
It is to the first named, the floating, drifting population of the sea, that this station is now giving its chief attention, though the other forms will be studied with equal care. Biologists are turning more and more to the sea as the greatest field yet left for the study of life. Indeed, it is in the sea that some are now searching, and with successes at times



MINUTE ANIMALS HAVING THE SHAPE OF ROMAN FASCES

startling in their suggestiveness, for the source of all life. In the prosecution of the work in the Pacific the first thing to be done is the complete recording of the animal life found therein. The field selected for the station's chief work covers a triangular piece of ocean, the base running out two hundred miles from the station at San Diego into the ocean, the apex lying at Point Conception, two hundred miles to the north.

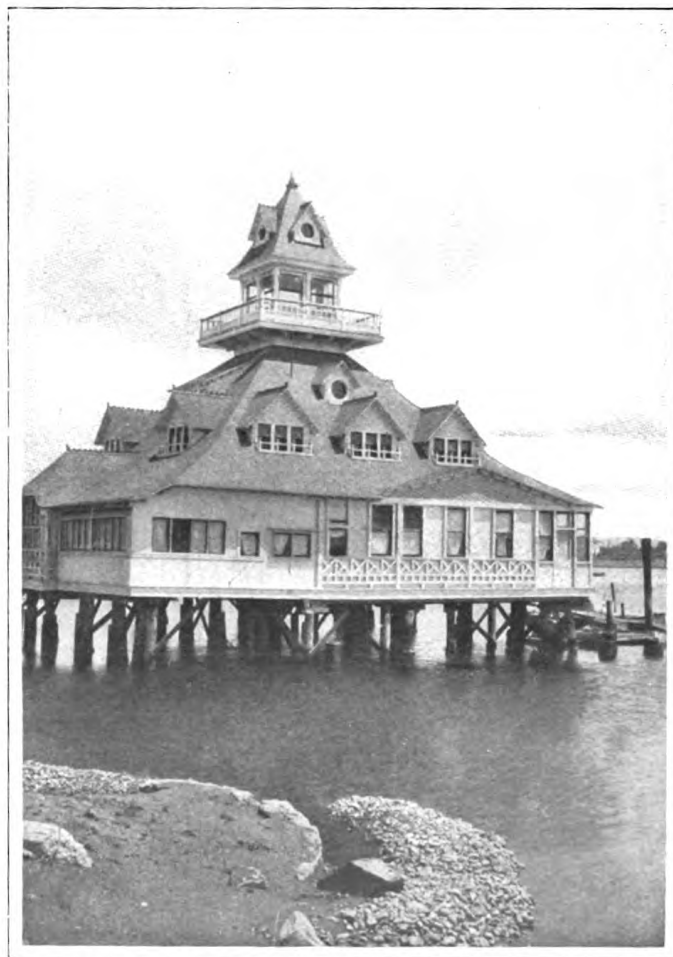
Aside from the scientific phase, which, naturally, must be the controlling element in the work, there is a practical side which will not be ignored, but which will develop from day to day as the work progresses. Involved in this, for example, is a study of the migrations of certain food fishes along the coast. Very little is known as to the habitat of certain fish of the region during migration, their habits of life, their food, and the like,—why they migrate so regularly, where they go, and why. The influence of the ocean currents upon the climate of southern Cali-



BEAUTIFUL LACELIKE EFFECT OF DEEP-SEA ANIMALS

fornia is another subject of large interest, as well as a study of the currents themselves. Much attention, too, will be given to the question of temperature at different depths and its relation to the

gorges, plateaus, and the like. In order to construct a relief-map of this character very many more soundings must be taken in order accurately to determine the contour of the sea bottom.



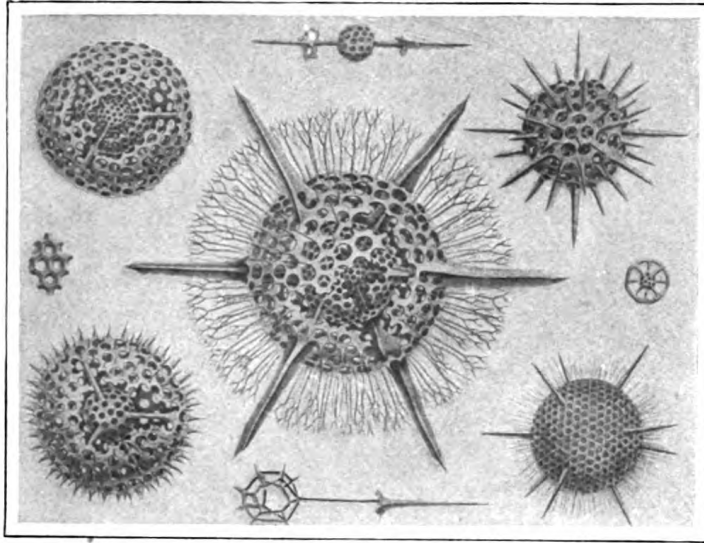
TEMPORARY QUARTERS OF THE BIOLOGICAL STATION, SAN DIEGO

currents and to the life of the sea. Not the least important, from the layman's point of view, is a complete relief-map of the bottom of the sea from the shore outward to the limits of the sphere of action of the station. Enough has already been established from soundings of the United States Coast Survey, the Bureau of Fisheries, and the station in its preliminary soundings to show that for two hundred miles at least the sea bottom is practically a continuation of the coast of California, and identical in general form—mountains, valleys, plains,

exceedingly tenuous or translucent in form—so to put it,—having no special organs of nutrition, but taking in their nourishment through the walls of their bodies, appropriating from the water the food which suits them. Some of them have a bony structure, a skeleton, which they form also from the water, silica and carbonate of lime being the chief skeleton-forming materials.

Many strange forms of life have been brought up by the dredges. Starfish of many varieties, curious translucent shrimps, beautiful sea-anemones, sea-

The food-supply of the fish, both from near the surface and from the abysmal regions, will also afford an opportunity for extended study. Naturally the fish of the deep portions are carnivorous, no vegetable life, as noted above, being found below two hundred fathoms. In the Atlantic Ocean the vast Sargasso Sea, containing three millions of square miles of surface—a great marine prairie as large as the whole of the United States exclusive of Alaska and dependent islands—affords vegetable food for uncountable animals, which, in their due time, die and are precipitated to the depths, their bodies in turn to be eaten by the animals which live far below all vegetation. So it is throughout the whole ocean; animal life is constantly falling from the surface waters for the support of the animal life of the abyss. A very large number of the deep-sea animals are



RADIOLARI ANIMALS WITH MOST DELICATELY FORMED BODIES

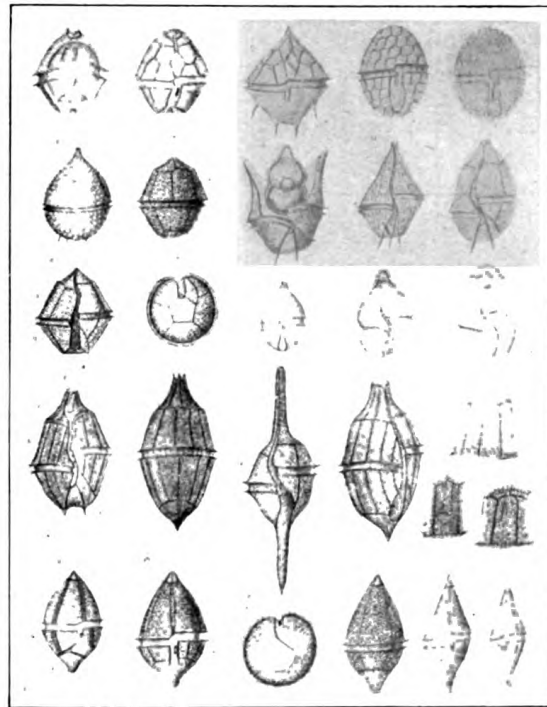
the sea, and with the organisms in many cases apparently more elaborately and delicately formed and more exquisitely beautiful in their soft shades of coloring and in the rainbow tints of their wonderful phosphorescence than the fauna of the well-known belt of shallow water, teeming with innumerable invertebrate forms, which fringes the land. . . . Many of the animals were most brilliantly phosphorescent, and we were often struck by this phenomenon in our northern cruise.

In some places nearly

urchins, sea-cucumbers, sponges, and the like, together with the strangest lot of fishes, some of them horribly grotesque in form, many of them taking on abnormal and unreal shapes in their life so far from what we consider normal conditions. Curiously enough, many of the fishes utterly collapse when reaching the surface, on account of the withdrawing of the tremendous pressure under which they normally live. Some of them have extraordinarily large eyes, giving them a look of extreme grotesqueness; some have as abnormally small eyes; in some the organ of sight is wholly lacking. The animal life of the great depths lives in perpetual darkness, unless—and this is a matter not yet fully determined—the lower sea is self-illuminated, the phosphorescence of the fish and lower forms of life serving to light up the darkness—strange lamps unto themselves. On this point Sir Wyville Thomson notes on his *Challenger* exploration trip, which did so much to open the way for biologists into the secrets of the sea, the following:

everything brought up seemed to emit light, and the mud itself was perfectly full of luminous specks.

He notes that when a dredge came up at a night haul the light, sometimes lam-



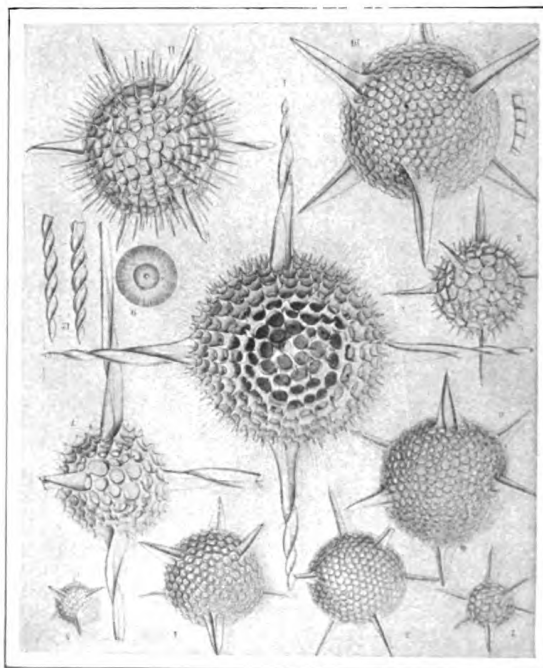
MARINE "LIGHTNING-BUGS"

These minute forms of sea-life are the cause of much of the phosphorescence of the sea surface

The depths are inhabited by a fauna more rich and varied on account of the enormous extent of

bent white, sometimes a brilliant green, was strong enough to tell the hour of a watch.

The minute forms of life of the great depths of the sea are not less wonderful than the larger animals. Some of them are marvellously beautiful in color and structure. Suggestions for the decorative designer are found in every haul of the dredge, strangely interesting figures and patterns worked out in the enormous depths with the same adherence to law as that which marks the movements of the stars. One animal will have a skeleton composed of many circles, one about the other, each inner circle connecting the one above it with a bridge, the whole presenting a rare lacelike effect. Another has the figure of the fasces of the ancient Romans, the central *motif* being beautifully varied by other lines, kept in harmony, however, with the central thought. Another has six fluted arms, branching starlike from a translucent globe. Another, from the sea surface, is roundish in form, with geometrical figures worked out upon its surface, usually five-sided. This minute animal was studied by the station during the past summer with especial interest, as it was



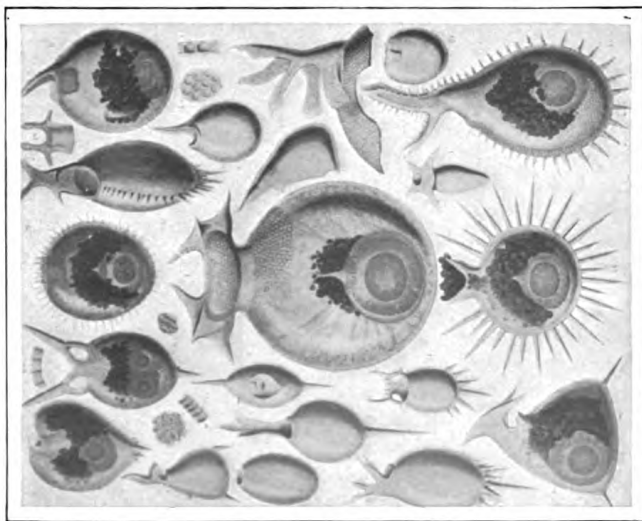
EXAMPLES OF EXQUISITELY FORMED PROTOZOANS

found to be the cause of the marvellously phosphorescent surface of the sea along the coast of southern California at that time. Innumerable millions of these animals were present in the sea, the illumination of their bodies by night producing an effect of peculiar beauty. One strange-

ly interesting figure, roundish in shape, with fantastically formed openings above, is half animal, half vegetable. In the central portion lies a mass of vegetable matter on which the animal portion feeds. In turn the vegetable matter feeds upon the enclosing animal, each subsisting upon the waste of the other.

At every point in this study of the sea the microscope reveals beauty, symmetry, novelty, law.

One of the most fascinating problems before this and other stations is that embracing the relation of the present forms of life in the lower sea to the



SOME MARINE CURIOSITIES

Deep-sea animals that are half vegetable. The darker portions show the vegetable matter. Each feeds on the waste of the other

extinct life of the rocks. From the everlasting stillness of these depths, undisturbed by the most furious hurricanes, where uniformity of conditions is a universal law, comes up an animal strangely similar to and in some cases practically identical with forms of life shown in the rocks, and deposited there millions of years ago—life nowhere else to be found save in the vast silent reaches of the abyssal sea. To-day at this station you may look upon animals throbbing with ancient life—life which stands in low order, but as truly life as the life of the most highly organized human being in existence, animals which have an uninterrupted ancestry for a million years; life that has changed its type or form or habits but little since far toward the dawn of creation. The far past with its millions of years of dead life upon the earth sweeps up across the inconceivable distance and here meets the life of to-day, going forward in all its activities precisely as it has gone forward through all these æons, precisely as it followed out all its functions when these animals confined in the rocks were throbbing with the same persistent life. The thought is one of strange import; it is the uniting of two eternities with a chain forged link on link through well-nigh interminable ages from the precious body of life itself.

May Magic

BY A. HUGH FISHER

IN a falling mist of rose
 Petals that a warm wind blows
 Softer than a winter's snows,
 To faint sounds from far-off strings
 Comes a flock of fairy wings,
 Comes a dance of fairy feet,
 Thoughts of thine that come to greet
 Me your lover wand'ring free,
 Lost in fancy forestry.

Golden is the trumpet's note,
 Liquid sounds the mavis' throat,
 Clear and pure the wooden flute,
 Violins are almost human;
 But the heart-strings of one woman
 Reign for me a fairy lute.

Hawthorns wake in perfumed whiteness;
 Blackthorns broke long since to brightness
 Gnarled and sombre yew-tree witches,
 Your dark frowns disdain such riches.

One wee light away in the valley—
 Snow-strewn rock and my feet were straying—
 May has come to skip and dally:
 Come, Love, come with me a-maying!

Love-Affairs of Heroines

BY HENRY T. FINCK

IS there any difference between the love-affairs portrayed in Shakespeare's plays and those that we encounter in modern life, or the fiction that mirrors it? Do girls and women fall in love to-day from the same motives as actuated Shakespeare's characters? Do they admire the same traits in men? Do they hesitate more because of lack of wealth or social position of suitors,—or do they fall in love less "blindly," as we say? Have there been, in the last three centuries, any noticeable changes in regard to the traits, emotions, and impulses that make up the very complex state of mind we call love?

At the outset, it is evident that the great difference in the age of marriage between Shakespeare's time and ours must have resulted in some changes in sentiment. When Juliet married Romeo she lacked a fortnight of being fourteen. True, she was an Italian; but so far as her age is concerned she might as well have been English. The ancient laws of Wales state that a girl is deemed marriageable from her twelfth year. A thousand years ago that seems to have been the usual age of marriage throughout England. Chaucer died in 1400, yet his "Wife of Bath" is married at twelve. In the two centuries that elapsed between him and Shakespeare the regular age of marriage was apparently advanced to fourteen. This is indicated by the exclamation of Antigonus, in the *Winter's Tale*, regarding his three daughters: "fourteen they shall not see, to bring false generations"; and is corroborated by many instances which might be taken from the peerage and divers historic records.

A child of fourteen in Shakespeare's England cannot have loved quite in the same way as a ripe girl of twenty or a woman of thirty in modern England or America. She had had little or no education (Shakespeare's own daughter could

not write her name), had seen little or nothing of the world, knew little about men and their ways, and could not, therefore, be expected to exercise a rational choice. Her love was necessarily blind—little more than an infatuation of the eyes. Calderon makes the hero, in two of his plays, fall in love instantly with the first girl his eyes have ever been fixed on. Shakespeare's *Miranda* is, in the same way, infatuated with the first young man she meets; and *Ferdinand* is smitten at the same time: "At the first sight they have changed eyes," as *Prospero* puts it. *Olivia* instantly loves the disguised *Viola*; *Juliet* has seen *Romeo* but a few moments when she tells her nurse she will die "if he be married"; and as for *Romeo*, his forsaking of *Rosaline* after his first glimpse of *Juliet* is so sudden and abrupt that the good *Friar Lawrence* naturally comes to the conclusion that "young men's love then lies not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes."

Undoubtedly there is plenty of such love at sight in modern life and fiction. *Young Penderennis* is madly, absurdly, infatuated with a pretty but silly, ignorant, and coarse actress, eight years older than himself—a woman who has "no heart and no head, and no sense, and no feelings." But *Penderennis* was only nineteen; his passion was calf-love. On the whole, it may be safely maintained that the raising of the average marriage age in both sexes by ten to twelve years tended to broaden, deepen, and rationalize premarital affection—that is, to make romantic love less blind. "Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?" is a pleasant fancy of the old poets; but in modern life, where boys and girls grow up together, genuine love is much more likely to result from long acquaintance gradually ripening into deep and lasting devotion, based on qualities that cannot be taken in by a glance of the eye.

In Shakespeare's England courtship

was not the prolonged and romantic affair it is now. The young folks did not make and unmake engagements as they pleased, without consulting their parents. The etiquette of betrothal was almost as formal and as rigid as that of marriage is to-day. It consisted of three observances—the joining of hands, a kiss, and interchange of rings, all in presence of witnesses, and usually in church. The man had to promise under oath to “take this woman whose name is N. to wife within forty days.” It is needless to say that under such circumstances—engagements never lasting as much as six weeks, partners usually chosen by the parents, marriages at the age of fourteen, and honeymoon trips unknown—there was much less opportunity than there is now for the development of romantic love.

Women not only married prematurely in Shakespeare's day; they did not have the deference they now receive. As Drake wrote: “The female character was, indeed, at this period, greatly less important than at present; the blandishments of gallantry and the elegancies of compliment were little known, and consequently the expression of the tender passion admitted of neither much variety nor much polish.” This seems at first sight contrary to fact, as far as blandishments and “elegancies of compliment” are concerned; for are not Shakespeare's plays full of them? Do not his lovers constantly indulge in hyperbole—in “superpraise” of the objects of their adoration? “O, when mine eyes did see Olivia first, methought she purg'd the air of pestilence,” exclaims the Duke Orsino; Troilus dotes on Cressida's hand, “in whose comparison all whites are ink”; Romeo declares that if Juliet's eyes could twinkle in the place of two stars “birds would sing, and think it were not night.” But in such cases Shakespeare reveals himself simply as a fanciful poet, not as a realistic painter of manners.

In *Twelfth Night* he broadly hints at this fact. When Viola says in regard to the Duke's speech in Olivia's praise which she is charged to deliver, “I took great pains to study it, and 'tis poetical,” Olivia replies, promptly, “It is the more like to be feigned.” Even the ancient Greek and Roman poets feigned such praises at a time when no deference at

all was paid to women. Shakespeare was influenced by the amorous dialect of the poets of medieval Italy. But if there was little of this “superpraise” in Italian life itself, there is no reason to think there was any of it in Shakespeare's England. Certainly English lovers did not build willow cabins at the beloved's gate and write “cantons of contemned love” and sing them loud in the dead of night, as one might infer from Viola's remarks. Like the seacoast of Bohemia, and Ly-sander's singing of verses of love by moonlight at the window of an Athenian girl, these things belong in the realm of poetic license.

Quite otherwise is it when Hamlet exclaims that forty thousand brothers could not, with all their quantity of love, make up the sum of his love for Ophelia. Here we have the true note of passion—extravagant, but still realistic. All of Romeo's poetic superlatives and amorous antitheses tell us less about his heart than his eager offer to Juliet to give up his name and family pride—to cease being Romeo or a Montague “if either thee dislike.” In modern literature the amorous antitheses and hyperboles have been eliminated as being too perilously near the ludicrous. Extravagance of expression, however, like Hamlet's exclamation just quoted, remains, and always will remain, because love is in its essence a superlative feeling. “If you were to bid me jump out of yonder window, I should do it; or murder, I should do it,” exclaims Henry Warrington in *The Virginians*. A richer chord is struck in Daniel Deronda's proposal to Mirah: “I would rather take your grief to be mine than I would take the brightest joy of another woman.” And when John Ridd tells Lorna Doone, “For you I would give up my life and hope of life beyond it,” he means what he says, and would not fail if put to the test.

A consequence of this strong sentiment of adoration is a feeling of humility—a sense of unworthiness of possessing the beloved. Of this state of mind there are some instances in Shakespeare. Miranda, when Ferdinand asks, “Wherefore weep you?” replies, “At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer what I desire to give; and much less take what I shall die to want”; and she declares that if he will

not marry her, she'll be his servant, whether he will or no. Portia, for herself alone, does not wish herself much better; but "for you," she says to Bassanio, "I would be trebled twenty times myself; a thousand times more fair, ten thousand times more rich." In modern fiction this sense of unworthiness, both in women and men, is dwelt on perhaps more frequently than any other trait of love. The typical lover is described in this sentence: "His heart grew heavy with an aching consciousness of her perfection that seemed to remove her forever from his reach"; while his idol is apt to say to herself, "How little he knows me."

When a man proposes, if he is really in love, he becomes humble, frightened, timid. Maggie, in *The Mill on the Floss*, "stooped her tall head to kiss the pale face that was full of pleading timid love—like a woman's." The lover's voice, at the critical moment, usually "gets choky"; or the words "die in his throat." In answering, her voice "sinks almost to a whisper." Often, words are dispensed with altogether; as in the case of Rob, in Barrie's *When a Man's Single*: "His eyes proposed to her, while he could not say a word, and hers accepted him."

The disguised Viola is placed in the trying position of being sent as a messenger to woo another woman for the man she herself wants to wed. She stands the severe test faithfully, even when the Duke, in a fit of jealousy, threatens to sacrifice her; to which she replies:

And I, most jocund, apt, and willingly,
To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die.

All this time she has concealed her own feelings and womanhood, sitting like Patience on a monument, smiling at grief; and surely she has a right to ask, "Was not this love indeed?"

While Shakespeare thus understood the significance of unselfishness in love, it must be admitted that this trait, especially in men, and as exhibited in action, is much less prominent in his plays than in modern fiction. The climax of self-sacrifice occurs in the *Scarlet Letter*, when the heroine refuses to betray the partner of her guilt. "Wondrous strength and generosity of the woman's heart," Mr. Howells aptly exclaims.

Among the motives that make men fall in love, personal beauty is supreme in the plays of Shakespeare, as it is in modern novels. But whereas our writers usually attempt to paint the portraits of their heroines, there is in Shakespeare a surprising lack of detail; he usually leaves it undecided whether his women and girls are tall or short, robust or fragile, blonde or brunette. Incidentally we discover that Rosalind is taller than Celia, and that Portia has golden hair; but usually the reference to beauty is in general terms, as when Troilus is made "mad in Cressid's love" by "her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait, her voice"; and even at this kind of "inventoried" beauty Shakespeare seems to mock in Olivia's playful reference to her own charms: "two lips indifferent red; item, two gray eyes with lids to them; item, one neck, one chin, and so forth." Yet no other author has so vividly portrayed the power of beauty to inspire love. Dispensing with detail, Shakespeare follows the example of Homer in convincing us of a woman's beauty by referring to the overwhelming impression it makes on those who see her. What could give us a more vivid idea of Juliet's incomparable charms than the fact that, at first sight of her, Romeo instantly forgets that other beauty, Rosaline, concerning whom he had sworn the day before that "the all-seeing sun ne'er saw her match since first the world begun"?

Other things being equal, probably every woman would rather have a good-looking husband than one who is plain or ugly. But among feminine love-motives beauty plays second fiddle. What women admire most of all in men is strength. They have, as Lady Colin Campbell informs us, "a quite pathetic desire to look up to men, to feel men their superiors in strength of body and of mind, in calmness of judgment and clearness of intellect." In this respect women have not changed since the days of Shakespeare. Desdemona, regardless of distinctions of race and rank, marries the Moor because of his strength and courage. She loved him for the dangers he had passed. And why did Rosalind fall in love with Orlando at first sight? The answer lies in Celia's remark to her cousin: "It is young Orlando, that tripped up the

wrestler's heels and your heart, both in an instant."

There are three things, says Shakespeare, that "women highly hold in hate"—falsehood, cowardice, and "poor descent." Distinctions of rank and wealth doubtless ruled marriages more generally in his day than they do now. To be sure, Thackeray still had reason to write, "We barter rank against money and money against rank, day after day." Nor can it be denied that we still export heiresses to Europe; that fortune-hunters abound here and abroad; and that "a good match," in common parlance, still too often leaves out of consideration everything but worldly goods. Yet among cultured people in general the mercenary motive is much less frankly displayed than it used to be, and the sentimental bias in favor of love is making itself felt more and more. "There is," as Mr. Howells has remarked, "a perennial fascination in the notion of love between higher station and lower." The cause of this fascination lies, of course, in our sympathy with love as a marriage-maker as against sordid greed and vanity. Perhaps we are still unfit to be ruled over by the King Cophetua who married a beggar-maid because she pleased him better than any one of the princesses he might have had. But the tendency of the time is for men to love women, and for women to love men, less for what they have, or what their ancestors were, than for what they are in themselves.

Perhaps the most striking difference between Shakespearian and modern heart-affairs lies in the rôle which the women play during courtship. Not only do his women nearly always fall in love at first sight, but they usually make the first advances. It is Juliet who first confesses her love; who asks, "Dost thou love me?" and who bids Romeo, if his purpose be marriage, to send her word next day. As a German critic has remarked, "like a Moltke of love, she storms one position after another." It is Miranda who says, "I would not wish any companion in the world but you"; who asks, "Do you love

me?" and declares, "I am your wife, if you will marry me." Helena pursues Demetrius till she is, as she says, "out of breath in this fond chase," although he tells her, "I love thee not, therefore pursue me not." "I love thee so," says Olivia to the disguised Viola that nothing can "my passion hide." Helena, without having been wooed at all, marries Count Bertram, much against his will, with the aid of the King. Desdemona gives Othello a "hint" (to use his own word); Portia leaves very little to Bassanio's imagination; and Rosalind's first words, almost, to Orlando are, "Sir, you have wrestled well and overthrown more than your enemies."

Some commentators have deemed it advisable to whitewash these heroines and prove that they threw away only conventional, not real modesty. Others have inferred that Shakespeare so often has his women make the advances because his wife, who was eight years older than he, probably wooed him when a mere boy. The German metaphysician Edward von Hartmann insists that Shakespeare himself failed to see the indelicacy and impropriety of the lack of coyness in his heroines; but this is nonsense, for in every case the heroine makes some remarks which show that the poet himself, at any rate, understood that women "should be wooed, and were not made to woo." If he allows his women, nevertheless, to make the advances, it must be because he is mirroring life, just as he is when he allows them "unabashed freedom of speech, astounding to our modern taste." In modern life and fiction women are coy and reserved, though they have a thousand subtle and ingenious methods of meeting men half-way. In medieval fiction in general, as in Shakespeare's plays—and therefore presumably in life—it is usually the woman who woos. An amusing epitome of the situation is given in the *Winter's Tale* by Autolycus, when he refers to the song "Two Maids wooing a Man," and declares that "There's scarce a maid westward, but she sings it; 'tis in request, I can tell you."

The Island of Enchantment

BY MYRA KELLY

"BUT you would never do it," reiterated Gladys Emerton. "You are too fond of your name and your fame and your glory. Too fond of dropping into attitudes in the centre of the stage and of appropriating all the admiration for miles around."

"Basely ungrateful Gladys!" cried Katharine, lifting brown and reproachful eyes to her friend. "Here have I been promising to renounce all these things for your sweet sake: to go with you to stay with these friends of yours; to leave all my best pretties at home; to be sulky, dishevelled, and disagreeable; to sit in corners and glower and suck my thumb; to forget that I am— What did he call me? Go on with the letter. You've read me only the first sentence. Is there any more about me?"

"It is nearly all about you. When it came this morning the whole thing seemed simple and likely to turn out well, so I hurried into my things and came over to read it to you."

"Which, one may remark, you've not done."

"And now I'm not so sure. If you are going to scintillate according to your custom, I'd rather stay at home or go alone. Do you think"—with sudden hopefulness—"that I might? Say you are too busy to leave town, or something like that."

"Read me the letter," Katharine commanded. "I can't tell you until I hear it."

Gladys prepared to obey. She had rather a habit of obeying her small and dominant friend, but there was a pucker of insubordination in her lower lip and a glance of something like jealousy in her eye.

"My dear Miss Emerton," she began, "'my brother tells me that you know, the Miss Katharine Merrill whose wonderful water-colors are daily coming to be more widely and highly appreciated.'"

"Now, he has a discerning eye and mind!" interjected the young person among the pillows of the couch. "Go on."

"'Could you not persuade her to accompany you on a week's-end visit to the island? The country is, perhaps, at its best during this month, and the apple blossoms are due on next Saturday. My mother'—she presides over his household, you know—is writing to you both, but begs that you will forego the formality of an interchange of visits, since she is already established with me for the summer. Yours very sincerely, Robert Ford.'"

"A very charming letter," was Katharine's verdict. "The apple blossoms alone would lure me. But, my dear, I'm afraid it's a case of united we go or divided we stay."

"And you will really promise—"

"Not to outshine you? Readily, since I couldn't if I tried. You don't appreciate what a guide-book would call your great natural attractiveness. If I had your height and eyes and hair, I'd fear no possible rival. Do you know—oh, foolish virgin—that with the addition of three celery curls and a flowered bed-quilt you'd be a typical Aubrey Beardsley woman. You throw us all into the background."

"But will you stay there?" Gladys persisted.

"Of course I shall. I shall be the background."

"And you really think they really want us?"

"Most likely not," laughed Katharine. "Writing invitations may be an insanity with him. His keeper will be coming to you later in the day to explain that it is all a mistake; that the island he means is Blackwells, and that visitors are expected to stay at least a month. Oh, Gladys, Gladys, why do you go about making chemical analysis of everything you meet? Why not believe that things

are sweet because they seem so? Of course he wants us,—you at least—because his brother does. But why drag me in?"

"I can't imagine," Gladys mused. "I know—the brother told me—that they dislike public women."

"All the better for backgrounds, my dear. Think how they will regard a sulky public woman!"

"Could you," suggested the Central Female Figure—"could you, perhaps, manage a cigarette?"

"I might. But in your character of tender friend you should have to spend the rest of the time in smoothing my fevered pillow and shaking out my restless brow. One infers that they disapprove of cigarettes. I'll sacrifice my vanity to your love, but not, sweet maid, my health. Think of my Public! Think of my Future! And now is it decided? Are we to go?"

"Yes, if you will be—"

"Stupid?"

"Yes, and—"

"Disagreeable?"

"Yes, and—"

"If I'll sit in dark corners with the host person while you disport with the brother? Pleasant prospect!"

"But he is very nice. Quite as nice as the brother. Nicer perhaps. Of course Billy is my friend, but I don't want to slight the other. He is the host, you know, and rather charming. In fact—Well, to put it plainly—you see—"

"I see that you don't know your own mind. But be placid. Just give me a hint when you feel up to it. And now for details. Where do they live? Where is the island?"

"Off the Connecticut shore. Robert Ford owns it all, and lives there in the dearest of rambling old houses, with a sea-wall in front and quaint gardens behind."

"That sounds alluring. Any boats? May I bring my yachting things?"

"Are they old?"

"As time."

"Then bring them. There may be boats. I've been there only once, and then in the winter."

"And the people? In the words of the intelligence-office, how many in family?"

"Three. The mother and the two sons."

"None of whom will approve of me. The lime-light there won't blind me. But we'll go. Banish dull care. Pack your very best clothes, while your background packs her worst. I wish you'd tell me, though, which of the brothers is to be my prey. Don't you really know which you prefer?"

"Of course I know. I've known for months."

"Then tell me."

"No, no, no. I couldn't," cried Gladys, in a paroxysm of the shyness to which the very tall are liable. "I couldn't tell you. Really I couldn't. But you'll know. You'll see."

"I think," said Katharine, "that I'll bring my paints and things and go off all by myself."

"Then I won't go. That would be the worst thing you could possibly do. To bring your things and paint! To be a genius there before their very eyes!"

"All right," said the patient Background; "I won't; I'll suck my thumb until you seal one brother with your favor. Then I shall try to be a comfort to the other."

For the first few hours of Friday afternoon Katharine was puzzled. In outward seeming there was little to choose between the brothers. They were sufficiently big, sufficiently good-looking, sufficiently courteous, sufficiently brave in controlling their dislike for the public woman. Gladys treated them both with the same jealously careful indifference, and they reflected the indifference without the jealousy. The insistence with which Billy proposed that he and Miss Merrill should stroll through the garden and round the island while Robert should take Miss Emerton out in the canoe was only equalled by the empressment with which Robert proposed that Miss Merrill should accompany him in his canoe what time Billy should show the garden and the island to Miss Emerton.

Finding neither guidance nor suggestion—but only anger—in the face of the Central Female Figure, Katharine accepted both invitations, and endeavored to determine from the resulting conversations which Ford had succumbed to the elongated charms of Gladys. But the brothers were non-committal. Robert

would talk — and entertainingly — upon any topic under the sun, but his only distinct impression about Miss Emerton seemed to be, "She's a friend of Billy's," and Katharine decided that her post in the background would be shared and enlivened by the companionship of her host.

Her stroll through the blossoming orchard with Billy showed her that he, too, shunned the publicity of the foreground. He was determined to cast the entertainment of Miss Emerton and the responsibility for her presence upon his brother.

"He *would* invite her, and now he expects me to take care of her," quoth Billy.

"It was he, I may remark, who invited me. Am I to be inflicted upon you?"

Billy's manners were good. He said what the occasion demanded, and was still saying it when the dressing-bell summoned Katharine to a tête-à-tête with the Central Female Figure. The swing and jerk with which Gladys mounted the wide oak stairs prepared the meekly following Background for some measure of unpleasantness, but not for the energy with which her friend demanded,

"What do you mean by behaving as you do after promising as you did?"

A soft answer did not in the least turn away wrath.

"I'm doing as well as I can. You won't tell me which of the two you prefer, so I've been trying to discover which prefers you."

"And did you?"

"No," Katharine truthfully admitted, "I did not. Why can't you be sensible and tell me?"

"Because you know perfectly well," said Gladys. There was a connecting door between the rooms assigned to them. The Central Female Figure marched through it now and closed it with a bang.

Peace was restored by a refractory fastening of Miss Emerton's newest and most becoming gown. One can forgive much to a rival whose attire has seen its best days and who is amiably assisting at one's toilet: doing wondrously with flattened tulle and distorted trimmings. So far did Gladys unbend that Katharine ventured once more upon the question:

"Which?"

But the Central Female Figure drew herself stiffly up to her full height of outraged friendship and pink chiffon and repeated:

"You know perfectly well. If you can't keep away from him, I wish you'd try to discover what he thinks of me."

"Or when," Katharine added—mentally.

"But I'd rather you'd leave him alone and stay with his brother."

"Which brother?" asked Katharine, with unabated interest, and could find no answer then nor at any other time before the hostess gave the signal to retire.

Very early on the next morning Miss Merrill was sitting with dangling feet upon the sea-wall, when her host came gently up and dropped at her side.

"I saw you from my window," said he, "and as there is something I very much wanted to say to you, I hurried out. Isn't it a perfect morning? And how jolly it was of you to wear those yachting things!"

"So you came out to discuss clothes and the weather? And before breakfast?"

"No. There is really something I want to tell you. Something more than that you bear the clear light of day rather triumphantly, and that we're going for a sail after breakfast."

"Not really! I *am* glad. There is nothing I love as I do sailing. No place where I am happier than on the briny."

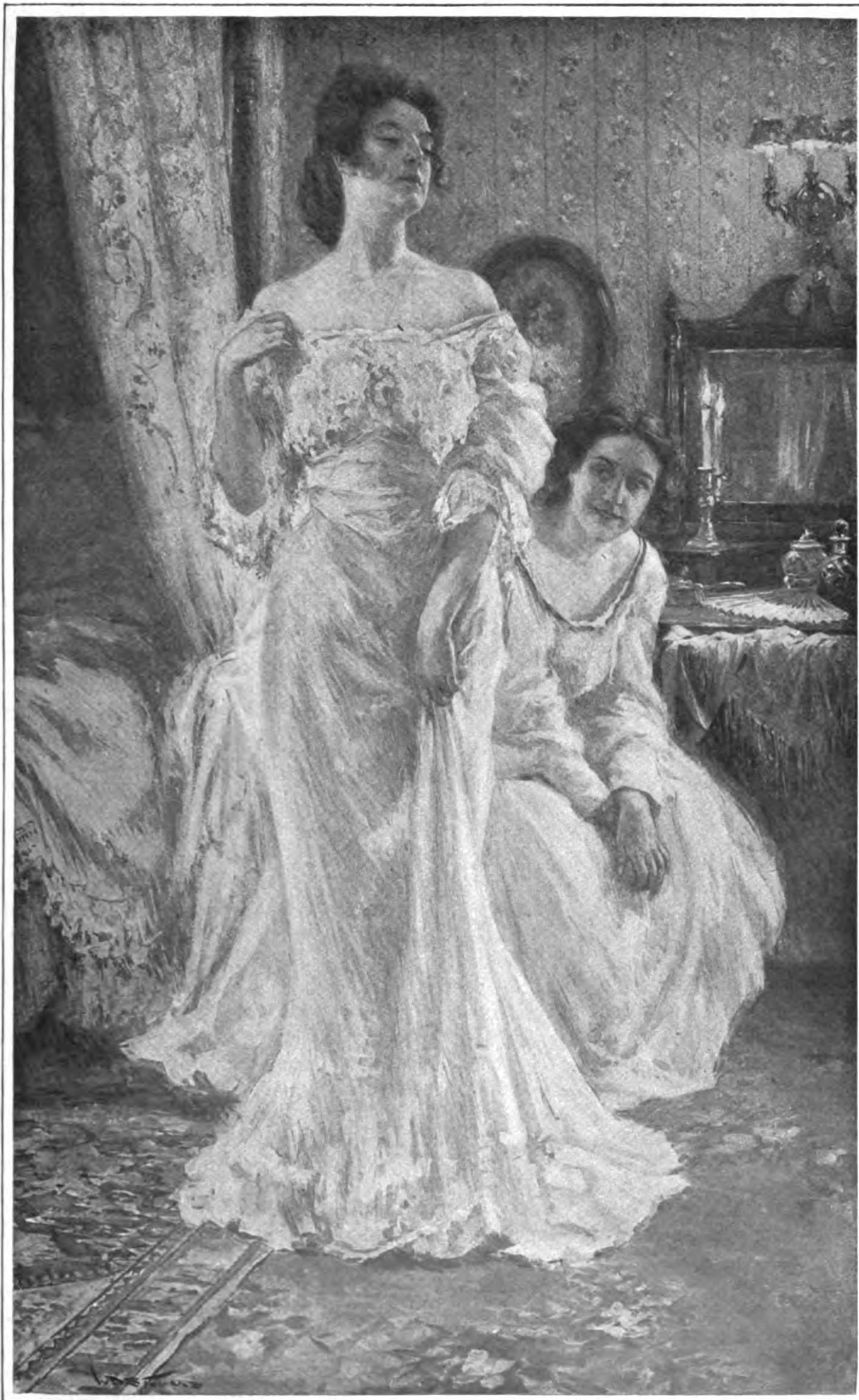
"Then you shall be skipper. I shall be your mate—nautical interpretation always understood,—and we'll take Cap Jameson for the entertainment and propitiation of Mrs. Grundy. I'll show you spots as beautiful as Katharine Merrill's pictures. By the way, I don't in the least believe that you are Katharine Merrill. She is a personage. You are—"

"A person? And you got up at this goodly but ungodly hour to accuse me of obtaining board and lodging—and great pleasure—under false pretences."

"You are, perhaps, the Katharine Merrill of reality, but not the Katharine Merrill of my dreams. She was a genius who looked like a genius. Could your most ardent admirer describe you thus?"

"He had better not try," said Miss Merrill, darkly.

"I won't," said this calm young man,



Half-tone plate engraved by J. H. Grimley

"WHICH BROTHER?" ASKED KATHARINE

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and Katharine was dismayed to find that she was blushing.

"But what came you out to say?" she asked. "You've not unbosomed yourself."

"To talk about Miss Emerton. How well do you know her?"

"As well as one may know another when one is rather busy and sees the other rather seldom. I've not known her long, but I like her."

"I'll tell you something about her. She's in love with my brother."

"You don't mean it? How very nice!"

"For her, yes, but it's a bit hard on him. He's fond of sailing, but he'll have to stay ashore and entertain her to-day. She's entirely too intense for me."

"Your brother rather hinted—well, he gave me to understand—he says that you invited her."

"Of course I did. Because he seemed to want her and because we hoped to reach you through her."

"He is under the impression that your duty and your inclination drew you Gladyswards, and that he and I—"

"So that's his little game. Trying to trifle with her young affections and to ensnare yours. But I'll not see it done. He has a bad habit of flitting, like the bee, from flower to flower. You were looking forward, perhaps, to a Saturday of his blithe companionship?"

"Perhaps," Katharine admitted. "I was not quite sure, but they implied something of the kind."

"They swindled you. They never meant it. I trust you will mask your real sentiments when I tell you that your spare hours from this moment until Monday morning must be spent with the old man."

"You must be quite four years older than he," she laughed. "You are wonderfully preserved!"

"My heart is young," he confessed. "And I am all sympathy with their young love. So that its course may be smooth and free I'm taking you away. I think"—with sudden inspiration—"that I'll ask mother to provide us with a lunch-con-basket. We'll stay away all day."

"You're quite sure Miss Emerton won't think it strange? Won't object to being deserted?"

"May I remind you, at the risk of exhibiting pride of race and family, that she has Billy?"

"Yes, she has Billy."

"And may I assure you, at the risk of repeating my true but artless words, that she and Billy are sufficient unto each other? They are old friends; calls, flowers, letters, operas, and that sort of thing. I'm off to interview Cap Jameson. The *Katrinka* must be especially shipshape when the new captain takes the wheel. You'll bring your painting things, of course."

"Alas! and woe is me! I have them not. Not as much as a pencil."

"I might be able to manage a pencil. And now my duty to you, sir," and he jerked his heel and an imaginary forelock in a comic-opera salute. "I'll be back in a brace of shakes."

She was watching the gay assumption of a nautical roll in his retreating figure, when Billy Ford came gently up and dropped at her side.

"I thought he would never go away," said he. "I saw you from my window, and hurried out because there is something I very much wanted to talk to you about. I'm ever so glad you put on your yachting things. We're going for a sail after breakfast."

"Are you? So are we."

"We? Who?"

"Your brother, Cap Jameson, and I."

"Now that's really too bad of Bobbie," said this virtuous young man. "He shouldn't do a thing like that. Miss Emerton will be dreadfully hurt. And that brings me to what I came out to say. How well do you know Miss Emerton?"

"As well," answered Katharine, in dazed repetition,—“as well as one may know another when one is rather busy and sees the other rather seldom. I've not known her long, but I like her."

"I'll tell you something about her. She is in love with my brother."

"What?" demanded Katharine, sharply. "What?"

"She is," asserted Billy, with all the conscious virtue of a confidant betraying a confidante for the latter's good, "in love with Robert. So, if you have a heart under that very correct whistle lanyard, you will come out to sail with me and leave the others to their own devices."

"Inconstancy," Katharine began, reprovingly,—“inconstancy, thy name is Billy. Your brother, by a fortunate

chance, warned me of this flaw in your else perfect character. Letters, flowers, calls, and operas lead naturally to a long day of sweet companionship in the country. Take her to the orchard. And there, under the apple blossoms, may all good luck attend you. We'll be back to dinner. Oh, here is your brother."

"All right aboard, sir," reported the mate, with a repetition of his wonderful salute. "The crew's below, and sober, sir,—or very nearly."

"Bob," remonstrated Billy, "what will Miss Emerton think of our manners? You can't seriously mean to deprive her—to deprive us—of Miss Merrill's society for a whole day!"

"Oh, thank you!" said Katharine, demurely.

"Gammon," remarked his brother,— "pure gammon. We shall start immediately after breakfast—the which, I judge from the agitation of Bertha in the middle distance, is even now ready."

Robert Ford combined a blandly cheerful manner with a knack of doing precisely as he pleased exactly when he wished, and the officers of the good ship *Katrinka* were off on the tossing sea before the others of the house party had reached a second cup of coffee.

It was a heavenly morning and a glorious. And long before it was time to do justice to Mrs. Ford's inexhaustible basket, Miss Merrill and Mr. Ford had travelled farther upon the way of friendship than they might have done in months of drawing-room intercourse.

It was mid-afternoon when the mate turned to the captain.

"Go forward, sir," said he, "and keep a sharp lookout ahead. When we make that next point you'll see the place which reminds me always of your 'Island of Enchantment.'"

"Do you remember that?" cried Katharine. "How strange!"

"Yes, I remember it. And now, watch!"

The *Katrinka* rounded a little neck of land and glided into a harbor of Fairyland.

"Oh!" cried Katharine, and steadied herself with an arm about the mast: "Oh, wonderful!"

"Enchanted," Robert corrected her. "The Island of Enchantment."

"Oh," cried Katharine again, "I'd give my soul for my painting-kit. Mr. Ford, *did* you remember the pencil?"

"Aye, aye, sir," answered Ford, with another excerpt from the sailor's hornpipe (he had been executing it piecemeal all day). "Pencils in the fo'c's'le, sir. Better go below and choose one."

Katharine craned her sunny brown head through the hatch, and then scrambled down with little quick cries of pleasure. "It's all enchantment," she protested. "Where did you get them? How did you manage it?"

"They belong to a dabbling friend of mine. His pictures are shocking, but his kit seemed decent enough. I feared you might leave your own things at home, and borrowed these as soon as you allowed us to expect you. You'll paint me a little picture, will you not?"

"But surely— May we anchor?"

"You are captain. You need only say: 'Lower away the anchor, box the mainmast, and make the scuppers tight. I want to toss off a masterpiece.'"

"Will you, please?" pleaded the captain of Cap Jameson.

"Lowered it is, sir."

"And now, Mr. Ford, if this *should* chance to be a masterpiece, you can keep it until I am great—being dead—and then sell it for much gold."

"When it is sold I shall have all the gold I care for in my crown and in my harp. What shall we call it—this other 'Island of Enchantment'?"

"You're strangely fond of that picture. Was it, perhaps, the only one of mine you chanced to see?"

"No. I've seen others."

"But you liked that best?"

He nodded.

"Clever person. So do I. It was the first I ever sold, and I can keep myself from vanity at any time by remembering that I never again did anything so good."

"Healthy reflection. Wrong, no doubt, but healthy. And you liked it best?"

"I miss it to this day. Some of its touches and details elude me now. I can't quite remember whether the sea-gulls are two or three. I can't quite remember the shade of violet in the face of the little cliff. I've not seen it for three years. I don't even know where

it is. But one must pay something for what the world calls genius and what one knows to be colossal luck. For if one kept all one's pictures in one basket, how could one be a c'lebrity? They must go out into the world so that one's name may be great in the land—and on checks."

"And what does a c'lebrity do with the price of her own bare walls?"

"All sorts of things. Sometimes extravagant; sometimes foolish. Sometimes she buys old furniture and new books. Then she tries to buy immunity from the hard times which, nevertheless, she always expects. In one of those moods she undertook the maintenance of a cot in a babies' hospital. And again she buys things like this yachting affair of which you and Cap Jameson so kindly approve."

"Not really. You're joking."

"Yes, really. With the very first money I earned I fitted Katharine out as you see her. She has oilskins, too, and a sou'wester."

"You buy clothes? I never thought of that."

"In the present artificial condition of society," she reminded him, "it has come to be expected of one. And an admiring public is a pleasant—a generous—provider. You should see the dream of a dinner dress which is the latest form taken by 'A Study in Gentle Greens.' That white lace affair I wore last night was 'Moonlight on Still Waters.' All my things, all my pretties, are furnished by a dotting populace."

"A clever and discerning populace."

"No. I'm sorry to contradict, but dotting is the proper word. Of course I love my public dearly, but not all its kindness, not all its praise, can hide from my loving eyes the melancholy fact that the poor old dear is as mad as any hatter."

"What?" he cried, and fell limply back upon Captain Jameson, who was watching, with a curious mixture of awe and of contempt, the translation of the scene before him in terms of paint and paper.

"As mad," she serenely continued, "as the proverbial March hare. How otherwise can you explain its habits? I spread some paint more or less evenly over a larger or smaller surface, and that

public rises up to call me talented, and to give me largely of its riches. Of course it is mad."

"Once upon a time when the world was young," Robert Ford began, with the detached air of one whose love was loved in those halcyon days, "there was a virtue known as Gratitude. It was very beautiful, but like many beautiful things, like white flowers, and clouds, and women, it was very fragile too and very sensitive. So that when the world grew old and busy and hard, Gratitude faded like the woman, drooped like the flower, wept itself away like the cloud."

Katharine laid down the brushes and turned to him. All the mockery and *insouciance* had left her.

"Once upon a time when a woman was young—very young," she began, "the world, which is neither old nor hard nor always busy, gave her a gift. She had never hoped for it. Never tried for it. She had gone on placidly living her life, seeing the beauties of the maligned world and trying to show them to others. For she loved the world, and the world was grateful to the woman—for Gratitude is not dead—and gave the woman fame."

"By George!" said Ford—"by George! you make a man ashamed of being an unbeliever. You seem to have found some of the lost virtue. But you are always finding beauty. And now go on. Did the woman enjoy the gift of the world?"

"No; she was too anxious. It was such a baby fame that the woman carried always in her heart a great fear lest he should die. But he lived. He was not a wonderful baby, but he was the woman's very own, and she loved him. Now he is nearly three years old, and she is more than ever anxious. For a boy of three can't be held always in a woman's arms. He must run about and play. What if he should run away?"

"Not a bit of him," Robert Ford protested. "He isn't blind nor deaf nor an idiot. I'll wager he's a sturdy little fellow—sturdy of heart and legs—whom no designing stranger, armed with a bag of candy and a rubber dog, could lure from his own gate and his own mother."

"Thank you," said Katharine, huskily; "you really seem to understand,"—which was more than could be said for Captain



"THE 'ISLAND OF ENCHANTMENT'!" SHE BREATHED

Jameson. Never was an old salt more helplessly at sea. His single and feeble attempt at adjustment was to substitute a bewildered "Ma'am" for the "Miss" which had adorned his previous remarks.

When the good ship *Katrinka*, Katharine Merrill master, sailed home out of the golden sunset, Mrs. Ford and Billy were waiting on the little pier.

"Miss Emerton had a headache," Billy reported without much enthusiasm. "I've seen nothing of her since luncheon-time."

"I'll go to her at once," said the conscience-stricken Katharine. "I should never have left her, I suppose."

"She was better alone," Mrs. Ford said, reassuringly. "I sat with her for an hour, but she hardly spoke."

Gladys Emerton, with the willowy length, the discontented expression, the celery curls, and the flowery bedquilt, was lying in the deep bay of the window, when the Background came timidly in and took her hand. She took it, but she did not keep it long.

"Go away," commanded the sufferer.

"What happened? Have you two quarrelled? Was he less charming than you thought? They so often are."

"You know best. Was he charming? You've been with him for the last eight hours. I wish you'd go away."

"Robert!" Katharine gasped,—"*Robert!*"

"You progress rapidly," sneered Gladys. "What does he call you—Kittie?"

"Get up and behave like a sensible woman," said Katharine. "If you had done it sooner, none of this would have happened. Don't you see how you've bungled everything? Get up and dress in your very best. Get up and prepare for an endless tête-à-tête with Robert. I'll take Billy. I could quite as well have taken him to sail if you had been a rational being. He, too, asked me to sail with him."

"Oh, did he, indeed?" asked Gladys, but the tidings did not seem to soothe.

Now a maid may determine to engage all the attention and the leisure of a younger brother, but if the younger brother will have none of her—having mutely set her down as an unconscionable flirt—the charming is like to fail. She may also resolve to slight, snub, and otherwise antagonize a host, but if the

host will meet rebuffs with a *débonnaire* unconcern, her lack of manner is like to fall flatly short of its purpose. Katharine could do nothing to redistribute this exceedingly "mixed foursome," and found herself towards the end of the evening supinely submitting to detachment from her post of duty.

"Miss Merrill," began Robert Ford, "do you remember our discussion upon insanity to-day? If you will come with me, I shall show you the thing about which I am madder than a hatter, as mad as the proverbial March hare. You would care to see?"

"How perfectly lovely!" cried Gladys, who had been included in neither invitation, glance, nor pronoun. "I had no idea—"

"Then I fear that it would alarm you," countered Robert, with the most caressing of smiles. "You observe that I have prepared Miss Merrill for the disclosure. May I suggest that the grass is dry and the orchard, in full blossom, at your service? Miss Merrill, will you honor me?"

And what could Katharine do? As she turned at the door to bend a propitiatory glance upon the Central Female Figure, she noted that two neglected parts of her rôle were being enacted for her. Gladys was glowering and Billy frankly sulky.

"If that's affectation," said Robert, "they are fools. If it's not, then the sooner they come to their senses the better. Shouldn't you think that moonlight through apple blossoms would straighten them out?"

"Yes, if anything could," faltered Katharine.

At the end of a long hall the host unlocked a door and ushered Katharine into a room lighted only by a fire of driftwood in the wide fireplace. He led her to the hearth, and as he kicked the logs into a brighter glow, Katharine caught here and there the outlines of picture-frames against the dull green wall.

"This room has been my hobby for the last two or three years," said he. "The pictures are all the work of an artist of whom, before then, I had never heard."

"A modern?"

"Very modern. To me they are exquisite. I loved them, every one of them,

at first sight, and I find new beauties in them from day to day. In this a picture differs from a woman. A picture grows without changing. A woman changes without growing. A woman, in my experience—"

"The woman in your experience?"

"Is yet to be experienced. But, as I was telling you, I bought this artist's pictures whenever I could find them, and made this old room into a miniature gallery, with hangings and lights so that I can illuminate the frames one at a time. I want to ask your opinion of the arrangement. It gives me great pleasure to introduce to you my very first love."

He busied himself with a switch-board, and a vision of summer sea and sky and land sprang into life upon the wall. For an instant Katharine stood to gaze; then swept across the room.

"The 'Island of Enchantment'!" she breathed. "My 'Island of Enchantment'!"

"In which you will observe that the sea-gulls are three, and the violet in the little cliff is—oh, quite beyond words. In it you will also see a most becoming yachting-suit, with oilskins and sou'-wester complete. And this"—he touched the board again—"is to the uninitiated 'A Study in Gentle Greens,' but to those who know, it is a dream of a dinner-dress. Here is a white lace gown. The others I can't identify, but they were, no doubt, becoming."

He touched button after button, and Katharine, silent now, absolutely silent, wheeled from square to square of light.

"May I trouble you," she said at last, and there was a queer catch in her voice,—"may I trouble you to light them all at once? It is so difficult to count."

He flooded the room with light, and stood face to face with a woman who shrank away from his approach and began madly to count the pictures on the walls.

"You're surprised," said he, with a laugh. "But you mustn't let it affect you so much. You will find that people all up and down this broad land are collecting your things just as I have done. You told me, you know, that the boy Fame was beginning to run about and to talk to strangers. Did any of these, by the way, endow that crib in the hospital?"

She had finished her counting, and now stood with her back to the pictures and to him. Her arms rested on the mantel-shelf and her forehead upon her arms.

"No," she answered, dully,— "no; thank God, you can't claim that."

"Your hospitality is overwhelming. But the crib is safe. Even if I should claim it, I shouldn't fit into it. But what did you call the picture which made it possible?"

"'Silver Sails come out of the West.' From 'Sweet and Low,' you remember."

"Then I have it. I keep it in my room, because only to look at it is rest to tired eyes. Was there ever such luck? I have everything you've mentioned."

"Or painted. At least you have everything I ever sold."

"Then," he announced, jubilantly, "I have the felicity of combining in my humble person your admiring public, your March hare and your hatter."

"How dared you," she demanded, in hot and sudden rage,— "how dared you make me your plaything, your hobby, your fad?"

"My dear young lady," Robert, maddeningly unexcited, began, "I can only assure you that I had no idea that my man—I've given a standing order to a dealer in town—had succeeded in laying hands on more than a few of your things."

"You may rescind your order. There are—and will be—no more. I trust you enjoyed yourself this afternoon. I must have been sufficiently amusing."

"I don't know what you're talking about," said Ford, stoutly. "Amusing? How?"

"Surely it was diverting that I should describe myself to you as a celebrity, a genius. Talk to you of fame and glory. I, whose whole audience is the chance visitor you bring here, to you, who have made me and kept me—what I am!"

"You are cruel."

"Not more so than you when you hint that it was not amusing to see a woman grown failing to distinguish between a doll stuffed with sawdust and a living fame. Surely that must have pleased you."

"Now listen to me," said Ford. "You are talking nonsense. You must let me explain—"

"Katharine!—oh, Katharine dear!" cried Gladys from the hall.

"Damn!" said Robert.

"Quick; not so much light!" implored Katharine. And a moment later Miss Emerton was regarding the placid tableau of her friend and her host seated one on either side of the hearth in the pleasant firelit room.

When Billy revealed the art treasures to Gladys her consternation was greater than Katharine's had been.

"Why—why," she stammered, "they are, all of them, Katharine's."

"All of Katharine's," echoed Miss Merrill, on her stealthy way to the door. Robert bore down upon her and caught her just in time.

"Where are you going?" he asked.

"Out into the air. I want to breathe. Explain me, somehow, to the others. And keep Gladys away from me for the next hour. I couldn't talk to her just now. You understand?"

"I do, but you don't. You will, though, in the morning, when you let me tell you more of how I worked and schemed to get some of these pictures. Good night, dear Genius. I wonder if you know how deeply a concentrated Populace can adore?"

And so, for an hour, Gladys had her will. The stage was hers. Robert's attention, as much as he could disentangle from Katharine, was hers. Billy drifted back to the drawing-room and to Mrs. Ford, who was, in her calm stateliness, the woman he had longest and most admired.

When the allotted hour was over, Mrs. Ford and Gladys went up-stairs, and the brothers retired to the sea-wall for a last cigar.

"Your Miss Merrill took the gallery badly," commented Billy. "Why did she bolt?"

"My boy," said Robert, "that gallery was a piece of fiendish torture, and I, fool that I am, expected her to enjoy it. I'll explain it to you if you're not too sleepy. But your Miss Emerton—why was she so disturbed?"

"My Miss Emerton!" cried Billy,—

"what do you think she talked about as long as she stayed up to-day? You. Who did she come out here to see? You. Always you."

"Good Lord! And I showed her those pictures! I *am* an ideal host. I make my guests so happy. Billy, I'm a beast."

A window opened, and the voice of Miss Emerton rang softly out: "Katharine!—oh, Katharine dear, are you out there?"

"Good Lord!" said Robert Ford again. "What next? Isn't she there?"

Bertha, Gladys, and Mrs. Ford were soon in the hall and decorous dishabille. The complications were evidently rather bewildering to the mother, who was unaccustomed to guests—female and young—who vanished alone into the night. Gladys seemed to consider the whole affair as a last attempt upon the centre of interest. Bertha was alert and unsurprised.

"Miss Merrill's gone to town. She left on the ten-twenty train. I was to tell you, madam, that she had not time to say good-by."

"But why did she go?" asked Robert.

"She seemed in deep distress, sir, while I was dressing her, and said she had to go home at once. 'No one dead, miss?' said I. 'Yes, Bertha,' said she; 'he's dead. But then, you know, he never lived.' She seemed excited like that, and she was bound to get home. She wouldn't let me call any one—not even Miss Emerton. And when I suggested calling you, sir, she got terribly upset. So I ordered the trap, and Thomas took her to the ten-twenty. I was to pack her things and send them to her in the morning."

"You will have Miss Merrill's things in her room if you please," Robert commanded quietly.

"My son," began Mrs. Ford, "Miss Merrill is a genius and a great artist," and she wondered why he stooped and kissed her. "You cannot expect her to behave as an ordinary person would. Let her wishes be carried out. What else can you do?"

"I can find her," said Robert Ford.

Editor's Easy Chair.

MARRIAGE is not quite so universal as death, but it seems to be almost as much the theme of speculation and the source of misgiving. From the time of its institution in the monogamic form, which, with certain tacit modifications, is still its most popular form in Christian countries, there has been a question whether it is or is not conducive to happiness. The opinions have varied according to circumstances, and according to the temperaments of those who held them; it has been a personal matter with the disputants, and not a matter of reasoned conclusions. It is still the case that if a man, and still oftener, if a woman, is in love, that is the end of the argument. Then he, or she, simply *knows* that the married state is the best of all possible states, and though willing to debate the question with others, it is not with the least notion of being moved from his or her impassioned prepossession. Opinions may vary, but facts cannot, and those who differ from the married lovers are necessarily in error. The married lovers would not only have marriage last for all time but also for all eternity, and they are not dismayed by the complications of such as have married twice, or even thrice in this world, and are confronted with the prospect of a double or a triple blessedness in the next. They feel that the trouble can be got over somehow; and they go on holding their prepossessions faster than ever. In any controversy it must be owned that people who differ from them have sometimes the greater effect of reasoning, but this may be the compensation which they are suffered to enjoy for being wrong; and in owning the effect, or the appearance of the effect, we wish at once to declare ourselves merely tolerant or compassionate of their error.

The whole question concerning marriage seems to resolve itself into the simple demand, *What are you going to do without it?* The question comes back to that from whatever excursion of reason or flight of fancy. The subject is therefore one of the very safest with

which the mind can deal. Marriage, and more of it, is likely to be the outcome of every discussion. Nothing that its critics say against it can unsettle its deep foundations in human nature, or shake the steadfast underpinning on which it supports civilized society. It was without the least trepidation, then, that we followed, as long as our flagging energies allowed, the course of argument for and against marriage which was held in one of the English journals last summer. We even enjoyed the lively attacks of the self-supposed assailants of marriage as a perfectly harmless amusement, as events of circus from which one could go home with the calm assurance that when the ladies—the assailants of marriage were mostly ladies—washed off their war-paint, they would probably rejoice in secret that they had left the sacred citadel of the social and domestic virtues uninjured, while they had enjoyed their exercise and had a very good time.

At no very long intervals it is not only inevitable, but it is desirable, that the divinest of human institutions should undergo this sort of overhauling. From time to time people have to prove to themselves that marriage is not a failure, either by attacking or defending it; apparently it does not really matter a great deal which part they take. There are no available statistics as to the results; but we have the very serious belief that many young people previously hesitating on the verge of matrimony are stimulated by a natural and entirely wholesome curiosity to see how it will work with themselves, and turn from the controversy to take the step across the charmed border. We are quite certain that more are tempted than deterred by the arguments against marriage, and we should not be surprised if an investigation, which we are not in the position to make, would reveal the fact that more women than men were wrought upon by the unhappy experience of people in marriage to regard it with favor. Men know they are a pretty bad lot, and capable of at least some of the things they are accused of; but most women cannot believe this, and reasoning

from their own merit they conclude that it must be exceptionally undeserving women who suffer in marriage. If the reader is disposed to doubt it, let him try the average woman with some case of conjugal misery, and see whether she will not, after siding with the woman in the case on general principles, begin to find peculiar reasons why any other woman would not have been miserable even with a brute like the man in the case. If she cannot go so far, she will at least censure the woman for her choice, and bring in the verdict that there must have been blame on both sides.

The women who assail marriage, in any debate upon it, must have the greater courage because they know that they will have to meet the condemnation of their own sex, whose social safety is so bound up with marriage that whatever threatens it threatens the well-being of the whole sex. Leaving love, and all its sweet allures, out of the question, and coming down to business, there is nothing else for most women but the risks and chances of monogamic marriage, with its tacit modifications, and its limitations by divorce. They must believe in it, for any other way madness lies. No other tolerable relation of the sexes has yet been imagined, and probably no other is imaginable. It is true that Mr. George Meredith, the veteran novelist, who was made a party to the English debate by a nimble interviewer, suggested the notion of marriages with a time limit; but the remedy this would afford is already practically within the reach of those willing to seek it in the divorce courts. A great many do seek it there for various causes which the religion they profess denies, and the number of those seeking it is believed to be increasing. The time limit therefore exists in that form, and it may be doubted whether Mr. Meredith was quite serious in proposing it in any other. It is difficult to be serious about the woes of matrimony in general, and in particular they are apt to bring a smile to the face of the witness. Even if Mr. Meredith was wholly unironical in his notion of a time limit, we are in a position to testify that he was not original. As the former editor of a periodical devoted to politics, literature, and art, we were offered many years ago, say thirty or

thirty-five years ago, a paper carefully working out a theory of time-limited marriage. It was written not only with all the earnestness which somehow we cannot believe of Mr. Meredith, but with scientific frankness and conscience, and though the author's name was withheld, we have reason to think it was the work of a woman eminent in the science she had made the study of her life. It was impossible to read it and not feel her sincerity and good faith, but we declined it with almost tremulous haste, in the interests which we have now been indirectly conjecturing that it might serve; for if we think that the young may be tempted into matrimony by the arguments against it, we might very well think that the manifest absurdity of time-limited marriages would dispose them to a union which can be dissolved only by death or divorce. Perhaps if we had printed that very serious paper we might have done the greatest service to marriage, but it is now too late, and it is useless to regret an error which is irreparable.

Other and more extraordinary remedies for the ills of monogamy have been proposed from time to time. Within no very distant period a book favoring polygamy was among the publications which challenged the attention of thoughtful minds. We are sorry that we cannot recall the author's name; possibly it was not given, but we have the impression that it was the work of a hardy bachelor who was speculating as to the advantage of the proposed remedy from the safety of his own celibacy. The experiment of the Latter-day Saints in the same direction is still flourishing in defiance of the law and of civilization; and it is to be said both for and against the notion of time-limited marriages that they have never been tried, and that plural marriages have been tried, with no better results, as far as happiness is concerned, than monogamous marriages. Oddly enough, polygamy is thinkable, possibly because it is scriptural and was once universal; but what may be called chronogamy is not thinkable, possibly because it is neither. In fact, nothing but marriage as it now exists, is tolerable to the imagination dealing with modern conditions. This saying does not ignore the many miseries which it involves, and the ob-

vious stupidities might be proved personal and not institutional in their source, but they exist all the same. In one of his novels, those tremendous fictions which so keenly search the world of fact, Mr. Thomas Hardy intimates that the last word of wisdom is not said in an institution which irrevocably pledges for life two inexperienced persons by a vow which they take at an age when they would not be committed to any other serious obligation without hope of change or chance of escape. Many other protests have been uttered against its fatal nature both by men and women who have suffered in it; and the friend of marriage would be the last to mock or deny their sorrows. These are sometimes so great that anything else seems preferable to the bond which only death or divorce can loose; and, in certain mutinous moments, reformers have fancied a tie which should bind only so long as mutual consent sanctioned it; but practically every marriage outside of the Roman Church and one Protestant Church already involves some such principle. Nothing but the dishonor, or if that is too harsh a word, the discredit which still attends divorce, limits the parties in their freedom; the law, or the interpretation of it, scarcely does so. Yet the advocates of the *union libre*, as it is known in France, are not content even with the ease of modern divorce; they are principled against anything but the tacit promise of fidelity which love gives and takes; and so great and good a man as Élie Reclus bestows the hand of his daughter on a man who recognizes no bond but their mutual affection.

However, none of the hapless wives who cried out against marriage in the English controversy were apparently ready to propose this sort of union as a remedy for their ills. It is greatly to be doubted whether they were really ready to do so, and the *union libre* need not be seriously considered in the affair. It would be very difficult to say why; and quite impossible to say offhand; and after a fashion which we are afraid is becoming inveterate with us, we should like to distinguish, and to ask at this point whether we are talking of marriage, as the world once held it, in conformity with an ideal of a duty which no injury

and no outrage could annul, or whether we are talking of marriage as the world now mostly has it, in which the clash of temperaments, the infliction and the sufferance of cruelties, the neglect of the simplest obligations to the home and the children, are the just causes of dissolution. The world has got so far from the old ideal that we suspect that it was not in the minds of those who rebelled against the hardships of marriage, except as a latent source of irritation and exasperation. If they thought of it at all they thought of it as a criterion by which other women would judge them, but never judge themselves, and possibly they were right. We have, then, to do with modern marriage, and the conditions which render it a burden in spite of the relief which the law offers. Although divorce is so common, there is still so wide and deep a feeling against divorce that some of those who suffer most from marriage are reluctant to take that cure for their pain. They cast about in their own minds, they consult the different doctors of ethics, for some specific that shall medicine them as effectually as that drastic remedy, and yet shall not be of its property. They seek some *milde Macht* which shall act with homœopathic potency; and sometimes, it is to be feared, there are others who trust to the principle of *similia similibus*, and look for a new marriage to heal them from the hurt of the old.

We do not wish to be discouraging, but we must confess that we do not believe society will ever rest on any other basis than Christian marriage as we now have it. Polygamy still survives in countries of different religions, and has been signally revived in our own. Certain nameless relations, false and delusive images of marriage, which can never eventuate in homes, forbid the wild hope of time-limited unions. Nothing but marriage as we have it is thinkable; and the only question with the philosophic mind is how to make it tolerable when it cannot be made happy.

The unphilosophic mind leaps to the conclusion that the way out is through marriage more thoughtfully entered into than it now is in the vast majority of instances. But in this the unphilosophic mind ignores the fact that at the age

when most people marry they are not capable of thinking rationally about what they are doing. Even in maturer life, it cannot be said that the contracting parties are able to act with signal wisdom or with very sobered judgment. It seems to be a condition of matrimony that the parties to it shall lose their heads along with their hearts. Whether they wed early, or whether they wed late, they wed solely because they wish to live together, and because they can see no prospect of happiness but in living together. In a certain measure they prove that they are right by becoming, if not remaining, very miserable when they are kept apart. It is even believed that they sometimes perish of their disappointment, and that just as the hapless exile dies of homesickness, the lover feels a mortal pang in hopeless separation. The data are not very exact, or very accessible, but if there is some doubt whether lovesickness is really ever fatal, there can be no question whatever that it is a malady not to be lightly risked. If people are in love it seems to be best they should wed whether they are wed wisely or not. They will find out soon enough whether they have wedded wisely or not, and that is the time to apply for the ills of marriage a remedy which we will not pretend is a panacea.

The time was when the cultivation of character on both sides was prescribed by many doctors of ethics. They said, with a great appearance of reason, that in the many emergencies of marriage, nothing could support, nothing could save the parties to it but the practice of patience, self-devotion, final perseverance, forgiveness of injuries, steadfast faith in a just cause, and the other virtues which have ornamented the martyrs in all ages. But it is very difficult to get enough character together for all this; and it is not necessary. Some people who have not half enough for it manage very well in marriage; what is really needed is only a very little common sense on one point alone, to which, however, we could not ask a too vivid attention, especially from the young.

The remedy which we have to propose may be stated in the brief and simple formula, *Do not expect too much*; and its application may be taught in the

familiar parable of Lorenzo and Clorinda. When these amiable young people first met nothing could surpass the modesty of their demands upon each other. It seemed enough for Lorenzo if Clorinda gave him a kind look during the course of the evening, and he went home and slept as sumptuously upon it as if he had the wealth of the Indies under his pillow. Clorinda on her part found herself richly rewarded for a morning spent at her window, if, late in the afternoon, Lorenzo passed that way, and bowed to her blush behind the pane; she then went singing about the house all the rest of the day. To the very end of their courtship, they were grateful to each other for the smallest things. A cheap bouquet from Lorenzo always rendered Clorinda radiantly happy; once when Clorinda knitted Lorenzo a smoking-cap he felt that he had been offered an imperial crown. It was rapture for each to dance with the other; a drive together, a concert or a play at which they sat side by side, was a foretaste of heaven. They vied with each other in asking nothing, and they were generous rivals in trying which could make the most of the smallest favors. When this experience of self-denial and self-sacrifice had brought them to marriage neither could have dreamed of exacting anything as a right, or claiming as due any service or attention which the other had not hastened to render as a privilege on his part or hers; nor were they perhaps different in all this from the immense majority of unwedded lovers.

But when Clorinda and Lorenzo were irretrievably united, how changed the scene! Not a year had elapsed before the little favors that once would have made them mad with joy were despised as inconsiderable trifles. Clorinda expected that Lorenzo would show her a devotion as exhaustive as it was perfunctory; Lorenzo demanded that Clorinda should live for his comfort and convenience alone. The slight pleasures that once sufficed them because they imparted them to each other, and shared them together, ceased to fill their hearts. A weary reluctance took the place of an eager, an almost anticipative compliance; an ugly ideal of duty from the other filled the imagination of each; the delicacy of friendship passed from their love, and

they experienced a disgust with the passion which should have been the blessing of their lives.

Nothing prevented their ending in the divorce court but the fact that they lived, as might be inferred from the antithetical terms of their history, in the eighteenth century, when there were no divorce courts. But the lesson of their unhappiness remains valid for all time, and we wish that in the interest of society, if not for their own sake, our married readers could make it their anxious study. We have an opinion, closely bordering on a profound conviction, that the application of its moral would prove a palliative if not a cure for the misery even of matches in which love was but a slight ingredient, or from which it was altogether absent. In love-matches, it must prove the most powerful of prophylactics, as well as the most infallible of remedies. We are sure that upon reflection the thoughtful reader will agree with us that the seat of the malady to be attacked is in the selfishness of one party or the other to the marriage vow, or perhaps of both. It will not do for one alone to act upon the lesson of the parable, but both must agree to make it their rule of conduct. We do not think it is asking too much of any married pair that they should read the simple fable of Lorenzo and Clorinda at least once every week-day and twice on Sundays, either in the eighteenth-century original, if they can lay hands upon it, or in our own compendious abstract. They cannot familiarize themselves too closely with it, or be too grateful to us for reminding them of it.

The lesson of those lovers' lives, if translated into the conduct of married people, will tend to keep them lovers for the whole course of their own lives; for it will constantly bring to remembrance the generous emotion of their first lovehood when they could not do too much for each other, or ask too little for themselves. That is a matter which they are both liable to forget in the excitement of their desire to be all in all, the one to

the other, and to demand a reciprocal sacrifice. They ought, in fact, when warned by the fate of Lorenzo and Clorinda, to demand no sort of sacrifice, but to render every sort. At the first sign of self-sacrifice in one, the other should hasten to prevent it, for this in nine cases out of ten will result in a magnanimous insistence on the part of the first party, and the object of both will be gained.

In the case of wedded pairs who are not and never have been lovers, we have a fancy that our simple remedy will be still more efficacious if possible. Let the wife say to herself when she is about to exact some perfectly reasonable favor or duty from her husband: "I have never cared the least for him, or he for me, and he will hate me worse than ever if I make him do this; I shall even hate him more for his surrender, or I shall despise him; and we shall go on from a decent apathy to a state of violent hostility in which I shall probably get the worst of it: men are such brutes. I had better ask nothing, and then if he forces some kindness upon me I can always say that I did not want it, and so get the better of him." The husband, on his part, will do well to reflect, in making some unreasonable call upon his wife's time or attention, such as the best of husbands are always making, and such as she would willingly comply with only if they were unwedded lovers, "She detests me now, and as she has little or nothing to do but hate me, she will devote herself exclusively to making me uncomfortable; whereas, if I ask nothing of her, she will think better of me than I deserve, and probably treat me better." Higher motives, if possible, than these might actuate the pair to their common advantage, and as people finally become what they seem, they might end by being really so amiable that they could not help beginning to like each other. Their unhappiness would be reduced to a minimum, and the witnesses of their experience might be led to emulate it under more favorable circumstances.

Editor's Study.

IN the earliest examples we possess of ancient literature we are not allowed even a glimpse of the individualities of their authors. The works themselves, if they had been prized because of the wit, ingenuity, fertile fancy, brilliant conceit, or any other individual peculiarity—mental or temperamental,—of the men who produced them, would not have been preserved. In some cases, as in that of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, the reputed authorship has been as obstinately questioned as that of the Fourth Gospel and several of the Epistles. In the very earliest literature the individual was of no account in the matter of authorship; he was only the collector or editor of spontaneous and unwritten folk-song and legend, or, if he gave these their final shape, was only joint author with his race.

The authors of books which rank with the great works of art, because they are the product of a high order of creative imagination and also because of their exalted themes, seem to be lifted up above us, to shine upon us forever like starry constellations. Their works are expressions of some lofty harmony which has a rhythmic stability as secure and undisturbed as that of the universe.

Other authors of equal genius, but limited in their appeal or remote from contemporary apprehension, fall into oblivion; or perhaps they retreat into heavenly recesses beyond the reach of naked vision, to be discovered only by the telescopic quest of a more advanced astronomy.

But nearly all of what we are wont to call literature has no such lofty ascension, yet is more companionable, consorting with us in our earthly abode, and often disappearing with us—as if it had an exclusive fidelity to the generation it so amiably serves. Even when by some unique quality, giving it a universal appeal—as in the case of the *Waverley Novels*,—it maintains an intimacy with several generations, it is still an earthly denizen.

It is easy to see why, in this lesser but more comfortable and, to the majority of even intelligent readers, more inter-

esting literature, an almost wholesale indulgence is given to a display of individual peculiarities absolutely denied to those authors who were as detached from all mortals in their works as they are in their inaccessible starry altitude. If we may pursue our figure to what seems a legitimate extreme, it is usually only through an obscuration of our common every-day earth that we can consider those lofty exemplars at all.

We need this near and easily idiomatic literature which, like Wordsworth's ideal woman, is "not too bright or good for human nature's daily food" even more, in a general human way, than we need that sublime order of imaginative work which is as distant as it is impressive, and which seems to effect in us moderns a kind of alienation like that we feel in the contemplation of elemental nature. Of course "the fault is not in our stars but in ourselves"; yet our defection has its compensations. So much of this widespread literature as especially commends itself to cultivated readers is not without genius or without ideals, and if it has not the high tension of an *Æschylean* drama or a *Miltonic* epic, has its recurrent strains, with modest intervals; it dwells not in a wholly level land, but has its green hills of beautiful contour if not any towering peaks of grandeur.

Such a literature gives free play to the individual consciousness, and, from its flexibility, which is almost treacherous, tempts the writer to such exploitation of his individual moods and conceits as borders dangerously upon self-consciousness. He is not saved by that lifting tension of harmony which characterizes the highest creations of genius, and his very virtues and graces easily carry him to the brink of vice. His only safeguard is that good sense which becomes the characteristic instinct of genius under the restraint of discipline, taking the place of that spontaneous instinct of control which compels the form and rhythm of those supreme works of art wherein the imagination seems as infallible as any operation of nature.

Anything like self-consciousness is im-

possible in the supreme operation of genius. If the creator becomes, soon or late, the cynosure of all eyes, the recognition and response accorded him are inevitable but incidental. He has created a world whose wonders are the delight of all who behold, and when he has created it he may himself see that it is good. It is the veil of his personality—its only true revelation also. It is in that world he hides, as God is hidden in His creation. The actual facts of his life, his individual opinions and habits, are to another generation insignificant except to idle curiosity.

Until a comparatively recent period—say the last century—few men of great genius were justly appreciated by their contemporaries. The House of Fame received them not during their lives, and the winds of human adulation blew only over their graves. In their own day they were sought for such personal qualities as were agreeable apart from their works, and there was, happily for their peace of mind, little public concern as to their domestic interiors or as to their manners, grave or gay. This immunity was no slight compensation for the world's apathy or its stunted praise.

We have changed all that. The eminent authors of our time will have no future glory greater than we have given them. The response of the contemporary audience is quick and full, and a beautiful sentiment of affection is developed toward the author, who gratefully rejoices in both the laurels and the love. This mutual feeling shows itself more, at least more extensively, in America than anywhere else. Sometimes, unfortunately, our affection unduly affects our critical judgment, and we go on praising after the charm that first won us is spoiled or has ceased to be. For the author, too, the sentiment has many harsh penalties—harsh in proportion to his popularity. He becomes a kind of public property. His correspondence is a burden, and his privacy is gently invaded to the limit of endurance. His kindness of heart is so well known that his opportunities for showing it become oppressively abundant. He cannot, without seeming churlish, refuse himself to the interviewer, who, in the interests of the devoted public, asks his views on all kinds

of subjects, and, in particular, information as to his literary habits, his favorite books, games, and pastimes.

But saddest of all it is if he on his part is tempted to take advantage of a partial audience and trade upon its favor. He may indulge in little familiarities, as if in playful recognition of an established intimacy—familiarities which in the new-fledged author would seem at least trifling, if not an occasion for resentment,—and rather increase than lessen his hold upon his wonted partners, whatever the effect upon those readers who have not yet given their hearts to him; and even these are likely to take it in good humor as a pleasing relaxation of the often too severe tension of art.

It is a clear advantage of prose over poetry that it is under no metrical obligation, which some great poets have evaded in parts of their plays, and nearly all playwrights now escape altogether. With less compactness of structure, a larger range of discursiveness is permitted in prose, more stress being laid upon the charm of manner and the interest of the theme than upon that perfection of form which is imperatively demanded in music, poetry, and the plastic arts.

There are passages in impassioned prose—like much of Sir Thomas Browne's and De Quincey's—which have almost if not quite the tension of the finest poetry. But there is no writer in the language who is in general more discursive than De Quincey, or who to so great a degree—even to the point of frivolity—takes advantage of the peculiar licenses of modern prose. Many judicious readers become impatient of the laxity, but those who have been brought under his magic spell and into the meshes of a mysterious personal intimacy with him welcome his playful mirth, which is never so much humor as it is a reaction from acute physical distress, as Cowper's "John Gilpin" is from profound melancholy; they even condone his indulgence in slang, which so many have forgiven him on general principles.

Not merely self-consciousness is rendered possible by the relaxation of that tension which belongs of necessity to all art outside of literature, but a wide variety of individual traits which could not occur in the highest forms of creative

expression. Piquancy, exaggeration, playful familiarity, caprice, wit,—all the traits, indeed, which enliven conversation,—are permissible in ordinary prose. In a great work of art the essential personality of its creator is unconsciously present in its native quality and potency, but in prose-writing generally, with its almost endless variety of theme and aim, it is disguised by the individual traits we have mentioned, which are not necessarily vices—except as assumed by the author in order to direct attention to himself—but rather inferior excellences.

The most thoughtful reader finds relief in those lesser delights which do not reach the highest levels of exaltation. Art itself sometimes stoops—even statuary—to win this less rapt applause through some individual eccentricity of the artist. This is a distinctly modern tendency, for medieval grotesquery was as native and genuine in its imaginative genesis as comedy was in ancient dramatic art.

Modern prose owes its development and especially its variety to this tendency, which affords a field for technique as the result of talent on a lower plane than that of pure art, and which, even in creative work like fiction, allows the author easy descents to the exploitation of his individual traits and views. Few novels of to-day or of the past are altogether the product of creative genius. Both writers and readers seem for the most part to shrink with awe away from the sacred fire.

It is the inevitable course of development—a kind of decadence, permitting the existence of a more cosmic and humane world of more varied beauty and interest, still haunted by the older gods who, in their shy apparitions, gently abate their ancient and overpowering splendors. Genius too in our day is more evidently pervasive, even if shorn of its older strength, and at least preserves us from the formal fashions and artificialities of the eighteenth century, so that our literature has the genuineness and flexibility of a living thing.

The vice of self-consciousness, though more easily fallen into in a literature that gives free play to individual peculiarities and brings the author and his readers into familiar companionship, is really

less prevalent than it was in former periods. The writer who to-day consciously attracts special attention to himself becomes an object of ridicule. We more easily condone the mercenary motive than that of vanity, if the entertainment offered is worth what we pay for it.

Thus literature, in its relaxations, takes a range so broad as to include the entire and varied spectacle of our modern life—the spectacle as it appears to one who stays and lets the world come, in so far as it may, to him, or as it is seen by one who goes all the way to meet the world; as it appears to one who sees only the superficial aspects, or as it is interpreted by one who studies it. The writers are just the same sort of people we meet in every-day life and are permitted to show themselves as such, with all their individual peculiarities—their caprices, extravagances, and frivolities, as well as their wise and dignified ways that count for edification.

Such literature is not in the proper sense high art, but it may have abundant grace and rare felicity; and, while it does not belong to a sublime order of creative work, it may show signs of genius. As we have said, genius is in our day very much in evidence on this lower plane. It is a saving virtue, preservative of good sense; also a restorer of nature to such an extent as to exclude artificiality, affectation, and morbid sentimentalism. It is an instinct in the writers who most effectively appeal to the sensibility of cultivated readers—an instinct compelling a reserve which we may call æsthetic, as characteristic of good form in a sense not wholly conventional, though it is not the reserve of the highest forms of art. Writers who abuse the genial liberty of this temperate and democratic realm by undue presumption or self-exploitation are forced into exile.

The diffused genius in the literature of our time blends naturally with the desire for fame—not the aspiration toward some temple on a steep height, but rather the descent into the forum. It is the desire to be known, is literally *nobilis*, and becomes a passion on the writer's part for communication with his kind. It leads through a gentle art to a beautiful intimacy.

EDITOR'S DRAWER

Faith and Works

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER

"PROVIDENCE, you see," he observed reflectively, "is apt t' be sort of absent-minded. You need t' keep a-joggin' at it; and if you want it t' hustle for you you've got t' do some hustlin' on your own account—so's t' set things in th' right shape for it t' ketch a-hold. Faith's needed, an' lots of it; but if you don't back up your faith by some pretty sperited workin' I guess you're likely t' get left every time. That's th' scheme I've held to ever sence I was small, and it's most times come out. Humbly trustin' in Providence, an' puttin' in licks of my own when there was any signs of saggin', I've got along as well as could be expected—and better'n most.

"Up in Scott County—it's some ways beyond where you say you're goin' fishin'—I've got conseederable property, thanks t' what me an' Providence has done together; and I guess it's in th' way of bein' more before it's less. Up there I've a reel nice dwellin', and a likely sort of a farm, and a rattlin' big smoke-house, and a six-gang sawmill. My wife she runs th' dwellin'—an' mos'ly what else she can get a-hold on. She's a terror, this one is—th' kind that's best a good ways off. My boys they run th' farm; mos'ly th' neighbors run th' smoke-house, but less so sence I bought that dog; and I run the sawmill—though I allow that jist at present I'm not goin' closter to it than I need to, havin' let out my contrac' to a hired man. And all them good things has

come to me by trustin' in Providence—an' by settin' matters in shape for Providence t' ketch onto, and takin' up th' slack when it looked like Providence was lettin' go.

"I'm keepin' right on that same way. I've got enough t' live on, an' somethin' t' spare;



"THERE'S ONLY ONE MAN IN THE WORLD CAN STOP ME"

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but you know how a man gets kind of ambitious as he draws on t' bein' sixty, and I'm ambitioning t' be State Senator. It ain't all jist cold ambitioning, either. Bein' a State Senator in our State means more'n it does in most any other State in th' Union. If I'm elected, that farm of mine 'll do some quick growin'—and I guess I won't stand in no reel bitter need of th' insurance I'm likely t' be collectin' about that time on th' sawmill. Maybe, too, havin' me in public office 'll quiet down my wife a little. But I'm not countin' any too heavy on that—knowin' as I do that Providence ain't nowadays workin' up t' th' limit in miracles, like it used to in old times.

"You'll know for yourself, when you've been married as much as I have, that in some matters even Providence has got t' draw th' line. I was jist fool enough t' think there was no gettin' anybody harder t' put up with than that first one was—th' one I began with, forty year ago. An' so I reasoned it—when she died and I took my second—that as matters couldn't go worse they was bound t' go better. You might 'a' thought that what happened would 'a' put a little sense into me; but it didn't—an' they kep' a-dyin' off, and I kep' along with that same fool reasonin' gettin' fresh ones 'til I got t' th' fourth, th' one I have now. I guess there ain't much about fryin'-pans and fires I can't tell you! An' th' upshot of it is that I know now that all you an' Providence can do, workin' together an' workin' hard, ain't enough in th' matter of marryin' t' get payin' results.

"That's why I'm not overhopeful about things runnin' smother at home when I'm State Senator. But I'm goin' straight for that office, all th' same; an' there's only one man in th' world can stop me from gettin' it—and I guess me an' Providence has him right now by th' hair.

"That man's caught on t' th' one fact in my political record that's likely t' come up an' give me trouble; an' he's th' sort that if I fixed him he wouldn't stay fixed—which makes it bad. Political records 'll stand a lot in this State; but there's things even our folks gag at—and this thing of mine's that kind. So I'm trustin' humbly in Providence t' help me; and I'm livin' up t' my notions of what's right in such matters by doin' some boostin' that 'll help shove things th' way I want 'em t' go.

"In that sawmill of mine I've th' oldest an' th' wickedest b'iler that's t' be found anywhere on this whole earth unbusted. It cost a lot t' get it slicked up where I bought it so it looked new an' tidy; and it cost a lot more t' team it an' th' engine acrost from th' railroad an' t' get 'em put in. An', of course, everybody said I was a fool t' be settin' up a steam-engine when I'd all th' power of th' Wyasimetas right there behind my mill.

"You're too young, I s'pose, t' be acquainted with what th' General did with that river—at least, what he tried t' do with it—when he was lookin' after th' best interests

of th' citizens of this State in Congress, thirty year an' more ago? He was a great man, th' General was, and if he'd only got a little more of a start with that appropriation in th' Rivers an' Harbors Bill nothin'—at least nothin' but th' comin' too soon of th' Day of Judgment—would 'a' kep' th' Wyasimetas from hummin' with steamboats like it was th' Allegheny an' th' Ohio rolled into one! It took a statesman like th' General t' think up a scheme like that—that would 'a' sent government dollars rollin' into three doubtful counties for all th' rest of created time, while all th' men needed for a big majority was a-workin' away at good wages 'til they got old an' died diggin' out t' steamboat size that crick you can jump acrost easy in most places when th' water's low.

"It's a fact, though, that there's water enough in th' Wyasimetas when it's at its dead lowest to run our mill; an' my steam-engine does look sort of curious, I'll allow—an' all th' curiuser because I had her set a-goin' as soon's she was in order, that's two months back, and I've had her kep' a-goin' steady ever sence. Folks up my way think I'm gone crazy—an' they won't half listen when I tell 'em steam's cheaper'n water where fire-wood's plenty and an engine, anyway, puts more power into th' saws.

"But that old b'iler ain't a-bilin' there for no saws! It's a-bilin' t' clear my political record—and it 'll do it, too, if Providence only 'll come t' time with th' right kind of a helpin' hand. An' maybe—jist maybe, I'm not reely countin' on it—my b'iler 'll get in another jag of work for me that 'll make bein' a State Senator, an' livin' in general, a good deal more worth while.

"That man who knows too much about my political record is runnin' that steam-engine an' 'tendin' that old b'iler for me at five dollars a day. He thinks I hired him on for ingineer at wages like that t' fix him; an' he thinks he can strike any time he pleases for more. That's his way of lookin' at it—sence I didn't happen t' tell him all I might 'a' told him about that b'iler's qucernesses; an' sence he ain't a reel ingineer an' can't find out for himself what kind of a b'iler he's pilin' steam into—like it was as new as it looked to be when he took a-hold. He's in th' hands of Providence, same as me, that man is; but I guess he don't know as much as I do about fixin' things so's t' give Providence a show t' use them hands th' best way. As matters stand now, it lies between us t' see who'll be Providentially aided—and I'm humbly hopin', seein' what I've done t' help fetch it, that th' aid 'll come my way. If it does, my political record won't show a spot anywhere—and I'll slide smack into th' State Senate as smooth 's if there was axle-grease on my pants. For I ain't called 'th' old war-horse of Scott County' for nothin'. What I say goes at th' caucus, and it keeps on a-goin' at th' polls!

"Havin' my record cleared, an' bein' put through for Senator, I s'pose is about as

much 's I rightly can hope for. If you want Providence t' help you it don't do t' ask at one lick for th' whole earth. But I do allow there's jist one other little thing I can't help thinkin' about—an' that's this:

Most every day my wife goes down t' th' mill t' tell th' boys that dinner's ready. She does it 'cause she has a way of likin' t' spy around. Spyin' is a habit of hers that's got her into more'n enough trouble before now. Of course there ain't over one chance in two million she'll happen t' get t' that mill jist as that b'iler's puttin' in its work on clearin' my political reecord. But she might—she jist might do it, you know! Things in this world do come out as you want 'em sometimes—an' Providence mos'ly does what it can for you when you're in reel earnest, an' show it by doin' your own sheer at boostin' behind. Jist think what it would mean for me t' be aided like that—so I'd be State Senator, an' wouldn't have no more jawin' at home!

"This is my station we're slowin' up for, young man. I hope your fishin' 'll go like you want it to. And it surely will—if you'll jist help out Providence by usin' th' right kind of a fly."

A week later somebody brought a copy of *The Scott County Banner* into camp, and I read with interest this paragraph on the editorial page of its unpatented inside:

"To our esteemed friend, Major Ephraim Wood, whom we all know, and respect, as the old war-horse of Scott County, we extend both our congratulations and our profound sympathies. As will be seen, in items printed elsewhere, in this issue of the BANNER, on the same day he was unanimously, and enthusiastically, nominated for State Senator,

which is tantamount to his certain election in November, the boiler in his sawmill bursted, so badly injuring that valuable property, and the engineer, fortunately the Major himself was not on the premises, that



"SHE DOES IT 'CAUSE SHE HAS A WAY OF LIKIN' T' SPY AROUND"

the latter almost instantly succumbed. We are pained to add that, on this melancholy occasion, 'Death winged a double dart,' as, by a regrettable accident, that all will deplore, Mrs. Wood, the Major's latest beloved partner, happened to have entered the mill, only a moment before the boiler bursted, and similarly perished. Words are inadequate to frame our feelings for our distinguished fellow citizen in his poignant distress, and offers, on our part, of consolation at this unhappy event will be of but scant avail.

'Tis all men's office to speak patience
To those that wring under the load of sorrow,
But no man's virtue nor sufficiency
To be so moral when he shall endure
The like himself.—(Shakespeare.)"



Good Advice

"Beware of the dog-catchers, my son—remember that an ounce of prevention is worth more than a pound—afterward!"

The Kiss

LAST night I had to go to bed
All by myself, my mother said,
'Cause I'd been naughty all day through.
She wouldn't kiss me good night, too.
I didn't want to let her know
How much I cared 'bout that, and so
I dropped my clothes right on the floor—
A thing I never did before—
And put each stocking in a shoe—
She just hates that—and didn't do
My hair, or wash my face, or brush
My teeth, and left things in a squish
All 'round the room; and then I took
Her picture, and my fairy-book
She gave me on my last birthday
In June, and hid 'em both away.

I put my father's picture right
Up in the middle of the light,
To show 'em just the way I feel,
'Cause he said, "Kiss the child, Lucille,
Don't let her go to bed like this
Without your ususal good-night kiss."
But she just shook her head and turned
Her back, and then my eyes they burned
Like fire. . . . It's been a horrid day. . . .
And then, of course, I didn't say
My prayers at all, but went to bed
And wished and wished that I was dead.

Well, I don't know just how it was,
For I'd been half-way sleeping, 'cause
I was so 'pletely tired out—
When I heard something move about
So quiet, and the next I knew
The door moved back and she came through.
And put her arm around me so,
And said, a-whispering very low,
"My poor, dear child," and was so sad,
And kissed me twice.—My! I was glad.

LOUISE MORGAN SILL.

Not on Her Account

MARY C—, the six-year-old daughter of a Presbyterian clergyman in a small Georgia village, had a playmate, Jimmy by name, of whom it was her custom to make

special mention in her evening prayer at her mother's knee. One evening, after some childish quarrel, Mrs. C— noticed that the boy's name was omitted from the petition, and said, "Mary, aren't you going to pray for Jimmy to-night?"

"No, mother; he's a mean, hateful boy, and I'm never going to pray for him any more."

Her mother made no reply, not wishing to add fuel to the flame, and decided to allow the youthful conscience to work out the problem in its own way. In a few moments she heard the little girl climb out of bed, fall upon her knees, and say, in a tone of guarded indifference,

"God, you can bless Jimmy if you want to, but you needn't do it on my account."

LUCIEN H. BOGGS.

Winter Triolet

THERE'S nothing like a crisp, cold day;
Give me the healthful winter-time;
Don't try to argue with me, pray!
There's *nothing* like a crisp, cold day.
I love to lift the ice away,
Ere in my morning tub I climb;
There's nothing like a crisp, cold day;
Give me the healthful winter-time.



Carrying a Tune



A Financier

*"Willie thinks he's awfully smart."
 "Why?"
 "Coz he got a cent somewhere, and now he asks
 everybody he meets if they can change a one."*

The Joyful Author

BY WILBUR D. NESBIT

IN glad tones sang the author, who sat within his den:
 "O happy I! O happy I! The happiest of men!
 Whenever I have published a novel or a tale
 I've autographed some copies, and sent them, without fail,
 To all the friends who asked for them, by messenger and mail.

"Like bread upon the waters, now after many days
 The books I sent are coming back in unexpected ways:
 The baker sends some cookies, a loaf of bread, a pie,
 His autograph upon them—the ink is scarcely dry;
 The tailor autographs a suit that I could never buy!

"Ah, here's a bulky package. What does it hold? New shoes!
 The shoe-man's flowing writing on each upper I peruse.
 And these? A lot of neckties—the best ones, I declare!
 All autographed; and with them ten suits of underwear
 As well as that new bath-robe which is flung upon the chair!

"But hark! What is that puffing I hear without my door?
 An auto! And it's autographed! I could not ask for more!
 The friends that I've remembered have done the same by me"—
 And so, that blissful morning, he worked and sang with glee,
 Remarking, as with rapture he dipped his busy pen:
 "O happy I! O happy I! The happiest of men!"



Chicanery

BY S. T. STERN

"AND pray what is that?" Mrs. Matlock pointed to a cage-like structure of wire netting in the rear yard of her new country home. In one corner of it there stood a wooden kennel, gabled, shingled, and containing a single square aperture at the front of its base.

Citified Mr. Matlock, who had spent a lifetime in the shadow of the elevated trains, and to whom the country and all that pertains thereto were one vast mystery, nodded ignorance. A devoted student of the comic papers, he possessed a vague notion that some moribund humorist had erected a lockup for departing suburban cook-ladies. The conjecture was at best doubtful; he said nothing.

To Joseph, their new hired man, was left the solution of the riddle. "Chicking-coop!" he announced, disdainfully.

"Isn't that exquisite!" Mrs. Matlock raised her hands and brows. "We can have our own fresh-laid eggs, Rufus. Glorious! To-morrow you shall buy some hens; put them in the list with the piano and the citronnelle. Every morning I can come here and gather. Won't that be splendid!"

Obedient Rufus bought a dozen hens the very next day. Their purchase was not without difficulty. "What kind 'll you have—buff cochin, Plymouth Rock, white leghorn, or brahma?" the poulterer had inquired.

"Give me a dozen assorted," was the merchant's response. "All quality. Be sure we get the best."

The hens arrived by midday express and were duly installed. They were fed and watered assiduously. They pecked, strutted,

pecked, drank, cackled, and pecked. In fact, they performed every gallinaceous evolution usual to the well-regulated hen—save one.

They did not lay a single egg.

Morning after morning Mrs. Matlock descended to the coop, basket in hand, and searched every nook and cranny. Result, an empty basket and voluble disappointment. In vain did she consult poultry catalogues and egg monographs. In vain did she try endless changes of diet. Not a night passed but Mr. Matlock, on his return from the city, was greeted with the sad news that the hens had as yet failed to respond to the kindnesses heaped upon them. He liked the hens, and hoped against hope that they would yet redeem themselves. Mrs. Matlock grew desperate. "I shall give them forty-eight hours," she said finally. "After that—fricassee."

"Common fairness to the hens would suggest that a sign-board to that effect be posted in the coop," he replied. "They must not be condemned without notice." But the matter worried him not a little.

The fatal sign-board was never planted. Some knowledge of their impending fate must have reached the offenders, for, on the day of doom, Mrs. Matlock returned to the house triumphantly waving her egg-basket in the air. "Twelve," she cried, joyously. After that there was no lapse.

Clearly the hens were vindicating themselves. So marked their penance that even after the death of two of their number the quantity of their daily offerings was not reduced. "Ree-markable," said Mrs. Matlock. Her husband said dryly that two of the hens

were sacrificing themselves to double duty to make up for lost prestige with the lady of the house.

Affairs changed only after Mr. Matlock left on a short trip. The very next morning there was not an egg to be found. Nor the next. He learned the fact in a sad little letter from his wife which reached him out in Pennsylvania.

His comment might have puzzled Mrs. Matlock had she heard it. "I forgot," was all he said.

What it was he forgot is explained somewhat by the letter he despatched at once to the head porter of his New York office: "Please to buy a dozen fresh eggs every day and take them out to Woodstock by the evening train. Place them carelessly in the coop which you will find in the rear yard. Mrs. Matlock is not to know.—R. M."

Some three days later he returned. His wife met him, radiant.

"Curious, wasn't it, that those hens should cease to lay after I left? Are they all right now?"

"Splendid, Rufus," was the ready response. "I had my suspicions from the first."

Mr. Matlock winced.

"From the very first," she went on, "I suspected that there was some reason behind the sudden non-supply. Hens, whatever else may be said of them, are not fickle. The reason was not far to seek. Rufus, do you know what became of our eggs?"

"How should I, my dear?" This naively.

"They were stolen! We caught the thief last night as he was about to leave the coop. Caught him in the very act. His arms were full of eggs—he had taken an even dozen. We found the paper bag in



HE HAD TAKEN AN EVEN DOZEN

which he was going to remove them lying beside him. He is now in jail. His trial comes off to-morrow morning. And what do you think he had the impudence to tell the judge?"

"I'm sure I don't know," said Rufus, ruefully.

"He said he was the head porter in the office of Matlock and Company. I added a charge of perjury to that of larceny. After this, rest assured our hens will give us no further trouble."

And they haven't. Especially since Mr. Matlock has replaced the original batch of A1 assorted with a dozen new ones purchased from a neighboring farmer under a written guarantee. The porter's trial has been indefinitely postponed, much to the disgust of Mrs. Matlock, who avers positively that some one is exerting a political "pull" to delay matters.

"Some one" is.

Companionable

EDWARD was discovered one day in the street throwing stones at a cat and was severely reprimanded for his cruelty by his mother, who also pointed out to him how dangerous it was to the passers-by for small boys to indulge in such sports. Shortly after this the family went to Naples, and on their arrival found Vesuvius in a mild state of eruption. Edward was a silent observer of the phenomenon for some minutes.

"Who is throwing stones out of that mountain?" he at last demanded.

"God," replied his mother.

"Then I wish he'd come and play with me," Edward said. "We'd get along together first-rate."



MR. MATLOCK MAKES A PURCHASE



E. WARD PLANDELL

"Do you know any way to cure me of baldness?"
BARBER. "I'd suggest you turn your head upside down."

The Rhymester's Confession

BY BURGESS JOHNSON

I'D rather do rhymes of a morning betimes
Than anything else on the gamut of crimes.
Discursing with versing began with my nursing,
And chasing a metrical thought as it climbs
Is sweet, I repeat,—why, e'en as I eat
The chewing I'm doing quite lyric'ly chimes.
Alas, what a pass! My head's a morass
Of singular jingular metres en masse.

Nor do they retreat at the noise of the street,
But tread through my head to the beat of my feet,
The while each particular ruption auricular
(Jars of the cars or a hubbub vehicular)
Falls into line, as though by design.
To act as a dactyl or trochee of mine.
Ah me, you can see by the force of my plea,
How troublesome bubblesome metre may be.

One hint is enough for some stuff in the rough,
And I promptly advert to my shirt-sleeve or cuff;
A word I have heard that is odd, or a name
That's odder, is fodder for feeding the flame.
Also the vernacular adds a spectacular
Shine to a line that were otherwise tame.
This shows, I suppose, as far as it goes,
A skill with the quill quite unsuited to prose.

And so, when I'm hit by a rhythmical fit,
I rhyme against time, and I don't, I admit,
Disturb with a curb any verbular bit,
But build up upon it a sonnet or skit.
I never expect its course to direct.
But let it express its excesses unchecked.
'Tis better than drinking, to my way of thinking,
For others, not I, must endure the effect.

*Pray pardon this praise of my ways, but for days
I've itched to be rich in reward for my lays,—
And maybe I might, so well I indite,
If only I had some ideas when I write.*



Reproduction of "The Admirals"

See page 57

"COME, COME, YOUR FUTURE MAJESTY! CHEER UP!"

HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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No. DCLVIII

Monastery Prisons in Russia

A MEDIEVAL SURVIVAL

BY DR. EMILE JOSEPH DILLON

ON a desolate island in the White Sea, on the skirts of endless wintry night and polar frost, stands a vast monastery of Russian monks of the Greek Church. The cloister is enclosed by a massive wall of enormous granite blocks, with eight colossal towers and seven massive gates, and the island is surrounded by "a soundless waste, a trackless vacancy." During summer, which lasts but nine weeks, heavy fogs hover above the land, which is studded with three hundred lakes, several quagmires, and dense forests of pine and silver birch. In winter furious glacial blasts from the arctic circle cause birds to drop dead from the rime crystals on the skeleton trees, and chill the blood of the hooded hermits in their cells; never-ending night envelops the snowy land and the frost-bound water, and the island is wholly cut off from the outside world.

It was hither one summer day many years ago that the monastery boat, manned by monks and "toilers," who work for nothing, brought a messenger from the Czar of All the Russias, who asked to see the abbot on business of importance. "I have come," he said, "to transmit his Majesty's orders respecting one of the criminals whom you have here in your monastery fortress—an officer from the south." "Kolnisheffsky, the Cossack Hetman?" asked the abbot. "The same.

How long has he been here?" "Sixteen years." "Well, his Majesty has discovered that he was wrongfully immured. As he is guilty of no offence, he is to be set free to-day, and later on compensated for all his sufferings." "Blessed be the will of God," was the abbot's reply.

And soon after, the last Koshevoi Hetman of the Cossacks—a shrivelled, haggard, broken-down old man—hobbled into the apartment where the imperial messenger was seated. Calmly he heard the good tidings, and when asked in what form he desired compensation, falteringly made answer: "I am old now, and worldly honors have no charm for me. For money I care nothing—I cannot spend what I possess at home in the south. But if Little Father the Czar wishes to give me a mark of his favor, I would respectfully request that he build a proper prison for criminals, so that they may no longer languish as I have done in the stifling casemates of the fortress."

That story, the scene of which is the celebrated Solovetsk Monastery which successfully defended itself against two British war-ships and their thirty-five guns in the year 1854, contains all the elements of medieval mystery and fanaticism. And yet it is a symbol in solid masonry of views and customs which still survive in the Russia of to-day. For within the peaceful cloisters, tenanted

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by black-cowled monks who preach by example the doctrine of peace and loving-kindness to all men, are cold, clammy dungeons in which dim twilight alternates with utter darkness, but the sun-rays never enter,—veritable graves for living beings whose only crime is selfless submission to the will of God, as they understand it, and burning zeal in the service of their fellows. And it is still easy for a Russian who disagrees with the tenets of the Orthodox Greek Church to get walled up in one of these granite coffins and to die there piecemeal, forsaken by God's ministers, forgotten by the world. No legal sentence is needed; no court can save the victim of ecclesiastical persecution. The crimes which have been committed within the cold oozy walls of those casemates are amongst the most harrowing ever perpetrated in the name of Christian love. Archbishops, bishops, priests, monks, magnates, princes, counts, barons, officers, soldiers, and merchants have in turn been ground to dust by these slow mills of "God."

In the days of the Cossack Hetman, those prisons were torture-rooms. "Stone sacks" was the form which they possessed at first. Stone sacks! To Western peoples the term conveys no concrete idea. They were literally narrow cages within stone towers, and into one of those cages a heretic, real or suspected, would be squeezed, let drop, and left. He could

not stand up or lie down, but was condemned to remain in a sitting posture till he died.* He received enough bread and water to keep him from actual starvation and to prolong his misery. And this, too, was generally the culminating-point of his ordeal. For before being caged he had been beaten with cudgels, scourged with whips, and had his nostrils torn off or his tongue cut out. At present sharp, short tortures are no longer practised upon Russian non-conformists, but no other change in the system has been brought by the ages which have elapsed since then.

A Russian of to-day who, without leaving his Church, preaches unorthodox sobriety, truthfulness, honesty, and clean living, attracts his fellow men and makes them better than he found them, is complained of by the priests, and whirled away to the cloister prison. There he is no longer thrust into a "stone sack," as in olden times, but immured in a bare, narrow cell, the walls of which are slimy with ooze. The one little light aperture has three window-frames—two iron gratings and a pane of semiopaque greenish glass. He is denied pen and paper, is forbidden to talk with the guards, receives no letters nor writes any, and forfeits his very name, in lieu of which he has a number.

* Cf. Prugavin. *Religious Apostates*. I., 176.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE MONASTERIES



STREET IN SUZDAL, WITH THE MONASTERY IN THE BACKGROUND

In a word, he is dead, and is waiting only to be buried. From time to time a priest may enter his cell and exhort him to abandon his "error," but after the first few months even this opportunity of hearing a human voice is taken away, and he is left with only such hope as death may fulfil. And some of these obscure martyrs have waited long for that merciful end. One man, named Shubin—an "Old Believer," who in essentials was a member of the Orthodox Greek Church,—spent sixty-three years of his life in the fortress of Solovetsk Monastery.

The atmosphere of the cells is stifling and noisome. And when an inmate dies he is interred silently and secretly in the prison garden or—if he have numerous adherents—outside the cloister walls; and his grave, covered with sod, is always made even with the soil, lest friends or kindred should find their way to his last resting-place.

General Kuropatkin, when he was still War Minister in 1902, paid a secret visit to the historic monastery of Solovetsk, and gazed with interest at the gaudy pictures and tawdry ornaments of its church. He stood long before one tableau representing a shrivelled old monk sitting with bowed head, at his feet a

coffin, behind his back Death depicted as a skeleton with a scythe in his hands. "Look upon this," says the inscription: "before me lies a coffin, behind me stands Death, above me is God's judgment, and beneath me yawns hell. What shall I do? O Lord, be merciful!" But the mercy which that monk craved of God was denied to the men in the dismal stone caves. And not mercy only, but justice. Kuropatkin, however, who is a soldier and not a casuist, must have seen the contradiction, for soon afterwards he had the monastery prison of Solovetsk abolished.

But the Suzdal Monastery still exists, and among its structures and substructures, marked by hugeness without lightness or elegance, is a fortresslike prison which seems to hide itself from the visitor's gaze. Here many a good, upright Christian has been slowly driven to madness by men who believed that he would be punished still more cruelly for all eternity. Suzdal, the scene of this purgatory, is an ancient Russian city in the government of Vladimir, and although its population numbers only 8000 persons all told, it contains thirty-eight stone churches, nine chapels, and three monasteries. The monastery with the

prison is a vast buttressed bulk of masonry which looks like a medieval stronghold, and, as a matter of fact, it was fortified against the raids of Poles and Tartars. When the Solovetsk dungeons were filled, the overflow of heretics was sent hither to a structure divided from the cloister by a great gray stone wall and called

nothing of noblemen and others, have lived and languished, gone mad or died. Between the years 1766 and 1800 sixty-two "criminals" were shut up there; in the nineteenth century there were 341. Even during the so-called Liberal régime the heavy gates of the dungeon closed upon many—from 1875 to 1902 one hundred and sixteen persons having been incarcerated in the Suzdal Monastery fortress.

Women in Russia are to the full as religious as men. There is no sect, not even the suicidal sects which still exist, which does not count young women and girls among its most zealous adherents. Hence their influence, being no less powerful than that of their brothers and husbands, is as much regarded and as absolutely thwarted by the authorities. There are special cloistral prisons therefore for the female subjects of the Czar whose theological views do not tally with the tenets, important or secondary, of the Orthodox Greek Church.

In two convents at Suzdal—the Rizpolojensky and the Pokrovsky—the "criminal" cells are never tenantless. Abbesses come and go, novices enter, and old nuns die, but the "unorthodox" female prisoners are ever there. Among



BELL-TOWER OF CHIEF CHURCH OF MONASTERY IN SUZDAL

the fortress. Night and day the fortress is kept locked, vigilantly guarded by soldiers, and scrupulously shunned by the monks; and no one can enter the precincts without a special permission,—or, to put it officially, "without the abbot's blessing,"—which is never accorded to any but government officials. Within the darkening walls of that horrible keep no less than sixteen archbishops and abbots and sixty-five monks of various ranks, to say

those who are at present undergoing this slow and inglorious martyrdom—as it may seem to many—there is one whose name deserves to be recorded. Nastassia Kuzminichna Shoovina is a woman of sterling qualities of heart and mind, whose labor and life have been wholly devoted to the service of others. In her native place she gained the hearts and bettered the lives of her neighbors, and founded a convent for nuns which was



WITHIN THE CLOISTERS
Three avenues leading to the monastery

supported by the cheerfully given donations of poor peasants. But the local clergy, jealous of her influence and mindful of their own, denounced her to the diocesan authorities, and she was thereupon condemned to a cell in the Rizpolojensky Monastery, where she is kept under the stringent supervision of certain of the nuns. And Sister Mary, as she was named in her own convent, will continue to suffer there in secrecy and silence until death releases her—or she consents to condemn, as evil, deeds which all men applaud as good.

Madness is one of the spectres that grin athwart the dim twilight of the granite cells at the lonely prisoner. But sometimes madmen are set free. One such case was that of a suspect priest, named Peter Zolotnitsky. Having joined a non-conformist sect, he was sent to the monastery prison of Suzdal, two days before Christmas, 1865. Alexander II. was then Czar, and the tendencies of his government were, on the whole, humane.

But liberty of conscience has never been

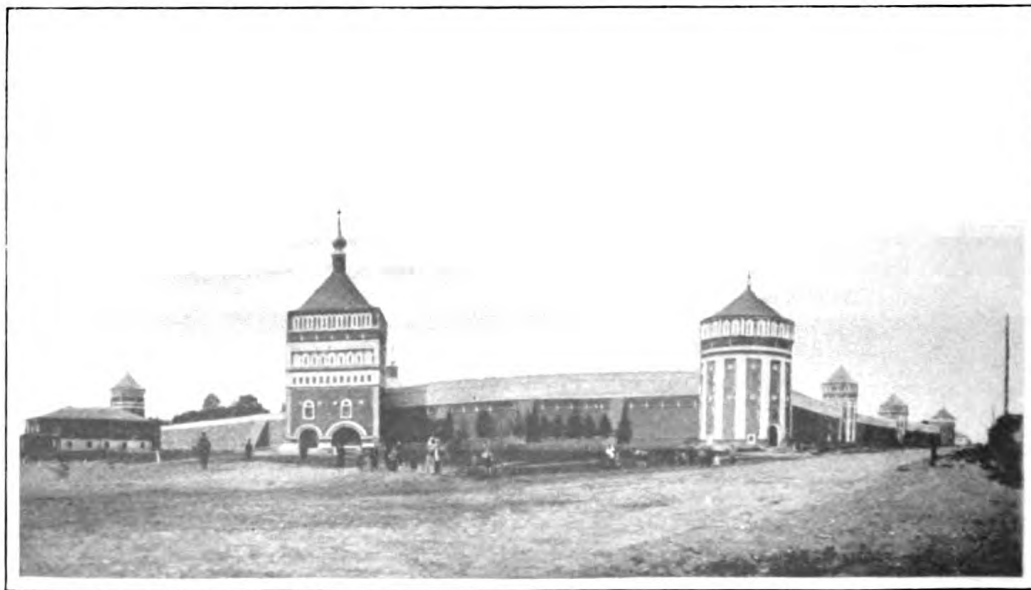
granted even by the most enlightened Emperor of Muscovy. Alexander II. vanished from the scene, and his son ascended the throne as Alexander III. An amnesty was granted to criminals, new measures were adopted and new men appointed, but the lot of the priest Zolotnitsky was not alleviated. He was left in his stone cellar, cold, hungry, lonely, forgotten. In the fulness of time Alexander III. was called to his last account, and Nicholas II. donned the crowns of Muscovy, Kazan, and all the Russias, a new amnesty was proclaimed. But for the priest Zolotnitsky and his fellow prisoners the short days and long nights lost nothing of their sameness. His world was still narrowed down to the limits of his cell. In time the compass of his mind shrank to fit proportion to his wretchedness, and he lost his reason together with his health. Contrary to custom, the madman was then released, on April 15, 1897, after having languished for over thirty-two years in his dark stone cage.

Unhappily that case is but a sample of what often happens. At this very moment the Suzdal Monastery casts the deep shadow of its walls upon four men—among others—whose only crime is that they hearkened to the voice of their conscience. Yet ten years have waxed and waned on the dim twilight of their humid cells, bringing them no surcease of sorrow. Two of these have gone raving mad.

But besides the weak-minded and the insane, the monastery prisons of Russia close their heavy portals on men who are athirst for righteousness, whose faith and hope are unweakened by doubt, whose sense of duty is keen and strong, and in whose souls the fire of religion has consumed fears, desires, and physical pain. Men of this moral calibre are obnoxious to the clergy, who brook no encroachment upon their monopoly of religious supremacy; their names are noted, their acts misrepresented or even falsely reported, and then without a trial, sometimes despite the sentence of a court of justice, they are spirited away to a cloistral prison, and their family and friends never see them any more. It is still possible, strange though it may seem, to be thus kidnapped in the broad daylight for alleged crimes, to substantiate which there is not a scrap of evidence nor the shadow of a presumption.

I shall briefly tell the thrilling story of one such victim of religious fanaticism—an innocent victim, too—by way of illustrating a condition of things which will, let us hope, be speedily remedied. My friend Prugavin took a lively interest in this case, and did his best to shorten the sufferings of the ill-starred "criminal." In the south of Russia, in the government of Kharkoff, some sixteen years ago, a member of the Orthodox Greek Church preached and practised truth, honesty, clean living, and sympathy with suffering and sorrow. A remarkable man he was, and a magnetic personality. He reformed many bad characters and strengthened many vacillating Christians of his own Church, which was that of the state. But the clergy were alarmed. If this upstart was not a heretic, they argued, he was a layman, and therefore his proper place was not in the pulpit, and his proper conduct should have been obedience and silence. And as he dared to do the work which the priests left undone, he was arrested and condemned to the death in life of a cell in the Monastery of Suzdal. The episcopal see of Kharkoff solemnly pronounced him guilty of terrible crimes.

"Podgorny"—that is his name—"Podgorny," writes an official ecclesiastical journal, "was *convicted* of ex-



MAIN ENTRANCE TO MONASTERY



ABBOT'S HOUSE AND PRINCIPAL CHURCH OF MONASTERY

tremely reprehensible deeds; under the mask of outward piety he propagated among ignorant and credulous people a false doctrine, which undermines the very roots of family life, respect for Holy Church, for her sacred functions and sacraments, and for the Orthodox pastors who administer them. And at the same time he led an immoral life, wallowing in coarse sensual pleasures.”* . . . For these enormities Podgorny was immured in a stone cave of the monastery prison. That acts like those with which he was charged are criminal, nobody doubts. But then there are laws in Russia which punish them severely. And against Podgorny those laws were not invoked. *He was not tried at all*, but summarily condemned by the clergy and, so to say, buried alive.

For nearly ten years the wretched man prayed and meditated here, his every breath a sigh. But he showed no signs of repentance, because he had always maintained that he was innocent. That at least is what the Ober Procurator of the Most Holy Synod, M. Pobedonostseff,

* Cf. *The Missionary Review*. 1901, May.

reported. Last year, however, Prugavin visited the monastery, and on making inquiries learned that Podgorny was no longer in prison. He was wearing the cowl, chanting matins and evensong with his brethren the monks, and treated as one of themselves! What had befallen in the mean time to change his life so radically? The abbot of the monastery, Seraphim—a shrewd man of the world,—had become intimately acquainted with Podgorny, had heard his story, verified his statements, and established the fact that he was absolutely innocent of the crimes laid to his charge by the ecclesiastical authorities of Kharkoff!

And at present, in one part of the Suzdal cloister, monks stand in the brilliantly lighted temple chanting in unison the psalm, “Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!” and a few yards removed are saintly men shivering on the floor of dark cells, beseeching God to end their misery; while, a little farther off still, a poor madman at a double-barred window shrieks with an unearthly voice. Truly it is a medieval picture!

The Story of a Great Week

BY MURIEL CAMPBELL DYAR

FOR three whole days the snow had fallen on Turkey Ridge, until by Christmas eve all the fields of the small farms were of a singular whiteness and the road was hidden.

Up at Kerenhappuch Green's farmhouse, on hospitable nails behind the door, was a row of worn coats, overhung by caps of surprising size and shabbiness, and by a corresponding number of battered worsted tippets. Around the leaping flames from the hickory logs on the hearth a group of neighbors thawed comfortably. There was little mild David Bascom, his shepherd-dog grave and beautiful beside him, who had brought the gift of a cedar wreath to the house. He had made it on the table of his lonely kitchen, and it was tied up painstakingly with strands of purple yarn which he had found in the mending-basket of his wife Elizabeth. The old, soft-breasted creature under the frozen grave grass would have laughed gently if she could have seen it, but she would have said, "Why, Davie!" as though the making of it were a prodigious thing. There was wheezy Lemuel Potter, having claims to some learning. Before the minister had come to the hilltop it had been its boast that Lemuel knew one word of Latin, the meaning of which he had quite forgotten, thinking, however, it had something to do with a bee. There was Timothy Bayne, lean and melancholy. He had brought, as a remembrance of the season, a small picture, called "The Prophets," neatly framed in black. Until he had been induced to buy it by a persuasive clerk in a store in the little town whither the red road ran, he had always thought that the Prophets had looked at least as well as Ridge men in their Sunday suits. Then there was the minister with his ragged graying beard and dimmed scholar's sight, without whom no circle of friends was complete. Meeting him on week-days in the mutual lowliness of

jeans, and sitting under him on Sundays in the meeting-house, his neighbors felt toward him much as of old the simple men of Palestine, forced to ponder and gossip concerning curious happenings, toward the one among them who had had strength and zeal to run down to Jerusalem, where strange things were, and who, returning, had been ever thereafter gentle and amazed.

Facing them in his splint-bottomed armchair in the chimney-corner was Kerenhappuch Green, trying to bear his gaunt frame modestly, although but recently back from a city. His faded, innocent eyes, set in wrinkles of that humor which so often saves a country face from a humble sadness, were eager, and his long gray jaw was already stirring with the story of his great week. Near the group his maiden daughter, Ellen, sat, busied with belated Christmas stitches.

None of the men had been kept at their own firesides by the driving of the outer storm. For many years they had come to sit with Kerenhappuch on Christmas eve. Each had battled with rain and wind and snow for a lifetime. As soldiers they had fared forth unquestioningly from their thresholds, whatever lay outside, and with a certain stanch heedlessness as to whether the need were great or small. That Timothy Bayne had been nursed back to health for weeks because, already badly shaken by a cough, he had gone through a cruel cold for his mother's coffin; that the minister had lain all night in a winter's sleet with a strayed lamb beneath his coat, and a leg broken between knee and thigh in his efforts to gain it and place it there; that Lemuel Potter had never been precisely the same man since he had ventured to a surprise-party in a wind overly raw—were varying incidents of the warfare. To-night, stamping in, tried and stubborn from their struggles with the road, they greeted Kerenhappuch with hearty cheerfulness.

"How do, how do, 'Happuch?" "Glad to see you back," "Heerd you had a fine time," "You're lookin' awful well." To be sure, as their white-clogged heels dripped on the hearth there went a caustic grumbling from man to man. It was one thing to fight willingly against the weather; it was altogether another matter to praise it. In response to the hostile sentiments of his visitors Kerenhappuch bowed in a gentlemanly fashion and said "Turrible," over and over, but he said it absent-mindedly and without the proper emphasis, because his thoughts were really on all that he had to tell about his week.

Kerenhappuch Green was fresh from a momentous experience. He had been away to spend a week at his cousin Ebenezer Green's, living in a city so far from the Ridge that heaven was nearer. The experience came as the fulfilment of the one ambition of a purely selfish character of his life. All his life he had worked, a quiet, plodding, faithful man, with the hill farmer's portion of poverty. Against his lot he had felt no resentment. Patiently he had coaxed a meagre yield out of his high, thin land, on which from time to time, by interposition of a providence trying to a faith less sound than his, frosts had come out of due season, unneeded rains had dropped in abundance, and bitter droughts had been. By labor and self-sacrifice he had done what he could for Ellen, and he had also loved her mother, whose tonic-bottle had stood for pathetic years on the mantelpiece by the clock. He had, too, put aside a little in tiny dribblets of silver for a rainy day, and especially for that particular cloudy occasion when a man's back, deeply curved in getting a livelihood from the earth, is made straight enough at the last. And bending, gaunt and tired, over the changing crop of his fields, he had cherished a single dream. Sometimes he had revealed it. "Bime-by," he had said, his jaw strained forward like a seer's, "I'm goin' to take a trip somewheres. Travellin's good for a person. Stayin' to home all the time's narrowin'." The dream was not destined, apparently, for realization. Spring after spring the flocks cried in his pasture, autumn after autumn the swallows, which yearly adorned his bare roof with a cornice of clinging nests, ranked in the dooryard for a

sky change, and still he was without the broadening influence of travel, going not much farther from home than a crow could go in the times of the wheat. But he had maintained a childlike hopefulness, and his World's Atlas, once purchased from an itinerant book-vender by way of a parlor ornament, was widely thumbed. It was not until he had grown as old as his contemporaries, Timothy Bayne and David Bascom, and was within hailing distance of Lemuel Potter, and so deaf for far sounds he could no longer hearken to the bleating of his April uplands, save by the love in his chest, that his eyes began to lose their long vision of sights that never were on Turkey Ridge.

When one day in that December he received a letter from his cousin Ebenezer Green, whom he had not seen since they were boys on the hill together, asking him to come and make him a visit in his city home and enclosing the money for his ticket, it had seemed to him nothing less than a miracle. His eyes had filled with slow tears. "Oh jiminy! jiminy!" he had cried at the thought that his vanishing dream was at last to come true. In the little schoolhouse built among the beech-trees, where the squirrels came to chatter—fatally for study—he and Ebenezer, sitting at the same desk, whittled disdainfully at its edges, had been equals in fortune. Both were barelegged and plainly clad and both were very rich—having the beeches. Afterward, Kerenhappuch, taking up his father's farm, heard that Ebenezer had become the richer in the outside world whither he had gone. He had himself written to tell of his success, signing his name M. Eben Green. It had been his only letter. In grateful astonishment, therefore, Kerenhappuch read another. This one, with its cordial urging for a visit, made no mention of his prosperity, but complained of chronic twinges of rheumatism and inquired if the squirrels were yet on the Ridge. "They air!" Kerenhappuch carolled back on paper with difficulty, writing by the aid of Ellen to say that he would be pleased to accept Ebenezer's kind invitation and would come for a week before Christmas, after he had threshed his beans, and remaining at the end his Sincere, Respected Friend and Cousin. Ellen had contend-

ed for "respectful," and he had grown somewhat irritated over her insistence, unmindful of the fact that he had called her from her irons to help him. "Ellen," he said a little crossly, scrawling his own word firmly in masculine superiority, "you're sech a Betty."

Threshing his beans with an excited flail into fair piles on the barn floor, he had made ready for his visit. The report that he was going went up and down the road with great rapidity. Ambling old horses were pulled up and nosed the frosty ground while their owners told it to each other, and all the lanes were garulous with it. Kerenhappuch, dulled and seamed and life-worn, found himself suddenly for the first time in his modest history the centre of attraction. Approached on the subject of his journey by his friends, he had smacked almost of condescension. "Why, yes," he said, "I'm goin', an' I'm goin' to stay a week. I'll tell you all 'bout it when I git back. M-m-m, it's fine! Travellin' round some 's good for a person. Stayin' to home all the time 's dreadful narrowin'." The hour that he climbed to the attic to take down from a beam the family satchel, about the sunken sides of which generations of spiders had woven their webs in the protracted period of its retirement, his boots had clattered grandly on the stairs. At the moment of departure he was very clean and easy, too happy to be hushed even by the new mittens, vast and blue, which Ellen had made for him, or by the card which, in view of a possible accident, she had pinned within his vest directly over his beating traveller's heart, and which dolefully told, in her cramped hand, "This is the body of Kerenhappuch Green." As he rode away to the railroad station in the lumbering stage the sound of his laughter had risen upon the wintry air.

Coming back on the day preceding Christmas eve, when the fathers of young families were risking their lives in their woodland strips, sighting personable trees in the big storm, his enthusiasm over his visit was unbounded. It had been a great week. He could not speak connectedly of it because of his joy. Yet he was immensely pleased, despite its delightfulness, to be home again. The chief part of his enjoyment had been the thought of telling all he was seeing to those whom

he had left behind him. He had never before had anything to tell. On the city streets had been the sweet sight of a shy old countryman, wide-eyed as a rabbit, swaggering in importance before an unseen audience of his friends. He followed Ellen, in the midst of her simple, fragrant holiday baking, about the kitchen, answering her questions breathlessly. She was very much pleased to have him back, but as her savory preparations progressed she listened to his answers with more and more preoccupation. Finally making an irretrievable error in her plum cake by reason of "Ef you jest could hev seen, Ellen!" she had urged him pleasantly not to try to tell all about such a week at once. "Jest set round 'n' rest, pa," she suggested. Kerenhappuch, a little hurt, had rested rather feverishly, and had looked forward in a tremble of impatience to the following evening, when the accustomed gathering of neighbors would be around his hearth and Ellen would be unoccupied.

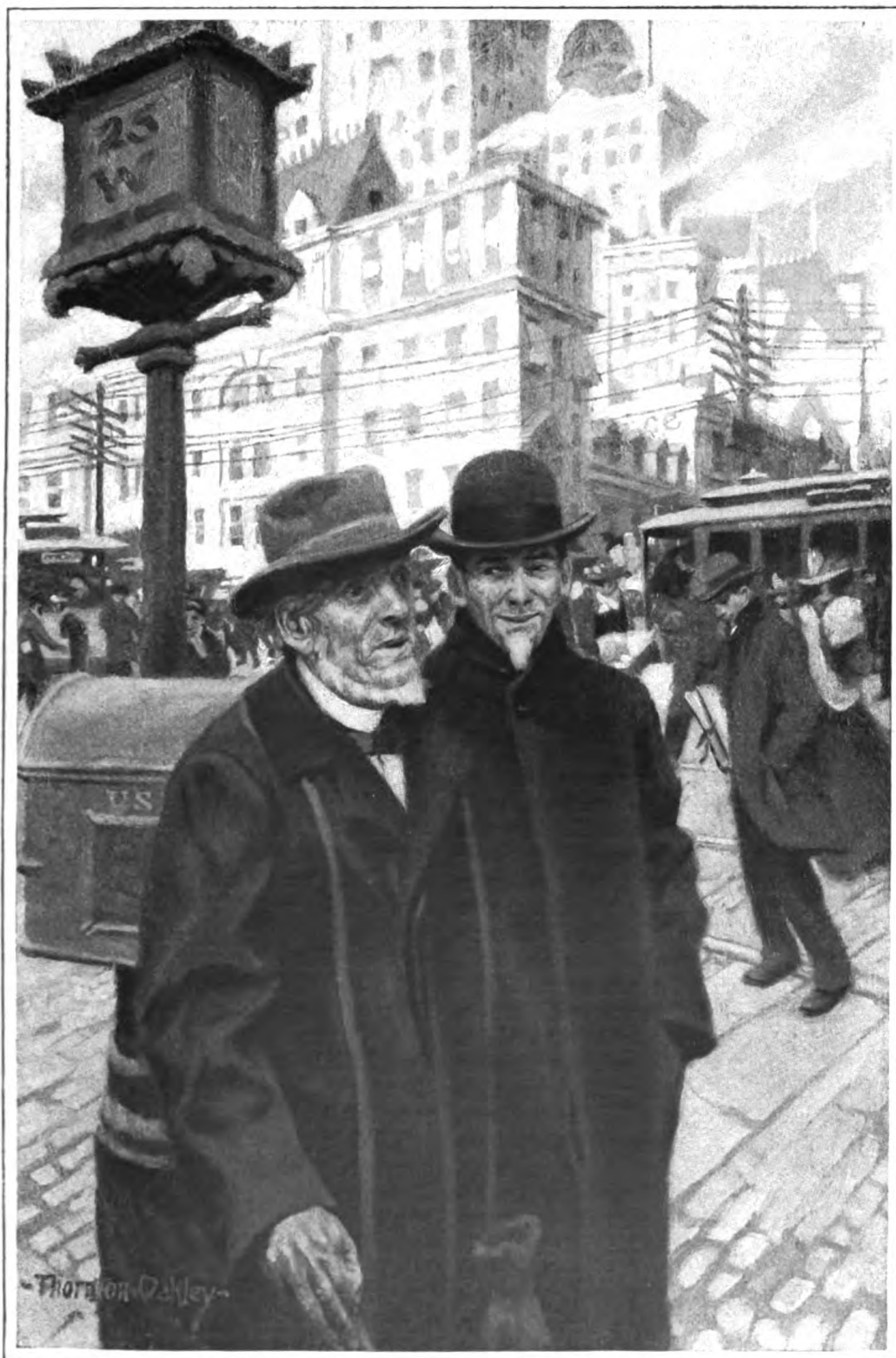
Now with them actually about him—he had peered nervously, off and on all day, out of his small, distorting window-panes, fearing lest a single sweep of disaster should that night confine every friend to his home—he could not suffer them to talk for long of the weather. He interrupted Timothy Bayne ruthlessly, when only partially thawed.

"A year ago," he was saying, in his leisurely fashion, "'twasn't nothin' like this. We had a green Christmas. 'Twas so warm, ye remember, everybody took cold 'n' somebody got the pneumony. 'Tain't much better to hev a green one 'n a white one. Both air bad. I rec'llect—"

Then Kerenhappuch, shaken by the flame of the returned traveller, leaned forward, his hands on his distinguished knees.

"My! but I had an awful nice week at my cousin Eb'nezer's!" he began, his light old voice swollen in his eagerness to a booming loudness.

"I jest knowed you would, 'Happuch," said Davie Bascom. Like his other intimates, Davie, in addressing him, never gave Kerenhappuch the full shame of his woman's name. Notwithstanding his sense of humor, it had been on the order of a trial to him that his well-meaning parents had selected a name for him out of a long list in the back of the Bible,



Half-tone plate engraved by W. H. Clark

IT HAD BEEN A GREAT WEEK

only to stumble, after it was too late, on the disconcerting revelation in the Book of Job: "So the Lord blessed the latter end of Job more than his beginning: for he had fourteen thousand sheep, and six thousand camels, and a thousand yoke of oxen, and a thousand she-asses. He had also seven sons and three daughters. And he called the name of the first, Jemima; and the name of the second, Kezia; and the name of the third, Keren-happuch."

"I jest knowed you would. Eb'nezer well, I s'pose? I was doin' some weavin' while you was gone, and every now 'n' then I'd fall to thinkin' what a nice time you must be havin'. I was workin' on a carpet for some folks that lives out beyond—they've been a-wearin' mournin' an' it's awful dull, the stripes all runnin' black 'n' gray. I wisht it had a had some red in it, bein' as it's Christmas. 'Lisbeth always liked to hev me work on somethin' gay this time o' year."

His hand, stained by the rags he had been weaving on his rude loom, went down to pat his dog, now the only one he had to love. Kerenhappuch, out of a friendly sympathy, did not at once proceed with his story. Therefore the interrupted Timothy Bayne rushed into the silence.

"Spect you did hev an awful good time, 'Happuch, at Eb'nezer's. As I rec'llect Eb'nezer he was as freckly as a turkey egg, 'n' I reckon he ain't got over it yet. Wasn't it queer 'bout my Jersey cow dyin' the day you left? But mebber you ain't heerd 'bout that yet." Kerenhappuch wriggled and shook his head. "Well, sir, 'twas the strangest thing! There wasn't nothin' wrong with her in the mornin'. She was took 'bout night. Never seen a cow with sech a complaint before. I set up with her till pretty nigh ten o'clock, nursin' her all I knowed how, an' then there wasn't no use stayin' up longer. She was deader 'n a rock. 'Twas a terrible loss, for she was a remarkable cow. Was offered a tremendous price for her onct, but didn't take it 'count o' Mis' Bayne settin' sech a store by the 'mount o' milk she give. She got a company chair onct from three months o' her butter, an' she was a-savin' up for a set o' chiny. She felt worse 'n I did 'bout her dyin', 'n' thought mebber I didn't doctor her right."

The minister looked deferentially at Kerenhappuch, but spoke to Timothy, inasmuch as he had introduced a topic of an animal nature. "I've been real worried over my mare. I thought maybe she was going like your cow. Tried to drive her 'cross the hill, and she didn't seem a bit well."

"Went kind o' slow, didn't she?" asked Lemuel Potter, seriously, "an' acted kind o' heave-y an' 's if her feet was too big for her; an' mebber her head hung down some an' her tongue lopped out?"

The minister nodded with anxiety. Lemuel chuckled: "Well, I guess she ain't much sick." He had not the minister's grace of heart, but he was a better judge of horseflesh.

"I dun'no'," boomed Kerenhappuch, resentfully, from his corner, "when I ever spent sech a week as I did at my cousin Eb'nezer's in the city."

"Why, yes, yes," apologized the minister, hastily, "we want to hear all about it."

Kerenhappuch, flattered, stroked his jaw, and began at the beginning. "The mornin' I went to the train on the stage," he said, "Bill Higgins says to me—I clumb up on the driver's seat—'Now, 'Happuch, don't you go 'n' get your idees o' that trip too high.' An' I jest laughed 'n' says to him, 'Bill, I guess they ain't none too high.' An' they wasn't!" He bent his brightened face on the group. "I jest guess they wasn't. 'Twas wonderful—"

"That's 'xactly what pa said," broke in Timothy Bayne. "Pa took a trip onct—went to see a city, too—an' when he got back he didn't say nothin' but 'wonderful, wonderful,' for nigh on two weeks. He was an awful hand for sightseein', pa was. Got pretty tuckered out on this trip, though, 'n' wasn't ever well afterwards. Run right down 'n' died real soon. Hope you didn't get too tired, 'Happuch?"

"Didn't get tired a mite," said Kerenhappuch, quickly. "'Twas too interestin'. O' course I had to get ust to the noise—but 'twas fine. Dun'no' when I'll ever get them city sounds out o' my head—"

"Jest 'xactly what pa said!" exclaimed Timothy. "I can hear him yet. He was a real little man an' he was standin' out in the yard under the ash-tree—he'd stuck it all round the roots with clamshells 'fore he went away,—an' we was all settin' round, me an' ma 'n' my two sis-

ters—come to think it over, I don't b'lieve Lyddy was there,—'n' pa says, 'I dun'no' when I'll ever forget them city sounds.' Said 'twas like listenin' to a thousand hives of bees. Oh, he was an awful travelled man, pa was! Took two or three journeys 'sides that."

"My brother Bill," wheezed out Lemuel Potter, suddenly, before Kerenhappuch could speak, "went to the big Exposition, but *he* didn't think much of it. He went in July 'n' said 'twas the hottest place he ever got into. 'Twasn't near so much as the papers said 'twas goin' to be, nuther. He guessed the folks that got it up hurried it some an' was too smarty 'bout its bein' educatin'. There wasn't nothin' educatin' in it for *him*. Jest a lot of buildin's 'n' galloons."

"Lagoons," said the minister, thoughtfully, for the gentle enlightenment of the company.

"Huh!" snorted the learned Mr. Potter, with haughtiness, "they wasn't worth lookin' at, anyway. Bill said they wasn't a mite better 'n our old creek."

"I tell you my trip paid," cried Kerenhappuch, protestingly. "I don't b'lieve many folks ever seen what I seen—"

"Grandpa Bascom seen a man onct that had seen a man that had *seen a king!*" inserted Davie, straightening in a mild vanity. Ellen dropped her sewing and raised her soft, serious face, the chin thrust out like her father's. The others, too, looked up, knowing what was coming. It was Davie's story, and although they pretended to be not at all interested in it, as befitted citizens of a great republic, always they listened to it as to some old charming tale. To-night, however, Kerenhappuch's lack of interest was totally unfeigned. He sighed fretfully.

"'Twas over in Eu-rope that it happened," Davie trailed on in slow glory, "somewheres where there was a bay an' ships with masts stickin' up, an' mebbe a breeze blowin', an' the man, bein' told that the king 'd come by a certain place, set there all one afternoon a-waitin' for him. An' 'twas a pretty warm day 'n' beggars was all round. An' he waited 'n' waited. Every time a kerridge come he thought the king 'd be in it. But he wasn't. Onct somebody druv by in a red coat an' he throwed up his hat 'n' hollered, thinkin' 'twas the king. But 'twasn't.

An' he waited and waited. But bime-by he come! An' there was four horses—"

"Have them in a circus," Lemuel Potter interpolated, endeavoring to be scornful; "they ain't hard to drive, anyway."

"An' the kerridge was all shinin' an' the king set in the middle of the seat a-wearin' somethin' with gold on't. He didn't look 'xactly like he thought he was goin' to, bein' kind o' little 'n' pindlin' 'n' peaked, but when he turned and smiled at the people he looked real nice."

"An' there was flags 'n' music?" asked Ellen, wistfully.

"I guess so," answered Davie, very gravely; "there must hev been." Kerenhappuch's yearning jaw opened, but Timothy Bayne's was the quicker.

"I read in the paper yesterday," he answered, "that the King o' England ain't very well." He made the remark without preface. Next to the secularities of crops and the weather it was the news in the weekly paper which furnished food for conversation among friends. If this news were of a monarchy—foreign items were found in the third column on the first page,—so much the better. Never did Timothy Bayne grow so cheerful, never did the minister wax so aggressive, never did Lemuel Potter cross and recross his legs so wittily, as when in a mean farmhouse room were questioned the deeds of kings.

"Mebbe it's jest a cold 'n' he'll throw it off soon. He's got a good constitoo-tion," Davie threw out in hope.

"Yes, but he ain't no chicken," dampened Lemuel Potter.

"Well, as I was sayin' 'bout my week," said Kerenhappuch, desperately, "'twas—"

"Now, pa, jest wait a minute," said Ellen. "I want to tell 'bout ma. Ma was so fond o' readin' 'bout kings and queens, an' the more she read of 'em the more she got to feelin' for the queens. An' she always thought—she knowed 'twas real foolish 'n' fancyin'—she'd jest love to take a queen to board for the summer, one nigh her age 'n' whose hair was gettin' streaky. She had it all planned out how she'd go down to the gate to meet her when she come, an' how she wasn't goin' to make company of her 'n' be dressed up, but jest hev on somethin' fresh 'n' cool. At first she thought she'd hev on her good bonnet 'n' gloves, but she

give them up as too grand 'n' too much like the things she was ust to and tired of. An' when the queen come runnin' through the gate—it seemed to ma that she'd be sure to be a-runnin' like she was so glad to get here—an' a-lookin' all round at the trees 'n' grass so sweet 'n' curious, ma was jest goin' to put her arms right round her 'n' say, 'You lamb!' Ma was so partial to pettin' names. An' she was goin' to put her in the spare room.

"'Twas lucky, she said, that there was purple sprigs in the curtains an' the pin-cushion was so big. She knowed she'd like that room with the little windows opening out toward the corn, an' the roof so near. Ma said she didn't s'pose she'd ever hev heard rain jest above her before, palace walls bein' high. She ust to laugh, too, 'n' say mebbe if we had a queen for the summer pa'd fix the shingles so's we wouldn't hev to take up a tub 'n' set under every time it rained. An' she was goin' to let her do jest whatever she pleased—stay down in the garden, or rock on the porch 'n' sew with her afternoons, or go to socials 'n' meetin', or hayin' with the children, or anything she liked. An' when she come to go back home in the fall—ma had planned out 'bout hevin' her so much she never could bear to talk 'bout her goin' away—she'd be so girlish! Ma was goin' to give her the last of the roses to take with her, for she said if ever trouble come to her again she'd hev the memory of the roses anyway. Nothin' had helped her durin' some days like rememberin' pink teas."

She rose as she finished, and going into the other room, brought in an earthen pitcher and a number of glasses. Kerenhappuch, descending to craft, waited. With a glass of brown cider, autumn-pressed, at each man's lips and his own glass untasted on the broad arm of his chair, he spoke again:

"As I was sayin' 'bout my week, I had a wonderful time. Had sech a nice trip on the train 'n' didn't lose my ticket or nothin'—Ellen was so afeard o' my losin' my ticket. Eb'nezer met me and took me up to his house. If you jest could hev seen Eb'nezer's house! 'Twas the *finest* thing. But we didn't stay in it much 'ceptin' nights, for we went sight-seein' right off. The first day we went through a whole lot o' stores, 'n' I rid in

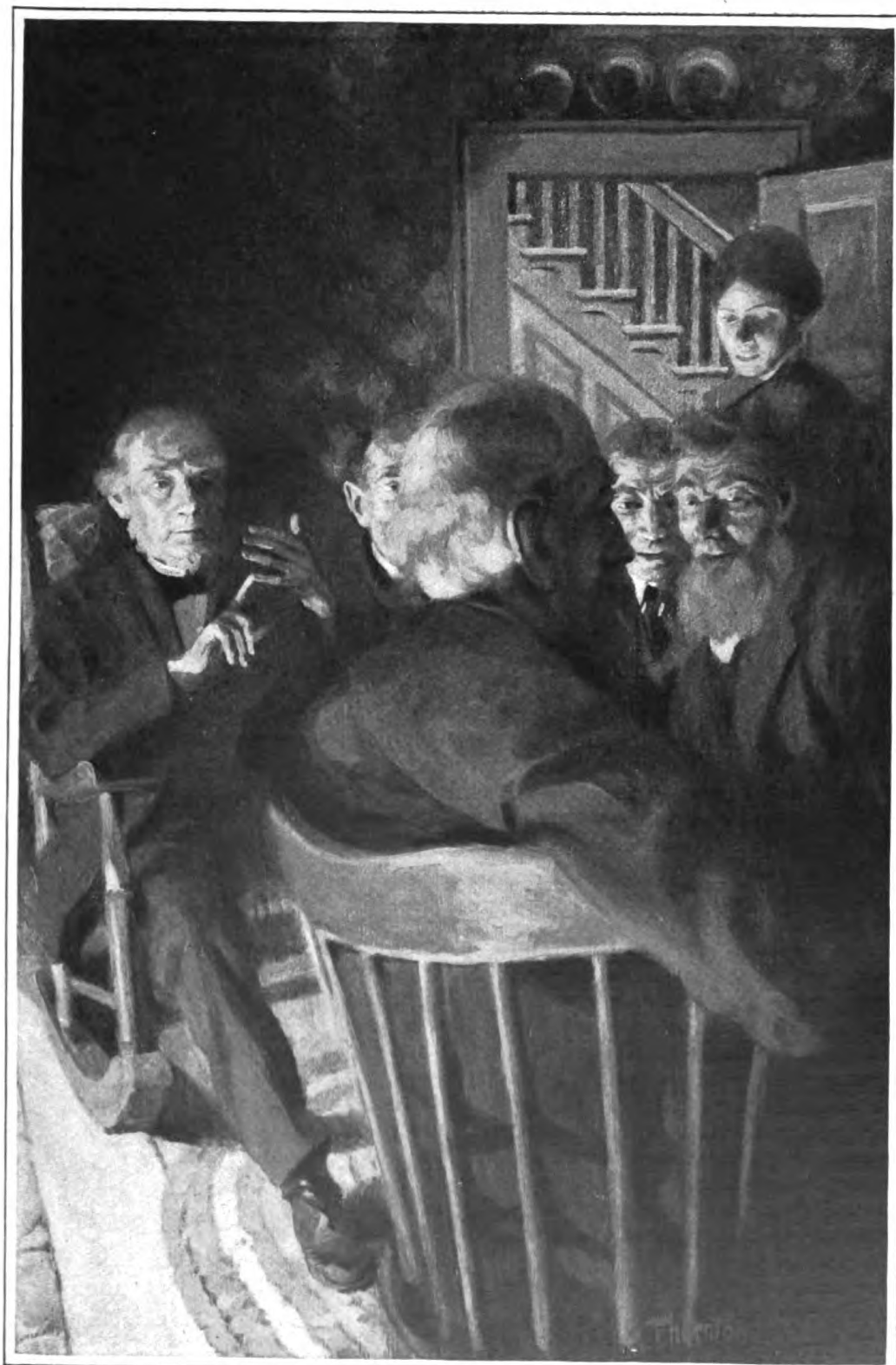
a nelevator 'n' on the cars 'n' done the *most*. An' the second day—" He spread out the knotted fingers of one hand and started to check off his splendid days with the other. It was a failure of policy. Lemuel Potter roused, midway in his cider.

"You didn't run on to none o' the Perkinses, did you? After you went away, we decided the Perkinses was livin' where you was a-goin'. Thought mebbe you seen 'Lias. But I don't s'pose 'Lias was out walkin' 'round—that 'd hev been too much like work for him." A reminiscent amusement stirred the group. Only Kerenhappuch frowned and bit his fingers. "'Lias was the laziest man on top. He was so lazy he ust to lie round on the floor to keep from the trouble o' settin' up. I rec'llect onct, as he was lyin' on the settin'-room floor, the clock began to run down—'twas one o' them wall ones 'thout any case—an' as 'twas 'bout an hour before dinner he didn't want to get up 'til then to wind it. But he didn't want it to stop, neither, for he knowed what his wife 'd say; so he sent his little girl out into the yard for a long weed, an' he jest rolled over 'long the floor 'n' got under that clock, 'n' lay there 'n' hit the pendulum back and forrards every onct in a while with that weed, 'n' kep' it a-movin' 'til it was time for him to get up and eat dinner—'Lias wasn't never too lazy to eat—'n' then he wound the clock."

"Gracious!" laughed Ellen. "I'd hate to hev sech a man 'bout *me*. You didn't run 'cross him, pa, in the city?"

"No, o' course not," said her father, shortly. "As I was a-sayin', on the second day o' my week Eb'nezer took and showed me a park—"

"Pa seen one," Timothy Bayne burst forth, gulping the dregs of his glass. "'Twas an awful pity you didn't see 'Lias, 'Happuch. He was lazy, sure, but he was a real good hand to yarn. I rec'llect the last time I seen him he told me somethin' pretty good 'bout a man that went trout-fishin'. Onct there was a man that went trout-fishin', 'n' he fished 'n' fished for a long while 'thout gettin' a thing, but bime-by he got a bite, and by the way his line was yanked he knowed he'd got a prize. Well, he pulled in his line awful careful 'n' worked real hard 'n' slow, but jest as he got 't in that blamed fish got off 'n' jest left its eye a-hangin' on the



Half-tone plate engraved by G. F. Smith

"AS I WAS SAYIN', HE BEGAN"

hook to show what might hev been. An' the man was so mad he didn't stop to bait or nothin', but jest cussed and throwed the line in the way 'twas; an' bime-by he felt another bite, and this time he didn't hev no accident. But what kind of a fish do you s'pose 'twas?"

"I dun'no'," said Lemuel Potter.

"Well," said Timothy, "'twas a one-eyed one. He'd caught that fish with its own eye. D'ye see? 'Lias said most fish stories was awful lies, but this one was an act'al fact."

"I do declare!" said the minister. He glanced up over the mantelpiece. "Why, it's getting late! We'll have to be going 'long soon, as the snow's so deep. It's a terrible snow—I do believe the deepest I remember since I was a little boy." He looked genially around him and settled his boots. His kind, near-sighted gaze did not perceive Kerenhappuch's finger still outspread for the indication of the second day of his week in the city with his cousin Ebenezer. "When I was a little boy—" he began, softly.

As he went on those beside him sat up and smiled. But Kerenhappuch did not smile. He took up his cider and drank it slowly, his eyes on the clock, which Ellen had crowned with Christmas greens. His jaw, uncommonly long, contained still a faint hope. At the close of half an hour he beheld, a trifle stonily, the minister finished, and rosy with childlike happiness in the firelight.

"As I was sayin' 'bout my week—" he started. His voice had sunk to its normal pitch. It was thin and vague and elderly.

But Davie Bascom, unheeding him, gave a chirp of tender laughter. "When I was a leetle boy—" he said.

Beyond him Timothy Bayne sat teetering retrospectively on the rim of his chair. As Kerenhappuch had counted the minutes of the minister's golden age, so Timothy numbered the slow time of Davie's. Hardly were the last words of it out of his mouth when he was rubbing his hands.

"I wasn't nothin' like I am now when I was a little boy—" he said.

All hope died in an old jaw. Lemuel Potter fidgeted rudely, scarcely able to bear a man so brave of wind. Long before there was any sign of the end, his leathery palms were on his knees. It had

been Kerenhappuch's attitude in the early part of the evening.

"I tell you I was awful smart when I was a little boy—" he chuckled, indecently soon, leaving Timothy yet showing his teeth in speech. His young days were colored warmly with the finest pickings of all that had been in the boyhood of the others and bright with much else besides. While he was speaking, his head went high and his tones rang trumpet clear, unhampered for an interval by asthmatic strictures of the breath.

When he was done, Kerenhappuch's visitors, once a circle well touched by time and weather, were flushed to the hue of holly berries, wrapped in the lovely atmosphere of youth. They shifted and stretched spryly in their chairs, warming anew in contentment for the start home. Alone of all the gathering at the hearth Kerenhappuch was burdened with any age. Gray and defeated, he stared straight before him. His gaunt frame, hitherto stiff with the lofty consciousness of travel, was dismally drooped. He did not try to break the quiet.

The minister creaked upwards first. "Well," he said, with cheer, "we must be getting along. We are so glad to have heard all 'bout your week, 'Happuch."

"'Twas awful interestin'," said Lemuel Potter.

"Travellin's good for a person," said Timothy Bayne. "As pa ust to say, it gives him somethin' to talk 'bout." From behind Davie murmured affirmation.

"Yes," answered Kerenhappuch.

He helped Ellen hand down from the nails coats and caps and the tippets for his hoarsened friends. When the time came he opened the door politely into the night.

The storm had ceased. There was now no wind nor any falling of the snow, and overhead were stars. Briefly the minister and Lemuel and Davie and Timothy, singing back a merry Christmas, like young waits, were outlined against the dumb, white drifts of the lane, disappearing gradually along the road. For a while Kerenhappuch could not turn back to Ellen, already raking the coals. He stood painfully swallowing the story of his great week, which had mounted as a lump in his throat. Then before the utter peace of the hill-country his disappointed old face set into its redeeming humor.

Charles and Mary Lamb

A FEW UNPUBLISHED LETTERS

BY W. CAREW HAZLITT

THE secure life-competence which gave him the means of supporting his sister and himself, in a manner and on a scale frugal and humble enough, yet not out of consonance with the quieter life of those days, "so long as there was cash at Leadenhall," operated beneficially on Lamb in one most important way—it enabled him to treat his literary efforts as purely optional and succedaneous. The household and private expenses of the unpretending establishment, wherever it might for the time be, were after some years covered by the receipts from the India House, and when the income rose to four, five, or even six hundred a year, there should have been a very considerable surplus in the end. We know as a fact that there was not, and probably what we shall never know is how much, what a very large sum indeed in the aggregate, was silently disbursed in the form of friendly help. There can be no doubt whatever that pecuniary assistance was periodically rendered to Hazlitt, Hone, Godwin, and others. In one instance he speaks of having received £20 for literary work, and some one forthwith relieving him of it; and such continued to be the experience from the moment when his official pay reached a point yielding any sort of margin.

On the other hand, however, there was the inestimable compensation during twenty years (1814-34) of financial independence, of that delightful immunity from subservience to publishers and editors, which so many of his contemporaries were bound to endure. When he had outlived the period of neglect and detraction, his contributions to the press were solicited and welcomed on his own terms; and we find even a Scottish firm proposing a reprint of *Rosamund Gray*, which had not been republished since 1798. The note in which Lamb signified

to the nephew of Carlyle his willingness to allow the proceeding is extant, and it is worth reproducing:

To Mr. John Aitken.

DEAR SIR,—With thanks for your last No. of the Cabinet. As I cannot arrange with a London publisher to reprint *Rosamund Gray* as a book, it will be at your service to admit into the Cabinet as soon as you please. You hble servt. CHS. LAMB.

Colebrooke Cottage, Islington. 5 July 25.

(Endorsed)

Mr. John Aitken,

St. Anthony's Place,

Edinburgh.

This reaction seems all the more striking by contrast with the poor little doings of the first decade of the century, when those ephemerides, "Prince Dorus" and the rest, mightily more valued by us than by Lamb, crept one by one into existence.

Comprised within the same decade, but hardly classifiable under the same category, were the *Tales from Shakespeare* (1807), the *Adventures of Ulysses* (1808), and *Mrs. Leicester's School* (1809), the first and third the joint work of brother and sister, and *Poetry for Children* (1809), for the most part from the pen of Mary. All these popular performances were nearly unknown till of late, when the Elian cult became so much more general and keen.

Well in advance of every other recent biographical discovery in reference to Lamb was the publication in *Harper's* from the originals in the possession of Miss Gurney, of the Gurneys of Norfolk, of two letters to Miss Fanny Kelly, the actress, on the subject of their marriage, with Miss Kelly's reply and decision. I think that the appearance of this correspondence was a real surprise to everybody. That Lamb entertained a strong regard for the lady the tenor of his let-

ters amply establishes. It was the first serious episode of the kind of which we are admitted to any actual knowledge, although one or two youthful attachments are on record. And it was by no means promptly effaced from his recollection; for, in writing to Mrs. Ayrton and asking her on his sister's behalf to let her son and daughter, William and Fanny, visit Mrs. Paris, he says that he liked to write that word *Fanny*. How perfectly possible it would be to build a house of cards and picture forth how differently matters would have shaped themselves, had Miss Kelly agreed to the union. But I have not the space—nor the desire. I conjecture that Miss Kelly and her admirer were alike rescued from a false position, if not more. Than a visit to the Lambs few things can have been more pleasant; but a domestication with them was an experience to be declined. A nobler spectacle and example could not be beheld than the generous devotion of the brother to his sister; but the ever-recurring episodes, all the more terrible from the uncertainty of their recurrence, owing to Miss Lamb's mental constitution, must have rendered the place unbearable as a permanent home to a stranger. The absolute homage of the sister to him, who had sacrificed his life for her, was unquestionable. I have seen a case in which it evinced itself in a rather odd manner. The poor lady, regarding the portrait of her brother before a copy of the Works (1840), evidently deemed that the artist had neglected to enclose it in a becoming frame, and she supplied the deficiency with a weird pencil border. Lamb himself can scarcely have regretted, on reflection, Miss Kelly's negative response.

The official drudgery, of which one hears such grievous complaints in the middle period, is seriously and thankfully to be viewed as one of the healthiest influences which could have been brought to bear on a man of his temperament and in his unhappy domestic circumstances. It must be borne well in mind that the present was a case in which the trouble and the strain were lifelong, and hung like a drawn sword over Lamb from 1795 to 1834. All other trials—even the tragical end of his mother—were secondary; and had he enjoyed his leisure, had he

been a man of independent position, and been enabled to stay at home, the tension and worry would have been infinitely worse. As it was, he not only never returned from the office, but never from a friendly visit or a walk, without the dread of bad news, of a sudden seizure of his sister by her chronic disease. Still, altogether, had he not retired, had he died in harness with some favored relaxation of his duties, his life might have been prolonged. His was a home where regular diversion was imperative, and during nine years he had it not.

The circumstances—sad enough—which attended his last moments are familiar; but the precise facts respecting his death and the contributory agency to the fatal fall are involved in mystery—that is to say, it is immeasurably preferable to let them so rest. Some at the time could not have been at any loss to divine the truth; but they kept their counsel, and I shall do the same. No friendly eye is recorded as having witnessed the end; his sister was in another room, unconscious of her loss; and when Talfourd, one of the executors, arrived, the change in the features had been so shockingly rapid that he scarcely recognized his old friend. There was, no doubt, a constitutional predisposition to such an issue.

It has been the fortune of the present writer to have had under his eyes as many of Lamb's epistolary remains in the autograph as any one, and they afford the common impression of having been written on the property of the English Company trading to the Indies—rough, soiled, or discolored foolscap or odd wastrel, unmathematically folded: and so it was to the last, as if on retirement from his desk at Leadenhall this clerk of clerks had tacitly reserved the freedom of the stationery department, notwithstanding an alleged order of the directors, noted in a letter to the Kenneys of October, 1826, that no gratuitous writing material was to be allowed even to the staff. He, in fact, revisited his old haunts not only quarterly to draw his "bit of pension," but from time to time for distraction's or companionship's sake; and so late as 1829 letters and even parcels were addressed to him there.

Canon Ainger almost derided the idea of putting into type the briefer notes.

But in the first place these occupy an inconsiderable space; and secondly they not seldom are eminently characteristic and biographically helpful. The idiosyncrasy, as it is considered to have been, which induced Lamb to destroy all letters from private correspondents, and which the present writer was disposed to ascribe to a desire to invest with an appearance of consistency his committal to the flames of those received during early troubles, was not, after all, so peculiar; and, in fact, followed the usual practice in the absence of special circumstances, or where the communications were made almost with an eye to ulterior publicity. As a matter of strict fact, among the notelet class, even the shortest of the short, there is sometimes more than appears on the surface, or the missive is all essence. Take one—a single line—of 1820 to J. Proctor (not Procter—no connection, except through the Muses), and what do we get?—that Lamb had such a correspondent, that he was anxious for him to meet Wordsworth, and that he was not improbably of kin to William Proctor, author of *Rosamond, Memories, and other Poems* (1819), a small volume of which there seems to be no account? The Proctors were clearly persons of literary tastes; their name is a new one on the Elian roll.

I am induced to append two unpublished letters—or something between letters and notes—to Cowden Clarke and Mrs. Holcroft. Clarke periodically forwarded to his correspondent parcels of new books, about which the recipient did his best to say a civil word. The letter to Mrs. H.—indubitably, I think, Mrs. Holcroft, before she remarried James Kenney—is almost distressingly curious as a glimpse of the Lamb interior, from first to last old-fashioned and unpatrician to an extraordinary degree:

(Postmarked: May 17, 1828.)

To Charles Cowden Clarke.

DEAR C.—Your new books are nearly as good as old. Who the Devil wrote the novel? Your sister or our young friend. Without being very original in story or character, it is full of clever thoughts in clever language, which suits men, who have outlived interest in narrative. Mary is delighted. I shall make a conscience of re-

turning the Pigsmeat, because that is not a book of one of the Family—the other we detain.

The sight of snow seen again warm'd my heart, with hundreds of other touches! excellent . . . but why apoplexy off the good old 1st Parson so soon.

Love in haste to all. Come and look at us again. The Kellys went off next day.

(No signature.)

(Endorsed)

Mr. Clark,

Messrs Hunt & Clark,

York Street,

Covent Garden.

(In C. Clarke's hand on back) From Charles Lamb.

Send this back and the Scots Times—Notwithstanding all these notices you will lose your wager. Colbourn [*sic*] sent for a copy! ! Yours ever, C. C. C.

To Mrs. H[olcroft?].

DEAR MRS. H.,—Sally who brings this with herself back has given every possible satisfaction in doing her work, etc., but the fact is the poor girl is oppressed with a lady-like melancholy, and cannot bear to be so much alone, as she necessarily must be in our kitchen, which to say the truth is damn'd solitary, where she can see nothing and converse with nothing and not even look out of window. The consequence is she has been caught shedding tears all day long, and her own comfort has made it indispensable to send her home. Your cheerful noisy children-crowded house has made her feel the change so much the more.

Our late servant always complained of the *want* of children, which she had been used to in her last place. One man's meat is another man's poison, as they say. However, we are eternally obliged to you, as much as if Sally could have staid. We have got an old woman coming, who is too stupid to know when she is alone and when she is not.

Yours truly,

C. Lamb, for self & sister.

Have you heard from ———.

A class of Eliana which has naturally gained considerable if not exaggerated prominence is the pleasantry or jest; and even here the editors have not been guiltless of sins of perversion or misquotation. But my immediate business is with a few items, which I have not seen in type, and which were from oral sources. Messrs. Broadwood had a man named Ries, a German, on the staff at one time,

who knew Lamb and his set. Ries used to tell a story of being at Alsager's with Lamb, Coleridge, Southey, etc., at dinner, and while Lamb was peeling an orange the talk happened to turn to the subject of the river Rhine, probably from Coleridge's German experiences. When they had been discoursing some time, Lamb completed the peeling process, and threw the peel up the table, saying, "There's the Rine." Ries, in repeating the anecdote, observed to my informant, "I did not think that fonny not at all." Doubtless a good deal of the point lay in the gesture and utterance. Ries's father had taught Beethoven, and Ries himself was an excellent performer on the violoncello. He once spoke to Lamb of making music. "Oh," says Lamb back to him, "you make music, do you?" In later days, when he had formed a close acquaintance with the Novellos, he took a certain interest in musical matters, and there is a note to Cowden Clarke, not in the editions of the correspondence, where the essayist, writing from the Hoods' at Winchmore Hill in reference to the musical festival at Westminster Abbey in 1834, says: "We heard the music in the Abbey at Winchmore Hill! and the notes were incomparably soften'd by the distance. Novello's chromatics were distinctly audible. Clara was faulty in B flat. Otherwise she sang like an angel. The trombone and Beethoven's waltzes were the best. Who played the oboe?"

Some one had been enlarging to Lamb on the unfavorable qualities of an acquaintance, and exhausting the vocabulary of vituperation, when Lamb quietly interposed with, "Oh, then, what you mean to say is, he was not a good man." There was on another occasion a dispute about some question of chronology. "A fig for your date," said Lamb. One of his colleagues at the India House happened to be courting a rich widow at Brighton, and one day a messenger was summoned to his room to fetch a parcel which had to go to the lady. On his way back the man passed Lamb's desk, and he stopped him, asking to look at the address. "Oh," said he, "it is not complete," and before "Mrs. ——" he inserted *Dear*, remarking that the gentleman had forgotten to put the word in. In a copy of *Elia*

(1823), sent as a gift to Mrs. Ayrton, the donor-author wrote: "Mrs. Ayrton, with C. Lamb's kind regards. N. B.—Don't show this to Mr. A. Men are so jealous; at all events it is well to be prudent." He was dining at a friend's, and in an adjoining room were some noisy children. Lamb filled his glass, and lifting it, said, "Here's to the health of good King Herod!"

In many cases the *jeux d'esprit* uttered by Lamb derived an additional piquancy from his tendency to stammer. I have thought that such a habit may have been at all events confirmed or strengthened by the aim at producing an impromptu effect. It has been said that Hoffmann, the French critic, did the same thing, "so as to get time to think over his impertinences."

Apropos of the above-noted episode of the widow at Brighton, there are those others already narrated by me in the two *Lamb and Hazlitt Collections* (1897-1900). These practical jokes and this horse-play remind us of the pranks played by Lamb and Coleridge in the early Temple days. The former, in spite of adverse conditions, retained his animal spirits longer than the friend of his youth.

The *Dissertation on Roast Pig* is a jest in the form of an essay. I have already elsewhere related what I had found to be the groundwork of it, as the exact history of the matter continues to be *sub judice*. Lamb may very well have had the Italian work of Bistonio—*Elogi del Porco*—explained to him by some linguist of his acquaintance, who gave him the volume, or met with it on his shelves (for Lamb possessed it); but the older if not the original notion is in the Arabian writers, and consists in the accidental revelation of the virtue of a flame kindled by the friction of reeds on a piece of fish thrown into it as an experiment by a philosophical recluse. Lamb's Chinese MS. was not therefore, after all, so far from the truth; but the Arabic authority makes the discovery to have been more inexpensive. Linguistically, Chinese, Arabic, and even Italian were one to Lamb; but Manning had studied Chinese, and was the essayist's Chinese philosopher; and probably the two conned over Bistonio, and in putting

the idea into English deemed it wise to lay the scene of the exploit in a remoter land—Manning's China.

Not the least if not one of the foremost points for a biographer of Lamb to understand, and to bring with perfect clearness before his readers, is that, albeit he was, like Sydney Smith, a merciless humorist, he could become, like Sydney Smith, as grave and earnest on occasion and at need as any man ever born; and this unquestionable fact Canon Ainger was unable to comprehend or accept. Yet the Canon, in common with us all, had before him the letters to Bernard Barton, to the Wordsworths, to the Rev. Edward Irving, the Rev. William Hazlitt,—nay, to Hazlitt himself,—and that odd communication to Mrs. Badams, limited to the gravest and soberest technicality, on the game of chess. Nevertheless, in the case of the lawsuit in which Lamb's brother involved him, we are instructed to look on the details as a tissue of broad fun, as an elaborate attempt to impose on the credulity of a correspondent. But there was a second parallel example of what I cannot help calling editorial obliquity in connection with the murder of Danby in 1832, near Enfield. Years upon years ago one of the Kennneys personally mentioned to me the circumstance that Lamb had been seen at the Crown and Horse-shoe in the village, while the murderers and their victim were drinking and playing dominoes there, and that he had been required to attend before the magistrate to state what he knew of the facts, but was at once discharged, as it was shown that he had left the house before Danby and the rest went away. A long letter to Louisa Badams (half-sister to my informant), of December 31, 1832, supplies all the particulars, and its language by no means breathes the air of a fiction or a hoax. Canon Ainger seems to have thought that Lamb could utter or do nothing serious outside normal domestic and official transactions; and I am not sure that he did not follow here the lead of Talfourd. Of course Lamb had no concern in the subsequent trial of the murderers, of which the full text appears in the *Annual Register* for 1833.

On the other hand, the newly introduced story about Lamb and the Stocks, which seems to rely exclusively on a paper at-

tributed to him, in which he is supposed to confess that he was once subjected to the punishment for some offence, and strikes me as a humorous or fantastic hyperbole, and as amounting to no more than his voluntary encasement of his feet under some circumstances unknown in this now obsolete machine. The reality of the incident is immensely improbable.

Canon Ainger and Mr. Justice Talfourd did not stand alone in imagining that Lamb was incessantly and exclusively on the track of some humorous invention, and that the ordinary business of life had no existence for him. Professor Morley judged that the names of the Benchers in the Inner Temple in one of the essays were fictitious even with that of Samuel Salt among them. Mr. Twopenny, though not a bencher, was a member of the Inn. As to Mingey with the Iron Hand, whose name and description had also inspired the professor with misgivings, he was living from 1792 to 1796 at 25 Bedford Row, according to Wheatley's Cunningham. He had lost a hand, and made a hook serve as a substitute.

It is not merely that Lamb reflected in his letters, like everybody else, fluctuating moods; but, which is more significant, he knew how to adapt himself to the feelings, circumstances, and training of the persons whom he addressed. We may collect that there were days, after his retirement, when as many as a dozen communications were sent, when to take pen in hand was a wholesome distraction as well as a duty, and if those were critically examined, they would prove to be all different and all characteristic. In more than half the number, out of an aggregate of several hundreds, the broad humor would be conspicuously absent. The youthful letters to Coleridge, Southey, and Wordsworth are assuredly serious enough; he is here and there playful, here and there mildly facetious; but there is no coarse vein of obstreperous hilarity; all his correspondence with Barton is as decorous as it is interesting and occasionally (as in the Blake letter) sublime; but he loosened the reins, we perceive, in writing to Hood, Patmore, Cowden Clarke, and a few others.

It was not often that, in writing to Coleridge, he permitted himself such

license as occurs in an unpublished note of 1826: "Do you know any poor solitary human that wants that cordial to life—a true friend? I can spare him twenty; he shall have 'em good cheap. I have gallipots of 'em, genuine balm of cares, a-going, a-going, a-going."

The evolution of humor and the proneness to jest are perhaps traceable back to school days, to the companionship of James White, Valentine le Grice, and D'Arcy Thompson, the first two names familiar to excess, the last far less so, as Thompson, who wrote a little volume called *Nursery Nonsense*, is scarcely remembered to-day.

There was, too, the semiserious vein and tone, half jest, half earnest, where even a matter of real gravity, a source of deep regret, might be lightly touched and dismissed, as where, in one of his letters, he refers to a comparatively new acquaintance as being "on the top ladder of his regard, from which an angel or two are descending."

Verily, oddly as it may sound, Lamb was a sort of bibliographer and a student of certain faddish *minutiæ* in the direction of titles and perfect examples—perfect, not fine, nor finely clothed.

Not that he was a Dibdin, or Heber, or Duke of Roxburghe; but he was a stickler for having his pet authors in a particular *format*—that in which they first saw the light. He would have turned away with displeasure from a reproduction of such a book as the *Religio Medici* or the *Compleat Angler* on a cramped page and damp paper in cheap blurred type. His Burton was introduced to the world in quarto, and in quarto he possessed him; but he tolerated the Knight of Norwich in folio,—perhaps between the covers were found ready to his hand that triplicity of treasures: the *Religio*, the *Urn-Burial*, and the *Vulgar Errors*. Externals he did not otherwise value. During years I had made it my endeavor to replace the Bibliotheca Eliana on the shelves which so long held it; the fruits of my researches are before the world; and it must be admitted that its interest and charm were those reflected by the distinguished owner, who by a subtle inspiration quickened into a strange life and lifted into artificial importance a few handfuls of literary wares, casual

gleanings from stall or barrow. It was a most inelegant, un-Grolieresque, ungentlemanly collection—did not Lamb himself stigmatize it as a ragged regiment in common with his acquaintances, or some of them?—yet specimens of it, no matter how insignificant, are ever sought with avidity. The class of books which he bought were just such as we are permitted from a few stray survivals to conclude that his father had bought before him—volumes, even odd ones, which struck him, as he passed along a thoroughfare, as curious or interesting, and within his resources. A sovereign for the Beaumont and Fletcher was his bibliographical *in excelsis*; it was to him as a Mazarin Bible or a Fust Psalter; and its acquisition cost, if not much money, much thought.

Not exactly all the books which Lamb possessed remained in his hands. Some, as the facsimile First *Hamlet*, which he presented to Mitford, he gave away, and others he threw away—even presentation copies. I am uncertain whether the latter was the fate of Payne Collier's *Poet's Pilgrimage* (1822); probably not, as it was in a sense protected by a graceful copy of verses from the donor's pen, as follows:

To Charles Lamb.

Charles, to your liberal censure I commit
This book, which I will say with judgment
cool

Is worth an hour: I were too gross a fool
Not to say that—for I have printed it.
You'll haply prize the book, and it is fit,

Because it emulates the antique school,
Is written on that model plan & rule,
Not that it owns its fancy, power or wit.
But if you like it, I am well content;

'Tis easy to approve it more than I:
But while you read the young-old trifle
sent

No man can better its worst wants supply.
This is the reason that some men invent.
Why genius judges aye with charity.

J. P. C.

Hammersmith.

Dec. 12, 1822.

The British Museum has more or less recently acquired a few of the gems from the Elian Library, the Beaumont and Fletcher included, with MSS. notes by Lamb and Coleridge. But the bulk is, I believe, in the United States.

"Sweet Adalais"

BY JAMES BRANCH CABELL

IT was on a clear September day that the Marquis of Falmouth set out for France. John of Bedford had sent for him post-haste when Henry V. was stricken at Senlis with what bid fair to prove a mortal distemper; for the Marquis was Bedford's comrade in arms, a proven soldier, and the Duke Regent suspected that to hold France in case of the King's death he would presently need all the help he could muster.

"And I, too, look for warm work," the Marquis conceded to Mistress Adalais Vernon at parting. "But, God willing, my sweet, we shall be wed at Christmas for all that. The Channel is not very wide. At a pinch I might swim it, I think, to come to you."

Then he kissed her and rode away with his men. Adalais stared after them, striving to picture her betrothed rivaling Leander in this fashion, and subsequently laughed. The Marquis was a great lord and a brave captain, but long past his first youth; his blood ran somewhat too sluggishly ever to be roused to the high lunacies of the Sestian am-
orist. But a moment later, recollecting the man's cold desire for her, Adalais shuddered.

This was in the courtyard at Winstead. Roger Darke, of Yaxham, her cousin, standing beside her, noted the gesture and snarled.

"Think twice of it, Adalais," said he.

Whereupon Mistress Vernon flushed like a peony. "I honor him," she said, with some irrelevance, "and he loves me."

"Love! love!" Roger scoffed. "O you piece of ice! you graystone saint! what do you know of love?" On a sudden Master Darke caught both her hands in his. "I love you!" he said, between his teeth, his eyes flaming. "O God in heaven! how I love you! And you mean to marry this man for his title! Do you not believe that I love you, Adalais?"

Gently she disengaged herself. This was of a pattern with Roger's behavior any time during the past two years. "I suppose you do," Adalais conceded, with the tiniest possible shrug. "Perhaps that is why I find you so insufferable."

Afterward Mistress Vernon turned on her heel and left Master Darke volubly blaspheming Fortune.

Adalais came slowly into the walled garden of Winstead, aflame now with autumnal scarlet and gold. There she seated herself upon a semicircular marble bench, and laughed for no apparent reason, and contentedly waited what Dame Luck might send.

She was very beautiful. Against the garden's hurly-burly of color her green gown glowed like an emerald; her eyes, too, were emeralds, vivid, unfathomable, quite untinged with either blue or gray. The long oval of her face was a uniform ivory-white, but her petulant lips burned crimson; and her hair mimicked the pale autumn sunlight and shamed it. All in all, the beauty of Adalais Vernon was somewhat elfin—say, the beauty of a young witch shrewd at love-potions, but ignorant of their flavor; yet before this it had stirred men's hearts to madness, and the county boasted it.

Presently Adalais lifted her imperious little head alertly, and then again she smiled, for out of the depths of the garden, with an embellishment of divers trills and roulades, there came a man's voice that carolled blithely.

Sang the voice:

"Had you lived when earth was new,
What had bards of old to do
Save to sing the song of you?

"Had you lived in ancient days,
Adalais, sweet Adalais,
You had all the ancients' praise—
You whose beauty might have won
Canticles of Solomon,

Had the old Judean king
 E'er beheld the goodliest thing
 Earth of heaven's grace hath got.

"Had you gladdened Greece, were not
 All the nymphs of Greece forgot?

Had you trod Sicilian ways,
 Adalais, sweet Adalais,
 You had pilfered all their praise:
 Bion and Theocritus
 Had transmitted unto us
 Honeyed sounds and songs to tell
 Of your beauty's miracle,
 Delicate, desirable,
 And their singing skill were bent
 You alone to praise, content,
 While the world slipped by, to gaze
 On the grace of you and praise
 Sweet Adalais."

Then the song ended, and a man, wheeling about the hedge, paused and regarded her with adoring eyes. Adalais looked up at him, incredibly surprised by his coming.

This was the young *Sieur d'Arnaye*, *Hugh Vernon's* prisoner, taken at *Agin-court* seven years earlier, and held since then, by the King's command, without ransom; for it was *Henry's* policy to release none of the important French prisoners. Even on his death-bed he found time to admonish his brother, *John of Bedford*, that four of these—*Charles d'Orléans* and *Jehan de Bourbon* and *Arthur de Rougemont* and *Fulke d'Arnaye*—should never be set at liberty. "Lest," as he said, "more fire be kindled in one day than may be quenched in three."

Presently the *Sieur d'Arnaye* sighed, with a certain ostentation; and Adalais laughed and demanded the cause of his grief.

"*Mademoiselle*," he said—his English had but a trace of accent—"I am afflicted with a very grave malady."

"And its name?" said she.

"They call it love, *mademoiselle*."

Adalais laughed yet again, and doubted if the disease were incurable. But *Fulke d'Arnaye* seated himself beside her and demonstrated that in his case it might never be healed.

"For it is true," he observed, "that the ancient *Scythians*, who lived before the moon was made, were wont to cure this malady by bloodletting under the

ears; but your brother, *mademoiselle*, denies me access to all knives. And the leech *Ælian* avers that it may be cured by the herb *agnea*; but your brother, *mademoiselle*, will not permit that I go into the fields in search of this herb. And in Greece—*hé!* *mademoiselle*, I might easily be healed of my malady in Greece. For there is the rock *Leucata Petra*, from which a lover may leap and be cured; and the well of the *Cyziceni*, from which a lover may drink and be cured; and the river *Selemnus*, in which a lover may bathe and be cured: and your brother will not permit that I go to Greece. You have a very cruel brother, *mademoiselle*; seven long years, no less, he has penned me here like a starling in a cage." And *Fulke d'Arnaye* shook his head at her reproachfully.

Afterward he laughed. Always this Frenchman found something at which to laugh; Adalais could not remember in all the seven years a time when she had seen him downcast. But now, as his lips jested of his imprisonment, his eyes stared at her mirthlessly, like a dog at his master, and her eyes fell before the candor of the passion she saw in them.

"My lord," said Adalais, "why will you not give your parole? Then might you be free to come and go as you would." A little she bent toward him, a faint red showing in her cheeks. "To-night the *Earl of Brudenel* holds the *Michaelmas* feast at *Halvergate*. Give your parole, my lord, and come with us. There will be fair ladies there who may perhaps heal your malady."

But the *Sieur d'Arnaye* only laughed. "I cannot give my parole," he said, "since I mean to escape, for all your brother's care." Then he fell to pacing up and down before her. "God on the cross!" he cried, "I shall never give up hoping. Listen, *mademoiselle*," he went on, more calmly, and gave a nervous gesture toward the east, "yonder is France, sacked, pillaged, ruinous, prostrate, naked to her enemy. But at *Vincennes*, men say, the butcher of *Agin-court* is dying. With him dies the English power in France. Can his son hold that fair realm, think you? Are those tiny hands with which he may not yet feed himself capable to wield a sceptre? Can he who is yet beholden to nurses for



Half-tone plate engraved by F. A. Pettit

ADELAIS

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milk distribute sustenance to the law and justice of a nation? *Hé!* I think not, mademoiselle. France will have need of me shortly. Therefore I cannot give my parole."

"Then must my brother still lose his sleep, lord, for always your safe-keeping is in his mind. Only to-day he set out for the coast at dawn to examine those Frenchmen who landed yesterday."

At this he wheeled about. "Frenchmen!"

"Only Norman fishermen, lord, whom the storm drove to seek shelter in England. But he feared they had come to rescue you."

Fulke d'Arnaye shrugged his shoulders. "That was my thought, too," he said, with a laugh. "Always I dream of escape, mademoiselle. Eh, I shall escape yet, it may be."

"But I will not have you escape," said Adalais, and tossed her glittering little head. "Winstead would not be Winstead without you. Why, I was but a child, my lord, when you came. Have you forgotten, then, the lank, awkward child who used to stare at you so gravely?"

"Mademoiselle," he returned, and now his voice trembled, and still the hunger in his eyes grew more great, "I think that in all these years I have forgotten nothing—not even the most trivial happening, mademoiselle—wherein you had a part. You were a very beautiful child. Look you, I remember as if it were yesterday that you never wept when your good lady mother—whose soul may Christ have in His keeping—was forced to punish you for some little misdeed. No, you never wept; but your eyes would grow wistful, and you would come to me here in the garden, and sit with me for a long time in silence. 'Fulke,' you would say, quite suddenly, 'I love you better than my mother.' And I told you that it was wrong to say that,—did I not, mademoiselle? My faith, yes! but I may confess now that I liked it." Fulke d'Arnaye ended, with a faint chuckle.

Adalais sat motionless; but she trembled a little. Strange how the sound of this man's voice had power to move her.

"And now the child is a woman—a woman who will presently be Marchioness

of Falmouth. Look you, when I get free of my prison—and I shall get free, never fear, mademoiselle—I shall often think of that great lady, in France yonder. For only God may curb a man's dreams, and God is very pitiful. So I hope to dream nightly of a gracious lady whose hair is gold, and whose eyes are colored like the summer sea, and whose voice is high and delicate and very wonderfully sweet. Nightly, I think, the vision of that dear enemy will hearten me to fight for France by day. In effect, mademoiselle, your traitor beauty will yet aid me to destroy your country." The *Sieur d'Arnaye* laughed, somewhat cheerlessly, as he lifted her hand to his lips.

Strange how his least touch set her pulses drumming. Adalais drew away from him, half in fear. "No,—ah, no!" she panted; "remember, lord, I am not free."

"Indeed, we tread on dangerous ground," the Frenchman assented, with a sad little smile. "Pardon me, mademoiselle. For even were you free of your troth-plight—even were I free of my prison, most beautiful lady—I have naught to offer you even in the dear land of France. They tell me that the owl and the wolf hunt undisturbed o' nights where Arnaye once stood. My château is carpeted with furze and roofed with God's heaven. That gives me a large estate yonder—does it not?—but I may not reasonably ask a woman to share it. So I pray you pardon me, mademoiselle, and I pray that the Marchioness of Falmouth may be very happy."

And with that he vanished into the autumn-fired recesses of the garden, singing, his head borne stiff. Ah, the brave man who esteemed misfortune so lightly! thought Adalais. She remembered that the Marquis of Falmouth rarely smiled; and only once—at a bull-baiting—had she heard him laugh. It needed bloodshed, then, to amuse him. Adalais shuddered.

But through the scarlet coppices of the garden, growing fainter and yet more faint, rang the singing of Fulke d'Arnaye:

"Had you lived in Roman times,
No Catullus in his rhymes
Had lamented Lesbia's sparrow:
He had praised your forehead, narrow

As the slender crescent moon,
White as apple-trees in June;
He had made some amorous tune
Of the laughing light Eros
Snared as Psycheward he goes
By your beauty—by your slim,
White, perfect beauty.

“After him,
Horace, finding in your eyes
Horace throned in Paradise,
Would have made you melodies
Fittingly to hymn your praise,
Sweet Adalais.”

Into the midst of the Michaelmas festivities at Halvergate that night there burst a mud-splattered fellow in search of Sir Hugh Vernon. Roger Darke brought him to the knight. He came, he said, from Simeon de Beck, the master of Castle Rising, with tidings that a strange boat, French rigged, was hovering about the north coast. Let Sir Hugh have a care of his prisoner.

Vernon swore roundly. “I must look into this,” he said. “But what shall I do with Adalais?”

“Will you trust her to me?” Roger asked. “If so, cousin, I will very willingly be her escort to Winstead. Let the girl dance her fill while she may, Hugh. She will have little heart for dancing after a month or so of Falmouth’s company.”

“That is true,” Vernon assented; “but the match is a good one, and she is bent upon it.”

So presently he rode with his men to the north coast. An hour later, Roger and Adalais set out for Winstead, in spite of all Lady Brudenel’s protestations that Mistress Vernon had best lie with her that night at Halvergate.

It was a moonlit night, cloudless, neither warm nor chill, but fine late September weather. About them the air was heavy with the damp odors of decaying leaves, for the road they followed was shut in by the autumn woods, that now arched the way with sere foliage, rustling and whirring and thinly complaining overhead, and now left it open to broad splashes of moonlight, where fallen leaves scuttled about before the wind. Adalais, elate with dancing, chattered of this and that as her gray mare ambled lazily homeward, but Roger was somewhat moody.

Past Upton the road branched in three directions; and here on a sudden Master Darke caught the gray mare’s bridle and turned both horses to the left.

“Roger!” the girl cried—“Roger, this is not the road to Winstead!”

He grinned evilly over his shoulder. “It is the road to Yaxham, Adalais, where my chaplain expects us.”

In a flash she saw it all as her eyes swept the desolate woods about them. “You will not dare!”

“Will I not?” said Roger. “Faith, for my part, I think you have mocked me for the last time, Adalais, since it is the wife’s part, as Paul very justly says, to obey.”

Swiftly she slipped from the mare. But he followed her. “O God! O God!” the girl cried. “You have planned this, you coward!”

“Yes, I planned it,” said Roger Darke. “But I take no great credit therefor, for it was simple enough. I had but to send a mock-message to your blockhead brother. Eh, yes, I planned it, Adalais, and I planned it well. To-morrow you will be Mistress Darke, never fear.”

And with that he grasped at her cloak as she shrank from him. The garment fell, leaving the girl free, her festival jewels shimmering in the moonlight, her bared shoulders glistening like silver. Darke, staring at her, giggled horribly. A moment later Adalais fell upon her knees, sobbing, the dead leaves under her crackling sharply in the silence.

“Sweet Christ, have pity upon Thy handmaiden! Do not forsake me, sweet Christ, in my extremity! Save me from this man!” she prayed, with an entire faith.

“My lady wife,” said Darke, and his hot, wet hand fell heavily upon her shoulder, “you had best finish your prayer before my chaplain, I think, for he knows more of such matters than I.”

“A miracle, dear Lord Christ!” the girl wailed. “O sweet Christ, a miracle!”

“Faith of God!” cried Roger, in a flattish voice, “what was that?”

For faintly there came the sound of one singing:

“Beatrice were unknown
On her starlit heavenly throne
Were sweet Adalais but seen
By the youthful Florentine.

"Ah, had he but seen your face,
Adelais, sweet Adelais,
High exalted in her place,
You had heard your praises sung
In the fair Italian tongue,
Angels carolling your praise,
Sweet Adelais."

Adelais sprang to her feet. "A miracle!" she cried, her voice shaking. "Fulke! Fulke! to me, Fulke!"

Master Darke hurried her, struggling, toward his horse, muttering curses in his beard, for there was now the beat of hoofs in the road yonder that led to Winstead.

"Fulke, Fulke!" the girl sobbed.

Then presently as Roger put foot to stirrup two horsemen wheeled about the bend in the road, and one of them leaped to the ground.

"Mademoiselle," said Fulke d'Arnyay, "am I, indeed, so fortunate as to be of any service to you?"

"Ho!" cried Roger, with a gulp of relief, "'tis only the French dancing-master taking French leave of poor Cousin Hugh! Man, but you startled me!"

Now Adelais ran to the Frenchman, clinging to him in a sort of frenzy, sobbing out the whole foul story. His face set masklike.

"Monsieur," he said, when she had ended, "you have wronged a sweet and innocent lady. As God lives, you shall answer to me for this."

"Look you," Roger pointed out, "this is none of your affair, Monsieur Jack-anapes. You are bound for the coast, I take it. Very well—ka me and I'll ka thee. Do you go your way in peace, and let us do the same."

Fulke d'Arnyay put the girl aside and spoke rapidly in French to his companion. Then he stepped nimbly toward Master Darke.

Roger blustered. "You grinning fool!" said he, "what do you mean?"

"This!" said the Frenchman, and struck him lightly in the face.

"Very well!" said Master Darke, strangely quiet. And with that they both drew.

The Frenchman laughed, high and shrill, as they closed, and afterward began to pour forth a voluble flow of discourse. Battle was wine to the man. "Not since Agincourt, Master Coward—*hé!* no!—have I held sword in hand.

It is a good sword this—a sharp sword, eh? Ah, the poor arm—but see, your blood is quite red, monsieur, and I had thought cowards had paler blood than brave men possess. We live and learn, do we not? Observe, I play with you like a child—as I played with your King at Agincourt, when I cut away the coronet from his helmet. I did not kill him—no!—but I wounded him, eh? Presently I shall wound you, too, monsieur. My compliments—you have grazed my hand. But I shall not kill you, because you are the kinsman of the fairest lady earth may boast, and I would not willingly shed the least drop of any blood that is partly hers. Ah, no! Yet since I needs must do this ungallant thing—why, see, monsieur, how easy it is!"

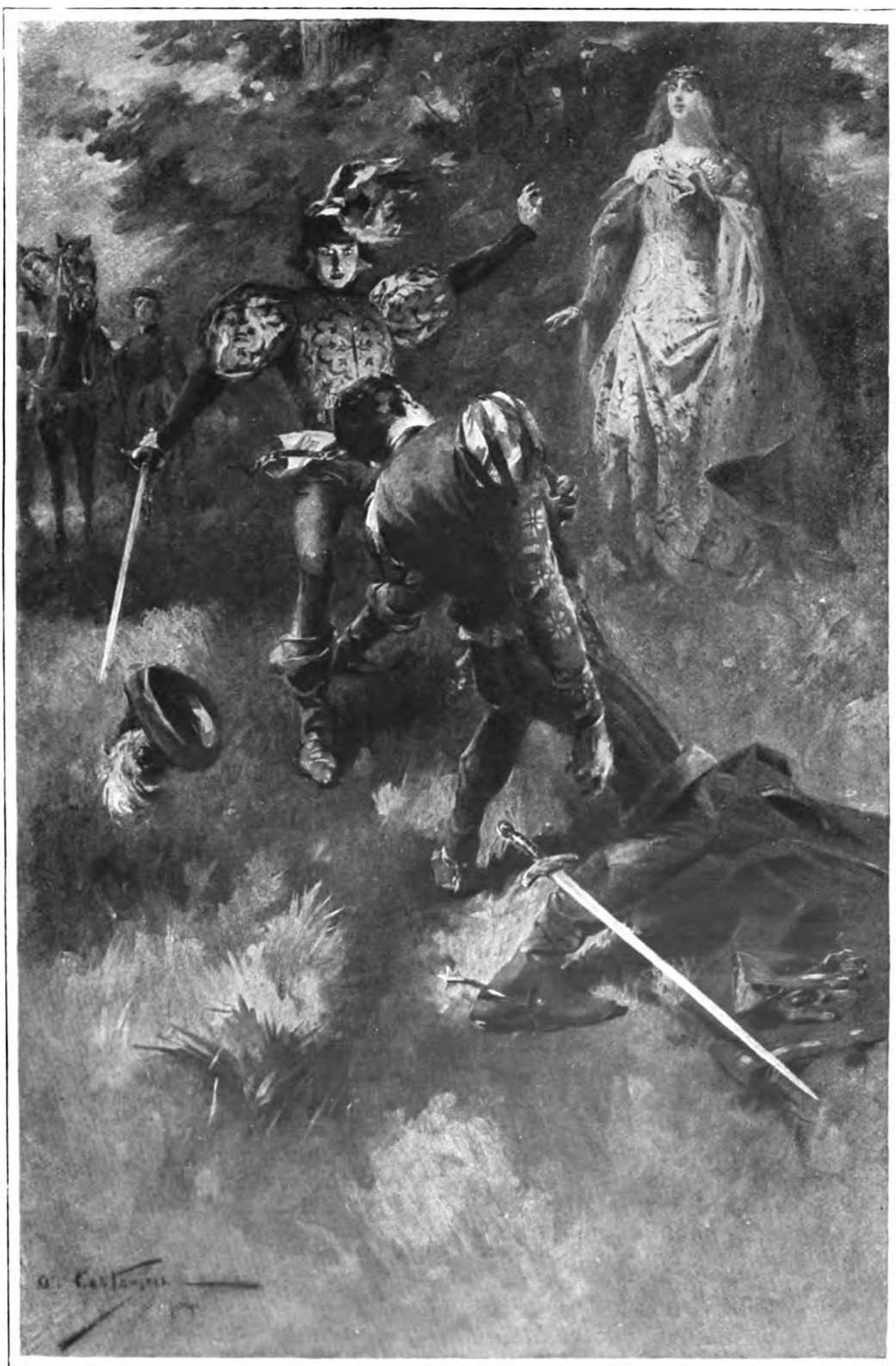
At that he cut Roger down at a blow, and composedly set to wiping his sword on the grass. The Englishman lay like a log where he had fallen.

"Lord," Adelais quavered—"lord, have you killed him, then?"

Fulke d'Arnyay sighed. "*Hélas!* no!" said he, "since I knew that you did not wish it. See, mademoiselle—I but struck him with the flat of my blade, this coward. He will recover in a half-hour."

He stood as in thought for a moment, concluding his meditations with a grimace. After that he began again to speak in French to his companion. The debate seemed vital. The stranger gesticulated, pleaded, swore, implored, but Fulke d'Arnyay was resolute.

"Behold, mademoiselle," he said, at length, "how my poor Oliver excites himself over a little matter. Oliver is my brother, most beautiful lady, but he speaks no English, so that I cannot present him to you. He came to rescue me, this poor Oliver, you see. Those Norman fishermen of whom you spoke to-day—but you English are blinded, I think, by the fogs of your cold island. Eight of the bravest gentlemen in France, mademoiselle, were those same fishermen, come to bribe my gaoler—the incorruptible Tompkins, no less. *Hé!* yes, they came to tell me that Henry of Monmouth, by the wrath of God King of France, is dead at Vincennes yonder, mademoiselle, and that France will soon be free of you English. France rises in her might now." His nostrils dilated for a



"WHY, SEE, MONSIEUR, HOW EASY IT IS!"

moment; then he shrugged his shoulders. "And poor Oliver grieves that I may not strike a blow for her—grieves that I must go back to Winstead."

D'Arnay laughed lightly as he caught the bridle of the gray mare and turned her so that Adelais might mount. But the girl drew away from him with a faint, wondering cry.

"You will go back! You have escaped, lord, and you will go back!"

"Why, look you," said the Frenchman, "what else may I conceivably do? We are some ten miles from your home, most beautiful lady—can you ride those ten long miles alone?—in this night so dangerous? Can I leave you here? *Hé!* surely not. I am desolated, mademoiselle, but I must needs burden you with my company homeward."

Adelais drew a choking breath. He had fretted out seven years of captivity. Now he was free; and for her sake he would go back to his prison, jesting. "No, no!" she cried, aloud, at the thought.

But he raised a protesting hand. "You cannot go alone. Oliver here would go with you gladly. Not one of those brave gentlemen who await me at the coast yonder but would go with you very, very gladly, for they love France, these brave gentlemen, and they think that I may serve her better than most other men. That is very flattering, is it not? But all the world conspires to flatter me, mademoiselle. Your good brother, by example, prizes my company so highly that he would infallibly hang the gentleman who rode back with you. So you see I cannot avail myself of their services. But with me it is different, *hein?* Ah, yes, he will merely lock me up again and guard me better for the future. Will you not mount, mademoiselle?"

His voice was quiet, and his smile never failed him. It was this steady smile that set her heart to aching. Adelais knew that no power on earth could dissuade him; he would go back with her; but she alone knew how constantly he had hoped for liberty, with what patience and fortitude he had awaited its coming; and that he should return to his prison smiling thrilled her to impotent, heart-shaking rage. It maddened her that he dared love her so infinitely.

"But, mademoiselle," Fulke d'Arnay

went on when she had mounted, "let us return, if it please you, by way of Filby. For then we may ride a little way with this rogue Oliver. I may not hope to see Oliver again in this life, you comprehend, and Oliver is, I think, the one person who loves me in all this great wide world. Me, I am not very popular, you see. But you do not object, mademoiselle?"

"Go!" she said, in a stifled voice.

Afterward they rode on the way to Filby, leaving Master Darke to come to his senses at his own leisure. The two Frenchmen talked vehemently as they went; and Adelais, following them, brooded on the powerful Marquis of Falmouth and the great lady she would shortly be; but her eyes strained after Fulke d'Arnay.

Presently he fell a-singing; and the words came back to her, sweet and clear, as they rode through the autumn woods, and his voice quickened her pulses as always it had the power to quicken them, and in her soul the interminable battle went on and on.

Sang Fulke d'Arnay:

"Had you lived when earth was new,
What had bards of old to do
Save to sing the song of you?"

"They had sung of you always,
Adelais, sweet Adelais;
Ne'er had other name had praise,
Ne'er had deathless memories
Clung as love may cling to these
Sweet, sad names of Héloïse,
Francesca, Thisbe, Bersabe,
Semiramis, Hesione,
Iseult, Lucrece, Pisidice,
Alcestis and Alcione;
But your name had all men's praise,
Sweet Adelais."

When they had crossed the Bure, they had come into the open country—a great marsh-land, gray in the moonlight, that descended, hillock by hillock, to the shores of the North Sea. To the right the dimpling lustre of tumbling waters stretched to a dubious sky-line, unbroken save for the sail of the French boat, moored near the ruins of the old Roman station, Gariannonum, and showing very white against the unresting sea, like a curved arm; and to the left the lights of Filby flashed their unblinking, cordial radiance.

Here the brothers parted. Vainly Oliver wept and stormed before Fulke's unwavering smile; the Sieur d'Arnaye was adamant; and presently the younger man kissed him on both cheeks and rode slowly toward the sea.

D'Arnaye stared after him. "Ah, the brave lad!" he said. "And yet how foolish! Look you, mademoiselle, that rogue is worth ten of me, and he does not even suspect it."

His composure stung her to madness.

"Now by the passion of our Lord and Saviour!" Adelais cried, wringing her hands in her impotence, "I conjure you to hear me, Fulke! You must not do this thing. Oh, you are cruel, cruel! Listen, my lord," she went on, with more restraint, when she had reined up her horse by the side of his, "yonder in France the world lies at your feet. Our great King is dead. France rises now, and France needs a brave captain. You, you! it is you that she needs. She has sent for you, my lord, that mother France whom you love. And you will go quietly back to sleep in the sun at Winstead when France has need of you. Oh, it is foul!"

But he shook his head. "France is very dear to me," he said, "but there are other men who can serve France. And there is no man save me who may serve you to-night, most beautiful lady."

"Oh, you shame me!" she cried, in a gust of passion. "You shame my worthlessness with this mad honor of yours that drags you jesting to your death! For you must die a prisoner now, without any hope. You and Orléans and Bourbon are England's only hold on France, and Bedford dare not let you go. Fetters, chains, dungeons, death, torture perhaps—that is what you must look for now."

"*Hélas!* you speak more truly than an oracle," he assented, gayly; but still his eyes strained after Oliver.

Adelais laid her hand upon his arm. "You love me," she breathed, quickly. "Ah, I am past shame now! God knows I am not worthy of it, but you love me. Ever since I was a child you have loved me—always, always it was you who humored me, shielded me, protected me with this great love that I have not merited. Very well,"—she paused for a single heart-beat,— "go! and take me with you."

The hand he raised shook as though palsied. "Oh, most beautiful!" the Frenchman cried, in an extreme of adoration, "you would do that! You would do that in pity to save me—unworthy me! And it is I whom you call brave—me, who annoy you so with my little troubles!" Fulke d'Arnaye slipped from his horse, and presently stood beside the gray mare, holding a long, slim hand in both of his. "I thank you," he said, simply, "but you know that it is impossible. Yes, I have loved you these seven years. And now— Ah, my heart shakes, my words tumble, I cannot speak! But you know that I may not—may not let you do this thing. Even if you loved me—" he gave a hopeless gesture. "Why, there is always our brave Marquis to be considered, mademoiselle, who will so soon make you a powerful lady. And I?—I have nothing."

But Adelais rested her hands upon his shoulders, bending down to him till her hair brushed his. "Do you not understand?" she whispered. "Ah, my paladin, do you think I speak in pity? I wished to be a great lady—yes. Yet always, I think, I loved you, Fulke, but until to-night I had thought that love was but a plaything. See, here is Falmouth's ring." She drew it from her finger and flung it into the night. "Yes, I hungered for Falmouth's power, but you have shown me that which is above any temporal power. Ever I must crave the highest, Fulke. Ah, my lord, my lord, do not deny me!" Adelais cried, piteously. "Ah, take me with you, Fulke! I will ride with you to the wars, my lord, as your page; I will be your wife, your slave, your scullion. Ah, lord, lord, it is not the maiden's part to plead thus!"

Fulke d'Arnaye drew her warm, yielding body toward him and stood in silence, choking. Then he raised his eyes toward heaven. "Dear Lord God," he cried, in a great voice, "I entreat of Thee that if through my fault this woman ever know regret or sorrow I be cast into the nethermost pit of hell for all eternity!" Afterward he kissed her.

And presently Adelais lifted her head from his shoulder with a mocking little laugh. "Sorrow!" she echoed. "I think there is no sorrow in all the world. Mount, my lord, mount! See where Brother Oliver waits for us yonder."

Employers' Policies in the Industrial Strife

BY CHARLES W. ELIOT, LL.D.

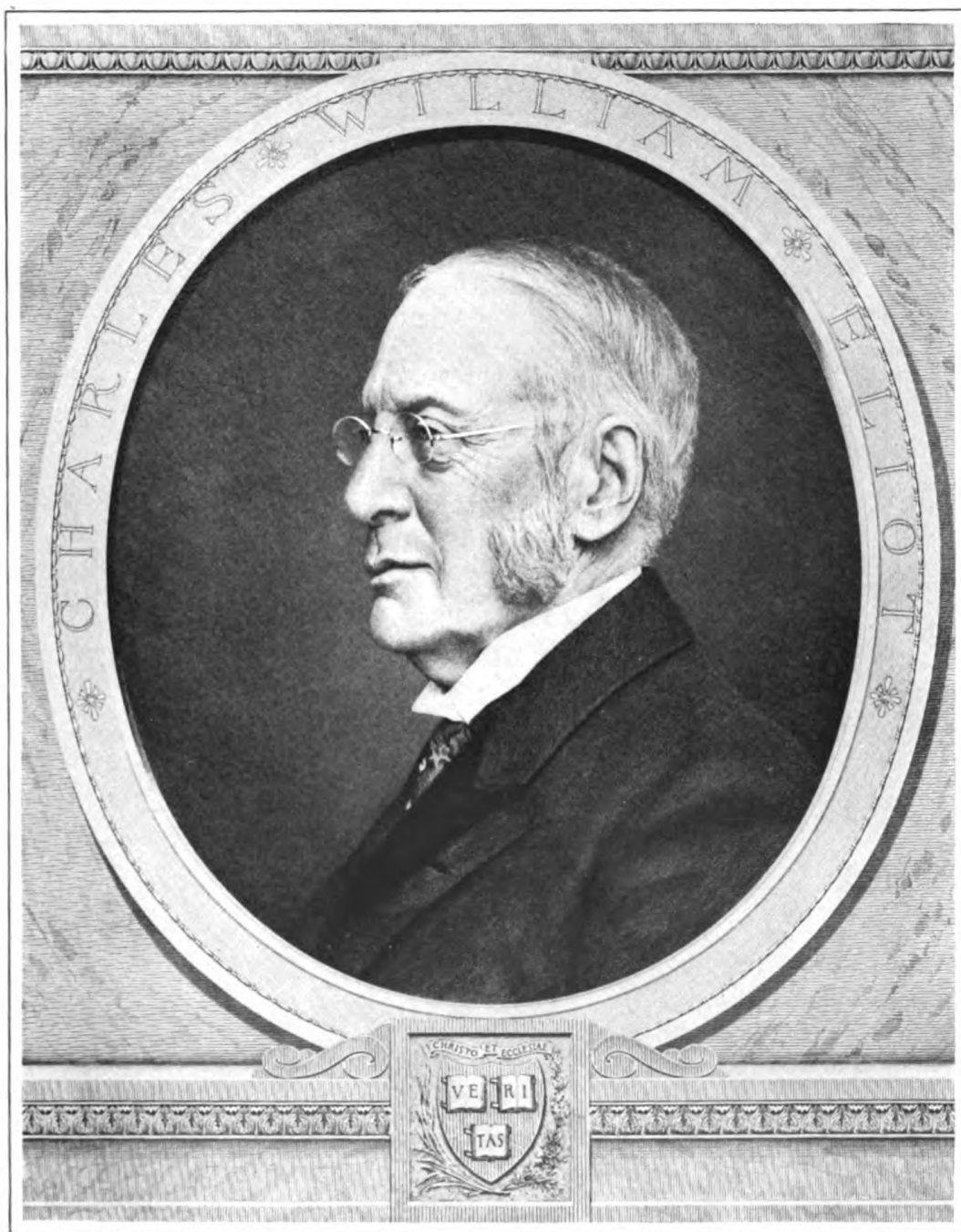
President of Harvard University

THE most striking fact in the development of the industrial combat during the last two years is the extensive and firm organization of employers. They were compelled to form compact and trustworthy associations by their experience of the force which could be exerted by the large organizations of labor against any single employer. They found that their only safety was in the organization of trustworthy associations of employers in each of the principal trades or occupations, and also of comprehensive associations which represent the employers in a great variety of industries.

These trade associations are, of course, various, because the interests and needs of the different trades and manufactures are various. A single uniform policy is not to be expected in all employers' associations except on the main lines of action. The effort after a uniform policy in regard to wages and hours, which characterizes the federated trade-unions, is, in my view, a dangerous one, whether for the trade-unions or for the employers' associations. The diversities in the industries and occupations of the country are so great, and the conditions under which the same industry is prosecuted in different places differ so widely, that the public may reasonably distrust efforts at universal legislation or universal policies—that is, legislation or policies which are supposed to cover a great variety of trades, or are intended to produce the same rates of wages and the same hours of daily labor over wide areas of our vast country. It is clear that an almost indispensable mode of conducting one industry may be entirely inapplicable in another industry, and that such diversities extend to rates of wages, to the number of hours which count as a day's work,

and to the distribution of the hours of labor through the twenty-four hours of the day. Some industries, like a blast-furnace, for instance, must be carried on incessantly; day and night, and month after month; others, like a cotton-mill, in ordinary times run steadily a definite number of hours out of each twenty-four, and have no difficulty in stopping overnight or over Sunday; others, like a bakery, are necessarily spasmodic in their operation, with hours of unseasonable activity, and regular daily periods of comparative inaction. Some trades are active at certain seasons of the year and dull at others. In some trades the effort of the worker is steady and monotonous; in others it is intermittent and various. In some trades all the labor is heavy and hard; in others it is all light and easy. I expect therefore to see the employers' associations resisting, and resisting successfully, uniform legislation affecting either wages or hours of labor.

The employers having organized strong associations, it has become highly important to find some tests which may be applied to the policies of these strong and numerous associations to distinguish the good and safe policies from the evil and dangerous ones. The efforts of the employers' associations are becoming very strenuous, and are encountering equally strenuous efforts on the part of organizations of labor; so that it is all-important that the employers' policies—and, indeed, the unions' policies also—in all their diversity should deserve public confidence and approval. Some of the fundamental policies of the labor-unions, such as the closed shop, the limitation of output, and the effort after a monopoly of the labor in each trade or occupation, certainly do not now command public ap-



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CHARLES W. ELIOT, PRESIDENT OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY

proval. What tests or criteria can we apply to the policies of the new employers' associations to discriminate the selfish from the unselfish policies, the policies which will prove acceptable to the community at large from those which will prove unacceptable?

In the first place, whenever an association of employers shows that its effort is, after all, directed to the attainment of a monopoly, like the habitual effort of every labor-union, it will certainly fail to command public confidence. Monopolies are no more welcome to the free people of the United States to-day than they were to our English ancestors four hundred years ago. The contest against monopolies granted by the sovereign for the profit of his government, or of his own purse, was one of the great steps in the development of public liberty. The recent revival of monopolies under free institutions, aided by all the new facilities for transportation and intercommunication over great distances, is one of the most striking social and political phenomena of the present generation. The world has never before seen such elaborate or such successful efforts after the acquisition of monopolies as the last thirty years have witnessed under the free governments of the world, first on the part of bands of working-people, and secondly on the part of bands of capitalists. In the long run in a free country neither sort of monopoly will approve itself to the public, or be permitted to exist without public regulation. A monopoly of all the labor in a given trade, sought in order that the trade-union may regulate wages, hours, and output in that trade, will never commend itself to a free people; no more will the effort of capitalists banded together to prevent competition, to corner the market, and control prices commend itself to a free people. These two monopolies are equally dangerous and detestable. Therefore the employers' associations must acquit themselves, in the public view, of every suspicion that they are attempting to acquire monopolies in their several trades, or to restrict that free competition which is essential to the progress of all the industries and to the building up of the whole community in comfort and happiness. Some monopolies there must be; but every inevitable monopoly, like

a street railway or a gas company or a patent, should be strictly regulated and limited by public authority.

This avoidance of the monopolistic tendency is, however, a negative quality. Are there any positive tests by which the rightful policies of employers may be recognized? It seems to me that there are two such tests, and these I proceed to describe.

The first I should state thus: the policy of an employers' association is rightful whenever it clearly appears that in the execution of that policy a single employer or a great association of employers is promoting the development of private and public liberty. If, on the contrary, a policy adopted by employers tends the other way—towards the restriction of either private or public liberty—the chances are that the policy is wrong or dangerous to the public weal, not right or beneficial. To illustrate what I mean by this test I shall use the following list of the objects of an employers' association in Boston which was formed within the last six months. The association states its objects as follows: (1) No closed shop; (2) No restriction as to the use of tools, machinery, or materials except such as are unsafe; (3) No limitation of output; (4) No restriction as to the number of apprentices and helpers when of proper age; (5) No boycott; (6) No sympathetic strike; (7) No sacrifice of the independent workman to the labor-union; (8) No compulsory use of the union label. Do these eight objects tend towards liberty or towards the restriction of liberty?

"No closed shop." That means resistance to the most effective policy of the labor-unions to procure the establishment of a complete monopoly; and this resistance is a measure in defence of competition. Now, the restriction of competition is inimical to personal and public freedom, to progress, and to the common well-being.

"No restriction as to the use of tools, machinery, or materials." There again the effort clearly is to prevent bonds being put on the development of the trade or on the introduction of improvements. It tends towards freedom.

"No limitation of output." That principle not only tends towards freedom, but

it tends to the development of independent and unusual powers in the individual workman, which is, indeed, a most important element in individual liberty. It resists, of course, the most demoralizing doctrine and most enfeebling practice of the labor-unions.

"No restriction as to the number of apprentices and helpers when of proper age." Is that an employers' policy which tends towards freedom or towards the restriction of freedom? In education we should not for a moment doubt but that this policy tended towards freedom. Even Napoleon stated, and stated very compactly, the principle this policy tends to promote—"Every career open to talent." To partition off and regulate wisely and effectively the numerous grades of labor which can be employed most advantageously at the various stages, or in the various parts, of a series of operations which contribute to the creation of a valuable product, like a building, a car-load of dressed beef, or a ream of note-paper with envelopes to match, is nowadays one of the most important elements in business success. The labor-union tries to limit the employers' freedom in this essential part of his business by forcing on him a prescribed proportion between the skilled, the less skilled, and the unskilled laborers in his shop or factory. The employers' associations must resist this effort of the unions, if the business of the country is to be conducted in the most productive and profitable manner. To give employment to two, or three, or five, unskilled men in place of one highly skilled man may be as great a public service as to give employment to that skilled laborer. It certainly is, if it results in a larger valuable product at a lower labor cost. It should not be forgotten, however, that the apprentice system has been in past centuries, and is still to some extent, an unjust and unprofitable method. It was a slow and wasteful way to teach a trade, and was liable to great abuses through the selfishness and brutality of employers. Any bright and diligent youth can learn a deal more in three years at a good trade-school than in seven years of apprenticeship, and at lower cost in money as well as time.

"No boycott." A boycott is a mean

and illegal attack by a multitude of men on an individual trader, worker, or producer. It is of course a savage attack on the liberty of the individual. So long as organized and federated labor uses this detestable weapon in the interests of labor monopoly, so long must employers' associations endeavor to protect their members against this dangerous form of monopolistic assault.

"No sympathetic strike." Here again the policy of the employers' association looks toward liberty. It promises to prevent the use of a formidable weapon to cripple a single firm or factory and to enforce a boycott.

"No sacrifice of the independent workman to the labor-union." Until within times still recent employers have neglected to observe the principle here stated; yet there is no more fundamental and righteous principle than this, and none more essential to the preservation of industrial liberty. The violations of this principle occur, of course, in those industries the continuity of which is all-important to the owners or to the community, like the industries concerned with transportation or with the supply of coal, water, or food. Continuity in these industries is so important to the entire community that employers in them are required by public sentiment to make every effort to prevent any interruption in them. Accordingly, when a strike occurs in such an industry, the employers or owners enlist non-union men who are willing to risk their lives and fortunes, and endeavor to carry on operations with these new recruits; but in a few weeks the strike may be settled, with or without compromise. Whereupon the owner or employer turns adrift all the non-union men who have come to his aid at their own proper peril, and takes back all the strikers in a body. They are, of course, more valuable to him than his new recruits, because they know the work better; and he sacrifices the strike-breakers to his immediate interest. A meaner or more short-sighted policy it would be difficult to imagine. Is it not clear that such a policy on the part of the employers must work against a just industrial liberty? Is it not clear that it is the duty, and in the long run the plain interest, of every employer suffering from a strike

not only to protect every man who comes to his help, but to make sure that that man continues to be employed, if in any reasonable time he can learn the business? One of the main reasons for the frequency of strikes for trivial reasons is the sure belief on the part of the strikers that they are only to be out a few days or weeks or, at worst, a few months, and that then they will all return to their jobs. This belief on the part of strikers, and of people who are thinking to strike, has been fully justified until recently by the unjust and dangerous policy of employers towards strike-breakers. A large majority of strike-breakers in any single case will probably be green hands; but it is the interest and duty of employers to convert them gradually into experienced hands. If only this principle of this new association of employers could be generally enforced—"No sacrifice of the independent workman to the labor-union"—we should see that workmen would strike only for serious reasons; for they would feel that in striking they were risking the permanent loss of their jobs, and were making themselves liable to a complete change of residence or of occupation. I know no more valuable principle or method for the promotion of general industrial liberty than this statement—"No sacrifice of the independent workman to the labor-union."

Finally, "No compulsory use of the union label." Is that a regulation which tends toward liberty? Let us observe that the union label is, next to the closed shop, the most effective weapon for securing to the labor-union in any trade a complete monopoly. Its direct effect is to secure and maintain a monopoly, and to facilitate the enforcement of serious penalties for disobedience to the union.

I find every one of these eight principles to be in defence of private and public liberty. They all bear that test.

It is not in industrial affairs alone that this test may be safely and wisely applied. I am sure it should be applied to every educational policy. It is only when the governmental policy of school, college, or university tends towards liberty—that is, tends to give play to the free spirit of youth—that the policy will

have any hope of long life or large hope of conferring practical benefits on the community. So it is with wars and with governmental policies. Have there been any wars which later generations remember with gratitude except those out of which came some increase, or development, or protecting of public liberty? Are there any promising or even prudent policies in government except those which do away with some restraint of freedom, or give freer play to the native human instinct for liberty?

I come now to the second test which I conceive should be applied to all employers' policies, namely this: do they tend to promote good-will between employers and employed? After all, the great thing to be done to make the industries of any people effective is to secure the good-will of the men and women that labor in those industries. What is the reason that slavery as an industrial method is notoriously unproductive and costly? There is no good-will in it. What is the reason that any man who feels that he is working for the direct benefit of his family and himself will work a deal harder than a man who has no such belief? It is all a question of good-will. If all the work-people in our country, organized or unorganized, felt to-day that they were working for their own profit, for their own uplifting and their own happiness, they would work with such a will that the productiveness and general efficiency of labor would mount to an inconceivable height. The ultimate question about the industrial situation is, therefore, how to promote good-will in labor. We must all desire that every individual employer should constantly bear in mind this test of his own policy, and of his association's policy—does it tend toward good-will between the employer and the employed? How can this tendency be secured? Only by thoughtfulness, considerateness, and sympathy, and by constant care for right relations between the employer and the employed. How can such right feelings be expressed? Not by any form of benevolence or condescension, and not by the giving of favors, but by the recognition of rights and the giving of earned privileges. Of course we all believe that the arrangements called "welfare" ar-

rangements tend in the direction I am now advocating; but welfare arrangements should never be presented as if they were a benevolence. They are really means of promoting efficiency and productiveness, and of securing the natural good-will and the natural cooperative effort between employer and employed. All health arrangements come under this head. The great depressing influences that diminish national productiveness are low bodily condition, sickness, and premature death, all of which result from failure to take care of the bodily vigor and the animal spirits of the workmen.

All contrivances which make the workman feel that he has a personal share in the success of the shop or factory in which he labors tend strongly to the promotion of good-will. We need, however, many more inventions of this sort. We already have the method of piece-work, of contract work by groups of workmen, the premium method, the method of commission on sales, the rising wage with length of service, and the sharing of profits with the employees. All these are experimental. There is a difficulty with all of them,—namely, that a method which works well when the establishment is profitable may work ill, or not at all, when the same establishment is unprofitable. New inventions and new experiments are needed in this direction, new means of promoting the sense of common interest between the employer and the employed. The problem of establishing good-will between the employer and the employed will, however, take us much farther than welfare arrangements and profit-sharing. The employer will have to interest himself not only in the efficient productiveness of his workmen while they are at work, but in their social surroundings and their opportunities for rational pleasure. There is no separating attention to the general physical and mental well-being of large groups of working-people from the industrial problem of establishing good-will. Municipal well-being must be made a part of industrial well-being; and the thoughtful employer will interest himself in the condition of the town or city where his works are established, and in the opportunities for enjoyment it affords, just as he will interest himself in the tidiness

and wholesomeness of his factory, and in the appearance of the grounds about his works. A dirty, squalid, ugly town, without parks, play-grounds, libraries, cheerful schools, gardens, lectures, and concerts, and overhung night and day by a pall of smoke, can never be the permanent seat of a prosperous industry where reign health and good-will.

Among sound employers' policies may always be included their policy in regard to the discipline of the works or shops, for the reason that this policy has a great deal to do with the establishment and maintenance of good-will. It is a reasonable expectation on the part of working-men, who feel that they are in partnership with the owner, that they should have a right to confer with him and advise him about the rules of the works. It is a reasonable expectation that complaints should be promptly attended to and investigated by the right person,—not by the person who is complained of, or by any impatient and arbitrary person. It is amazing how rough and thoughtless many employers have been in this respect. An employer of many thousands of men in a crude industry which demands vigor and a certain daring in the individual workman once told me that he attributed his exemption for thirty years from serious labor difficulties to a careful method of dealing justly with complaints. The employer's ignorance about just sources of complaint, or his failure to provide a just method of dealing with complaints, is the commonest source of ill will between an employer and his workmen. Since the establishment of good-will in the workmen will inevitably be highly profitable in any commercial or industrial undertaking, the things which promote good-will should engage the constant attention of all employers, and the promotion of good-will should be the best test of the policies of employers' associations.

I discern, then, three tests which the public may well apply to the policies of employers, and indeed to the policies of trade-unions as well: first, do they take sufficient account of the immense variety of industries, shops, stores, employments, and occupations? Uniform regulations or policies, except in regard to fundamental matters, are not to be expected.

Secondly, do they promote personal and public liberty? Thirdly, do they promote good-will?

It is obvious that many of the policies which employers have pursued in the past will not stand these tests. There is great room for improvement, and for the manifestation of a wiser and kindlier spirit than the past has brought down to us.

Unions or associations among men or women who follow the same business or calling, whether employers or employed, are perfectly natural and inevitable under free institutions, where the right of association is universally conceded and, indeed, protected by law. The labor-union and the employers' association are both going to last; but both need to consider and reconsider their policies, and to make them conform better than they have ever done to the elementary prin-

ciples of public justice and public liberty; so that together they may promote peace and good-will among men. The trade-union is indeed indispensable in the great industries which employ thousands of work-people—men and women. It provides a desirable facility for the single employer and for the associations of employers; for it permits them to confer with, or consult, great bodies of employees through elected representatives. What we must regret is, not the existence of the unions, but that their policies have in several important respects been misdirected. What we have to hope is that out of this conflict between trade-unions on the one hand and employers' associations on the other there will arise two safe, just, and wise lines of co-operative policy—one in the unions, the other in the associations of employers.

Golden Gorse

BY A. HUGH FISHER

CHILDY, childy, childikin,
I'll make you a wreath o' flower o' the whin—
"Oh, but the prickles will tear my skin."

Childy, childy, Love o' the May,
I'll pull the prickles all away—
"Oh, but a wee one's sure to stay."

Childy, childy, Love o' the year,
Crowned or not, you are queen, my dear,—
"Give me my crown, I have no fear."

Love o' the year and Love o' the May,
Love of a life and Love of a day—
Love is life and to-day is May.

The Dissolving View

BY MAY HARRIS

TO find, after a period of mixture with the world of outside things, that the place of one's early belonging is unchanged—unflexed from its abiding characteristics, and remote to one's advance—affects different people in the measure of their temperament. To Angela Westray it was less a revelation than a disappointment, as, pathetically alone, she struggled with a March wind in her walk from the station to her old home.

Her life there, before her seven years of absence, had lacked intimacy with her surroundings, and, indeed, had been detached from many of the personal sympathies that belong naturally to youth. People in Madderley had spoken of the Westrays as eccentric, and the chance word clung descriptively even when the family had narrowed suddenly to Angela and her older sister, Margaret. When their father and mother died, Margaret left Madderley to go on the stage, and took Angela with her.

Her brilliant success, her wonderful charm, and her beauty came back in paragraphed echoes to Madderley, but she herself never returned. Her death in London less than a year before, at the close of a gratifying season in a successful play written especially for her, gave the younger sister the option of decision, and tentatively she came back. It was almost the first effort she had ever individually made, and it was a wrench to disassociate herself from the life she had shared with her sister. And yet, while she had been so closely related to it, she had nevertheless been so far outside as to be a little lonely. All her personality had been dormant for so long that she had no clear impression of herself apart from her sister, who had directed and carried forward not only her own life, but Angela's as well.

That all this past, with its triumphs and its glamour, had belonged to her sister, and with her death had come to a

close, Angela, out of step with its brilliant fellowship, completely recognized.

Notwithstanding her attitude of withdrawal, her reserve, she had been acutely dependent upon it. Even Margaret's friends, whom she had not perfectly approved, she wistfully remembered, and wished she could have numbered one as hers. She had been definitely outside.

"She's my other self—my puritan self," Margaret had gayly declared once. "I'm relatively pagan."

The jesting words came back in the train of Angela's thought as she unlatched the gate and went up the straight path to the door of her old home. She felt a surge of refutation as she faced the bare realism of positive puritanism in the house—grim, bleak of outline, like the impersonal stare of a stranger where one had hoped to meet a friendly face.

Angela had written to the woman who, since her absence, had lived there as caretaker, and who answered the hesitating knock on the door.

"I'm Angela Westray, Miss Nancy." Angela met her dubious gaze.

Miss Nancy Pemberton, of a rigid New England type—unsubdued after thirty years in Madderley,—made a movement of her head too stiff to be described as a bow.

"Be you?" she said.

Angela put out her hand. "Surely you remember me, Miss Nancy!" Her fresh voice echoed in the cavernous hall. "It has only been seven years!"

"No, you ben't changed." Miss Nancy trusted her passive fingers a second to Angela's clasp. "Older," she added, as she drew them away.

The chill of that first evening, when Angela watched the fire kindled on the so long deserted hearth of the sitting-room, was of a desolation the succeeding days repeated. The unlovely stiffness of the furniture, the cold silence of the rooms, numbed her.

The people of Madderley called. After the manner of their different kinds they hastened to welcome her, and Angela had her vision enlarged to appreciations of the conscious elegance, the warm-hearted kindness, and the casual provincial curiosity so fully to be met in village life. She recognized that she was just a little alien to them all.

With the utmost kindness of intention, they had their critical attitude, and Mrs. Probyn suggested the composite feeling, perhaps, when she told her daughter she was disappointed.

"It is not that we expected so much of Angela Westray," Mrs. Probyn added, as she pulled her chiffon neck-gear more closely about her throat and turned the pony's head down the street, "as it is that she simply doesn't impress one in the least! She was a quiet, stupid sort of girl, I remember, when she went away. She's come back just the same."

"She hasn't any style," Flo Probyn said, in her negative voice.

The Offinghams called early, and were very kind, but not penetrative to any need on Angela's part. They were relatively newcomers themselves, Mr. Offingham having become rector of the Episcopal church on the death of Dr. Grange a year or two before.

"It must be very pleasant for you—this return to your old home," Mrs. Offingham had filled a pause.

"I haven't been able to feel that it is 'home' yet," she confessed, and she could feel Mrs. Offingham's interest a little less in sympathy, as a qualifying touch to her polite acquiescence.

"It takes some time to adjust one's self."

It continued to take time. As the spring progressed, the gradual unfolding of the leaves changed the bare trees to things of beauty, and the unfriendly outlines of the Westray house became masked by the revived foliage of the Virginia creeper. The front had only grass and trees, but in the back yard Miss Nancy had planted sweet peas, and the lilacs that every place in Madderley possessed were purple and white with plentiful blooms. Miss Nancy Pemberton was never idle, but she was never sociable. She raised chickens, weeded her flowers, sewed, and ruled the servant Angela in-

sisted on having, with the vigor of her native New England. She was sixty-three, but she seemed made of steel, and her duties were accomplished with precision. As might be imagined, her speech was always to the point, and its cold directness was an arrow on the string for the gentle and perhaps aimless multitude of words indulged in by her more relaxed neighbors. Mrs. Probyn, also a Northern woman, was, at least superficially, an apostate to the manner of the people; but Miss Nancy had suffered no abridgment to her native prejudices from softening climatic influences.

Miss Nancy showed no interest in the changes Angela made in the house and its furniture. The grand piano was one of them, and Angela's music became a dominant presence. Miss Nancy's duties were carried on to the sound of fugitively caressing airs and echoes, of tonal harmonies exquisitely rendered; but apparently they passed her by without arousing interest or sweetening her literal acceptance of life.

Angela was the reverse of literal. One of her sister's friends had told her once that she pursued shadowy suggestions rather than definite possibilities.

His words came back to her, with his mocking smile that had seemed to provocatively discount so many of her conclusions, one day when she saw his name in a New York paper in the list of the passengers of an incoming steamer. There was a brief paragraph she found in the same paper and read eagerly:

"Anthony Guest and his mother, who arrived on the *Cedric*, leave in a few days for a visit to their old home in the South. Mr. Guest has completed his new play, which, it is understood, will be produced simultaneously in London and New York."

A touch of color came into Angela's face, and she sat holding the paper a long time with absent eyes.

At dinner she asked Miss Nancy a question: "Do you remember the Guests—Mrs. Guest and her son?"

"Yes. They come every five or six years and stay a spell. Their house is on the corner."

Angela perfectly remembered the house—square, and of red brick with white facings at doors and windows, and

an air of gloom lent definitely by the cedar-trees about it. She had never known it more than exteriorly in her previous life there. The intimacy—indeed the acquaintance—with the Guests had been formed abroad, and in connection with her sister's professional life. The Guests had not, however, entered the professional phase, except through artistic appreciation and Anthony Guest's achievement as a playwright.

Mrs. Guest was a woman of cyclopedic inclinations, and she touched tentatively many hobbies that always just failed of being permanent. The one thing she permanently kept was youth, which she did not pursue. She was, as Angela recalled her, the ideal woman of fifty—translucent to the emotions that would have been with most women nervously absorbed. The afternoon of the day Angela read of their arrival she unpacked for the first time a large portrait of her sister. It had been painted by Boldoni, and it presented, when the light struck the features, the transitional grace of a subtle moment fixed superbly as a translated phase.

The old negro man who did the unpacking stepped back, when he had hung it under her direction, with rolled eyes.

"It sholy am fine, Miss Angy! Yes, m'am, it sholy am!"

When Miss Nancy was called to see it, she stood a moment with the impartial detachment of her gaze on the vivid, strongly sensitized beauty that insistently held the eyes.

"You don't favor her," she said, in impassive comment.

To Angela's mind, the room in the following days came to be dominated by the almost veritable presence of the dead woman, and the domination compellingly allured. The influence made itself felt in her music—she played the things her sister had cared for—gay dance music, music with laughter, with the vivid human note that rang its refutation to gloom and unexplored things—brilliant, mocking, and fascinating in every rhythm.

She began to do her hair like the portrait, and singularly a likeness seemed established that had never been noticeable before. The beauty of the portrait was pervasive, infectious; and in the al-

most tangible efflorescence of a posthumous personality Angela's own seemed definitely closing, like a night-blooming flower at the approach of day. Her fragrances, so to say, were supremely of the twilight, and they began slowly to be intangible in the splendid glamour of the stronger radiance. She found herself searching in her memory for little hints of the past—bits that would help in the effect she wished—the stage-setting.

The resolute restriction of herself that had always been a characteristic trait was of a value—if differently—in the transformation. But something more magical seemed directly responsible—the strong impetus that could sway a woman out of the old channels, and could be the guide and goal and ultimate reward, was the hand on the strings that caught the alien note and compelled its response.

She put out of sight the old convictions, and shut her ears to their haunting echo as she tried to recast her image in the mirror. "If I can make myself like Margaret—!" she met her abasement of recognition. "If he will think me like!"

Anthony Guest went to call on Angela the day after he and his mother arrived in Madderley.

Madderley had a heritage of returns. Those who had once belonged invariably came back, and the Guests were merely tardy claimants of the privileges and criticisms that were holdings of their citizenship. Mrs. Guest had never cared greatly for Madderley. She had come there to live, on her marriage, fresh from a larger environment and different traditions. While her husband lived she had managed to affiliate without the complete response a provincial neighborhood demands. She had a large fortune in her own right, and on her husband's death had left Madderley, only occasionally revisiting it.

She had met Anthony's proposal that they return to Madderley for the summer, with the amused tolerance she kept in reserve for her son's vagaries and which had proved an effective method of preserving unstrained the sympathy of their bond of relationship. He was restless, and his choice of a place for a holiday was merely consequent, she considered, to the fact that he had exhausted so many

places of the interest of first impressions, that the definite drop to commonplace limitations would be in the nature of a relief. She was capable of the allowance that her own freedom from such a desire was because she so little exhausted her resources and so perfectly conserved her interests that her banked fires always permitted her to draw a chair to their comfortable warmth. Her convictions were of the agreeable kind that did not interfere with her many enthusiasms—enthusiasms developed so frequently by hazard that her intellectual bohemianism acquired varied flavors. She was very direct in her material divagations, and her son had always been conscious of the strength of her vivid personality, which had made an atmosphere provocative of genius, or at least of the talent he had successfully shown. This talent had made his name conspicuous as a writer of problem plays, and his temperament and her own were so similar as to permit the complete fellowship on her part with his interests that maternal possessiveness so frequently destroys.

Mrs. Guest, in effect, always comprehended parenthetically, and her parentheses were in a cipher she did not think necessary to translate to others.

One of her parenthetical ideas had been that if Margaret Westray had lived, her son would have eventually married her. It would not have disturbed her, for she was not, as has been explained, of the maternal temperament that exacts, and her son's freedom of inclination never dragged at an anchor of intolerance on her part. She had, in fact, admired Margaret Westray exceedingly, and had offered by this admiration a tacit encouragement of her son's taste.

But his attitude had never progressed in Miss Westray's direction to the definitive point his mother had premised. Indeed, it had been difficult now and then for her to decide whether he had ever intended it should; but she had the feeling that it would have come about. Margaret Westray's brilliance and daring had exactly met the need of her son's brilliant and daring work for an interpreter; she had seemed so perfectly in sympathy with the rôles he created as to suggest their having been written for her. It was not difficult for Mrs. Guest to re-

call that Angela was in every way different from her sister, and in the same measure from herself. She had met Margaret on equal ground; but Angela, never. She had seemed to Mrs. Guest not so much shy as grave, and of a baffling reserve she never broke—at least for Mrs. Guest.

Mrs. Guest recalled her son's jesting talk of the "little sphinx," as he had called her, with a smile—that ended in a sigh.

"She's just the same, I suppose," she said, on Anthony's return.

He looked up quickly. "Should you have thought she wouldn't be? That's just it,—she's changed—utterly!"

"Changed?"

"Like Margaret."

"But *how*?" Mrs. Guest appealed.

"Just that—like Margaret." And as his mother continued to be expectant: "You remember they were different types—in every way. Well, she's as much her sister as if her personality had shifted. There was a portrait of Margaret in the room—she might have been the prototype."

"But she—herself—" Mrs. Guest confidently advanced.

He shook his head impatiently. "It was when she began to talk that I felt it most. It wasn't that she talked of Margaret, you understand; she *was* Margaret herself!"

Mrs. Guest gave it up. "It's too curious—!"

"Well—I suppose it is. You'd think Angela Westray was gone, and Margaret's ghost in possession."

"Her 'ghost'?"

"Well, naturally, she isn't Margaret!"

"Oh, I see! It's superficial!"

"Superficial—?" he penetrated slowly. "How do you know it isn't a release? That the other wasn't the superficial thing?"

"Why—she'd been the other so much longer! A personality is a life! You can't shuffle."

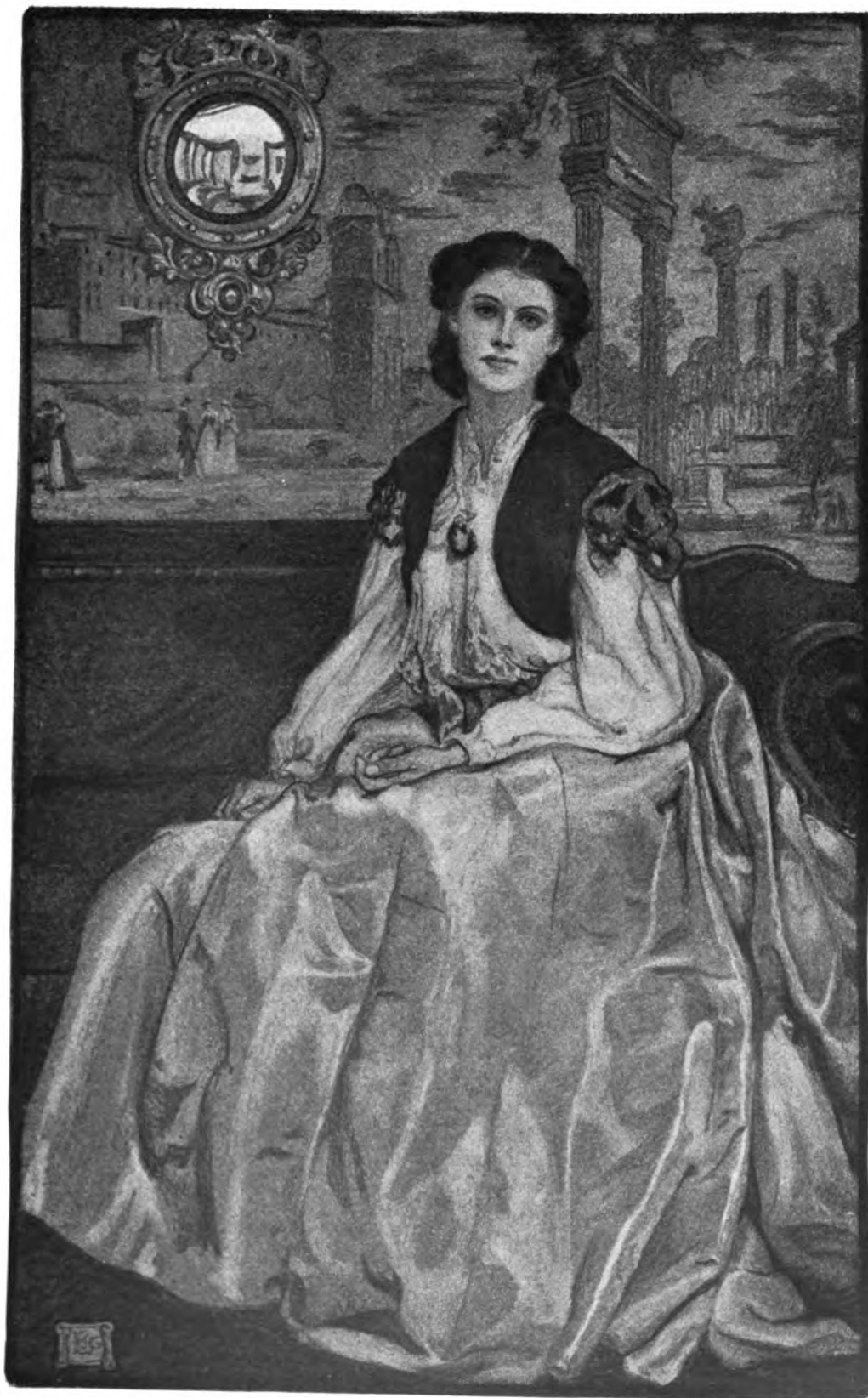
"It's a difficulty she's surmounted."

"Well—it must be much more interesting."

"To other people, you mean? I think not—it's like a pose."

"Oh!"—Mrs. Guest was impatient with his dulness,—*"I mean to herself!"*

"But she was more satisfactory to herself when she *was* herself."



ANGELA MIGHT HAVE BEEN THE PROTOTYPE OF MARGARET'S PORTRAIT

"How do you know?"

"I divined it," he asserted.

"Dear boy!"—Mrs. Guest put this aside,—“don't bother with problems off paper. And of all people, Angela Westray—!”

"Yes—she didn't use to be a problem; she was as simple to the eye as a bit of crystal."

"As a crystal beside a diamond—yes," his mother agreed.

"Would you put it that way?" he reflected. "Perhaps you're right, mother. Crystal is a native state and a diamond's a product—pure carbon!"

"Well, the product's the jewel. It's what we all look for! Look at Angela! As long as she was a negative crystal you didn't notice."

"Didn't I?" he put forward an uncertainty.

"Of course not! She was like the tables and chairs, when Margaret was by!"

"Did you think of her that way?"

"I can't recall," Mrs. Guest puzzled, "that I ever thought of her at all! She wasn't in the least degree obvious."

"No," he agreed, promptly, "she wasn't."

That Angela was now perfectly obvious Mrs. Guest gathered more obliquely from her son than she did from Angela herself. There were suggestions of Margaret apparent, but, to her idea, of a sort that belonged merely to surface things—her dress, the arrangement of her hair—perhaps a word or a phrase that her sister had frequently used. Beyond this, Mrs. Guest's scrutiny, keen as it was, could detect no explicit obligation to another and so different personality. She decided that her son's impression was the reflex of a sentiment of memory.

"Anthony thinks you have grown so like Margaret," she commented to Angela, with a discretionary frankness.

To her surprise, Angela's face grew suddenly white.

"There's a likeness, perhaps—always."

"But we didn't notice it when— I remember Margaret used to say you were her opposite."

Angela did not ask if Mrs. Guest had agreed to this. Her old reserve was in evidence sufficiently to Mrs. Guest to suggest that her son's view was a mere

theory—built, perhaps, on the attraction of the old sentiment. She had the detached reflection that with him, as with all men, such things were a palimpsest of record and of a more facile appeal when it was possible for the type to be the same. Anthony was Anthony, of course, but, more than that, he was of the race of man.

He continued, to his mother's amusement, to comment on Angela and to find in this possible change a positive problem. The note of disappointment she perceived in his analysis was simply the inevitable contrast which she considered Margaret's splendid dominance would always discount. She had the thought that he was troubled because she was not so completely a revival of Margaret as the likeness suggested.

It certainly, as their stay in Madderley progressed into the summer, assumed very little proportion as an affair of the heart. Mrs. Guest's annotations at second hand were scarcely of a greater vagueness, apparently, than Anthony's. She could even indulge in marginal decorations of a delicate irony, to the slow development of the situation, and they, though so completely for herself alone, gave an *accès* to the interest of her very leisurely days, and, in her own phrase, secured her mental machinery from rust.

The cousin who was visiting England and who had very gladly taken their London apartment during their absence, wrote to ask if Anthony were writing another play, and Mrs. Guest had a euphemistic pleasure in answering, "He's analyzing a subject and planning a dénouement, but the development is, so far, more suggestive than intentional."

"You don't know how exceedingly you recall your sister," Anthony Guest said. He was sitting near the piano, and Angela was playing Brahms. The brilliant, rippling notes showered their accent, but she said nothing. In the next room Miss Nancy was taking accurate stitches in the hem of a table-cloth. Her acute sharpness of feature, seen through the open door, offered in its firm definiteness a resolute negation to the irresponsible lightness of the music.

"I wonder if you *do* know," Guest

suddenly persisted. Her hands wavered and a strong color swept into her face under his steady gaze. She looked up at the portrait—instinct almost to insolence with vivid life—and her fleeting glance returned to him.

"Not *like*," she amended; "an imitation!" Her tone puzzled him.

Some one rang the door-bell. It was the Presbyterian minister come to call on Miss Nancy. She closed the door between the two rooms, and Angela stopped playing.

"Perhaps it would disturb them," she explained, as she left the piano and sat down opposite, almost under the picture of her sister. Instantly to his thought recurred—in the grace of her attitude, her pose—the consciousness that she might at that moment have been, to his alert and, in a way, repulsed sense, the interpreter, as her sister had been, of his heroines. And in all the years he had known her it had seemed that what had been so natural to Margaret was alien to Angela.

Every detail of the room, he discovered, recalled Margaret's tastes; the music scattered on the piano was the sort she had liked; the Shelley, Maeterlinck, Heine; the red roses! Margaret's red roses—her coffin had been covered with them, her favorite flowers.

He had a half-frown for his puzzled thoughts, and it was rather as if he took her into his confidence than as an invitation of hers that he spoke, intentionally perhaps, at random:

"There's that play of Maeterlinck's we were discussing. Do you know you've defined your impressions exactly as Margaret would have done?"

With a gesture that was again a souvenir of Margaret, she opened her big black fan, and, with her eyes on his, was merely expectant.

"I couldn't," he followed, at some pains in his choice of words, "have expected you—a year ago—to have been interested, to have discussed it. You seemed apart—" He paused, and it was in a certain hush that his next words seemed to vibrate with an unaided crudeness.

"We used to take things to pieces—to tinker at our trades. I used to have the feeling—and it made me wince—that you

were in judgment on the trespass we committed—your sister and I were much of the same temperament—on the ideality of life. Well, this aloofness was a quality of yours—" He paused again, and taking up the volume of Heine on the table beside him, turned the leaves in a moment's embarrassment. "You and I," he continued, "have become so completely in touch—have entered into so much the same spirit of comradeship that Margaret and I used to share—that I know you'll appreciate the feeling I had."

He smiled with a recovery of ease.

"It's like a dream! It was beautiful to me—though you'll laugh at me—now!"

Her acquiescence lacked brightness, but he did not notice. "Would I have laughed then?"

"That's just it. I didn't think that you would have laughed then! You seemed too distant. As distant as the ideal itself! A sort of vestal lighting the lamps in the temple."

He frankly exhibited to her silence his reminiscent complexities.

"You see, I was in love with you." His voice as he touched this phase was dispassionate, and he looked considerably at a cast of the Winged Victory across the room. "I know it will amuse you, for now I know you so much better! I never felt in those days that we could be the friends we are now—as Margaret and I were. It's just as if Margaret were back again—! I even have the feeling that you could personate her rôles—if you would?"

His tone questioned with a leap of eagerness, but she visibly shrank, almost shivered, with a head-shake.

"Well—if you won't—! But you could! Your acting seemed the real thing. Even your sister was deceived by it; it seemed to her, I dare say, as to me, that it was your real self. But really you simply made it your vantage-ground, and gathered microscopic impressions of us, just as we did of imagined problems! You tricked us as perfectly in your day-by-day rendition of yourself. If Margaret were living, she would agree with me that you surpass anything she could do—or, if she didn't agree, she would admire it immensely! It was superb!"

His tone rang sincere admiration, and

the girl, leaning forward a little, had an appearance of almost breathless receptivity to what he said.

"It took me a long time—I've just discovered," he continued to confess, "that we could meet on the same plane. Do you remember, I used to jest with you on the difference in our point of view and pretend to deplore it?"

She bent her head. "I remember."

"And you never gave me a sign! We were of the same fraternity—you and Margaret and I—but you wouldn't let us know!"

Her face had a strained intentness as if she followed with a hand on the guide-rope across a difficult plank.

"I tell you this quite as if it were a dream—for, you see, it was the unreal you—just a shadow I was pursuing. I had stored I can't tell you how many idealistic emotions to offer you when we came home this spring—" He shrugged his shoulders with an amused laugh. "You, who could understand as completely as Margaret did!"

"But you—" She arranged her words like figures on a chess-board. "You admired Margaret—you—cared for her?"

He shook his head. "Admired her—yes. But I didn't love her! It was *you* I loved!"

His emphasis gave conviction, and also lightened the phrase of meaning—relegated it with remoteness to a limbo.

"Margaret was wonderful. She was a priestess of platonic sympathy! A man doesn't often have such a friendship—and to have it twice!"

He got up and took her hand warmly, firmly, in both his.

"I've been impelled to tell you—I felt it would interest you! You can't understand how I felt when I found my idea was wrong about you—that my understanding had been so completely at fault. I felt I had lost what I wanted most; it was—a tragedy, to me." His face was grave. "I had expected to find you the same person—but you were another! I couldn't at first be glad that you could give me the replica of the friendship Margaret gave. I couldn't thank you for it—I was too sore over the loss of what I'd been in love with. But I *do* appreciate it now—most fully! That is why

I've told you this little story—risked your amusement."

His smile encouraged a humorous view on her part, and then faded into seriousness.

"I want you to thoroughly know how I value your friendship. Before, there seemed no way to approach you—I was struggling always for one, trying to grope toward your solitude—your altitude. And all the time—! But you didn't understand!"

"No," she said, dully, "I didn't understand."

He pressed her hand in his determined tribute to what he had lately acquired, and went back to his seat.

"It's been hard," he added, "for me to tell you this. It's a curious bit of psychology. I worshipped the shadow, but the substance is, after all, the best thing in the world—friendship."

She did not speak, but her face was uninterpretative to his comprehension.

"Who wins his love shall lose her,
Who loses her shall gain—"

you remember? I never thought I should ever define it that way. I'm very fortunate. I wish you could tell me that my visits haven't bored you utterly—but they must! My dulness—!"

She roused herself. "Then *you* haven't been bored?" Her voice just failed of a quiver.

"Bored! If you knew how I shall miss them! Mother has decided we ought to go back and set her cousin at liberty. So we've very nearly arranged to leave. I go to New York to-morrow, and mother will follow in a few days. She told me to tell you she was coming to say good-by."

He rose for his own leave-taking.

"You will let me write to you? And you'll answer? Please!—I mustn't lose you—as I did the old Angela! You don't know how grateful I am for the privilege of your friendship!"

He stooped and kissed the hand he had once more taken in his, as an earnest of his protestation, or, perhaps, in the spirit of an affectionate farewell.

Angela shivered imperceptibly as his lips touched her fingers. "Good - by!" she said.

The Hudson River

BY MARIE VAN VORST

IT is natural that the first inhabitants of a country should understand the nature of their environment—that the elements and physical characteristics of their surroundings should speak intelligently to the indigenes and be by them in turn sympathetically interpreted. In the souvenir he has left us “Hendrik” Hudson is more Dutch than Anglo-Saxon, and we are likely to think of the river whose waters wash the northwest shores of Manhattan as a Dutch river, forgetting that it has received the name of a discoverer whose own appellation has been denationalized. But centuries earlier than the records of the famous East-Indian voyage of an adventurous Englishman the river belonged to the child of the American soil, before Europe christened it with insignificance as to its characteristics—and natural commonplace tribute to the explorer who in general idea is supposed to have “found it.” For the red man had already known it, lived by it, on it, and from it. He had stared at its merging into ocean expanse at the Greater Bay, had crouched by its almost imperceptible crystal source, and had poetically called it—knowing it, comprehending it, feeling it and speaking for it—Ca-ho-ta-te-da,—River from Beyond the Peaks.

Essentially different in its course certainly from hundreds of the great rivers of the world whose geography is valleyed and whose streams are over many miles of plains, the *Mountain Born* never loses its characteristic environment. From the stupendous peaks of the Adirondack wilderness where its first drops spring, to its mouth between the high Palisades and the city of New York, the child of the heights never leaves the hills. Properly speaking, a calm level Hudson River valley does not exist. The river's entire course is rugged—rushed out through scenery often approaching the awful, and

always grandiose. And the later majesty and dignity of the Hudson as we more familiarly see it at our harbor is suggestive of its victories when we recall the difficulties of its 300-mile journey, especially the triumphant rush where it breaks through the Luzerne and Palmerston chains, whose barricades melt as at a wand.

The exact spot on the earth from which the Hudson's first drops spring is a matter of divers opinions. In one belief the wild and rugged steep of Mount Marcy—one of the highest mountains in Essex County, in the North Adirondack wilderness—conceal the first flet of the stream. To create this flow, which might almost suggest spontaneous birth, the parent source must be sought almost at the monarch mountain's crest.

Unusual, eerie beauty surrounds the remote, untravelled region where lie two cloud-created sister lakes. From their infiltrings and penetrating oozes the myriad water-veins drain down to feed the first visible spring source of the Hudson River. This first lake is known in the picturesque colloquial of the mountaineers as Summit Water—and in old Indian, as “Tear of the Clouds.” Its height is nearly 5000 feet above sea-level and is believed by many to be the source of the Hudson. Not many feet below lies an expanse of meadow-marsh; scarcely a pool, still dignified by the name of lake. Here and there it is translucent, here and there lost in its reedy weed-high bed. Its edge is softened with luxuriant moss of uncommon kind; its farther margin is white with bivalve shells of arctic species. In unusual contrast to these sea specimens the goldenrod grows in profusion. It is as if ocean's distant hand reached up to lay its treasures here with the wilderness flowers at the birthplace of the mountain-born river, later to find the sea its home.

Almost at once attaining the width of several inches, vital and unerring in direction, a little brooklet found just below these marshy lakelike meadows winds downward, parting from a sister stream later to be known as the St. Lawrence. Noiselessly, delicately, it filters toward the Indian Pass.

Nature could not have chosen more characteristic surroundings for the youth of the River from Beyond the Peaks than this mountain pass through which for some eighteen miles its way lies. Here is the very matrix of the mountains, the actual heart of the wilderness, and along the bottom of a rocky ravine, sheer and clear-cut through the centre of a range between McIntyre on the east and Wall Face on the west, the Hudson begins its existence, growing inch by inch as it flows forever onward, fighting and making its bed and its course. Along the mountain-side, sometimes close to the stream, sometimes miles above its bank, winds the famous Indian Trail—tiny, tortuous foot-path of the ancient Adirondack tribes, much travelled in the past, now well-nigh impossible of following and nearly obliterated. For miles the darkness above the river is dense as night. The mountains with green and velvet forest shadows come close to it, wall it in heavily, oppressively. Below, in its profound well—hundreds of feet below—the Big Brook flows in black obscurity, and so narrow is the vista here between Wall Face and McIntyre that the distance, as looked into, seems an apex, a cojoining point, and the excited vision imagines that the mountains will suddenly close together here and refuse outlet, jealously keeping forever within their heart the River within the Peaks.

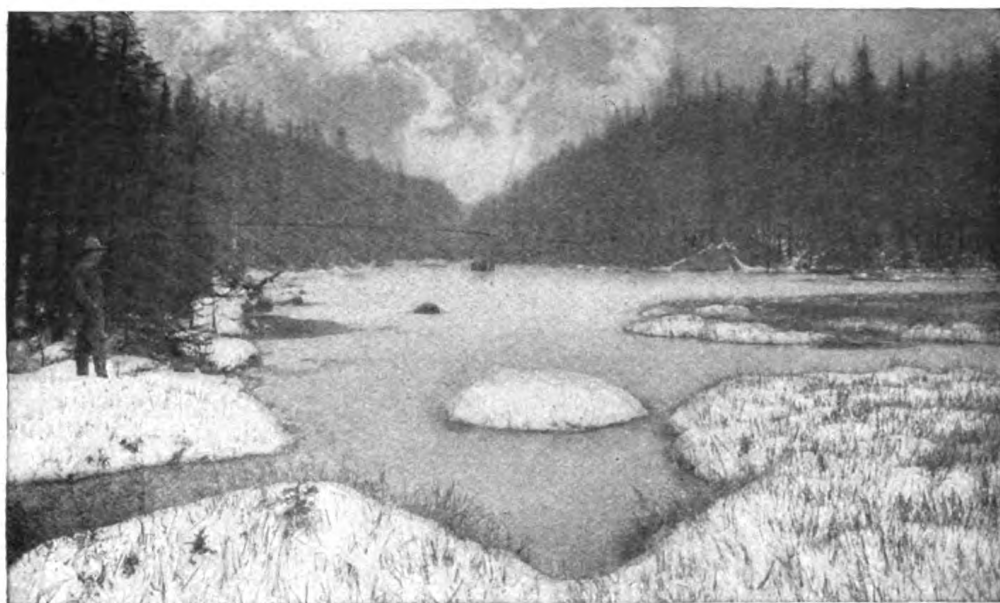
On either side the chasm great forests conceal minor forests, and here and there stretches of burnt land scar the emerald luxuriance, where tree after tree, gray and naked as swords, lie piled, obliterating the pass, which has become savage in impenetrability. In the ravine the stream, as yet nothing more than a tempestuous brook, rushes over a bed brown as saffron, with golden shallows. At the chasm's centre the walls lift themselves a thousand feet. The eastern bank is strewn with boulders, fallen and falling rocks, and bare patches like snow, where

again here and there the ghosts of the scarring trees shine white against the green. The surroundings—desolation, mystery, and silence—are all that mid-wilderness can inspire and epitomize of remoteness and solitude. And the one voice breaking the overwhelming stillness of the chasm is the song of the young river as it rushes on—and on.

Suddenly there is an opening in the density, and the light comes triumphantly down the pass. The trail again finds the water's edge, and, lo! the stream has begun to grow. It is a yard wide! It leaps from stone to stone over obstructing rocks and crystalline shallows. It throws into the air millions of lighted globules, and the sun colors them. The Indian Pass cannot keep the young, vigorous current. Some forest or mountain voice has told it sea tales—it is mad for the sea.

Toward the end of the gorge the stream is found to be too wide to easily ford from stone to stone. Remnants of old tree-trunk bridges pile across it from shore to shore. Its eighteen-mile journey from the tiny spring has exhausted the daylight. There is a new moon to find the few openings in the Indian Trail, and the moonrise holds the wilderness in its spell. Just above the massing heterogeneous logs of the broken bridge the river—it is a river now—widens into a great pool, a perfect circle, its bottom umber, its water of a purity that tempts. It is ice cold and sweet to taste. So delicious it is, it seems a virgin draught, the first ever created, a draught of flowers. Along the bank's edge the low foliage stands out black in the moonlight, and the cries of the owl and the hawk come sharp across the falling night. Encircling its lonely pool, leaving the centre untroubled, the vigor of the stream carries it on and out under the log bridge, and it is no more seen from the Trail.

From here the river joins Lake Henderson. After leaving the Indian Pass and the region of Marcy and McIntyre, the river flows through one of the most beautiful and individual of the Atlantic counties. It has definitely left its more savage traditions, although still in a forest-hemmed region and surroundings wild enough. The land begins to be



LAKE "TEAR OF THE CLOUDS," NEAR THE SUMMIT OF MOUNT MARCY

cleared and open; along the river banks a rude road is built, little better than the corduroy it has replaced. From Tahawus to North Creek, thirty-five miles, is a distance whose loveliness and wild beauty fill the American with appreciation for his own land. Here the river, flowing along a little lower than the rising ground of its shores, is a silver stream seen through forests of cedar, pine, elm, and beeches, where green glades deepen and the underbrush is stirred only by the deer as it comes down to the stream-side to drink. A partridge with her covey scuttles into the bushes with whir and tremor. The squirrels spring across the road, scarcely terrified by the near approach of the horses' feet. Forests of silver birch border the shores, and all the woods know of luxuriance is manifested here on the last wild forest edge of the Hudson.

As with a triumphant sweep its course now finds as much of a valley as it shall ever see, the savory odors of pine and cedar blend with the scent of fields and field flowers—the open is reached. In the now great distance the mountain ranges, their lavender and green sides turning to blue in the darkness, lie black against the rising moon.

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Here the river, nearly fifty feet wide, spreads its widened sweep of steel-white water between stretches of mild mid-country abundance. The fields, bordered with *giroflée*, are bright as France, or, sown broadcast with daisies, are white as English fields. But despite luxuriance of rich farm cultivation—the ruggedness, the bigness of the scene, the feeling that these meadowed miles and forest-crested valleys have until lately been the unreclaimed wilderness, forbid the suggestion of any Old World likeness. The whole landscape is fresh and pulsing with the vernal vigor of North-American youth and vitality.

The river's course is through fertile Newcomb Township, the harvests are full and generous, the fields miracles of redundant wheat and grain, and it is hard to recall that sixty miles back this slow moving current that indolently has slipped into its winding way was a brooklet confined in a savage wilderness. Its course across Newcomb is slow and peaceful, as though the tide would linger. Its wanderings will not find anything more heavenly sweet than these tranquil mid-country shores. Never will the Mountain Born be more happily held than traversing the heights on the flat

levels of these uplands, where it appears to have found a lap in the meadows of the hills.

In this region a new character suggests itself. The river begins to bear

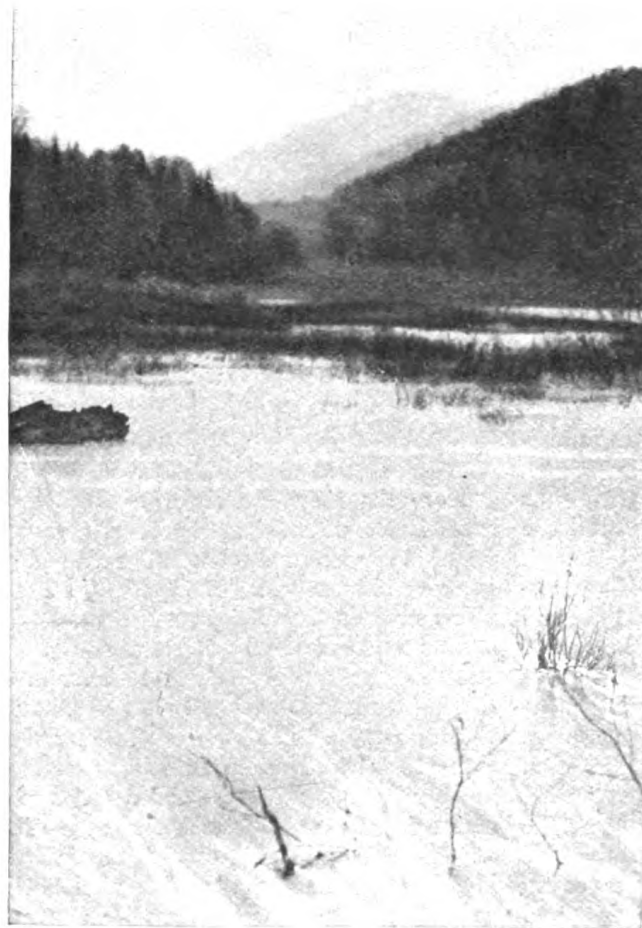
steel, a line like a ribbon. Not far from Tahawus the Boreas, a meandering streamlet, winds slowly down to meet the Hudson. It has a meditative indolence: without sound or rush—slowly, like a dis-

trait and tardy lover, it comes to the tryst. From here on the descent of the country is gentle but perceptible. The roads widen, the landscape is dotted over with tiny farms, red and gray barns, low old-time dwellings housed under clustering trees.

Just above North Creek the river, eddying and purling, forces its swift current under its first bridge—and toward the first town standing on its banks.

North Creek is interesting by strong force of comparison. It is impossible to set foot in it without instantly summoning to the mind the great metropolis at the river's mouth, the antipodes in comparison. North Creek is a forgotten settlement of 700 inhabitants. To its primitive charm the pen of Washington Irving could do justice; it lies, a little Troy, among many hills, the sweep of the velvet mountains in the distance to north and south and the circling river filling all the rest of the landscape.

Round a single street



LAKE HENDERSON—INDIAN PASS IN DISTANCE

its burden of piled and loosened logs. A bit farther up is the commencement of the lumbering country, and from far above North Creek to Glens Falls the stream is a burden-bearer, taking its part in the progress and civilization into which it is beginning to emerge. From the heights of these hills of Newcomb—Tahawus to the north, Blue Mountain to the east and west—the river is only visible now and again, through glimpses caught of it here and there—a flash of

gather the low old-fashioned houses, a hillside church and churchyard. Of the 700 inhabitants there is only one foreigner, and his ancestry is Irish, back so far that he has forgotten from just what place his forefathers came. Again one contrasts this picture of the remote sylvan village, with its American racial individuality, with swarming, seething Manhattan, its mixture of races, its population of nearly 4,000,000.

From North Creek to Glens Falls the



LAKE SANFORD

character of the river varies. At first it is pastoral, mirroring and reflecting charming little islands on the widening surface. The banks, no longer rough and tangled, are picturesque, with rocks moss-overgrown, where, gently rising above the shores, the rolling fields toss their golden harvests of wheat and the green blades of corn. Farther on these

miles of tranquil wandering are broken by the rush and dash of the falls at Hadley. The aspect changes to turbulent riot as the river plunges and hurls itself down a precipitous chute, throwing into the air manes of foam.

This is its last madness, its final stormy, vigorous assault against barriers to an open-country course. It has



THE HUDSON WHERE IT IS YOUNG



THE BOREAS RIVER

crossed four great ranges of mountains, which have seemingly melted at the approach. Here at Luzerne it has severed the Palmerston ranges and its rush is superb. Below the turn near the bridge the wide, flushing Sacondaga with foam and rush meets, blends, and mixes with the Hudson's current; refreshed, inspired, and invigorated by the new possession, the river flows on.

On its way to Glens Falls it assumes again the aspect of a giant, stormy brook, hurling itself against the rocks and stones, choked by the floating rafts of logs—huge boats, compact and interlocked, they give the appearance of iron-bound barges, but they must inevitably



THE RIVER IS VISIBLE—A LINE LIKE A RIBBON

be separated and yield to the insinuation and swash of the tide. They congest and dislodge, eddy and swirl, meet and cling, then drift free. Great spars of spruce and hemlock, cedar and pine, specimens of all the trees of the north wilderness, swing into the current bound for the seas. They shall be masts for ships, they shall be beams for houses—facts and features of a civilization the river is beginning to understand. The ships on the river's surface have been varied and will be more varied still: from the first fluttering leaf that eddied into the mid-mountain current, to the logs, the raft, the canal and steam boat, to the mighty ship—the river shall carry, embosom them all.

At the great boom at Glens Falls thousands and thousands of cords of lumber congregate at the dam, piling half a hundred feet high. Against this barricade the river dashes in angry foam. The logs are swept in masses over the curdling falls, and again lie in heaped piles below. This is the largest dam in America and not yet complete. North Creek has been a handful of life, little more. Glens Falls is a little bustling city. The houses cluster down to the river's bank within full sound of the gay, brilliant falls. Below this the river is calm and peaceful, broken by numerous dams, and from here begins the canal which extends to Troy and Albany. The canal-boats add an individual and amusing phase of river traffic, but they are not the properties of the river proper, and it would be a digression to follow their lazy tow-path course.

We leave the artificial, tideless ways, and the river, unweakened by this use civilization has put to its acceptance,

flows on to the head of tide-water—Troy. It has received the Schroon at Warrensburg and the Sacondaga, as well as Cedar River, Indian River, and many other streams. Below Saratoga and north of



MAKING ITS WAY THROUGH THE HIGHLANDS NEAR WEST POINT

Troy the Mohawk has emptied itself into the river, at the junction of Cohoes Falls, and lower down several small embranchments of the same current find the Hudson at different points.

The natural depth of the river is never very great. In New York harbor it attains only from fifty to seventy feet, and in early days was navigable as far as Hudson, but it is thronged with craft on from Troy, whose artificial channel was dug several years ago, thus permitting the large-sized steamboats to complete their journey from New York. Difficulties of navigation in the overslaugh near Albany itself have been overcome by first-class

engineering expressed by dikes. These structures lie along the shores for miles.

Before definitely sweeping into its broad trunklike course, the river from Albany winds and twists among islets and over sandy bars, until below Kingston its breadth and expanse are assured. Its individual, impersonal characteristics from now on never lose themselves. On every mile, very nearly, of these east and west banks, history is written, and the bosky glades, the green exuberant woods, the mystery of the hill tangles, the hollows and valleys, are ripe and suggestive of song and story.

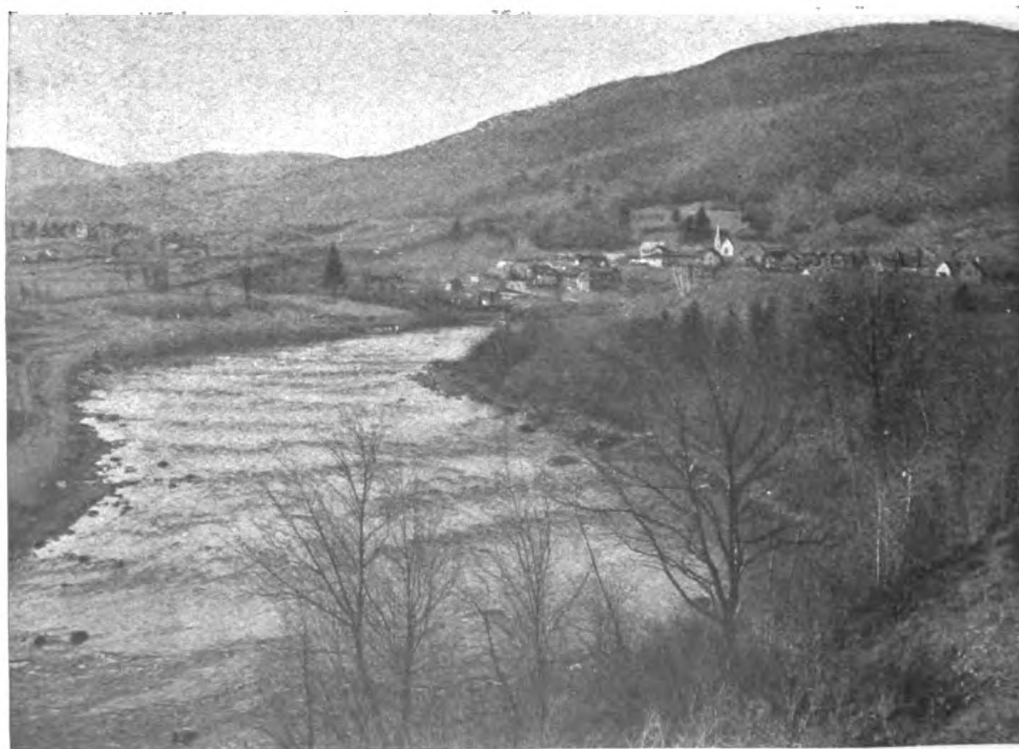
From Albany down, the Hudson is a great unbroken column of water, with harmonious shore-line and sweep of current unmatched by any other river of the world.

And here, a little lower than the head of tide-water, we pause and marvel at the inland sea, the chain of lakes—the ocean-like waters which now are the Hudson. All kinship with the exquisite mountain stream is lost. It is nevertheless the same, and the waters born in the interior

of the wilderness have come thus far on their rushing course to blend with the up-flowing tide of the sea. Even the character of the growth and verdure has altered along the banks. The trees that come down until they seem springing from the very rocks are no longer the balsam and pine of the wilderness—maple and elm replace them, and every now and again a stretch of sparse dwarf cedar grows like a rugged furze along the shores.

Thus far the river has been fed by springs and mountain brooks, now up from a distance of 150 miles comes a gray, penetrating current as old ocean extends its embrace of welcome to the child from beyond the peaks. Again the figure of triumph is most vivid, as we contemplate the deep, secure water-bed between the hills of the eastern and western banks. It is as if the sea had reached up one of its thousand arms through the Appalachian chain and the mountains had been cleft in twain.

Above Troy the Hudson receives the Poestenkill and Wynantskill rivers, but from Albany to New York its tributaries



VILLAGE OF NORTH CREEK



THE HUDSON AT HADLEY

are insignificant, the Rondout, the Catskill, and the Esopus being the most important. No longer dependent upon brook and stream supply, the depth, soon strongly saline, acknowledges all clear and limpid sweetness and freshness to be forever lost: the sea has become its food and stimulus. The more vigorous currents graduate to a sort of indolence. It is ponderous, its battles are hid in the profound undercurrents and contending floods. It has a perceptible tide, ruled by the laws of the ocean. It has become a giant channel for the outer seas, and a completed work of nature lies held in a mould definitely cast.

Scientific research has advanced the opinion that the preglacial aspect of the Hudson Valley was unlike the present; that the bed was hundreds of feet above its position of to-day, the stream of greater velocity and fed mainly from the great lakes, and its debouchment considerably farther into the sea than it now is. Indeed, investigations made on the sea floor of the Upper

Bay reveal unmistakable foretime traces of the ancient stream. Let this be as it may, the present Hudson is sufficiently archaic, and its course and channels as known to us date back to the first geological period. From what might have been then a newer mould it perhaps looked back to a transition period numbering hundreds of thousands of years.

From Albany to the mouth there is scarcely a mile of shore not fertile with interest for the American. The river has run its course into and along the very pages of our country's annals; it has been the cradle of our past. It rocked the strange picturesque ships of the early discoverers, from the day when the Florentine, Verrazzano, entered the bay in his red and violet sailed brigantine (1524), until the last hostile English bark sailed out of the port more than two hundred years after and less than two hundred years ago. No other river of our continent can boast of holding upon its surface such varied historic craft,—from the low, stodgy "*yacht*," as it was called,



THE SKY-LINE OF LOWER NEW YORK

built by the Antwerp and Amsterdam ship-makers, to the higher-decked Spanish ship and the sombre English vessel with its sullen bow and stodgy port.

No Dutch or English man can affirm the discovery of the Hudson River. Verrazzano must have distanced Hudson's archives by nearly a hundred years. However, the Dutch and English *liaison* in the matter is close. Hudson is appropriated by Dutch minds and has a Holland tradition round him. He came in a Dutch yacht called the *Half-Moon* in 1609. His sailors were Hollanders and Englishmen; he represented a Dutch East India Company on its way to find the much-sought-for northeast passage to India. He explored the Hudson, going as far as the little town that bears his name, and he himself has been transmitted to posterity with such blended and mixed traditions as to constitute him well-nigh a half-breed in people's minds.

The names of the river are varied. It has been called Manhattan, the North River, the Great River, the Mauritas, and in the year 1616 bore legally for some length of time the name Rivière Van den Vorst Moritias.

Shortly after Albany is left behind it, on the western sky-line is discerned the blue of the Catskill chain. This series after series of mountain ranges undulates like the wall of ancient battlements. The town of Hudson on the west bank, dating its first traditions to the seventeenth century, retains something still of its Dutch distinction. The houses cluster peace-

fully among the embowering trees as the mammoth night-steamers in passing flash searching arms of light into historic nook and across the bland face of the sleeping, sleepy old Dutch town where Hendrik Hudson ended his adventurous voyage. This region boasts the fascinating story of Rip Van Winkle, and in the gorge and wilderness of his sleep, dimly outlined across the blur of these hills, he still seems to toss his shaggy locks in a midnight storm. For many miles the horizon is darkly overwhelmed with the rising, ascending heights of the Catskills, here called by the Indians Onteora, or Sky Land. The shores directly hereabouts have been the birth or living places of many well-known American families. The names of Martin Van Buren, the Astors, the Crugers, and, most notably, the Livingstons, add interest to the region's annals. Chiefly this last, for at the docks of Chancellor Livingston was built and launched, less than one hundred years ago, the first steamboat of the world.

These settlements along the Hudson, many of them now not inconsiderable little cities, were originally Dutch trading-ports and vantage-points in the early commerce of the thrifty Hollanders. And here, too, were nurtured the bone and sinew and strength of the soldiery who later added numbers to the ranks of the Colonial army. Many beautiful country-seats lie along the eastern shore, less broken by towns and landings. The land is hilly,—rolling, not without

hindrance, into lovely valleys whose nodding grain and broad farms are homely and agreeable pictures for the eye to rest upon in contrast to the more constant grandeur of the western shores, where a splendid panorama displays its fortress-like façades. At Poughkeepsie, on the eastern shore, the river flows under the first and single bridge yet spanning it, from Troy to New York. This is an iron structure, delicate and inoffensive in workmanship, and covers a distance little less than 700 feet. From here on, the scene is one of tranquil loveliness, the flow of the water smooth and gentle, the current in the centre of the stream. On the west are the bold and noble fronts of the Highlands, whose ponderous crags and projections jut out into the stream, the sides gray and green with moss, the summits dark with pine and heavy growth. Crow's Nest and Storm King, the most majestic peaks of the Highlands, rise to the west, and along the east the broken lines of the Beacon Hills where the fires of the Revolution burned. To all this region the seasons bring constant and changeful beauty. The river beats with a sound like a lapping sea at the foot of the Highlands. The heights themselves are dense and black, their sides impenetrable with thick foliage, and through the ranges, from hill's summit to summit again, are thrown back the echoes of traffic—the shrill call of the steamboat-whistle, the sharp cry of the engines of the West Shore Railroad, the softer swash of the paddles as the great boats ply up and down the stream. Nowhere is the autumn more brilliant and enchanting; for 150 miles these shores are clad in flame and gold, and the river lies as crisply blue as the Mediterranean—a singular and transient change from its usual color of muddy gray.

In 1777 the Highlands were a point of defence and a famous redoubt. Here struggling patriotism watched British fortune and took heart again, and after repeated essays the famous impregnable chain-batteries were formed. Here Kosciuszko labored. In 1776 the English plan was to gain control of the river, and scarcely a mile from New York to Kingston but has its intimate personal records of the war. Houses still stand whose walls have sheltered Wash-

ington at Tappan, Tarry Town, and Peekskill; in this last town the tavern is shown where André was held after his arrest, and lower down, on the west side at Tappan is the scene of his condemnation and death. Below Stony Point and Verplanck's Landing (the important ferry of Revolutionary days) Clinton and Lafayette and Wayne were all assembled at the battle of Stony Point (1779). But the old river has never witnessed a more sinister sight than when of a certain September night, at Beverly docks, a little boat slipped out into the stream bearing the traitor Arnold to the safety of the enemy to whom he had betrayed his country.

Much that our history holds of song and story and romance has gathered round these shores. To the east, on a jutting rock, Captain Kidd's pirate vessel traditionally went to bits.

Past Haverstraw, where the bay rounds out into one of the bowls that have given the Hudson its title to a river of lakes,—past the old stains of Arnold's treason; past the gray and sinister walls of Sing Sing, from which may be seen the vague outlines of the Orange and Ramapo mountains—sweeping again into a wide and unsurpassed inland lake, the Hudson finds its greatest width between Nyack and Tarrytown. Characteristic villages crowd the hillsides or shine out with firefly lights in the night. At this point the river widens to a distance of nearly four miles, and is known as the Tappan Zee. Here it has in summer-time all the mirroring loveliness of a country pond. On its clear surface the sails of tiny schooners are pictured again. Troops of gull-like boats fly against the rippling current when the breeze is awake, or stand idly in the midday calm. It becomes a sea of molten silver for the marvellous and lucent moonrises which have made the Hudson River famous in song and story. Or it is held blood red in its shore-embraced basin by the brilliant and vivid sunsets of this region. For miles in the sluggish mildness of the July days the dark and beautiful shore-lines reflect themselves far out into the marvellous river that seems to be held immovable, tideless, currentless, in a bowl of green shores.

In winter the Hudson is frozen from

bank to bank so solidly that paths are cut through the ice and snow, and hordes of people trace their ways like trains of flies above the silent depth of the water. Here, between its heights of snow, the river is enchained, during some especially hard seasons, from December till March. On either side the hills, low and rolling, are banked with snow. When the spring sets it finally free—breaking through the profound gray ice-crust, over which hover and fly flocks of gulls, prototypes of the little sailed sloops to shortly appear, the river tosses its whitecaps in the March winds. Stormy caverns, black and ugly, that still devour bits of floating ice, are revealed, and as if stimulated by the cold that yet lingers, it struggles with contending floods and rushes on.

A little below Tarrytown is Irving's home, Sunnyside. A low, sharp-eved manse of a hundred years ago, it hides in its park of monster elms and oaks, surrounded by patches of bright lawn whose sunny sweep suggests the dwelling's name. The gentle and charming Washington Irving gave new character and individuality to the region about him, drew for us the mysteries from Sleepy Hollow, the mossy, nestling cemetery in the glen just below, created and portrayed the types of the Hudson River people. The classic perfection of these delicate local studies has stamped their writer as the ablest man of American letters.

For a distance of thirty miles along the western bank rises the naked walled rock known as the Palisades. The sheer unbroken façade, varying from 350 to 550 feet in height, is of granite crowned by verdure. At Fort Lee it comes to an abrupt stop on the Jersey shore, and with it ends the natural grandeur of the Hudson's banks. But opposite, almost without warning, has sprung into form and substance the mightiest marvel the river has seen throughout its journey. Towns have not, in anticipation, grown pretentious. There has been no announcement of the proximity of one of the world's first cities. Suddenly a dome* of white shines out, clear-cut against the sky; the shadows of several monumental inspiring buildings appear set aloft on a

* Grant's Tomb.

noble height; row after row of clustering buildings, the ravellings of the city's edge—then the compact, close-walled, honeycombed houses of the centre, and the city's heart beats above the river.

In the glare of the day this modern metropolis is crude and weird. The smaller mass of the city is overpowered by the upreaching sky-scrapers. They rise with brutal audacity, daring the heavens as it were; but toward night-time the softer atmosphere, the flying smoke from millions of chimneys, mysteriously veils the singular, the wonderful city, and the lighted harbor from the river is one of the marvels of the world. These brusque, dominant buildings have their argus eyes all alight; they shed beacons from countless panes. It is like looking into mountains of light veritably—into luminous hills,—and the Ca-ho-ta-te-da, River from Beyond the Peaks, finds the mountains still uprising along the last shores of its course. The heights are constructed by the enemy of the red man, by the foes of the sponsors of the Ca-ho-ta-te-da, and from peaks of human creation swarming with life and the instigation of progress the river makes its final majestic sweep and splendid outrush into the bay.

Time was when the sole craft was a passing canoe in which the lithe body of the savage bent to the paddle, when the long stillness of the dense forest that once covered the island of Manhattan was unbroken save for the shrieks of the gull and the inhuman call of the red man. Now every hour of the day responds to the noise of traffic, and sounds varied and imperious echo across the river,—the long deep signal of departing ships; the short impetuous whistle of the steam-tug claiming right of way; the siren in the factory tower; even the striking of city chimes hanging from some belfry as yet not displaced by a sky-scraper,—all these evidences of the thronged vortex of a vast populated centre break upon the natural stillness of the shores of the Mountain Born. Along the river front the docking stretches for several miles, extending port to the ships freighted with cargo and stranger thousands; and the river, its waves and hue grown sealike, cradles and harbors them all.

The Wind of Dreams

BY ROY ROLFE GILSON

CLOSE to the library window you held your book, that its last enchanted pages might catch the twilight. The print was fine. The words you could just descry as they flowed sweetly with a sound as of plashing burns, and Highland winds, and a scent as of purple heather. As the light of day waned dimmer, the flame of romance flared higher in those Scottish pages, so that you held them nearer to your straining eyes. "The End," you read, and closed them with a sigh.

In a strange unrest you rose from the window-seat. Upon it you left the book—husk of the idyl you bore away. The house was stifling. You seized your cap and strode out into the chill November air.

The wind was blowing. The sun was setting in a wild glory. Between the swart earth and the rain-clouds hanging in the western sky was a strip as of golden sea. On its molten bosom black cloud-islands drifted in the rising gale. Its farther shore, jagged and mountainous, crowned the saffron with a crimson glow. Suddenly, beyond, through parting clouds, appeared a greater sea, growing with the wind—a sea of palest green, luminous, silvery as though in moon-shine. Over this arras of departing day the orchards hung a lace of gaunt, black boughs, trembling with every moaning gust. You shivered deliciously. It was like a sunset in that Scottish love-story.

You buttoned your coat more tightly about your throat, sighed, strode away in an ecstasy of youth, your steps in time to the rhythm of your fancies. Against the bleak November sky a distant mill took on the shape of a battlemented tower. Lights twinkled below the hill—twinkled as brightly in the deepening night as though they were not in Ourtown, but in some village of stone and ivy and romance, where still were shepherds and milk-

maids, legends and fairy-tales. If it were only true! The flocks now would be safely folded. The shepherds would be burring over their steaming porridge:

"A wild nicht in the glen, Tammas."

"Ou, aye."

And Ourtown looked Scottish and beautiful in the dark o' night, when you could see naught of it but its lights and shadows, and hear naught of it but the wind singing in the maples as though it were singing in a glen.

A land of winds and water was that bonny Scotland. Aye, the books had told you—those Scottish romances devoured in the window-seat. The winds swept swirling clouds about the crags, spread purple mists across the lochs and moors and heather, and sighed and sang in the glens. The sea foamed wildly on the rocks and the yellow sands. A bonny land to write about; small wonder, then, that its sons wrote lovingly. Where was such witchery in Ourtown, painted and wooden, and its mild countryside with its sand and its sluggish streams? At the thought you strode bitterly through the wind and night. No, not a single crag o'ertopped Ourtown. Not a single torrent raced, gurgling and splashing, over rocks and shallows like those Scottish burns. The Ourtown brooks flowed listlessly without a stone to sing upon. There were no sheep-bells tinkling among the hills.

Poor, poor young bard! Oh yes, there was a poet in you—the books had told you more than they bargained for—a poet born out of place and time! You felt the gnawing at your vitals. You felt the flame in your heart. Poetic fire might burn on hearthstone side by side with a blazing log or peat, you told yourself, but, oh, thou modern Ourtown! how should it blaze in thy black gas-ranges and thy patent furnace-pipes—in thy heat without glowing, thy comfort without beauty, thy modern thoughts without

dreaming, thy modern words without legend, without song?

Alone you stood in the darkness, scowling at Ourtown's electric lights. You shook your fist at them. You ground your teeth.

"Plate-glass windows!" you spluttered, smashing them gleefully in your mind and thinking of Abbey drawings, of fair little villages with diamond panes.

"Shingles and tin!"—thinking of thatched roofs, golden with newness or gray with age in the straggling byways of some ancient town.

"And not a single inn!" you groaned, thinking of good old stage-coach days, with the fire roaring up the broad chimney on a winter's night, and the high oak settles creaking under rotund figures puffing church-wardens and sipping good mulled ale, and smiling and chuckling in the glow. You saw brass kettles shining on the walls, and the pewter tankards, and on the polished sideboard roast of beef, saddle of mutton, and haunch of the wild red deer. . . .

"Bah!" you shouted at Ourtown, and "Bah!" again at its Palace Hotel and its lunch-counters—oh, ye gods of poetry!—its meagre lunch-counters with their high stools and their rows of sodden pies, and their crullers in pyramids under glass, like the wax flowers of our grandmothers'!

Romance in Ourtown?

Poetry in Ourtown?

Bah!

You turned away. The wind had risen, cooling your scowling brow . . . moaning in the fir-trees of your Highland glen. It clapped you smartly on the cheek. You turned the other. You drew the plaid more closely about your mind as it trod the heather. A splash of rain blinded your eyes. You dashed it away and smiled to yourself in the gloaming. Ah, how the salt spray tingled! How the waves hissed and thundered in the mists o' Skye! . . .

So when the wind blew brawly it was Scottish weather. The autumn became the Scottish season of the year. The harder the wind blew, the louder its song in the tree-tops, the faster the gray clouds scurried across the sky, the harder you tramped the countryside, the more

Scottish were your dreams. Your Scottish shoulders were broad and thick, you carried your Scottish chin jauntily, and the muscles of your Scottish legs—aye, mon, but they were bonny!

Ending a tramp, perhaps, you lagged, listless, when suddenly a wind sprang up, and, nodding in its breath, a purple thistle hung aboon your path! It was a sign to you. Your Scottish eyes brightened. Your Scottish nostrils trembled as at a sniff of heather in a Highland breeze. And then—ah, masterful Scottish legs of yours!—how they bristled with might again, how you marched proudly with swinging strides and the colors flying in your cheeks. . . . You had seen the watch-fires flaming on the hills. You had heard the war-pipes skirling in the glen. . . .

The wind grew wilder. It flung the Scottish clouds athwart the sky. It sent the white dust whirling. You shouted for very glee of its Scottish bluster; you sang for very joy of its Scottish dream—

"March! March! Tweeddale and Teviotdale,"

—and so the bluebonnets got over the Border, a flurry of plaids in a Scottish gale.

Aye, you wore a tam-o'-shanter now, braving the vulgar little Ourtown boys who jeered at it, pointing it out to you with dirty fingers as though you did not know full well that it was there. You wore a plaid cravat. On the edge of your Virgil you drew claymores and thistles and lions rampant on little shields.

Out of the schoolroom window your eyes wandered from your Latin. Darkly they rested on Ourtown, painted and wooden, and glaring in the sun. The smoke of its factory chimneys rose busily into the autumn air. The din of its sawmills came wailing up to you, and you frowned at the sound. It was not logs they were cutting there. It was green trees and cool shadows and the songs of birds and wind in branches. Romance they were cutting there—you could hear it moaning in the saw's cruel teeth. Romance and poetry they were slicing into yellow strips to be piled and measured and sold for gold!

A Highland breeze stole freshly through the schoolroom window. It sang of oth-

er days when the red deer and the mailed knight and the cowed friar drank from the same cool woodland spring. Had romance fled with those good old times, you wondered? Your Highland breeze murmured a half-dissent. "Not quite," it told you. "You may still rove where the red deer ran; you may still drink where the knights and friars quenched their thirst in the greenwood shade. Romance lingers in castle towers and ivied walls. . . ."

Then why not go there?

Yes, you would go to Scotland. . . . (It looked cold there on the map.) Well—at the first warm tavern you would stop. You would barely notice the black-eyed one drawing the ale, lest she should know herself for the first barmaid you had ever seen. Oh, you would be canny that day. You would lean idly against the bar, giving the smoke-stained room a careless glance or so. You would yawn dreamily, and yawn again, lost, no doubt, in your own thoughts, while the barmaid served you. You would not chuck her under the chin. Oh no—you had read too far for that. Only a lord may have such freedom—a young scamp of a lord in riding-breeches, while the grinning hostler holds his horse before the door. No, you would be very gentlemanly to the black-eyed one. "Thank you," you would say, and "Good-morning," and go your way. . . . But if she were pretty! . . . Well, then, at the top of the street you would have a glance back again.

"Ah, the Brown Bull," you would murmur, noting the tavern sign. You would take a pencil and note-book from the pocket of your—tweeds.

"Thrumtocht," you would write. "Very good ale at the Brown Bull. P. B. M."

Initials would be safe. If a man should see them, "Pretty barmaid," you would say, frankly; if a woman, why—"Pretty bad morning."

That night you hurried home from school. You flung your tam-o'-shanter on its peg and sought the kitchen.

"Mother, I've made up my mind."

"Again?"

"I'm not going to Harvard."

"Not going to Harvard?"

"No; I'm going to Edinburgh."

"But, my son—"

"I know, mother. I know it's a long way off, and expensive, but I can manage it. I must. I shall never be happy till I do. I'll write to Edinburgh to-night. Only think, mother, of being in Scotland; of Melrose Abbey by moonlight, and Abbotsford, and all the castles and things! And the Highlands, mother! Oh, I hate Ourtown!"

"Hate Ourtown?"

"Yes—it's so ugly and so new."

Weel—

You did not go to Edinburgh, or Melrose and its moonlight, or Abbotsford and its shrine. You stayed in Ourtown, painted and wooden though it was—and beautiful. You found your romance in your Scottish winds blowing across the Ourtown marshes and stealing around the placid little cragless hills. Eagerly you bent your ear to them. You heard pibrochs in their skirling, boat-songs in their swaying,—love-songs even in their softer strains.

Do you mind that Scottish day in Indian summer when you lingered in the woods? The mellow sunshine mingling with the leaves gave gold for gold and fell about you and beyond, a magic mist among the gray and purple of the half-clad boughs. With every shift of wind-swept rack in the blue sky the yellow flood ebbed and flowed; left you chilled with gray cloud shadows and western breeze—keen premonitions of winter gales to come; crept back to you with the emerging sun to warm and cheer you with a glow as of the summer that was gone. Leaves still fettered by aspen twig and stem danced in the wind awhile, as in the sap and green of their lost spring, but every gust was an autumn swan-song, and they fluttered down to meet their shadows on the strewn earth. In the brown bush, piping of startled birds; in the air the autumn fragrance; in your soul an autumn dream.

You hummed a song—of a Highland maid, some blue-eyed Jessie. It's a pretty name—Jessie—you told yourself. . . . "It's a pretty name, Jessie," you would be telling her, minding her blue eyes better than the helm. "See the herring-boats," she would be answering, through the salt spray; . . . or you

would be salmon-fishing . . . or at the top of the brae in the heather, little tendrils of her hair straying into her blue eyes and across the rose glow of her cheeks. . . The waves would be lapping the yellow shore. The sun would be sinking slowly into the flaming sea. . . . "You never dreamed of loving a Scottish lassie," she would be saying. . . . "Ah, but I did, Jessie," you would be answering her. "I was only a school-boy in Ourtown when I first loved you, long ago. . . ."

Foolish, meddlesome Scottish wind! Did the Ourtown maidens lack in loveliness? Julia, for instance, was fair and pink enough as you walked from school with her. No, it was not their faces—but they had no Burns, no Black or Jamie B. to plead for them. You could never find one of them dancing in moonlight in a wood, or singing in a gloaming or a dairy. There were moonshine in Ourtown, and romantic gloamings, but no dairies for girls to sing in. There was a meadow or two where bells tinkled, but never a milkmaid to call the kine.

Yet even an Ourtown lass, at a pinch of course, was not displeasing. Julia, for example; even Julia, considered Scottishly—taken, ye ken, in a r-r-right br-r-raw Highland gale—eh? Man, man, but she was sonsie! How she clung to your strong young Gaelic arm that morn—that autumn, Caledonian morning of your youth—how she hung there laughingly, gasping for breath!

"My, but it is blowy! Have you read . . ."

"What's that?" you cried, turning your ear from the deafening blast.

"*Barrie's—new story.*"

"Yes."

"I read the last of it," she said, in a lull of the wind. "only this morning. Oh, I think Scotland must be beautiful—so wild, so—"

"Yes," you shouted. She nodded and went on:

"I've always . . ."

"Always what?" you cried. "I can't hear you."

"I say I've always *wanted to go there.*"

"Oh!" you said. "So have I."

She looked up questioningly.

"*So have I,*" you bellowed again. Then you both laughed, swallowing mouthfuls of the gale.

"My great-great-grandfather," she confided, in its next interval, "was a Scotchman."

You pricked up your ears at that.

"A Scotchman?"

"Yes—that is, half of him was."

"And the other half?"

"Why, that was . . ."

"What?" you roared. "I didn't catch it."

"I say the other half was . . ."

"Dutch, did you say?"

"*Irish!*"

"Oh—h," you said.

She turned her back upon the hurricane to catch her breath and arrange her flying hair. "Oh dear—this wind!" she panted. "I like it, though. It's so *Scotch*, isn't it?"

You nodded, wondering. Now here was a girl who—

"I suppose," she said, "that's why I like it. My great-great—" She broke off laughingly. "It stirs me . . ."

"What?" you shouted, for the wind had changed again.

"I say, it stirs me all . . ."

"All what?"

"*All up.*"

"Oh yes," you answered. "It's a b-bully wind."

It was. At her gate she paused to say good-by to you, little tendrils of her hair straying into her blue eyes and across the rose glow of her cheeks. It's a pretty name—Julia, you told yourself as you breasted the gale again. "It's a pretty name, Julia," you might be telling her if you would, minding her blue eyes better than . . .

Alas! the weather is not what it used to be.

In the Season

LONDON FILMS.—PART II.

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

I HAD thought, rather cheaply, as I now realize, of offering as a pendant for the scene of fashion meeting itself in the Park on the Sunday noons and afternoons which I have tried to photograph, some picture of open-air life in the slums. But upon reflection, I have decided that the true counterpart of that scene is to be found any week-day evening, when the weather is fair, on the wide grassy stretches which the Park rises into somewhat beyond the sacred close of high life. This space is also enclosed, but the iron fence which bounds it is higher and firmer, and there is nothing of such seclusion as embowering foliage gives. There are no trees on any side for many acres, and the golden-red sunset glow hovers with an Indian-summer mellowness in the low English heaven; or at least it did so at the end of one sultry day which I have in mind. From all the paths leading up out of Piccadilly, there was a streaming tendency to the pleasant level, thickly and softly turfed, and already strewn with sitting and reclining shapes which a more impassioned imagination than mine might figure as the dead and wounded in some field of the incessant struggle of life. But besides having no use for such a figure I am withheld from it by a conscience against its unreality. Those people, mostly young people, are either sitting there in gossiping groups, or whispering pairs, or simply breathing a mute rapture of release from the day's work. A young fellow lies stretched upon his stomach, propped by his elbows above the newspaper which the lingering light allows him to read; another has an open book under his eyes; but commonly each has the fearless companionship of some young girl in that abandonment of the conventionalities which with us is a convention of summer ease on the sands beside the sea, but which is here without

that extreme effect which the bathing-costume imparts on our beaches. These young people stretched side by side on the grass in Hyde Park added a pastoral charm to the scene, a suggestion of the

"bella età dell' oro,"

not to be had elsewhere in our iron civilization. One might accuse their taste, but certainly they were more picturesque than the rows of young men perched on the top course of the fence, in every variety of straw hats, or even than the red-coated soldiers who fearlessly occupied the penny chairs along the walks, and enjoyed each the vigorous rivalry of girls worshipping him on either hand.

They fearlessly occupied the penny chairs, for the danger that they would be made to pay was small. Only one collector, a man well in years and of a benevolent reluctance, passed casually among the rows of seats, and took pennies only from those who could most obviously afford it. There was a fence round a pavilion where a band was playing, and within there were spendthrifts who paid fourpence for their chairs, when the music could be perfectly well heard without. It was in fact heard there by a large audience, of bicyclers of both sexes, who stood by their wheels at the side of the nearest drive in numbers unknown in New York since the fad of bicycling began to pass several years ago. The lamps shed a pleasant light upon the crowd, after the long afterglow of the sunset had passed, and the first stars began to pierce the clear heavens. But there was always enough kindly obscurity to hide emotions that did not mind being seen, and to soften the details which could not be called beautiful. As the dark deepened, the lounging shapes scattered by hundreds over the grass looked like peaceful flocks whose repose was not disturbed

by the human voices, or by the human feet that incessantly went and came on the paths. It was a touch, however illusory, of the rusticity which lingers in so many sorts at the heart of the immense city, and renders it at unexpected moments simple and homelike above all other cities.

The evening when this London pastoral offered itself was the close of a day of almost American heat. I think a good deal of the heat imparted itself through the eye from the lurid horizons paling upwards into the dull unbroken blue of the heavens, ordinarily overcast or heaped with masses of white cloud. A good deal came also from the thronged streets, in which the season had scarcely begun to waver and the pulses of the plethoric town throbbed with a sense of choking fulness.

Suddenly all London had burst into a passion of straw hats; and where one lately saw only the variance from silken cylinders to the different types of derbys and fedoras, there was now the glisten of every shape of panama, tuscan, and chip head-gear, with a prevalence of the low, flat-topped hard-brimmed things that mocked with the rigidity of sheet-iron the conception of straw as a light and yielding material. Men with as yet only one foot in the grave can easily remember when the American picked himself out in the London crowd by his summer hat, but now in his belated conformity to an extinct ideal his head is apt to be one of the few cylindered or derbyed heads in the swarming processions of Piccadilly, or the paths in the Park. No shape of straw hat is peculiar to any class, but the slouching panama is for pecuniary reasons more the wear of rank and wealth. With a brim flared up in front and scooped down behind it justifies its acceptance rather more with youth; age and middle age wear its weave and the tuscan braid in the fedora form; and now and then one saw the venerable convention of the cockaded footman's and coachman's silk hat mocked in straw.

No concession more extreme could be made to the heat, and these strange cylinders, together with the linen liveries which accompanied them, accented the excesses in which the English are apt to

indulge their common sense when they decide to give way to it. They have apparently decided to give way to it in the dress of both sexes on the bridle-paths of the Park, where individual caprice is the sole law that obtains amidst a general anarchy. The young girls and young men in flapping panamas, in tunics and jackets of any kind and color, gave certainly an agreeable liveliness to the spectacle, which their elders emulated by expressions of taste as personal and unconventional.

By twelve o'clock, scarcely any rider left of all those joyous youths, those jolly sires and grandsires, those happy children, matched in size with their ponies, as the elders were in their different mounts, remains to distract the eye from the occupants of the two rows of penny chairs and the promenaders between them.

It was a less formidable but possibly more interesting show of what seemed society at home, than the Sunday afternoon reception in the consecrated closes on the grass. People who knew each other stopped and gossiped, and people who knew nobody passed on and tried to ignore them. But that could not have been easy. Tall women whom those handsome aristocratic men bowed over, or dropped into chairs beside, or saluted as they went by, were very beautiful women, and dressed with that sentiment which has already been celebrated. Their draperies fluttered in the gay breeze which vied with the brilliant sun in dappling them with tremulous leaf-shadows, and in making them the life of a picture to be seen nowhere else. It was not necessary to know just who, or just of what quality they were, in order to realize their loveliness.

One afternoon, towards the close of the season, on the withered grass, quite in the vicinity of those consecrated social closes, to which I am always returning with a snobbish fondness, I saw signs of the advance of the great weary army which would possess the pleasure-grounds of the town when the pleasers had left it. Already the dead-tired, or possibly the dead-drunk, had cast themselves, as if they had been shot down there, with their faces in the lifeless grass, and lay in greasy heaps and coils where the deli-



Half-tone plate engraved by H. Leinroth

SUNDAY AFTERNOON, HYDE PARK

cate foot of fashion had pressed the green herbage. As among the spectators I thought I noted an increasing number of my country men and women, so in the passing vehicles I fancied more and more of them in the hired turnouts which cannot long keep their secret from the critical eye. These were as obvious to conjecture as some other turnouts, which I fancied of a decayed ancestry: cumbrous landaus and victorias, with rubberless tires, which grumbled and

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CHILDREN, MATCHED IN SIZE WITH THEIR PONIES

grieved in their course for the *passati tempi*, and expressed a rheumatic scorn for the parvenu carriages, and for all the types of motors which more and more invade the drives of the Park. They had a literary quality, and were out of Thackeray and Trollope, in the dearth of any modern society novelists great enough for them to be out of.

The season was said to begin very late, and it was said to be a very "bad" season, throughout May, when the charges of those who live by it ordinarily feel an expansive rise; when rooms at hotels become difficult, become impossible; when the rents of apartments double themselves, and apartments are often not to be had at any price; when the face of the cabman clouds if you say you want him by the hour, and clears only if you add that you will make it all right with him; when every form of service begins to have the courage of its dependence; and the manifold fees which ease the social machine seem to lubricate it so much less than the same fees in April; when it is harder and harder to get anything done at any price; and the whole vast body of London groans with a sense of repletion and depletion such as no American city knows except in the rare congestion produced by a universal exposition or a national convention. Such a congestion is of annual occurrence in

London, and is the symptomatic expression of the season; but the symptoms ordinarily recognizable in May were absent until June in the actual year. They were said to have been suppressed by the reluctance of the tardy spring, and again by the King's visit to Ireland. As the King is the fountain of social prosperity it is probable that he had more to do with delaying the season than the weather had; but by what one hears said of him he would not have willingly delayed it. He is not only a well-meaning and well-doing prince, one hears from people of every opinion, but a promoter of peace and international concord (especially with France, where his good offices are believed to have been peculiarly effective), and he is, rather more expectedly, a cheerful sovereign, loving the gayety as well as the splendor of state, and fond of seeing the world enjoy itself.

It is no betrayal of the national confidence to repeat what every one says concerning the present outburst of fashion, that it is a glad compliance with the King's liking; the more eager because of its long suppression during the Queen's reign and the more anxious because of a pathetic apprehension inspired by the well-known serious temperament of the heir-apparent to the throne. No doubt the joyful rebound from the depression of the Boer war is also still felt; but for whatever

reason London life is gay and glad, it is certainly making its hay while the sun shines, and it mixes as many poppies and daisies with the crop as possible against the time when only grass may be acceptable. In other terms the prevailing passion for pretty clothes in the masses as well as the classes is the inspiration of the Court, while the free personal preferences expressed are probably the effect of that strong, that headstrong, instinct of being like one's self, whether one is like others or not, which has always moulded precedence and tradition to individual convenience with the English.

Out of season, the London type of man looked undistinguished, but when the season began to make London over, the pavement of Piccadilly sprouted in a race of giants who were as trees walking. They were mostly young giants, who had great beauty of complexion, of course, and as great beauty of feature. They were doubtless the result of a natural selection, to which money for buying perfect conditions had contributed as much as the time necessary for growing a type. Mostly their faces were gentle and kind, and only now and then hard or cruel; but one need not be especially averse to the English classification of our species to feel that they had cost more than they were worth. The very handsomest man I saw, with the most perfectly patrician profile (if we imagine something delicately aquiline to be peculiarly patrician), was a groom who sat his horse beside Rotten Row, waiting till his master should come to command the services of both. He too had the look of long descent, but if it could not be said that he had cost the nation too much time and money, it might still be conjectured that he had cost some one too much of something better.

Next after these beautiful people I think that in the multitudinously varied crowd of London I saw no men so splendidly, so brilliantly, so lustrously handsome as three of those imperial English whose lives are safer, but whose social status is scarcely better than that of our negroes. They were three tall young Hindoos, in native dress, and white-turbaned to their swarthy foreheads, who suddenly filed out of the crowd, looking

more mystery from their liquid eyes than they could well have corroborated in word or thought, and bringing to the metropolis of the West the gorgeous and foolish magnificence of the sensuous East.

Their individualization, transient as it was, was of far greater duration than that of most individual impressions from the London crowd. London is massive, it is totality, it is bulk; or it is a stream, a flood of life, from which in a powerful light you may catch the shimmering facet of a specific wavelet; but these fleeting glimpses leave only a blurred record with the most instantaneous apparatus. What remains of the vision of that long succession of streets called by successive names from Knightsbridge to Ludgate Hill is the rush of a human torrent, in which you are scarcely more aware of the single life than of any given ripple in a river. Men, women, children form the torrent, but each has been lost to himself in order to give it the collective immensity which abides in your mind's eye.

To the American city-dweller the London omnibus is archaic. Except for the slow, sad stages that lumber up and down Fifth Avenue, we have hardly anything of the omnibus kind in the whole length and breadth of our continent, and it is with perpetual astonishment and amusement that one finds it still prevailing in London, quite as if it were not as gross an anachronism as the war-chariot or the sedan-chair. It is ugly, and bewilderingly painted over with the names of its destinations, and clad with signs of patent medicines and new plays and breakfast foods in every color but the colors of the rainbow. It is ponderous and it jolts and rumbles forward with a sound of thunder; seen from the pavement, or from the top of another omnibus, it is of barbaric majesty; not, indeed, in the single example, but as part of the interminable line of omnibuses coming towards you. Then its clumsiness is lost in the collective uncouthness which becomes of a tremendous grandeur. The procession bears onward whole populations lifted high in the air, and swaying and lurching with the elephantine gait of things which can no more capsize than they can keep an even pace. Of all the sights of London streets, this procession

of the omnibuses is the most impressive, and the common herd of Londoners of both sexes which it bears aloft seems to suffer a change into something not even so rich as strange. They are no longer ordinary or less than ordinary men and women bent on the shabby businesses that preoccupy the most of us; they are conquering princes making a progress in a long triumph, and looking down upon a lower order of human beings from their wobbling steeples. It enhances their apparent dignity that they whom they look down upon are not merely the drivers of trucks and wagons of low degree but often ladies of titles in their family carriages, under the care of the august coachman and footman, or gentlemen driving in their own traps or carts, or fares in the hansoms that steal their swift course through and by these ranks; the omnibuses are always the most monumental fact of the scene. They dominate it in bulk and height; they form the chief impulse of the tremendous movement, and it is they that choke from time to time the channel of the mighty torrent, and helplessly hold it in the arrest of a block.

No one can forecast the moment when, or the place where, a block may happen; but mostly it occurs in mid-afternoon, at the intersection of some street where a line of vehicles is crossing the channel of the torrent. Suddenly all is at a standstill, and one of those wonderful English policemen, who look so slight and young after the vast blue bulks of our Irish force, shows himself in the middle of the channel, and holds back its rapids with the quiet gesture of extended hands. The currents and counter-currents gather and press from the rear, and solidify, but in the narrow fissure the policeman stands motionless, with only some such slight stir of his extended hands as a cat imparts to her "conscious tail" when she waits to spring upon her prey.

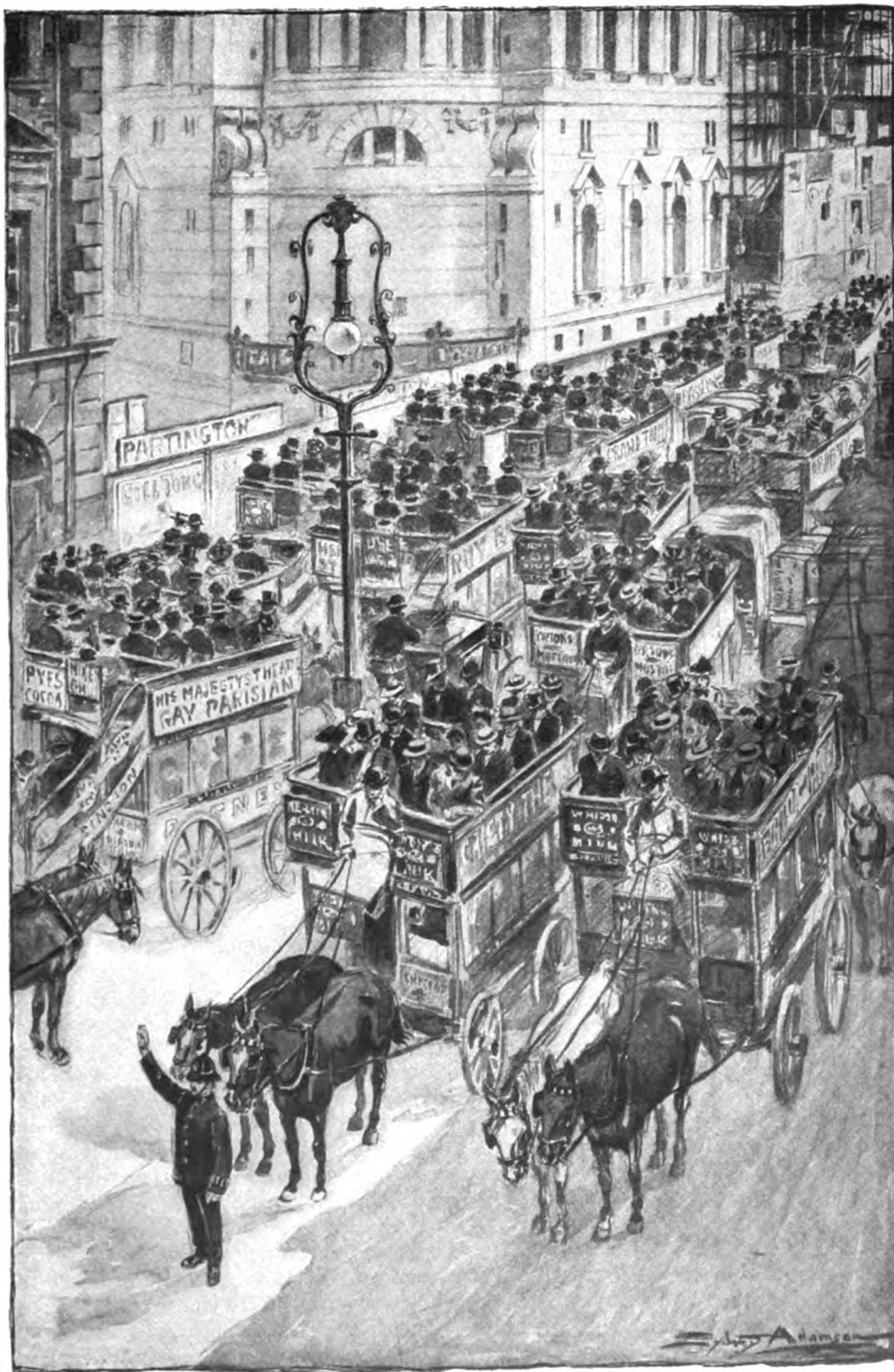
The mute language of his hands, down to the lightest accent of the fingers, is intelligible to the dullest of those concerned in its interpretation, and is telepathically despatched from the nearest to the farthest driver in the block. While the policeman stands there in the open space, no wheel or hoof stirs, and it does not seem as if the particles of the mass

could detach themselves for such separate movement as they have at the best. Softly, almost imperceptibly, he drops his arms, and lets fall the viewless barrier which he had raised with them; he remains where he was, but the immense bodies he had stayed liquefy and move in their opposite courses, and for that time the block is over.

We have the hansom with us, but it does not perform the essential part in New York life that it does in London life. In New York you *may* take a hansom; in London you *must*. You serve yourself of it as at home you serve yourself of the electric car; but not by any means at the same rate. Nothing is more deceitful than the cheapness of the hansom, for it is of such an immediate and constant convenience that the unwary stranger's shilling has slipped from him in a sovereign before he knows, with the swift succession of occasions when the hansom seems imperative. A 'bus is inexpensive but it is stolid and bewildering; a hansom is always cheerfully intelligible. It will set you down at the very place you seek; you need walk neither to it nor from it; a nod, a glance, summons it or dismisses. The 'bus may be kind, but it is not flattering, and the hansom is flattering as well as kind; flattering one's pride, one's doubt, one's timid hope. It takes all the responsibility for your prompt and unerring arrival; and you may trust it almost implicitly. At any point in London you can bid it go to any other with a confidence that I rarely found abused.

One hears a good deal of the greater quiet of London after New York. I think that what you notice is a difference in the quality of the noise in London. What is with us mainly a harsh metallic shriek, a grind of trolley-wheels upon trolley-tracks, and a wild battering of their polygonized circles upon the rails, is in London the dull tormented roar of the omnibuses and the incessant cloop-cloop of the cab-horses' hoofs. Between the two sorts of noise there is little choice for one who abhors both.

London is, if anything, rather more infested than New York with motors, as the English more simply and briefly call automobiles. The perspective is seldom



Half-tone plate engraved by J. H. Grimley

A POLICEMAN RAISES HIS HAND AND THE PROCESSION HALTS

free of them, and from time to time the air is tainted with their breath, which is now one of the most characteristic stench of civilization. They share equally with other vehicles the drives in the parks, though their speed is tempered there to the prevalent pace. They add to the general noise the shuddering burst of their swift percussions, and make the soul shrink from any forecast of what the aeroplane may be when it shall come hurtling overhead with some peculiar screech as yet unimagined. The motor plays an even more prominent part in the country than in London, especially in those remnants of time which the English call week-ends, and which stretch from Friday afternoon to the next Monday morning. It is within these limits that people are ordinarily "asked down," and as the host usually lives from five to ten miles from the nearest station, the guest is met there by a motor which hurls him over the intervening ground at the speed of the train he has just left. The motor is still the rich man's pleasure, as the week-end is his holiday; and it will be long before the one will be the poor man's use, or the other his leisure. For the present he must content himself, in England, at least, with his own legs, and with the bank-holiday which now comes so often as to be dreaded by his betters when it lets him loose upon their travel and sojourn in excursionsal multitude. This is not likely ever to come under question of affecting the London season, as one heard the week-end accused of doing. It was theorized that people went out of town so much, in order to be at home in the country for their friends, that with two afternoons and three nights lost to the festivities of London, the season was sensibly if not vitally affected. But that was in the early weeks of it. As it grew and prospered through the latter half of June and the whole of July, the week-end, as an inimical factor, was no longer mentioned. It even began to be recognized as an essential element of the season. Like the King's visits to Denmark, to Ireland, to Germany, it really served to intensify the season.

The purpose that the season obviously serves is annually gathering into the capital immense numbers of the people best

worth meeting from every part of the world-wide English dominion, with many aliens of distinction, not counting the Americans, who are held a kind of middle species by the natives. It is a time of perpetual breakfasts, lunches, teas and dinners, receptions, concerts, and for those who can bear it, balls till the day of twenty-four hours' pleasure begins again, with the early rites of Rotten Row. Those who have a superfluity of invitations go on at night from one house to another till they fall lifeless into bed at their own. One may fancy, if one likes, that they show the effects of their pleasure the next day, that many a soft cheek pales its English rose under the flapping panama hats among the riders in the Park, and that, lively as they still are, they tend rather to be phantoms of delight. But perhaps this is not so. What is certain is that for those who do not abuse the season it is a time of fine as well as high enjoyment, when the alien, or the middle species, if he is known, or even tolerably imagined, may taste a cup of social kindness, of hospitality, deeper if not richer than any in the world. I do not say that one of the middle species will find in it the delicate, the wild, the piquant flavors of certain remembered cups of kindness at home; and I should not say this even if it were true; but he will be an ungrateful and ungracious guest if he criticises. He will more wisely and justly accuse himself of having lost his earlier zest, if he does not come away always thinking, "What interesting people I have met!"

In speaking of such things it is always a question of how far one may pardonably err on the side of indiscretion; and if I remember here a dinner in the basement of the House of Commons—in a small room of the architectural effect of a chapel in a cathedral crypt—it is with the sufficiently meek hope of keeping well within the bounds of discretion.

The quaintness of the place may have contributed to an uncommon charm in the occasion; but its charm was perhaps a happy accident which would have tried in vain to repeat itself even there. It ended in a visit to the House, where the strangers were admitted on the rigid terms and in the strict limits to which

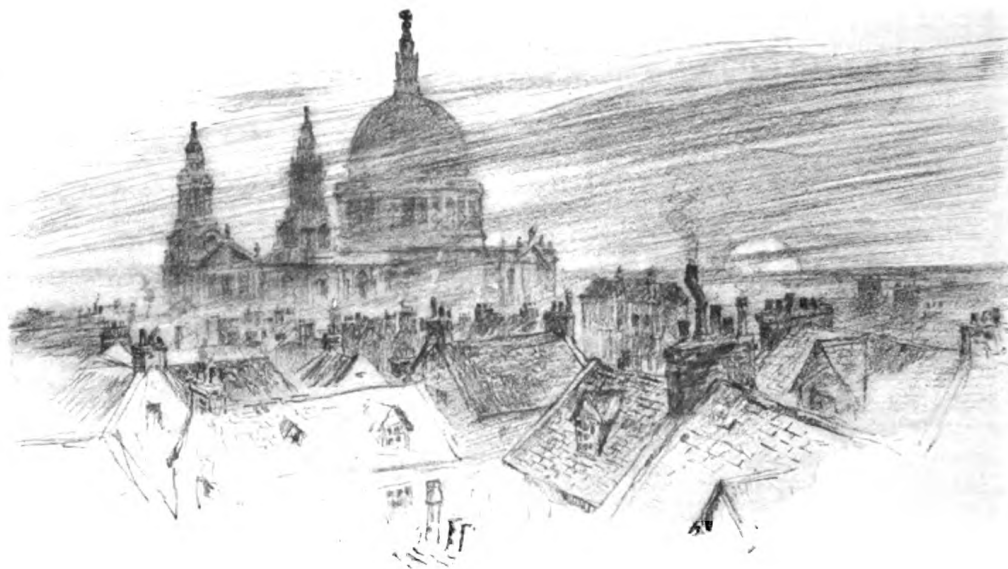
non-members must submit themselves. But one might well undergo much more in order to hear John Burns speak in the place to which he has fought his right under a system of things as averse as can be imagined to a working-man's sharing in the legislation for working-men. The matter in hand that night chanced to be one peculiarly interesting to a believer in the people's doing as many things as possible for themselves, as the body politic, instead of leaving them to a variety of bodies corporate. The steamboat service on the Thames had grown so insufficient and so inconvenient that it was now a question of having it performed by the London County Council, which should be authorized to run lines of boats solely in the public interest, and not merely for the pleasure and profit of directors and stockholders. The monstrous proposition did not alarm those fears of socialism which anything of the kind would have roused with us; nobody seemed to expect that blowing up the Parliament buildings with dynamite would be the next step towards anarchy. There was a good deal of hear-hearing from Mr. Burns's friends,

with some friendly chaffing from his enemies as he went on, steadily and quietly, with his statement of the case; but there was no serious opposition to the measure which was after-



THE ENGLISHMAN NOW FREQUENTS THE MODERN HOTEL

wards carried in due course of legislation. I was left to think two or three things about the matter which, though not strictly photographic, are yet so superficial that they will not be out of place here. Several members spoke besides Mr. Burns, but the labor leader was easily prince not only in the business quality of what he said but in his business



ABOVE THE SEA OF ROOFS

fashion of saying it. As much as any of them, as the oldest-familied and longest-leisured of them, his manners had

—that repose

Which marks the caste of Vere de Vere, and is supposed to distinguish them from those of the castes of Smith and Jones. But I quickly forgot this in considering how far socialism had got itself realized in London through the activities of the County Council, which are so largely in the direction of municipal control. One hears and reads as little of socialism now in London as in New York, but that is because it has so effectually passed from the debated principle to the accomplished fact. It has been embodied in so many admirable works that the presumption is rather in favor of it as something truly conservative. It is not, as with us, still under the ban of a prejudice too ignorant to know in how many things it is already effective; but this is, of course, mainly because English administration is so much honester than ours. It can be safely taken for granted that a thing ostensibly done for the greatest good of the greatest number is not really done for the profit of a few on the inside. The English can let the County Council put municipal boats on the Thames with

the full assurance that the County Council will never be in case to retire on a cumulative income from them.

The secular intensification of the family life makes it possible for the English to abandon their secular domesticity, when they will, without apparent detriment to the family life. Formerly the English family which came up to London for the season or a part of it, went into a house of its own, or in default of that, went into lodgings, or into a family hotel of a kind happily obsolescent. Such a family now frankly and openly goes into one of the hotels which abound in London, of a type combining more of the Continental and American features than the traits of the old English family hotel, which was dark, cold, grim and silently rapacious, stodgy in appointments, and heavy and unwholesome in refection. The new sort of hotel is apt to be very large, but it is of all sizes, and it offers a home reasonably cheerful on inclusive terms (or so much by the day or week) at rates not at all ruinous. It has a table d'hôte dinner at separate tables and a fair translation of the French cuisine. If it is one of the more expensive, it will not be more expensive than our dearest, and if one of the

cheaper, it will be better in every way than our cheaper. The supply has created a demand which apparently did not exist before, and with the coming of good hotels the Englishman has become a hotel-dweller, or at least a hotel-sojourner, such as he had long reproached the American with being.

In like manner with the coming of good restaurants in great number and variety, he has become a diner and luncher at restaurants. Whether he has been able to exact as much as he really wanted of the privacy once supposed so dear to him, it is impossible for a stranger, even of the middle species, to pronounce. What is evident is that at his hotel or his restaurant he dines or lunches as publicly as ever the American did or does; and he has his friends to dinner or lunch with apparently no thought of interposing any pretence of a private dining-room. One hears that this sort of open conviviality tempts by its facility to those excesses of hospitality which are such a drain on English incomes; but again that is something of which one can hardly venture to have an opinion. What is probably certain is that the modern hotel and restaurant, with their cheerful ease, are pushing the old-fashioned lodging as well as the old-fashioned family hotel out of the general favor, and have already driven them to combine their attractions or repulsions on a level where they are scarcely distinguishable as separate species.

In all the streets neighboring on Piccadilly there abound apartments which are effectively small hotels, where you pay a certain price for your rooms, and a certain fixed price for your meals. You must leave this neighborhood if you want the true lodging where you pay for your apartment, and order the provisions which are cooked for you, and which are apportioned to your daily needs. This is the ideal, and it is not seriously affected by the reality that your provisions are also apportioned to the needs of your landlord's family. Even then, the ideal remains beautiful, and you have an image, somewhat blurred and battered, of home, such as money cannot elsewhere buy you. If your landlord is the butler

who has married the cook, your valeting and cooking approach as nearly perfection as you can reasonably hope.

It will be well not to scan too closely the infirmities of the appointments over which an air of decent reticence is cast, and it will have been quite useless to try guarding all the points at which you might be plundered. It is more vexatious than ruinous, and perhaps in a hotel also you would be plundered: hotel bills in England are sometimes fearfully and wonderfully made out. In a lodging you are promptly and respectfully personalized; your tastes are consulted, if not gratified; your minor wants, in which your comfort lies, are interpreted and met, and possibly there grows up round you the circumstance, which is not altogether deceitful, of your own house.

The theory is admirable, but I think the system is in decay, though to say this is something like accusing the stability of the Constitution. Very likely if some American ghost were to revisit a well-known London street a hundred years from now, he would find it still with the legend of "Apartments" in every transom; and it must not be supposed that lodgings have by any means fallen yet to the middle, much less the lower middle classes. In one place there was a marquis overhead; in another there was a lordship of unascertained degree, who was heard on a Court night being got ready by his valet and the landlord's whole force, and then marking his descent to his cab by the clanking of his sword upon the stairs. At two lodgings in a most unpretentious street, it was the landlords' boast that a royal princess had taken tea with their tenants, who were of the quality to be rightfully taken tea with by a royal princess; and at certain hours of the afternoon during the season it was by no means uncommon to see noble equipages standing at the doors of certain apartments with all the entourage of coachman and footmen, and ladies of unmistakable fashion ascending and descending by the carriage steps like the angels on Jacob's ladder. It could be surmised that they were visiting poor relations, or modest merit of some sort, but it was not necessary to suppose this, and upon the whole I prefer not.

Eden-Gates

BY JUSTUS MILES FORMAN

BROTHER AURELIUS took another gulp of his wine, shivering, and I saw his shoulders draw together under the coarse black serge of his monk's habit, and his mouth twist awry after a fashion it had.

"Eh! I'm cold," said he. "There's a chill in the air—a graveyardish chill."

"There well may be," said I.

"Eh!" said Brother Aurelius, that mouth of his twisted awry; "Death's waiting out yonder in the corridor,—waiting and waiting in the shadows. I'm cold."

A lackey came to the door of the room, and, at the signal of my eyebrows, Brother Aurelius, who sat with his back to the door, drew up the cowl over his tonsured poll.

"His Majesty still sleeps, your Royal Highness," said the lackey, "but restlessly. Your Highness shall be informed on the moment of his Majesty's awakening."

"On the moment!" said I, and the man bowed himself away.

"Out yonder in the shadows," said Brother Aurelius, nodding over his wine. "God! the place reeks of death—whispers of it—tastes of it. It's in the very wine! I'm cold.—Bah! I'm an old woman. Why's a palace more ghostly than a hovel when Death's abroad? Eh? What's a king, when he comes to die, but a man—a worn-out man with his clock-work running down? What's there in it all to give me the shivers? Look at my hands! Curse 'em! Haven't I seen death a score of times? What am I shivering over? Eh, Louis? Eh?"

"Careful, you fool!" said I. "No 'Louis' here, with the doors open. There are people all about. Stick to 'Highness'!"

Brother Aurelius laughed, chuckling over his wine-glass.

"Our puppetilious Louis Ferdinand!" said he. "'Highness' it is, then! Egad, we'll Highness you few more High-

nesses, friend! To-morrow—or in an hour—it 'll be 'Majesty.' Eh?" And, at that, it was I upon whom the little fit of shivering caught.

"His Majesty Ludwig Ferdinand II.!" pursued Brother Aurelius, rolling the words smackingly between his lips.

"Oh, hold your tongue!" I cried. "Is not the load heavy enough without your sneers and gloating? God knows I wish it were I breathing my last breath in that chamber yonder, and not the King! If it were not for one man's cowardice and shirking, I'd be a free man to-morrow, not a life prisoner under a crown."

"Your Royal Highness thus civilly refers to the late Crown-Prince George?" inquired Brother Aurelius, chuckling. "Surely your Royal Highness does not suggest that the Crown Prince deliberately drowned himself to escape his duties—that the yachting accident was not an accident? Surely the yacht went down off Curzola in that terrible storm!" Brother Aurelius held up his little glass of wine, squinting through it at the light, and the light turned its heart to the semblance of blood—threw a tiny blotch of bright crimson across Brother Aurelius's sallow cheek.

I stared at him under my brows, sullenly.

"God gave Prince George a sacred duty with his birth," said I,—“the duty of ruling over this land when his father should lay down the sceptre. He has deliberately shirked it.”

"Perhaps," said Brother Aurelius, a bit more gently—a bit, as it were, wistfully,—“perhaps he felt unable to shoulder the burden of this duty. Perhaps he felt unworthy—felt that, with the grudging, unsympathetic, unwilling service he could only give it, the realm were better off without him. He did not wish to rule, this Crown-Prince George, you must remember. He had no heart for it.

He loathed the thought of imprisonment and responsibility and all such. He was a—gipsy by nature, not a ruler. The thought of the life which stretched before him in an endless perspective—grim, ordered, ‘cabined, cribbed, confined’—used to send him into a panic of dread and protest. The cornered beast fights for life and liberty, friend Louis.—A thousand pardons, your Royal Highness! —The cornered beast fights, tooth and nail, with no thought of whether he fights fair or foul. Don’t judge this poor drowned man too hardly. Don’t grudge him his grave at the bottom of the Adriatic yonder!”

Brother Aurelius’s cowl had fallen from his head, upon his shoulders, and his face worked oddly, and his eyes were very bright and full of an unwonted seriousness. But, after a moment, he sat back once more at ease in his chair, and the little cynical mocking chuckle came to his lips.

“Eh, I become eloquent!” said Brother Aurelius. “Eloquent?—Nay, impassioned! And all for a drowned man who’s no more. *Requiescat in mare—sed non in celo*. Eh! we of the Church are devils at Latin.

“Come, come, your future Majesty! Cheer up! George is dead and done for. He’s gone below—‘*Numa quo devenit et Ancus*,’ as our old friend Horace says. ‘*Revocate animos, mæstumque timorem mittite*’—Virgil, Louis, Virgil! Come! the crown’s at your elbow, friend. That’s fair enough. You’re rightly next in succession, even though you’re only a cousin.

“‘*In te omnis domus inclinata recumbit*.’ Virgil again! Eh! We’re dogs at Latin, we of the Church.”

“It’s not fair!” said I, bitterly. “Have I no side? Have I no argument? What if that—shirker did feel as you say? Are my feelings of no account? I tell you I would rather die than reign! Everything you have said—every reason you have given—every plea you have urged I could say and give and urge a thousand times more strongly for myself. Why should I be the prisoner and he escape? It’s not fair!”

“He *has* escaped, friend,” said Brother Aurelius, softly. “He was the first to think of escape and he ran. He got ahead of you. Oh, Highness, a cornered

beast doesn’t stop to think whether he fights fair or foul!”

A hurrying lackey pulled himself up, panting, in the door, and bowed.

“His Majesty, your Royal Highness,” said the man, grief white upon his face,—“his Majesty is—awake and—conscious. If your Royal Highness will make haste—”

“I will come at once,” said I, and sprang to my feet.

Brother Aurelius rose, facing me across the table. His mocking humor had dropped from him like a garment, and, once more, his lean face worked and twisted.

“He’s—going, Louis!” said Brother Aurelius. “The dear old— He’s—going!”

“And,” said I, looking into the man’s eyes,—“and in the face of that—?” But Brother Aurelius beat his two hands fiercely together before him, and turned away toward the windows which look over the Schloss gardens. And I went out of the room and swiftly along the corridors to the chamber where the King lay.

Outside the door was a little group of men—Colonel Szakvary, Temnitz (the president of the Council), Cardinal Vulotich, and others—I caught few faces. They drew to one side, bowing, and I entered the room.

Old von Mitteldorf, the Chancellor, met me inside, and whispered that his Majesty wished to talk with me alone.

“He is very near the end,” said von Mitteldorf. “Half an hour, Steinmetz says; but he is conscious and in no pain.” There were tears running down von Mitteldorf’s withered cheeks, and I wondered dully, for I had thought him too hard for that, too dried and cold.

The two physicians who bent over the bed looked up as I approached; then, nodding to me, tiptoed out of the room after von Mitteldorf, and I was left alone with the King and that Something which stood waiting in the shadows at the end of the great chamber.

I remember that there were dim lights burning—very dim, so that the chamber seemed even vaster and higher than it was,—so dim that I could see only that wall which was nearest me; beyond that, a ghostly indistinct shape here and there—table or chair; beyond that,

shadowy gloom. Also, I remember there was a faint scent of volatile drugs and of antiseptics—a sick-room odor which even that great place could not dissipate.

The King lay in his carven bed of state, lax and still—so still that at first I thought he was dead, and shrank a step backward. He lay on his back, one arm outside the white covers, and the brown skin of his face and neck and of his hand had gone an odd ash-gray, strangely like the tousled gray of his hair and square beard. He looked, lying there, very like what people called him—"The gray lion."

Then, after a moment, as I stood watching, those shaggy eyebrows of his began to twitch, after their nervous irritable fashion, and, quite suddenly, he opened his eyes. It gave me a start. It was like a dead man opening his eyes.

"Who is there?" he said, in a whisper.

"Ludwig, Sire!" said I, and dropped on my knees beside the bed. The shaggy eyebrows twitched again as if he would nod but lacked the strength, and he raised his hand feebly, but the hand wavered and dropped back again, touching my cheek as it went. It was cold and dry.

"Eh!" said the King, in a strong voice which seemed to come with no effort—"eh! So I go and you reign, Louis? Near the—end, am I?"

"Very near, Sire," said I.

"And an awfully good thing!" said the King, fretfully. "I'm tired. I'm tired of it all. I think I've been tired for some years." He rolled his head on the pillow until he could see my face.

"So you reign, Louis?" he said again. "Eh, it's a bad job—no flowery bed of ease. Look you! Mitteldorf's well enough. He's safe. He's no fool, either. You can trust him. But look out for that devil Temnitz. He's a rascal, Louis, a rascal. And I don't know what he's— Now that fisheries matter, I wish—" He halted a moment to take breath, for his voice was weakening, and when he spoke again he seemed to have forgotten what he had been saying.

"If only George had—lived!" he said, and his face twisted oddly like Brother Aurelius's face. "George—hated it, didn't he,—eh? He hated it more than I. And you hate it too, Louis.—I don't wonder. But— Why, in God's name, couldn't

George have lived? I'd have—liked—my son to reign—after me.—Poor old George! Cold and wet, eh? Floating about among the seaweed and rocks in thirty fathom!—What a grave!—I'd ha' liked George to rest in his grave, not wash about like a—dead fish."

"Oh, Sire! Sire!" I cried, with my face in the bedclothes, but the King's worn old face twisted with his grief.

"—All I had!" I heard him say, under his breath.

Then, for a time, he was still—all but those bushy eyebrows, which jerked now and then.

"Death?" he said, finally. "It's no such great mystery as they—say. I'm just—tired, tired—and I don't see very well. That's all. My feet are cold. Cover 'em up, Louis! Look you, boy! What's there about this affair of yours with old Mitteldorf's girl? Oh, I've heard of it. I hear about most things. You'll have to—drop that. I won't—I won't have it— Eh! I'm tired, tired!—Not becoming to—King. You must hurry up—marriage with the Bavarian Princess. Hurry it up.—Promise me! No—shilly-shally. It must be—soon. What about Mitteldorf's—girl, eh?"

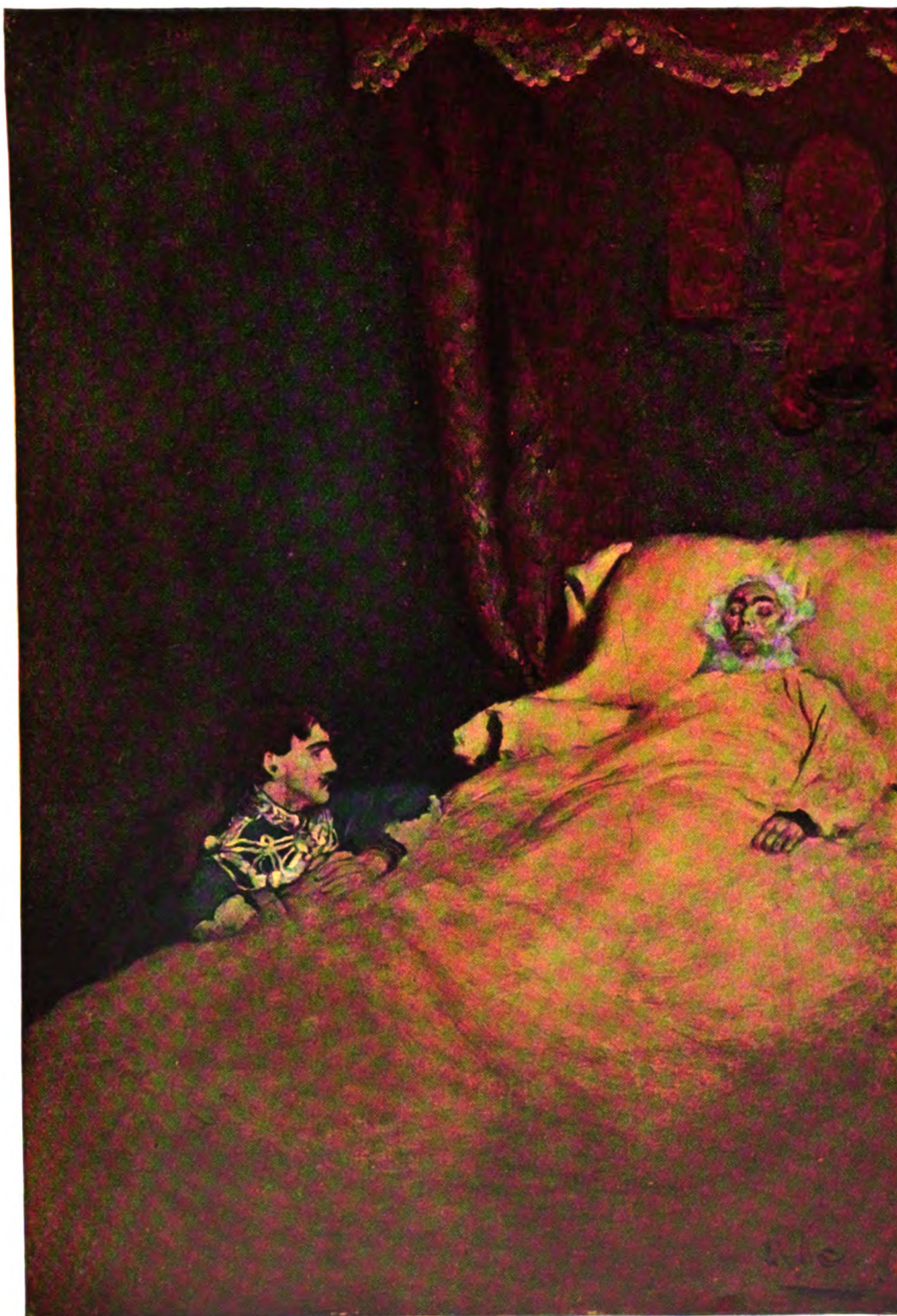
"There has been no—affair, Sire," said I. "I—cared a great deal for her. I was—I hoped to marry her until—Prince George's—until I became the Heir Apparent. I shall do my duty, Sire."

I expect that even to the King's failing eyes my face must have shown the bitterness I tried to keep out of my voice, for he drew a deep sigh and his head shook weakly on the pillows.

"Poor old—Louis!" he said. "I know. I know." A wry smile went over his grim face and he spoke a woman's name aloud—a French name which I did not know. I have often wondered, since, who the woman was.

"Death?" he said again, after a long time. "I'm just—tired, that's all." It seemed to fill him with a dull surprise that death brought with it no ghostly mysteries.

So he muttered and whispered and fell into lengthening spells of silence for, I should think, a half-hour or more. Twice he complained that he was cold, and often that he was tired—tired. Once or twice more he spoke of his son, and once of



I KNELT BY THE WHISPERING, MUTTERING OLD MAN

some political matter. His waning mind seemed full of odds and ends. He seemed either incapable of consecutive thought or too weary to follow it out.

And all the long while I knelt on the edge of the raised dais upon which the bed stood, and stared into the shadows across the room. It seemed to me that, as the minutes dragged on, those shadows crept nearer—an illusion of my straining eyes, doubtless—nearer and nearer, narrowing the little circle of dim light which hung pale over the bed and the whispering, muttering old man who lay there. It seemed to me that, unlike the dying King, I felt—sensed in some fashion indescribable—the Something which stood waiting in the gloom. I remember that the feeling was strong in me of the near presence of another being. I felt it just as one feels, in a dark room, the presence of another *living* being whom one has not seen or heard.

The King had lain quite still for some ten minutes, I should think, eyes closed, breathing regular—the deep sighing breaths of one near the end; and I, immersed in my thoughts, holding, as it were, a finger on my mental pulse as I watched the shadows draw close and sensed that unseen Presence, had almost forgotten him, when, quite suddenly and with no warning, he started up upon one elbow, and so with groping hands pushed himself to a sitting posture, drawn and tense and eager-eyed. He looked to the foot of the bed, and his voice came full and strong, but with a note of wonder, of puzzled surprise.

"George!" he said. "Why—George!" And that was all. The tense rigid arms doubled under him and he dropped back upon the pillows, fighting for breath.

I turned quickly and struck the gong which stood upon a little table near, and they came at once into the chamber—the group of tiptoeing, silent, grave-faced men, halting and spreading out into a half-circle near the bed's foot.

Old von Mitteldorf stepped to my side. His hands, I noted, were shaking and his lips writhed. He had been very near the King for thirty years. The physicians knelt an instant by the King's head, and then rose, all but one of them, and withdrew a few paces.

There was no death-struggle at all—

only those slow, deep, sighing breaths which puffed out the gray lips under the gray beard as they were exhaled. It was exactly like the heavy breathing of an old gentleman taking his afternoon nap. I did not know when it ceased. Only the head physician presently rose and made a sign to von Mitteldorf with his eyebrows.

Old von Mitteldorf gave a sort of dry sob. He looked down at the still form on its bed of state, and he looked toward the still group of officers and councillors at the bed's foot.

"Gentlemen," he said, "the King is dead." He bent over my hand, before I knew what he was about, and kissed it.

"Long live the King!" said von Mitteldorf.

I saw Temnitz's little eyes shift and blink, and he licked his dry lips. Temnitz was looking into the future. Behind him I thought I caught a glimpse of a black cowl, but in an instant it was gone. Then, I remember, I took one last look at the dead King—he was tired no longer, and I envied him—and went out of the chamber through a lane of bowing gentlemen.

I went back to the room where I had, earlier in the evening, sat with Brother Aurelius. Brother Aurelius sat again where I had left him, but he rose as I entered.

"Long live the King!" he said, but, from the shadow of his black cowl, his eyes mocked at me, and a sudden little flare of overwrought nerves and of anger mounted to my head.

"Good God!" I cried. "Have you nothing but sneers at such an hour as this? Can you not even respect death? Oh, you were in there. I saw you. For the love of Heaven, man, of what are you made? Not flesh, I'll swear! How do you think I felt kneeling yonder beside—*him* while he died? Do you know what he said—not once, but a score of times?

"If only George had lived!" Do you know what his last words were—his very last? He sat up suddenly after he had been lying still for a long time and he cried out, 'George! Why—George!' like that. I tell you it was damnable, damnable!—And I had to kneel there and live out my living lie to the very bitter end. For God's sake, what are you made of?"

"Flesh, Louis, weak, weak flesh!" said Brother Aurelius, raising from his arms a white face. He gave a little sob.

"I cannot—face it," he said. "Not even now. I have had—my taste of freedom, and I—cannot give it up. The cornered beast fights, Louis, tooth and nail. I am anything you choose to call me, but I—cannot face it."

My rage was hot in me.

"By Heaven! you shall!" I cried. "I've lied and tricked long enough for your sake—too long. I'll lie no longer."

"Louis, Louis!" said Brother Aurelius, stretching out his arms toward me across the table.

"There is no guilt at your door, Louis," he pleaded. "You believed me dead until a little week ago, as every one else believes me dead now. I was mad to come back—a cracked fool—an imbecile! I might have known how it would be, but I thought—I thought you'd be glad to keep mum. I thought you'd be glad to reign. I didn't know you, Louis."

"No, you didn't," said I, savagely.

"And—and *he* was ill," said Brother Aurelius, pleading, "and so I—came.—Oh, Louis, there is no guilt at your door. You've got to go on with it. I—cannot. It would drive me mad. I cannot do it."

"You shall do it," said I, "and now. I'm going to call von Mitteldorf. We'll have a little resurrection scene, my play-actor!"

I started toward the door, but Brother Aurelius—Prince George, what you will—sprang in front of me and thrust me back into a chair. He closed the door of the room and stood with his back against it.

"The cornered beast fights, Louis!" he said, in a whisper, breathing between the words, and from under his black habit he drew something which glittered in the candle-light.

"Raise your voice," said he, "call for help, betray me in any fashion now or later, and I shoot myself through the head. Ay, I mean it. I'll die rather than reign. That's flat, my friend."

"Oh, you coward!" I cried, and dropped my head into my arms over the table, sobbing. "Oh, you contemptible coward!"

"Yes," said Brother Aurelius, gently,—"yes, Louis."

I did not hear the door open or close, but when, after a little while, I looked up, he was gone. I was alone in the room.

Young Altenfeld came in presently to ask for commands, but I told him to keep every one from me, that I wished to be quite alone, and, when he had gone, I went over to one of the windows where the white curtains swayed and filled with the summer-night wind from the gardens. I stood there looking wearily out into the night—that soft sweet wind was very grateful to my hot face—and at last, since the window was not high, vaulted out of it to the turf below.

It was a night of stars—stars and a little crescent moon, and, as I have said, sweet airs; a night fashioned for love, for singing to mandolins, for walking abroad with one's fine, swelling, romantic thoughts by way of company; a night pungent, aromatic, full of the cool fire of summer.

Away to the left the bell of the royal chapel was tolling—harsh and clamorous through that still air—and from the eastward, from the village, four miles away, other bells tolled with it, measured and faint and very sweet with the distance. The King was dead. And here, in the open night, alone, stood another King, pressing his hands over his royal ears to shut out that measured throbbing dirge which would not be stilled.

A King, so please you! Nay, a shackled slave!

To rid myself of that harsh clangor from the chapel bell I moved away from the Schloss down one of the gravel paths between the rows of pointed cypresses—churchyard cypresses they began to seem, nature itself in mourning!—down the long slope of the formal gardens, through arbors and pergole, past fountains and clumps of flowering shrubbery, and over stretches of lawn beyond. And so, blind to where I went, hurrying ever from that brazen knell, my feet bore me, at the last, to the little Japanese garden with its gay summer-house, its stone lanterns and dwarfed pines and its still, mirroring pool—our trysting-place, *hers* and mine!

By the margin of the pool there is an ancient bench overhung with wistaria. Here, in the half-gloom, some one stirred—some one in white—stirred and sighed,

catching her breath in a little sob, and rose, turning her face to the crescent moon. The face was very beautiful, and it was wet with tears.

"Hilma!" said I, from my shadows.

She gave a low sobbing cry of—gladness, I think, and her arms went out to me. Then suddenly she shrank back and covered her face with her hands, shaking, and made me a slow courtesy, from which, it seemed, she had not the poor strength to rise, for she remained kneeling there before me, bowed, her face in her hands, weeping.

"Sire!" she said. "Sire!" But at that I cried out upon her and caught her in my arms swiftly, raising her to her feet.

"Oh, how could you!" said I. "How could you?—*You*, Hilma, kneeling to me?"

But she fought against me, pushing herself away, until she stood free, her hands at her heart.

"The—bells!" she said. "The bells, Louis! He is—dead? The King is dead?"

"The King is dead," said I, bitterly. "Long live the King!" and she hid her face again.

As for me, I stood trembling, sick for grief and futile rage at my fate, sick for love of her—she drooped so pitifully before me. And speech was withheld from my tongue, for I could stammer only her name, over and over again. Just: "Hilma! Hilma! Hilma!" She was the better of us, far—the stronger. She stilled her weeping and looked up at me—that beautiful face of hers white, white in the moonlight, wet with tears and drawn with suffering, but very brave, full of a certain sweet nobility that shamed me.

"Then, Louis," she said, "this must be the—end, for—you and me. You are the King, and God lays stern duties upon kings, my dear. We must—you must not see me again, Louis, nor I you. You must—do that which a king—must do. I would rather die very many deaths, cruel ones, than have you fail in any fashion because of me."

"Oh, Hilma," said I, "I am dying very many cruel deaths here and now."

"And I, my King," said she, "but it cannot be otherwise. We must have done

with each other, you and I. See, Louis, see! It is only what had to come. We have known it, both, for months, ever since Prince George was drowned and you came near the throne. It is no sudden blow. We knew it long."

"Is it any easier for that?" said I.

"Oh no, my King, no!" she cried, and that sweet strength of hers failing her for the moment, she caught me about the shoulders with her arms and hid her face on my breast, weeping.

"Ah, no, it is harder!" she said, "for I have suffered this a thousand times over in advance—a thousand times, Louis, and yet now it wrings my heart unbearably. Will it comfort you, my dearest, to hear me say that no man—king or peasant—has ever been loved more dearly or more faithfully or more wholly without question or reserve or regret than you have been loved by me? *Have been?* Ay, *must be* so long as I live in God's world, and after! Once I dreamed beautiful dreams of the life we two were to live together, but God waked me very cruelly from those dreams—and He will not let me sleep again. We shall never have our Eden-Land, Louis—never see our castle in Spain that we built so proudly. Edengates are closing on us with those bells that toll, and our castle is fading away in the moonlight."

"Oh, beautiful," said I, with a sort of groan, "you shame me into a bravery that I cannot feel! My heart is a great ache, and my brain—my brain is sick with anger and revolt and bitterness. Stand away from me, Hilma! Do not touch me, for there is little strength left in me to fight. In a moment I shall be taking you into my arms and running from it all."

"No, Louis, no!" said she. "We must not fail, you and I. We must be strong. There's a whole nation hanging upon our strength to-night."

"Ah, but you don't know!" I cried, desperately, my hands pressed over my eyes to shut out the sweet sight of her,—"you don't know what excuse I could urge. You don't know what's forcing me upon a throne. Treachery, Hilma!—treachery black and bitter—cowardice,—ay, crime—the awfulest of crimes! You do not know what I know. And I may not tell you. Please God, some one shall

be faithful to the House and to the Kingdom! Since another fails, then I. But it's treachery, my queen, black treachery!"

"Louis! Louis!" she cried, in a whisper, and pulled my hands from my face, staring into my eyes. Her own face was white and frightened—full of terror. "Oh, Louis, you—you don't know what you say!" she whispered. "You're talking wildly, madly. This has—been too much for you. I should not have come here. You must rest, my King. You do not know what you say."

"Ay, I know," said I, dully. "I know too well, but I will say no more.—Curse those tolling bells! Will they never have done? Every beat crashes in on my heart and brain— Forgive me, my dear; I'm—not myself. Ah, Hilma, Hilma! Our Eden-Land—our castles that we built so bravely!"

It seemed to me that something stirred in the dark behind us, as it were in the doorway of the little Japanese summer-house; that something stirred and sighed.

"What is that?" said Hilma von Mitteldorf, quickly. "Some one is there, in the summer-house." Then, suddenly, she cried out and threw herself before me as if she thought I were to be attacked, and—one came out of the summer-house into the moonlight before us. Brother Aurelius.

The cowl slipped back from his tonsured head, and his face, in that silver light, was graver than I had ever seen it and strangely haggard. He looked from one of us to the other and back again, nodding slowly.

"This is—Fräulein von—Mitteldorf?" he asked. His voice, as if to accord with his sombre face, was oddly thick and heavy.

"It is," said I. "You have been eaves-dropping, I take it? A noble pursuit! characteristically noble!" All my old rage had again risen in me at the sight of him, but he paid no attention whatever to my insult—seemed not to hear it.

"You—didn't tell me—of this, Louis," he said. "I didn't know about—this. Why? Why didn't you tell me?" His tone was shaken, full of some emotion, I could not make out what—wistful.

"Could this make any difference to you?" I demanded, bitterly. "Could *anything* move you at all? Why should I speak of it? What's a broken heart

or two to such as you? Oh, for God's sake, go! Leave us!"

"I didn't—know," said Brother Aurelius, in a shaken tone. "I—I also, Louis—I—once—" He did not finish his sentence, but I knew of what he spoke.

Hilma von Mitteldorf moved nearer to me, touching my arm with her hand.

"Who is this—monk, Sire?" she asked, in a whisper—I knew that she had never known Prince George. "Who is he, and what does he—mean? His face— It's—I've seen it somewhere."

I did not answer her. I looked to Brother Aurelius. His head was thrown back and his haggard face turned up to the moonlight. Something struggled there.

For a full minute or more, I think, I watched him, and the bell of the royal chapel tolled dismally across the still night. Then Brother Aurelius's head dropped, and, as if he felt suddenly worn and old and very weary, his shoulders drooped with it.

"I also—Louis," he said, in a sad whisper,— "I also—once—" He raised his hand to the cord at his neck and then to the cord about his waist, and the monk's habit slipped from him to the ground, showing him dressed in the ordinary garb of a civilian. I caught his eyes. He nodded to me slowly and as slowly turned toward the lighted windows of the Schloss, which gleamed yellow at the far head of the gardens.

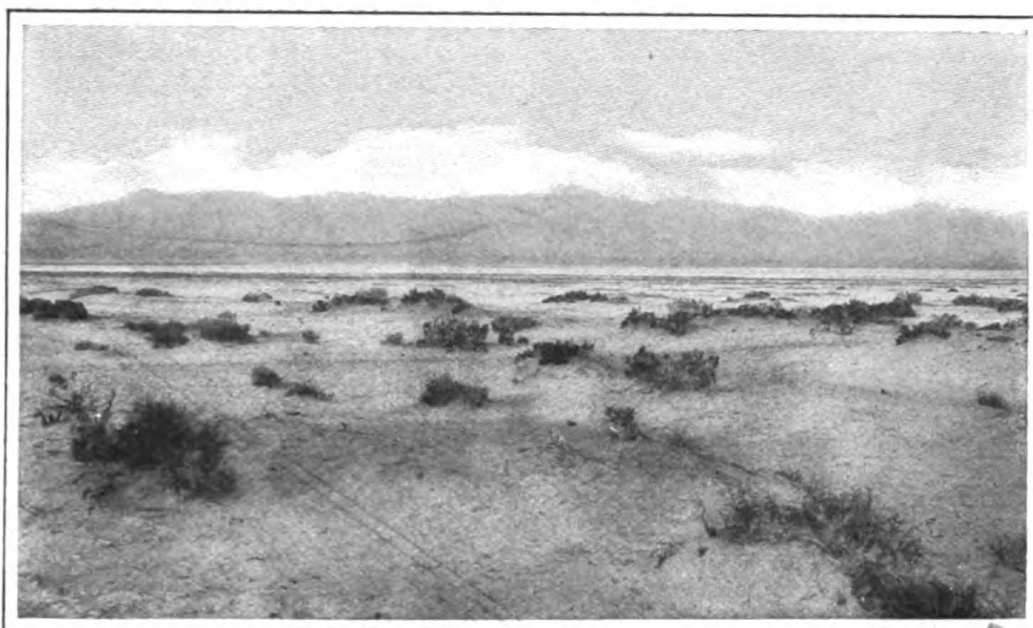
Something caught fiercely at my heart. Something caught at my throat and held my breathing.

"Who—is it?" breathed Hilma von Mitteldorf, and for an instant Brother Aurelius turned back to us.

"It is—the King, Fräulein," he said, in the saddest tone I have ever heard, and once more he turned away, and with bowed head and drooping shoulders went up through the moonlight toward the crown which awaited him.

Hilma von Mitteldorf stared into my face. Her eyes were wide, and frightened still, and only half comprehending, but something like a great joy began to grow in them. She leaned against my breast, trembling. And when she spoke, her lips were trembling too—so that they could hardly make the words.

"Eden—Land's—come—back—Louis!" she said.



By courtesy of the Carnegie Institution

SALT VALLEY, COLORADO DESERT, CALIFORNIA

Looking westward from Salton over region sometimes called the Salton Desert

Plant Life in the Desert

BY ERNEST INGERSOLL

NATURE is the most perfect economist. She utilizes every atom of material, turns to advantage all elements and situations. The limits of present possibility seem to have been reached in the spread of life on this earth. It descends to the uttermost depths of the sea, rises in the air above the mountain-tops, is not daunted by polar cold or the heat of almost boiling springs. There appear to be no substances in the composition of the globe which have not been tested for nourishment for organisms, and few that are not compelled to yield it to further the insatiable impulse of life to spread and increase.

It is probable that long ago was reached the fullest capability of the earth to support its population of plants and animals under natural conditions—that is, although local changes are ever taking place as physical conditions (land areas, climate, etc.) alter, the sum

of individual organisms remains substantially the same, and stands equal to the maximum that may find space and sustenance in which to flourish.

The economies of the desert are mainly directed to surmounting two physical obstacles—lack of water and excess of wind; and the adaptations to meet these and accompanying hardships are exceedingly curious and interesting. A man from Arizona showed me, the other day, a harsh, dry, almost leafless little bush, about as big as his two fists, all of whose branches curled in at the top, until the whole form was globular, with a small tuft of fibrous roots at one side. A few days later I saw it again and it was greenish, had expanded a little, and unfolded minute leaves; he had set its roots in the soil, and the long-dried plant had revived and begun to grow. This was one of a large class of plants (*Amarantus*, *Erigonium*, etc.) called “rolling weeds”

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VEGETATION IN THE GRAND CANYON OF THE COLORADO, ARIZONA

The cactus is an *Echinocereus*, and the shrub behind it *Ephedra Nevadensis*

or "tumbleweeds," which are broken off or pulled up and then sent travelling by the gales. When they catch against some obstacle they drop their seeds there, or if roots remain and get covered by the blown soil, the bush is replanted; and by this means their race is dispersed. The desert plants must, indeed, depend mainly on the wind for the scattering of their seeds, and so they turn to account one of their enemies. Few of the seeds are light enough to be carried far in the air—there would be danger of their flying too far; but as fleshy, pulpy fruits are rare, owing to the paucity of moisture, the round hard seeds characteristic of this group may be rolled far across the comparatively open ground.

The globular form of the various tumbleweeds is characteristic of all the desert vegetation, and results from its sparseness. The supply of moisture is adequate only for a scanty and small-sized growth: the wonder is that any at all is possible, when the total rainfall

may be only four or five inches (five times as much will not insure a crop of wheat to a farmer of excellent soil without irrigation); and this falls almost altogether in a short series of spring storms, followed by months of unbroken drought, with excessive heat and sunlight. Hence each shrub stands at such a distance from its neighbor that it is never shaded; and, equally exposed to light and air on all sides, becomes compact and rounded.

This scantiness of growth shows that in the desert the plants have returned to primitive conditions. Their competition is not with each other for light and space, as in a forest or meadow, but with a niggard Nature for the very necessities of existence—a struggle against inorganic forces; first, to obtain enough moisture and dissolved food from the arid and often sterile soil, and, second, to prevent losing it to the thirsty, restless air and the blazing sun. In a semi-desert, like the South-African veldt, or the Mexican cactus plains, animals must

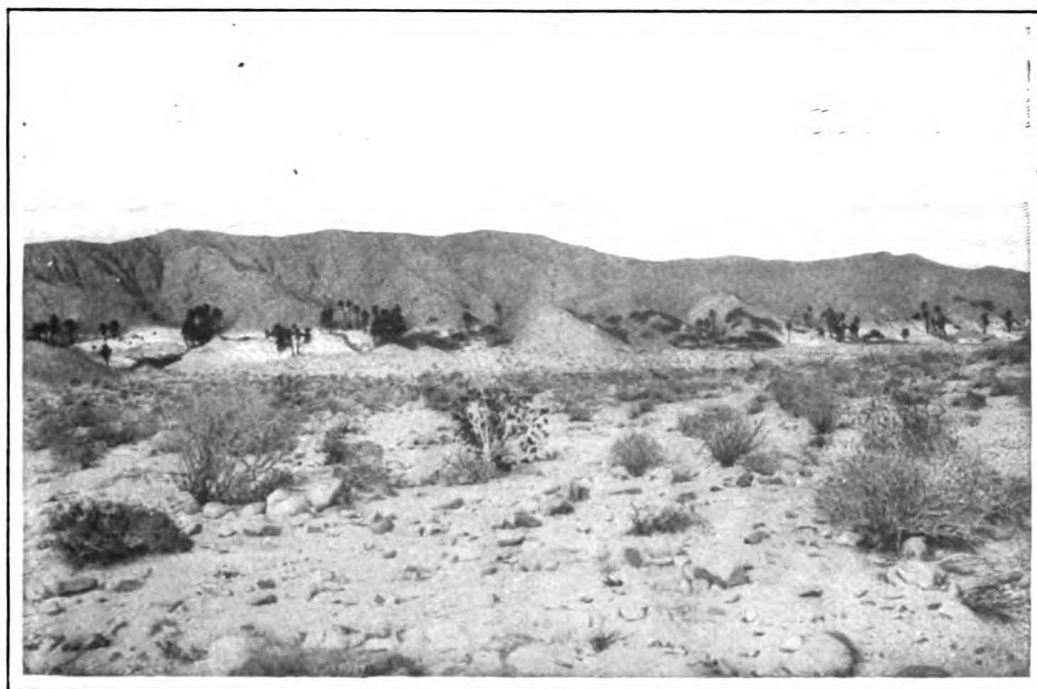
also be guarded against, and hence there all the bushes and trees are intensely thorny; but in the real desert this danger is spared them, since large beasts are absent, and therefore little energy need be wasted upon providing armor.

The defences in such arid areas as the Death Valley and Mohave deserts, or those of the drearier parts of the Kalahari country, the Sahara, Arabia, and Tibet, must be against the loss of moisture.

The scarce and precious water is collected in various ways. In damp regions the roots of perennial plants sink deeply, and sustain a great growth above ground. In a moderately dry climate plants develop bulky roots, and store up supplies which outlast the summer drought; or the plants themselves, as in the case of the cactuses, become fleshy reservoirs of water and food. In the extreme desert, such as here considered, neither of these resources is available, and perennial herbs are consequently few. Only stunted shrubs and hardy annuals are able to exist at all, the former growing very slowly, with toughness of texture, the latter flourishing briefly during the spring rains, devoting

little energy to making stem or leaves or flowers—mostly inconspicuous and wind-fertilized—and hastening (while sometimes still of very small size) to perfect the seeds by which alone the species will survive until the next year's short period of wetness gives a possibility of germination and growth. Frequently desert plants are overtaken by drought too soon, and must postpone blooming until autumn; and plants such as elsewhere exhibit large, showy blossoms will here bear nothing worthy of the name of flower.

The only source of moisture in the real desert is rain and dew, for there is no accessible store of underground water; but dew is totally absent in some regions, as in our Death Valley, although said by Volckens to occur frequently in Egypt and Arabia. This chance moisture is gathered by the leaves somewhat, but mainly must be absorbed by the roots. Hence the roots of arid-district plants keep close to the surface, extending themselves far out in slender threads (a mesquit examined by Dr. Coville had roots fifty feet long), in order to exploit the widest area of absorption; but while this



By courtesy of the Carnegie Institution

BELT OF PALMS (*NEOWASHINGTONIA FILIFERA*) IN THE COLORADO DESERT, CALIFORNIA

The whitish soil about the palms is encrusted with alkali Mesquit bushes grow among the palms

practice gives a bush stability against the wind, it also renders its roots easily uncovered. Moreover, there is a limit to the extent of roots a plant may have, since it can spare only a certain amount of vitality to make them.

The ceaseless wind—to digress a moment—is a factor always to be reckoned with. Where the soil is loose enough it is heaped into hillocks, which change and travel, exhuming herbage and trees in some places and burying them in others. Yuccas were found by the investigators of the Desert Botanical Laboratory, established in Arizona in 1903 by the Carnegie Institution, that had grown up thirty feet through a slowly heightening dune of gypsum sand in the Tularosa (Sonora) "white desert." The steady gales over the sand wastes of the Colorado Desert, in southern California, constitute a veritable sand-blast. "The western faces of the wooden telegraph-poles," it is said, "are deeply cut within two feet of the ground by the sharp driving sand, and the railroad employees have found it necessary to pile stones about the bases of the poles in

some spots to keep them from being actually cut off. The creosote-bushes have been moulded into the most fantastic shapes. One of them standing in the lee of a small boulder ran its branches freely to the eastward, but the twigs that projected upward and outward beyond the protection of the boulder were killed by the sand-blast, so that the plant presented the appearance of a miniature box-hedge."

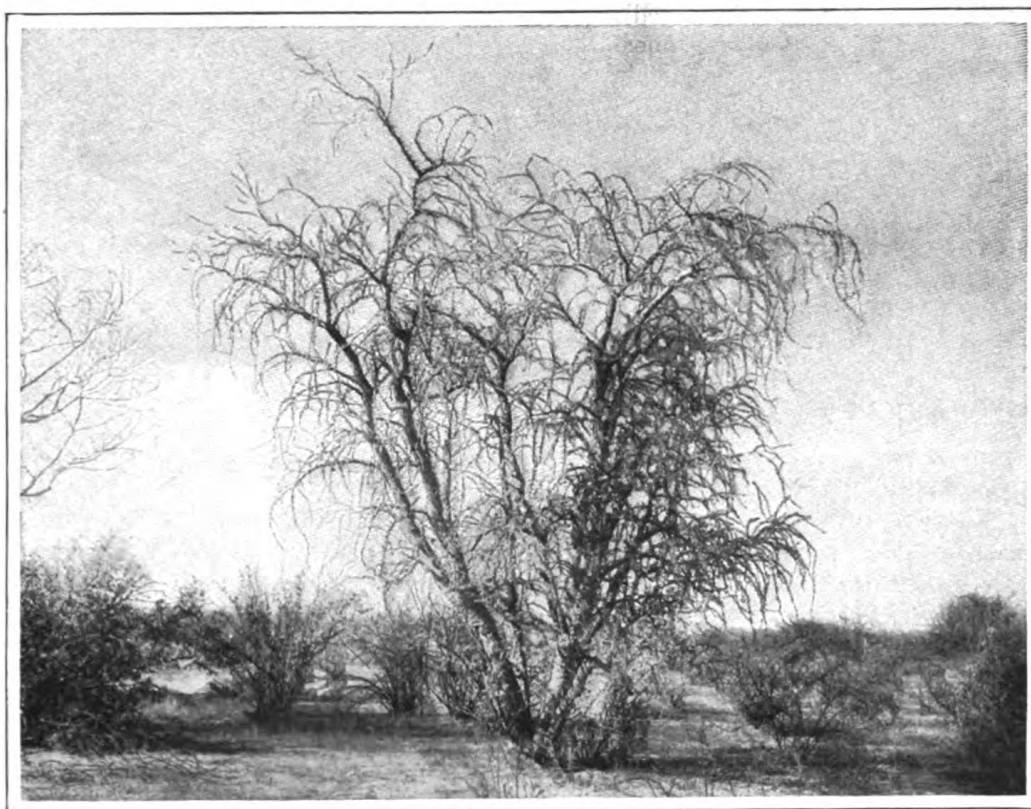
That any plants can withstand such conditions is amazing, yet some do, and even control them. Thus in the Tularosa Desert the most characteristic growth is a sumac, which forms low, dense, widely spreading bushes, whose trunks at or beneath the surface often reach three inches in diameter. "The binding and protecting effect of this bush is manifest whenever an old dune is cut down by the wind, for one or more columns of sand are likely to be left standing, protected from the rain by the close covering of the branches and leaves, while the sand in the column itself is bound together by the long, penetrating roots. One such column, observed by the laboratory workers above mentioned, was fifteen feet tall.



By courtesy of the Carnegie Institution

THE WHITE SANDS, TULAROSA DESERT, NEW MEXICO

The view toward the San Andreas Mountains. In the foreground are parallel dunes with characteristic vegetation



By courtesy of the Carnegie Institution

TREE OCOTILLO (*FOUQUIERIA MACDOUGALII*) NEAR TORRES, MEXICO

The tree is in full leaf and about twenty-five feet high

The obtaining of water, however,—to return to the previous theme,—is only a part, and perhaps a minor part, of the problem before the xerophyte. The water gathered by a plant is carried along the roots, bearing food in solution, up the stem and branches, and then given off by the leaves and all suitable surfaces. Such transpiration is a vital necessity, by which life-functions are carried on. Where water is plentiful in the soil, the supply absorbed by the roots keeps pace with the transpiration (exceeds it a little when making new growth), and all goes well; but in a drought plants shrink and wilt because the evaporation from the broad green surfaces is then in excess of what the roots can supply. In the desert, drought—killing drought—is the normal condition. The very climatic situation which makes the district arid presupposes a local atmosphere extremely dry. It does contain some moisture, which is hygroscopically absorbed by the

soil and goes to feed the roots, but at best it is dry enough to suck moisture out of plant leaves with killing speed and persistence.

Hence for desert vegetation an even greater problem than the getting of moisture is the keeping and use of it; and to this end very serviceable modifications have been gained by the plants of the arid wastes. Such annual herbs as sprout, flourish, and die during the two or three rainy months which suffice to perfect their seeds, are not much different from ordinary types; but in the characteristic perennial herbs and shrubs, which must endure throughout the year, are seen many special adaptations for resisting evaporation. In general, the growth is very slow, the wood close-grained, hard, and resinous, and the bark, both under ground and above, thickened, corky, and relatively impermeable to water. In some cases the bark has layers of cells just beneath it, especially formed to retain

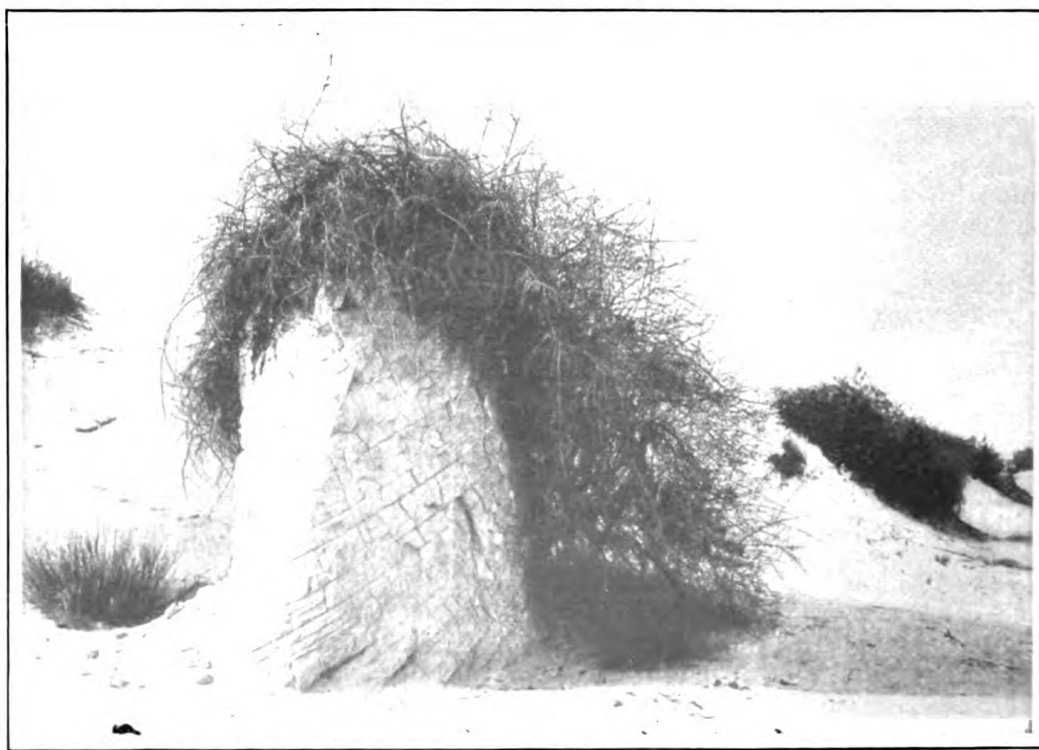
water—an arrangement developed mostly in regions, like the Mediterranean borders, where water may be obtained in some abundance by the roots, yet not sufficiently to meet ordinary transpiration during a long dry season.

It is in the leaves, however, that the most striking modifications are seen. First, these are greatly reduced in size. A leaf more than half an inch square is a curiosity in such deserts as those of southeastern California. None is thin and bladlike, but rather all are thickened, elongate, often needlelike, and erect, thus reducing the evaporating surface to a minimum. Some species no longer put forth leaves at all, their functions being performed by the greenish stem.

One of these features is the habit of shedding all the leaves as soon as the annual rainy period and its stimulated growth cease, thus cutting off all the outlets of the plant, except a needful few on the stem, preparatory to the long hot rest-season. This adaptive habit has

been acquired by many of the shrubs of the dryest deserts; and where leaves persist they lose entirely, or in great degree, their power of transpiration. The general olive or grayish hue of the foliage of steppes and deserts, so noticeable even on the "sage-brush plains" of our West, results from the efforts of the plants to conserve their moisture (and also to check the effect of too much light and heat) by clothing themselves, and especially their leaves, with a screen of hairs. All parts of the world furnish examples. In the dry elevated plains of Brazil, Quito, and Mexico there are large tracts covered with gregarious, spurgelike growths and gray-haired species of *Croton*, and observers say that when the wind blows undulations are set up over wide extents of country, like a billowy sea of gray foliage. Speaking of the prevalence of these botanical characteristics in the flora of the Mediterranean district, Kerner may be cited as follows:

"The trees have foliage with gray



By courtesy of the Carnegie Institution

SAND COLUMN, IN THE WHITE SANDS, NEW MEXICO

Caused by the protection afforded by the three-leaved sumac growing over it. Distance from base to summit of column about fifteen feet

hairs; the low undergrowth of sage and various other bushes and semishrubs (for which the name 'Phrygian undergrowth,' used by Theophrastus, may be retained), as well as the perennial shrubs and herbs growing on sunny hills and mountain slopes, are gray or white, and the preponderance of plants colored thus to restrict evaporation has a noticeable influence on the character of the landscape. . . . It is also very interesting to see that so many species which have a wide range of distribution, and which, from Scandinavia to the coasts of the Mediterranean, have bare foliage, can in the South protect themselves from drying up by developing hairs on their epidermis."

The protection referred to is gained in this way: the hairs as soon as formed become dead hollow tubes containing air; and a layer of dry unchanged air is entangled among them, acting as a curtain against the excessive light and heat from without, and an impediment against the escape of both moisture and warmth. The nights in the desert, as is well known, are cold, and the excessive radiation thereby induced would be highly injurious to plants were it not checked by some such non-conductor of heat as this layer of dry still air. Hence both plants and animals there have found it necessary to put on woollen clothing—the best material, as even humanity has discovered, for either shutting heat out or keeping it in. The edelweiss is a good example.

The superabundance of light and heat in such regions as those of the Rio Colorado plains would alone be fatal to plants unprepared for it by gradual adaptation. Excessive sunlight injures, and may destroy, the essential green coloring-matter (chlorophyl) of vegetation, which exists only within certain limits of light-intensity and temperature; and may harm the protoplasm generally by the action of the blue-violet rays; and as the intensity of the insolation on such deserts is much higher than in humid regions, it is evident that the protoplasm of desert plants must have acquired a superior chemical resistance in this direction. Similarly these plants (illustrating again their plasticity) have become inured to

a degree of heat which would quickly kill those transplanted from damp situations. It is a general rule that vegetable protoplasm will not survive a temperature of about 113 F., yet many observations in Arizona show that soil in which some plants thrive there, and the substance of the plants themselves, are much hotter than that each day for months together.

To the same end has arisen another beautiful series of adaptations, by acquiring which many plants have become successfully deserticolous, which otherwise could not hold their own against the fierceness of their physical surroundings. This is the varnish of waxy, or resinous, or saline excretions, with which their leaves and twigs become more or less completely coated. The well-known creosote-bush (*Covillea tridentata*) of the Southwest, for which no torrid and sandy waste seems too forbidding, is a prominent example of this method of defence. In spring, when the leaves are young and growing, the foliage is soft and clean, but as the rains cease and the drought advances, both leaves and twigs become coated with something resembling shellac, which gives the pungent smell and dense smoke familiar to campers, who must often resort to this bush for fuel. Both reason and experiments show that this balsamic coating restricts without wholly stopping evaporation—just how is not known. A similar coating prevails among the plants growing in like circumstances in the Old World, but on the Australian deserts the covering is usually waxy. It is secreted by glands at the roots of the hairs, or from pits in the leaves, and forms a delicate bloom.

The account of these and various other adaptations could be greatly extended. Enough has been presented, however, to illustrate how, by small size, diminished foliage, extensive root-spread, reduction of transpiration, thorny armament, bitter taste, and extraordinary vitality and resistance to desiccation, nature has economically enabled plants to occupy and thrive in the otherwise waste places of an overcrowded earth, and thus furnish their small quota of food and shelter to higher organisms, otherwise unprovided for.

The Marriage of William Ashe

BY MRS. HUMPHRY WARD

CHAPTER XIX

SIR Richard Lyster unfolded his *Times* with a jerk.

"A beastly rheumatic hole I call this," he said, looking angrily at the window of his hotel sitting-room, which showed drops from a light shower then passing across the lagoon. "And the dilatoriness of these Italian posts is, upon my soul, beyond bearing! This *Times* is *three* days old."

Mary Lyster looked up from the letter she was writing.

"Why don't you read the French papers, papa? I saw a *Figaro* of yesterday in the Piazza this morning."

"Because I can't!" was the indignant reply. "There wasn't the same amount of money squandered on *my* education, my dear, that there has been on yours."

Mary smiled a little, unseen. Her father had been of course at Eton. She had been educated by a succession of small and hunted governesses, mostly Swiss, whose remuneration had certainly counted among the frugalities rather than the extravagances of the family budget.

Sir Richard read his *Times* for a while. Mary continued to write cheques for the board wages of the servants left at home, and to give directions for the beating of carpets and cleaning of curtains. It was dull work, and she detested it.

Presently Sir Richard rose with a stretch. He was a tall old man, with a shock of white hair and very black eyes. A victim to certain obscure forms of gout, he was in character neither stupid nor inhuman, but he suffered from the usual drawbacks of his class—too much money, and too few ideas. He came abroad every year, reluctantly. He did not choose to be left behind by county neighbors whose wives talked nonsense about Botticelli. And Mary would have it. But Sir Richard's tours were generally one prolonged course of battle between

himself and all foreign institutions; and if it was Mary who drove him forth, it was Mary also who generally hurried him home.

"Who was it you saw last night in that ridiculous singing affair?" he asked, as he put the fire together.

"Kitty Ashe—and her mother," said Mary, after a moment, still writing.

"Her mother!—what, that disreputable woman?"

"They weren't in the same gondola."

"Ashe will be a great fool if he lets his wife see much of that woman! By all accounts Lady Kitty is quite enough of a handful already. By the way, have you found out where they are?"

"On the Grand Canal. Shall we call this afternoon?"

"I don't mind. Of course I think Ashe is doing an immense amount of harm."

"Well, you can tell him so," said Mary.

Sir Richard frowned. His daughter's manners seemed to him at times abrupt.

"Why do you see so little now of Elizabeth Tranmore?" he asked her, with a sharp look. "You used to be always there. And I don't believe you even write to her much now."

"Does she see much of anybody?"

"Because, you mean, of Tranmore's condition? What good can she be to him now? He knows nobody."

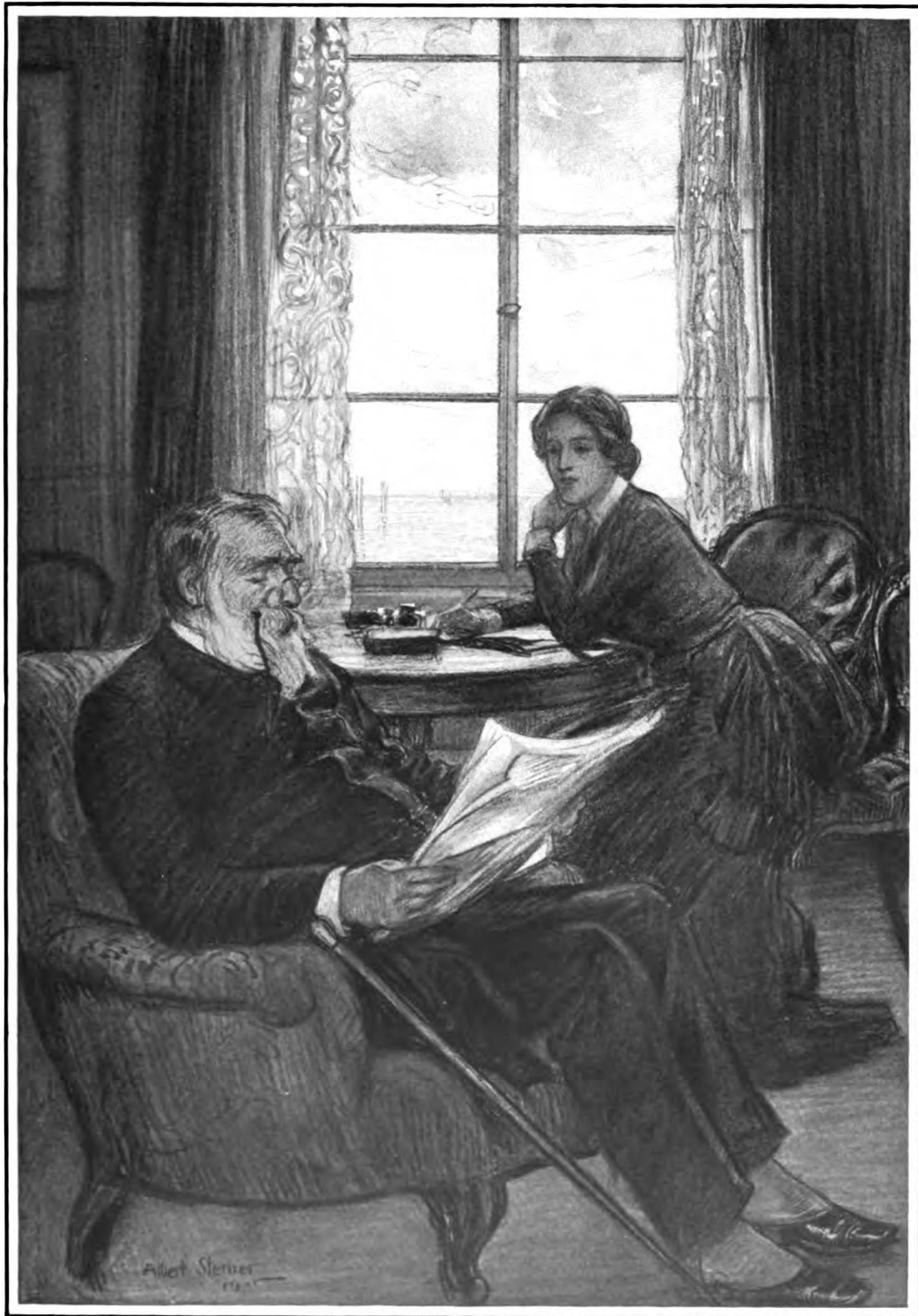
"She doesn't seem to ask the question," said Mary, dryly.

A queer soft look came over Sir Richard's old face.

"No, the women don't," he said, half to himself, and fell into a little reverie. He emerged from it with the remark,—accompanied by a smile, a little sly but not unkind,—

"I always used to hope, Polly, that you and Ashe would have made it up!"

"I'm sure I don't know why," said Mary, fastening up her envelopes. As she did so it crossed her father's mind



Half-tone plate engraved by Frank E. Pettit

MARY LYSTER LOOKED UP FROM HER LETTER

that she was still very good-looking. Her dress of dark-blue cloth, the plain fashion of her brown hair, her oval face and well-marked features, her plump and pretty hands, were all pleasant to look upon. She had rather a hard way with her, though, at times. The servants were always giving warning. And, personally, he was much fonder of his younger daughter, whom Mary considered foolish and improvident. But he was well aware that Mary made his life easy.

"Well, you were always on excellent terms," he said, in answer to her last remark. "I remember his saying to me once that you were very good company. The Bishop too used to notice how he liked to talk to you."

When Mary and her father were together, "the Bishop" was Sir Richard's property. He only fell to Mary's share in the old man's absence.

Mary colored slightly.

"Oh yes, we got on," she said, counting her letters the while with a quick hand.

"Well, I hope that young woman whom he *did* marry is now behaving herself. It was that fellow Cliffe with whom the scandal was last year, wasn't it?"

"There was a good deal of talk," said Mary.

"A rum fellow, that Cliffe! A man at the club told me last week it is believed he has been fighting for these Bosnian rebels for months. Shocking bad form I call it. If the Turks catch him, they'll string him up. And quite right too. What's he got to do with other people's quarrels?"

"If the Turks will be such brutes—"

"Nonsense, my dear! Don't you believe any of this Radical stuff. The Turks are awfully fine fellows—fight like bulldogs. And as for the 'atrocities,' they make them up in London. Oh! of course what Cliffe wants is notoriety—we all know that. Well, I'm going out to see if I can find another English paper. Beastly climate!"

But as Sir Richard turned again to the window, he was met by a burst of sunshine, which hit him gayly in the face like a child's impertinence. He grumbled something unintelligible as Mary put him into his Inverness cape, took hat and stick, and departed.

Mary sat still beside the writing-table,

her hands crossed on her lap, her eyes absently bent upon them.

She was thinking of the *Serenata*. She had followed it with an acquaintance from the hotel, and she had seen not only Kitty and Madame d'Estrées, but also—the solitary man in the heavy cloak. She knew quite well that Cliffe was in Venice; though, true to her secretive temper, she had not mentioned the fact to her father.

Of course he was in Venice on Kitty's account. It would be too absurd to suppose that he was here by mere coincidence. Mary believed that nothing but the intervention of Cliffe's mighty kinsman from the north had saved the situation the year before. Kitty would certainly have betrayed her husband, but for the *force majeure* arrayed against her. And now the magnate who had played providence slumbered in the family vault. He had passed away in the spring, full of years and honors, leaving Cliffe some money. The path was clear. As for the escapade in the Balkans, Geoffrey was of course tired of it. A sensational book, hurried out to meet the public appetite for horrors,—and the pursuance of his intrigue with Lady Kitty Ashe,—Mary was calmly certain that these were now his objects. He was no doubt writing his book; and meeting Kitty where he could. Ashe would soon have to go home. And then! As if that girl Margaret French could stop it!

Well, William had only got his deserts! But as her thoughts passed from Kitty or Cliffe to William Ashe, their quality changed. Hatred and bitterness, scorn or wounded vanity, passed into something gentler. She fell into recollections of Ashe, as he had appeared on that by-gone afternoon in May, when he came back triumphant from his election, with the world before him. If he had never seen Kitty Bristol?—

"I should have made him a good wife," she said to herself. "I should have known how to be proud of him."

And there emerged also the tragic consciousness that if the Fates had given him to her, she might have been another woman,—taught by happiness, by love, by motherhood.

It was that little heartless creature who had snatched them both from her,—William and Geoffrey Cliffe,—the higher and

the lower,—the man who might have ennobled her,—and the man, half charlatan, half genius, whom she might have served and raised by her fortune and her abilities. Her life might have been so full, so interesting! And it was Kitty that had made it flat, and cold, and futureless.

Poor William! Had he really liked her in those boy-and-girl days? She dreamed over their old cousinly relations,—over the presents he had sometimes given her.

Then a thought, like a burning arrow, pierced her. Her hands locked, straining one against the other. If this intrigue were indeed renewed,—if Geoffrey succeeded in tempting Kitty from her husband,—why, then—then—

She shivered before the images that were passing through her mind, and rising, she put away her letters, and rang for the waiter, to order dinner.

"Where shall we go?" said Kitty, languidly, putting down the French novel she was reading.

"Mr. Ashe suggested San Lazzaro." Margaret looked up from her writing as Kitty moved towards her. "The rain seems to have all cleared off."

"Well, I'm sure it doesn't matter where," said Kitty, and was turning away; but Margaret caught her hand and caressed it.

"Naughty Kitty! why this sea air can't put some more color into your cheeks I don't understand."

"I'm *not* pale!" cried Kitty, pouting. "Margaret, you do croak about me so! If you say any more, I'll go and rouge till you'll be ashamed to go out with me—there! Where's William?"

William opened the door as she spoke, the *Gazetta di Venezia* in one hand and a telegram in the other.

"Something for you, darling," he said, holding it out to Kitty. "Shall I open it?"

"Oh no!" said Kitty, hastily. "Give it me. It's from my Paris woman."

"Ah—ha!" laughed Ashe. "Some extravagance you want to keep to yourself, I'll be bound. I've a good mind to see!"

And he teasingly held it up above her head. But she gave a little jump, caught it, and ran off with it to her room.

"Much regret impossible stop publica-

tion. Fifty copies distributed already. Writing."

She dropped speechless on the edge of her bed, the crumpled telegram in her hand. The minutes passed.

"When will you be ready?" said Ashe, tapping at the door.

"Is the gondola there?"

"Waiting at the steps."

"Five minutes!" Ashe departed. She rose, tore the telegram into little bits, and began with deliberation to put on her mantle and hat.

"You've got to go through with it," she said to the white face in the glass, and she straightened her small shoulders defiantly.

They were bound for the Armenian convent. It was a misty day, with shafts of light on the lagoon. The storm had passed, but the water was still rough, and the clouds seemed to be withdrawing their forces only to marshal them again with the darkness. A day of sudden bursts of watery light, of bands of purple distance struck into enchanting beauty by the red or orange of a sail, of a wild salt breath in air that seemed to be still suffused with spray. The Alps were hidden; but what sun there was played faintly on the Euganean hills.

"I say, Margaret, at last she does us some credit!" said Ashe, pointing to his wife.

Margaret started. Was it rouge?—or was it the strong air? Kitty's languor had entirely disappeared; she was more cheerful and more talkative than she had been at any time since their arrival. She chattered about the current scandals of Venice,—the mysterious Contessa who lived in the palace opposite their own, and only went out, in deep mourning, at night, because she had been the love of a Russian Grand Duke, and the Grand Duke was dead; of the Carlist pretender and his wife, who had been very popular in Venice until they took it into their heads to require royal honors, and Venice, taking time to think, had lazily decided the game was not worth the candle,—so now the sulky pair went about alone in a fine gondola, turning glassy eyes on their former acquaintance; of the needy Marchese who had sold a Titian to the Louvre, and had then found himself boy-

cotted by all his kinsfolk in Venice who were not needy and had no Titians to sell;—all these tales Kitty reeled out at length, till the handsome gondoliers marvelled at the little lady's vivacity and the queer brightness of her eyes.

"Gracious, Kitty, where do you get all these stories from!" cried Ashe, when the chatter paused for a moment.

He looked at her with delight, rejoicing in her gayety, the slight touches of white which to-day for the first time relieved the sombreness of her dress, the return of her color. And Margaret wondered again how much of it was rouge.

At the Armenian convent a handsome young monk took charge of them. As George Sand and Lamennais had done before them, they looked at the printing-press, the garden, the cloister, the church; they marvelled lazily at the cleanliness and brightness of the place; and finally they climbed to the library and museum, and the room close by where Byron played at grammar-making. In this room Ashe fell suddenly into a political talk with the young monk, who was an ardent and patriotic son of the most unfortunate of nations, and they passed out and down the stairs, followed by Margaret French, not noticing that Kitty had lingered behind.

Kitty stood idly by the window of Byron's room, thinking restlessly of verses that were not Byron's, though there was in them, clothed in forms of the new age, the spirit of Byronic passion, and more than a touch of Byronic affectation;—thinking also of the morning's telegram. Supposing Darrell's prophecy, which had seemed to her so absurd, came true, that the book did William harm, not good?—that he ceased to love her?—that he cast her off? . . .

. . . A splash of water outside,—and a voice giving directions. From the lagoon towards Malamocco a gondola approached. A gentleman and lady were seated in it. The lady—a very handsome Italian, with a loud laugh and brilliant eyes—carried a scarlet parasol. Kitty gave a stifled cry as she drew back. She fled out of the room, and overtook the other two.

"May we go back into the garden a little?" she said, hurriedly, to the monk, who was talking to William. "I should like to see the view towards Venice."

William held up a watch, to show that there was but just time to get back to the Piazza for lunch. Kitty persisted, and the monk, understanding what the impetuous young lady wished, good-naturedly turned to obey her.

"We must be *very* quick!" said Kitty. "Take us, please, to the edge, beyond the trees."

And she herself hurried through the garden to its farther side, where it was bounded by the lagoon.

The others followed her, rather puzzled by her caprice.

"Not much to be seen, darling!" said Ashe, as they reached the water,—“and I think this good man wants to get rid of us!”

And indeed the monk was looking backwards across the intervening trees at a party which had just entered the garden.

"Ah! they have found another Brother!" he said, politely, and he began to point out to Kitty the various landmarks visible, the arsenal, the two asylums, San Pietro di Castello.

The newcomers just glanced at the garden apparently, as the Ashes had done on arrival, and promptly followed their guide back into the convent.

Kitty asked a few more questions, then led the way in a hasty return to the garden door, the entrance hall, and the steps where their gondola was waiting. Nothing was to be seen of the second party. They had passed on into the cloisters.

Animation, oddity, inconsequence, all these things Margaret observed in Kitty during luncheon in a restaurant of the Merceria, and various incidents connected with it; animation above all. The Ashes fell in with acquaintance,—a fashionable and harassed mother, on the fringe of the Archangels, accompanied by two pretty daughters, and sore pressed by their demands, real or supposed. The parents were not rich, but the girls had to be dressed, taken abroad, produced at country houses, at Ascot, and the opera, like all other girls. The eldest girl, a considerable beauty, was an accomplished egotist at nineteen, and regarded her mother as a rather inefficient *dame de compagnie*. Kitty understood this young lady perfectly, and after



luncheon, over her cigarette, her little, sharp, probing questions gave the beauty twenty minutes' annoyance. Then appeared a young man, ill-dressed, red-haired, and shy. Carelessly as he greeted the mother and daughters, his entrance, however, transformed them. The mother forgot fatigue; the beauty ceased to yawn; the younger girl, who had been making surreptitious notes of Kitty's costume in the last leaf of her guide-book, developed a charming gush. He was the heir of the Magellan estates and the historic Magellan Castle; a professed hater of "absurd womankind," and, in general, a hunted and self-conscious person. Kitty gave him one finger, looked him up and down, asked him whether he was yet engaged, and when he laughed an embarrassed "No," told him that he would certainly die in the arms of the Magellan housekeeper.

This got a smile out of him. He sat down beside her, and the two laughed and talked with a freedom which presently drew the attention of the neighboring tables, and made Ashe uncomfortable. He rose, paid the bill, and succeeded in carrying the whole party off to the Piazza in search of coffee. But here again Kitty's extravagances, the provocation of her light loveliness, as she sat toying with a fresh cigarette and "chaffing" Lord Magellan, drew a disagreeable amount of notice from the Italians passing by.

"Mother, let's go!" said the angry beauty, imperiously, in her mother's ear,—"I don't like to be seen with Lady Kitty! She's impossible!"

And with cold farewells the three ladies departed. Then Kitty sprang up, and threw away her cigarette.

"How those girls bully their mother!" she said, with scorn. "However, it serves her right. I'm sure she bullied hers. Well, now we must go and do something. Ta-ta!"

Lord Magellan, to whom she offered another casual finger, wanted to know why he was dismissed. If they were going sightseeing, might he not come with them?

"Oh no!" said Kitty, calmly. "Sightseeing with people you don't really know is too trying to the temper. Even with one's best friend it's risky."

"Where are you? May I call?" said the young man.

"We're always out," was Kitty's careless reply. "But—"

She considered,—

"Would you like to see the Palazzo Brufani?"

"That magnificent place on the Grand Canal? Very much."

"Meet me there to-morrow afternoon," said Kitty. "Four o'clock."

"Delighted!" said Lord Magellan, making a note on his shirt cuff; "and who lives there?"

"My mother," said Kitty, abruptly, and walked away.

Ashe followed her in discomfort. This young man was the son of a certain Lady Magellan, an intimate friend of Lady Tranmore's,—one of the noblest women of her generation, pure, high-minded, spiritual, to whom neither an ugly word nor thought was possible. It annoyed him that either he or Kitty should be introducing *her* son to Madame d'Estrées.

It was really tiresome of Kitty! Rich young men with characters yet indeterminate were not to be lightly brought in contact with Madame d'Estrées. Kitty could not be ignorant of it—poor child! It had been one of her reckless strokes, and Ashe was conscious of a sharp annoyance.

However, he said nothing. He followed his companions from church to church, till pictures became an abomination to him. Then he pleaded letters, and went to the club.

"Will you call on Maman to-morrow?" said Kitty, as he turned away, looking at him a little askance.

She knew that he had disapproved of her invitation to Lord Magellan. Why had she given it? She didn't know. There seemed to be a kind of revived mischief and fever in the blood, driving her to these foolish and ill-considered things.

Ashe met her question with a shake of the head, and the remark, in a decided tone, that he should be too busy.

Privately he thought it a piece of impertinence that Madame d'Estrées should expect either Kitty or himself to appear in her drawing-room at all. That this implied a complete transformation of his earlier attitude he was well aware;

he accepted it with a curious philosophy. When he and Kitty first met, he had never troubled his head about such things. If a woman amused or interested him in Society, so long as his taste was satisfied, she might have as much or as little character as she pleased. It stirred his mocking sense of English hypocrisy that the point should be even raised. But now,—how can any individual, he asked himself, with political work to do, affect to despise the opinions and prejudices of Society? A politician with great reforms to put through will make no friction round him that he can avoid,—unless he is a fool. It weighed sorely therefore on his present mind that Madame d'Estrees was in Venice,—that she was a person of blemished repute,—that he must be and was ashamed of her. It would have been altogether out of consonance with his character to put any obstacle in the way of Kitty's seeing her mother. But he chafed as he had never yet chafed under the humiliation of his relationship to the notorious Margaret Fitzgerald of the forties, who had been old Blackwater's *chère amie* before she married him, and, as Lady Blackwater, had sacrificed her innocent and defenceless stepdaughter to one of her own lovers in order to secure for him the stepdaughter's fortune,—black and dastardly deed!

Was it all part of the general growth and concentration that any shrewd observer might have read in William Ashe?—the pressure—enormous, unseen—of the traditional English ideals, English standards, asserting itself at last in a brilliant and paradoxical nature? It had been so—conspicuously—in the case of one of his political predecessors. Lord Melbourne had begun his career as a person of idle habits and imprudent adventures, much given to coarse conversation, and unable to say the simplest thing without an oath. He ended it as the man of scrupulous dignity, tact, and delicacy, who moulded the innocent youth of a girl-queen, to his own lasting honor, and England's gratitude. In ways less striking, the same influence of vast responsibilities was perhaps acting upon William Ashe. It had already made him a sterner, tougher, and, no doubt, a greater man.

The defection of William only left

Kitty, it seemed, still more greedy of things to see and do. Innumerable sacristans opened all possible doors and unveiled all possible pictures. Bellini succeeded Tintoret, and Carpaccio Bellini. The two sable gondoliers wore themselves out in Kitty's service, and Margaret's kind round face grew more and more puzzled and distressed. And whence this strange impression that the whole experience was a *flight* on Kitty's part?—or, rather, that throughout it she was always eagerly expecting, or eagerly escaping from, some unknown, unseen pursuer? A glance behind her—a start—a sudden shivering gesture in the shadows of dark churches—these things suggested it, till Margaret herself was caught by the same suppressed excitement that seemed to be alive in Kitty. Did it all point merely to some mental state,—to the nervous effects of her illness and her loss?

When they reached home about five o'clock, Kitty was naturally tired out. Margaret put her on the sofa, gave her tea, and tended her, hoping that she might drop asleep before dinner. But just as tea was over, and Kitty was lying curled up, silent and white, with that brooding look which kept Margaret's anxiety about her constantly alive, there was a sudden sound of voices in the ante-room outside.

"Margaret!" cried Kitty, starting up in dismay,—“say I'm not at home.”

Too late! Their smiling Italian housemaid threw the door open, with the air of one bringing good fortune. And behind her appeared a tall lady and an old gentleman, hat in hand.

"May we come in, Kitty?" said Mary Lyster, advancing. "Cousin Elizabeth told us you were here."

Kitty had sprung up. The disorder of her fair hair, her white cheeks, and the ghostly thinness of her small black-robed form drew the curious eyes of Sir Richard. And the oddness of her manner as she greeted them only confirmed the old man's prejudice against her.

However, greeted they were, in some sort of fashion; and Miss French gave them tea. She kept Sir Richard entertained, while Kitty and Mary conversed. They talked perfunctorily of ordinary topics—Venice, its sights, its hotels, and the people staying in them,—of Lady

Tranmore and various Ashe relations. Meanwhile the inmost thought of each was busy with the other.

Kitty studied the lines of Mary's face and the fashion of her dress.

"She looks much older. And she's not enjoying her life a bit. That's my fault. I spoilt all her chances with Geoffrey,—and she knows it. She *hates* me. Quite right too."

"Oh, you mean that nonsensical thing last night?" Sir Richard was saying to Margaret French. "Oh! no, I didn't go. But Mary of course thought she must go. Somebody invited her."

Kitty started.

"You were at the Serenata?" she said to Mary.

"Yes; I went with a party from the hotel."

Kitty looked at her. A sudden flush had touched her pale cheeks, and she could not conceal the trembling of her hands.

"That was marvellous, that light on the Salute, wasn't it?"

"Wonderful!—and on the water too. I saw two or three people I knew—just caught their faces for a second."

"Did you?" said Kitty. And thoughts ran fast through her head. "Did she see Geoffrey?—and does she mean me to understand that she did? How she detests me! If she did see him, of course she supposes that I know all about it, and that he's here for me. Why don't I ask her straight out whether she saw him, and make her understand that I don't care twopence?—that she's welcome to him!—as far as I'm concerned?"

But some hidden feeling tied her tongue. Mary continued to talk about the Serenata, and Kitty was presently conscious that her every word and gesture in reply was closely watched. "Yes, yes, she saw him! Perhaps she'll tell William,—or write home to mother?"

And in her excitement she began to chatter fast and loudly, mostly to Sir Richard—repeating some of the Venice tales she had told in the gondola,—with much inconsequence and extravagance. The old man listened, his hands on his stick, his eyes on the ground, the expression on his strong mouth hostile or sarcastic. It was a relief to everybody when Ashe's step was heard stumbling up the

dark stairs, and the door opened on his friendly and courteous presence.

"Why, Polly!—and Cousin Richard! I wondered where you had hidden yourselves."

Mary's bright involuntary smile transformed her. Ashe sat down beside her, and they were soon deep in all sorts of gossip—relations, acquaintance, politics, and what not. All Mary's stiffness disappeared. She became the elegant, agreeable woman of whom dinner-parties were glad. Ashe plunged into the pleasant malice of her talk, which ranged through the good and evil fortunes—mostly the latter—of half his acquaintance; discussed the debts, the love-affairs, and the follies of his political colleagues or Parliamentary foes; how the Foreign Secretary had been getting on at Balmoral,—how so-and-so had been ruined at the Derby, and restored to sanity and solvency by the Oaks,—how Lady Parham at Hatfield had been made to know her place by the French ambassador,—and the like; passing thereby a charming half-hour.

Meanwhile Kitty, Margaret French, and Sir Richard kept up intermittent remarks, pausing at every other phrase to gather the crumbs that fell from the table of the other two.

Kitty was very weary, and a dead weight had fallen on her spirits. If Sir Richard had thought her bad form ten minutes before, his unspoken mind now declared her stupid. Meanwhile Kitty was saying to herself, as she watched her husband and Mary,

"I used to amuse William just as well—last year!"

When the door closed on them, Kitty fell back on her cushions with an "ouf!" of relief. William came back in a few minutes from showing the visitors the back way to their hotel, and stood beside his wife with an anxious face.

"They were too much for you, darling. They stayed too long."

"How you and Mary chattered!" said Kitty, with a little pout. But at the same moment she slipped an appealing hand into his.

Ashe clasped the hand, and laughed.

"I always told you she was an excellent gossip."

Sir Richard and Mary pursued their

way through the narrow *calles* that led to the Piazza. Sir Richard was expatiating on Ashe's folly in marrying such a wife.

"She looks like an actress!—and as to her conversation, she began by telling me outrageous stories, and ended by not having a word to say about anything. The bad blood of the Bristols, it seems to me, without their brains."

"Oh no, papa! Kitty is very clever. You haven't heard her recite. She was tired to-night."

"Well, I don't want to flatter you, my dear!" said the old man, testily,—“but I thought it was pathetic—the way in which Ashe enjoyed your conversation. It showed he didn't get much of it at home.”

Mary smiled uncertainly. Her whole nature was still aglow from that contact with Ashe's delightful personality. After months of depression and humiliation, her success with him had somehow restored those illusions on which cheerfulness depends.

How ill Kitty looked—and how conscious! Mary was impetuously certain that Kitty had betrayed her knowledge of Cliffe's presence in Venice, and equally certain that William knew nothing. Poor William!

Well, what can you expect of such a temperament—such a race? Mary's thoughts travelled confusedly towards—and through—some big and dreadful catastrophe.

And then? After it?

It seemed to her that she was once more in the Park Lane drawing-room; the familiar Morris papers and Burne-Jones drawings surrounded her; and she and Elizabeth Tranmore sat, hand in hand, talking of William—a William once more free, after much folly and suffering, to reconstruct his life. . . .

"Here we are," said Sir Richard Lyster, moving down a dark passage towards the brightly lit doorway of their hotel.

With a start—as of one taken red-handed,—Mary awoke from her dream.

CHAPTER XX

MADAME D'ESTRÉES and her friend Donna Laura occupied the *mezzanine* of the vast Brufani palace. The

palace itself belonged to the head of the Brufani family. It was a magnificent erection of the late seventeenth century, at this moment half furnished, dilapidated, and forsaken. But the *entresol* on the eastern side of the *cortile* was in good condition, and comfortably fitted up for the occasional use of the Principe. As he was wintering in Paris, he had let his rooms at an ordinary commercial rent to his kinswoman Donna Laura. She, a soured and melancholy woman, unmarried in a Latin society which has small use or kindness for spinsters, had seized on Marguerite d'Estrées—whose acquaintance she had made in a Mont d'Or hotel—and was now keeping her like a caged canary, who sings for its food.

Madame d'Estrées was quite willing. So long as she had a sofa on which to sit enthroned, a sufficiency of new gowns, a maid, cigarettes, breakfast in bed, and a supply of French novels, she appeared the most harmless and engaging of mortals. Her youth had been cruel, disorderly, and vicious. It had lasted long; but now when middle age stood at last confessed, she was lapsing, it seemed, into amiability and good behavior. She was indeed fast forgetting her own history, and soon the recital of it would surprise no one so much as herself.

It was five o'clock. Madame d'Estrées had just established herself in the silk-panelled drawing-room of Donna Laura's apartment, expectant of visitors, and, in particular, of her daughter.

In begging Kitty to come on this particular afternoon, she had not thought fit to mention that it would be Donna Laura's "day." Had she done so, Kitty, in consideration of her mourning, would perhaps have cried off. Whereas, really,—poor dear child!—what she wanted was distraction and amusement.

And what Madame d'Estrées wanted was the presence beside her, in public, of Lady Kitty Ashe. Kitty had already visited her mother privately, and had explored the antiquities of the Brufani palace. But Madame d'Estrées was now intent on something more and different.

For in the four years which had now elapsed since the Ashes' marriage this lively lady had known adversity. She had been forced to leave London, as we

have seen, by the pressure of certain facts in her past history, so ancient and far removed when their true punishment began that she no doubt felt it highly unjust that she should be punished for them at all. Her London debts had swallowed up what then remained of her fortune; and, afterwards, the allowance from the Ashes was all she had to depend on. Banished to Paris, she fell into a lower stratum of life, at a moment when her faithful and mysterious friend Markham Warrington was held in Scotland by the first painful symptoms of his sister's last illness, and could do but little for her. She had, in fact, known the sordid shifts and straits of poverty, though the smallest moral effort would have saved her from them. She had kept disreputable company, she had been miserable and base; and although shame is not easy to persons of her temperament, it may perhaps be said that she was ashamed of this period of her existence. Appeals to the Ashes yielded less and less, and Warrington seemed to have forsaken her. She awoke at last to a panic-stricken fear of darker possibilities and more real suffering than any she had yet known, and under the stress of this fear she collapsed physically, writing both to Warrington and to the Ashes in a tone of mingled reproach and despair.

The Ashes sent money, and though Kitty was at the moment not fit to travel, prepared to come. Warrington, who had just closed the eyes of his sister, went at once. He was now the last of his family, without any ties that he could not lawfully break. Within two days of his arrival in Paris Madame d'Estrées had promised to marry him in three months, to break off all her Paris associations, and to give her life henceforward into his somewhat stern hands. The visit to Venice was part of the price that he had had to pay for her decision. Marguerite pleaded, with a shudder, that she must have a little amusement before she went to live in Dumfriesshire; and he had been obliged to acquiesce in her arrangement with Donna Laura,—stipulating only that he should be their escort and guardian.

What had moved him to such an act? His reasons can only be guessed at. Warrington was a man of religion,—a Calvin-

ist by education and inheritance, and of a silent and dreamy temperament. He had been intimate with very few women in his life. His sister had been a second mother to him, and both of them had been the guardians of their younger brother. When this adored brother fell, shot through the lungs in the hopeless defence of Lady Blackwater's reputation, it would have been natural enough that Markham should hate the woman who had been the occasion of such a calamity. The sister—a pious and devoted Christian—had indeed hated her, properly and duly, thenceforward. Markham, on the contrary, accepted his brother's last commission without reluctance. In this matter at least Lady Blackwater had not been directly to blame; his mind acquitted her, and her soft distressed beauty touched his heart. Before he knew where he was she had made an impression upon him that was to be lifelong.

Then gradually he awoke to a full knowledge of her character. He suffered, but otherwise it made no difference. Finding it was then impossible to persuade her to marry him, he watched over her as best he could for some years, passing through phases of alternate hope and disgust. His sister's affection for him was clouded by his strange relation to the Jezebel who in her opinion had destroyed their brother. He could not help it; he could only do his best to meet both claims upon him. During her lingering passage to the grave his sister had nearly severed him from Marguerite d'Estrées. She died, however, just in time, and now here he was in Venice, passing through what seemed to him one of the anterooms of life, leading to no very radiant beyond. But, radiant or no, his path lay thither. And at the same time he saw that although Marguerite felt him to be her only refuge from poverty and disgrace, she was painfully afraid of him, and afraid of the life into which he was leading her.

The first guest of the afternoon proved to be Louis Harman, the painter and dilettante, who had been in former days one of the *habitués* of the house in St. James's Place. This perfectly correct yet tolerant gentleman was wintering in Venice in order to copy the Carpaccios in



THE ACTRESS PAUSED TO STARE AT LADY KITTY

San Giorgio dei Schiavoni. His copies were not good, but they were all promised to artistic fair ladies, and the days which the painter spent upon them were happy and harmless. He came in gayly, delighted to see Madame d'Estrées in flourishing circumstances again, delivered apparently from the abyss into which he had found her sliding on the occasion of various chance visits of his own to Paris. Warrington's doing apparently,—queer fellow!

"Well!—I saw Lady Kitty in the Piazza this afternoon," he said, as he sat down beside his hostess.—Donna Laura had not yet appeared.—"Very thin and fragile! But by Jove! how these English beauties hold their own!"

"Irish, if you please," said Madame d'Estrées, smiling.

Harman bowed to her correction, admiring at the same time both the toilette and the good looks of his companion. Dropping his voice, he asked, with a gingerly and sympathetic air, whether all was now well with the Ashe *ménage*. He had been sorry to hear certain gossip of the year before—

Madame d'Estrées laughed. Yes, she understood that Kitty had behaved like a little goose with that *poseur* Cliffe. But that was all over—long ago.

"Why, the silly child has everything she wants! William is devoted to her—and it can't be long before he succeeds."

"No need to go trifling with poets!" said Harman, smiling. "By the way, do you know that Geoffrey Cliffe is in Venice?"

Madame d'Estrées opened her eyes. "Est-il possible? Oh! but Kitty has forgotten all about him."

"Of course," said Harman. "I am told he has been seen with the Ricci."

Madame d'Estrées raised her shoulders, this time, in addition to her eyes. Then her face clouded.

"I believe," she said, slowly, "that woman may come here this afternoon!"

"Is she a friend of yours?" Harman's tone expressed his surprise.

"I knew her in Paris," said Madame d'Estrées, with some hesitation,—“when she was a student at the Conservatoire. She and I had some common acquaintance. And now—frankly I daren't offend her. She has the most appalling temper!—and she sticks at nothing."

Harman wondered what the exact truth

of this might be, but did not inquire. And as guests—including Colonel Warrington—began to arrive, and Donna Laura appeared and began to dispense tea, the tête-à-tête was interrupted.

Donna Laura's salon was soon well filled, and Harman watched the gathering with curiosity. As far as it concerned Madame d'Estrées,—and she was clearly the main attraction which had brought it together,—it represented, he saw, a phase of social recovery. A few prominent Englishmen, passing through Venice, came in without their wives, making perfunctory excuse for the absence of these ladies. But the cosmopolitans of all kinds who crowded in—Anglo-Italians, foreign diplomats, travellers of many sorts, and a few restless Venetians, bearing the great names of old, to whom their own Venice was little more than a place of occasional sojourn—made satisfactory amends for these persons of too long memories. In all these travellers' towns—Venice, Rome, and Florence—there is indeed a society, and a very agreeable society, which is wholly irresponsible, and asks few or no questions. The elements of it meet as strangers; and as strangers they mostly part. But between the meeting and the parting there lies a moment, all the gayer perhaps because of its social uncertainty and freedom.

Madame d'Estrées was profiting by it to the full. She was in excellent spirits and talk; bright rose carnations shone in the bosom of her dress; one white arm, bared to the elbow, lay stretched carelessly on the fine cut-velvet which covered the gilt sofa—part of a suite of Venetian Louise Quinze, clumsily gorgeous—on which she sat; the other hand pulled the ears of a toy spaniel. On the ceiling above her, Tiepolo had painted a head-long group of sensuous forms, alive with vulgar movement and passion; the *putti* and the goddesses, peering through aerial balustrades, looked down complacently on Madame d'Estrées.

Meanwhile there stood behind her—a silent, distinguished figure—the man of whom Harman saw that she was always nervously and sometimes timidly conscious. Harman had been reading Molière's *Don Juan*. The sentinel figure of Warrington mingled in his imagination with the statue of the Commander.

Or, again, he was tickled by a vision of Madame d'Estrées grown old, living in a Scotch house, turreted and severe, tended by servants of the "Auld Licht," or shivering under a faithful minister on Sundays. Had she any idea of the sort of fold towards which Warington—at once Covenanter and man of the world—was carrying his lost sheep?

The sheep, however, was still gambling at large. Occasionally a guest appeared who proved it. For instance, at a certain tumultuous entrance,—billowing skirts, vast hat, and high-pitched voice, all combining in the effect,—Madame d'Estrées flushed violently, and Warington's stiffness redoubled. On the threshold stood the young actress, Mademoiselle Ricci, a Marseillaise, half French, half Italian, who was at the moment the talk of Venice. Why, would take too long to tell. It was by no means mostly due to her talent, which, however, was displayed at the Fenice theatre two or three times a week, and was no doubt considerable. She was a flamboyant lady, with astonishing black eyes, a too transparent white dress, over which was slung a small black mantilla, a scarlet hat and parasol, and a startling fan of the same color. Both before and after her greeting of Madame d'Estrées,—whom she called her "chérie" and her "belle Marguerite,"—she created a whirlwind in the salon. She was noisy, rude, and false; it could only be said on the other side that she was handsome—for those who admired the kind of thing; and famous—more or less. The intimacy of the party was broken up by her, for wherever she was she brought uproar, and it was impossible to forget her. And this uneasy attention which she compelled was at its height when the door was once more thrown open for the entrance of Lady Kitty Ashe.

"Ah! my darling Kitty!" cried Madame d'Estrées, rising in a soft enthusiasm.

Kitty came in slowly, holding herself very erect, a delicate and distinguished figure, in her deep mourning. She frowned as she saw the crowd in the room.

"I'll come another time!" she said, hastily, to her mother, beginning to retreat.

"Oh! Kitty!" cried Madame d'Estrées, in distress, holding her fast.

At that moment Harman, who was watching them both with keenness, saw that Kitty had perceived Mademoiselle Ricci. The actress had paused in her chatter to stare at the newcomer. She sat fronting the entrance, her head insolently thrown back, knees crossed, a cigarette poised in the plump and dimpled hand.

A start ran through Kitty's small person. She allowed her mother to lead her in and introduce her to Donna Laura.

"Ah-ha! my lady," said Harman to himself. "Are you perhaps interested in the Ricci? Is it possible even that you have seen her before?"

Kitty, however, betrayed herself to no one else. To other people it was only evident that she did not mean to be introduced to the actress. She pointedly and sharply avoided it. This was interpreted as aristocratic *hauteur*, and did her no harm. On the contrary; she was soon chattering French with a group of diplomats, and the centre of the most animated group in the room. All the newcomers who could attached themselves to it, and the actress found herself presently almost deserted. She put up her eyeglass, studied Kitty impertinently, and asked a man sitting near her for the name of the strange lady.

"Isn't she lovely, my little Kitty!" said Madame d'Estrées, in the ears of a Bavarian baron, who was also much occupied in staring at the small beauty in black. "I may say it, though I am her mother. And my son-in-law too. Have you seen him? Such a handsome fellow!—and *such* a dear!—so kind to me. They say, you know, that he will be Prime Minister."

The baron bowed—ironically—and inquired who the gentleman might be. He had not caught Kitty's name, and Madame d'Estrées had been for some time labelled in his mind as something very near to an adventuress.

Madame d'Estrées eagerly explained, and he bowed again,—with a difference. He was a man of great intelligence, acquainted with English politics. So that was *really* the wife of the man to whose personality and future the London correspondent of the *Allgemeine Zeitung* had within the preceding week devoted a particularly interesting article, which

he had read with attention. His estimate of Madame d'Estrées's place in the world altered at once. Yet it was strange that she—or rather Donna Laura—should admit such a person as Mademoiselle Ricci to their salon.

The mother, indeed, that afternoon had much reason to be socially grateful to the daughter. Curious contrast with the days when Kitty had been the mere troublesome appendage of her mother's life! It was clear to Marguerite d'Estrées now that if she was to accept restraint and virtuous living, if she was to submit to this marriage she dreaded,—yet she saw no way to escape,—her best link with the gay world in the future might well be through the Ashes. Kitty could do a great deal for her; let her cultivate Kitty; and begin,—perhaps,—by convincing William Ashe on this present occasion that for once she was not going to ask him for money.

In the height of the party Lord Magellan appeared. Madame d'Estrées at first looked at him with bewilderment, till Kitty, shaking herself free, came hastily forward to introduce him. At the name the mother's face flashed into smiles. The ramifications of two or three aristocracies represented the only subject she might be said to know. Dear Kitty!

Lord Magellan, after Madame d'Estrées had talked to him about his family in a few light and skilful phrases, which suggested knowledge, while avoiding flattery, was introduced to the Bavarian baron and a French naval officer. But he was not interesting to them, nor they to him; Kitty was surrounded and unapproachable; and a flood of new arrivals distracted Madame d'Estrées's attention. The Ricci, who had noticed the restrained *empressement* of his reception, pounced on the young man, taming her ways and gestures to what she supposed to be his English prudery, and produced an immediate effect upon him. Lord Magellan, who was only dumb with English marriageable girls, allowed himself to be amused, and threw himself into a low chair by the actress,—a capture apparently for the afternoon.

Louis Harman was sitting behind Kitty, a little to her right. He saw her watching the actress and her companion; noticed a compression of the lip, a flash

in the eye. She sprang up, said she must go home, and practically dissolved the party.

Mademoiselle Ricci, who had also risen, proposed to Lord Magellan that she should take him in her gondola to the shop of a famous dealer on the Canal.

"Thank you very much," said Lord Magellan, irresolute, and he looked at Kitty. The look apparently decided him, for he immediately added that he had unfortunately an engagement in the opposite direction. The actress angrily drew herself up and proposed a later appointment. Then Kitty carelessly intervened.

"Do you remember that you promised to see me home?" she said to the young man. "Don't if it bores you!"

Lord Magellan eagerly protested. Kitty moved away, and he followed her.

"Chère madame, will you present me to your daughter?" said the Ricci, in an unnecessarily loud voice.

Madame d'Estrées, with a flurried gesture, touched Kitty on the arm.

"Kitty, Mademoiselle Ricci—"

Kitty took no notice. Madame d'Estrées said quickly, in a low imploring voice:

"Please, dear Kitty. I'll explain—"

Kitty turned abruptly, looked at her mother, and at the woman to whom she was to be introduced.

"Ah! comme elle est charmante!" cried the actress, with an inflection of irony in her strident voice.—"Miladi, il faut absolument que nous nous connaissions. Je connais votre chère mère depuis si longtemps! A Paris, l'hiver passé, c'était une amitié des plus tendres!"

The nasal drag she gave to the words was partly natural, partly insolent. Madame d'Estrées bit her lip.

"Oui?" said Kitty, indifferently. "Je n'en avais jamais entendu parler."

Her brilliant eyes studied the woman before her. "She has some hold on Maman," she said to herself, in disgust. "She knows of something shady that Maman has done." Then another thought stung her; and with the most indifferent bow, triumphing in the evident offence that she was giving, she turned to Lord Magellan.

"You'd like to see the Palazzo?"

Warrington at once offered himself as a guide.

But Kitty declared she knew the way, would just show Lord Magellan the *piano nobile*, dismiss him at the grand staircase, and return. Lord Magellan made his farewells.

As Kitty passed through the door of the salon, while the young man held back the velvet portière which hung over it, she was aware that Mademoiselle Ricci was watching her. The Marseillaise was leaning heavily on a *fauteuil*, supported by a hand behind her. A slow, disdainful smile played about her lips; some evil threatening thought expressed itself through every feature of her rounded coarsened beauty. Kitty's sharp look met hers; and the curtain dropped.

"Don't, please, let that woman take you anywhere—to see anything!" said Kitty, with energy, to her companion, as they walked through the rooms of the *mezzanine*.

Lord Magellan laughed. "What's the matter with her?"

"Oh, nothing!" said Kitty, impatiently, "except that she's wicked—and common—and a snake—and your mother would have a fit if she knew you had anything to do with her."

The red-haired youth looked grave.

"Thank you, Lady Kitty," he said, quietly. "I'll take your advice."

"Oh! I say, what a nice boy you are!" cried Kitty, impulsively, laying a hand a moment on his shoulder. And then, as though his filial instinct had awakened hers, she added, with hasty falsehood: "Maman of course knows nothing about her. That was just bluff what she said. But Donna Laura oughtn't to ask such people. There—that's the way."

And she pointed to a small staircase in the wall, whereof the trap-door at the top was open. They climbed it, and found themselves at once in one of the great rooms of the *piano nobile*, to which this quick and easy access from the inhabited *entresol* had been but recently contrived.

"What a marvellous place!" cried Lord Magellan, looking round him.

They were in the principal apartment of the famous Brufani palace—a legacy from one of those grandiloquent architects whose work may be seen in the late seventeenth-century buildings of Venice.

The rooms, enormously high, panelled here and there in tattered velvets and brocades, or frescoed in fast-fading scenes of old Venetian life, stretched in bewildering succession on either side of a central passage or broad corridor, all of them leading at last on the northern side to a vast hall painted in architectural perspective by the pupils of Tiepolo, and overarched by a ceiling in which the master himself had massed a multitude of forms equal to Rubens in variety and facility of design, expressed in a thin trenchancy of style. Figures recalling the ancient triumphs and possessions of Venice, in days when she sat dishonored and despoiled, crowded the coved roof, the painted cornices and pediments. Gayly colored birds hovered in blue skies; philosophers and poets in grisaille made a strange background for large-limbed beauties couched on roses, or young warriors amid trophies of shining arms; and while all this garrulous commonplace lived and breathed above, the walls below, cold in color and academic in treatment, maintained as best they could the dignity of the vast place, thus given up to one of the greatest of artists and emptiest of minds.

On the floor of this magnificent hall stood a few old and broken chairs. But the candelabra of glass and ormolu, hanging from the ceiling, were very nearly of the date of the palace, and superb. Meanwhile, through a faded taffetas of a golden-brown shade, the afternoon light from the high windows to the southwest poured into the stately room.

"How it dwarfs us!" said Lord Magellan, looking at his companion. "One feels the merest pygmy! From the age of decadence indeed!"—he glanced at the guide-book in his hand. "Good heavens!—if this was their decay—what was their bloom?"

"Yes,—it's big—and jolly. I like it," said Kitty, absently. Then she recollected herself. "This is your way out. Federigo!" she called to an old man, the *custode* of the palace, who appeared at the magnificent door leading to the grand staircase.

"Commanda, eccellenza!" The old man, bent and feeble, approached. He carried a watering-pot, wherewith he was about to minister to some straggling

flowers in the windows fronting the Grand Canal. A thin cat rubbed itself against his legs. As he stood in his shabbiness under the high carved door, the only permanent denizen of the building, he seemed an embodiment of the old shrunken Venetian life, still haunting a city it was no longer strong enough to use.

"Will you show this signore the way out?" said Kitty, in tourists' Italian. "Are you soon shutting up?"

For the main palazzo, which during the day was often shown to sightseers, was locked at half past five, only the two *entresols*—one tenanted by Donna Laura, the other by the *custode*—remaining accessible.

The old man murmured something which Kitty did not understand, pointing at the same time to a door leading to the interior of the *piano nobile*. Kitty thought that he asked her to be quick, if she wished still to go round the palace. She tried to explain that he might lock up if he pleased; her way of retreat to the *mezzanine*, down the small staircase, was always open. Federigo looked puzzled, again said something in unintelligible Venetian, and led the way to the grand staircase, followed by Lord Magellan.

A heavy door clanged below. Kitty was alone. She looked round her—at the stretches of marble floor, and the streaks of pale sunshine that lay upon its black and white, at the lofty walls painted with a dim superb architecture, at the crowded ceiling, the gorgeous candelabra. With its costly decoration, the great room suggested a rich and festal life; thronging groups below answering to the Tiepolo groups above; beauties patched and masked; gallants in brocaded coats; splendid senators, robed like William at the Fancy Ball.

Suddenly she caught sight of herself in one of the high and narrow mirrors that filled the spaces between the windows. In her mourning dress, with the light behind her, she made a tiny spectre in the immense hall. The image of her present self—frail, black-robed—recalled the two figures in the glass of her Bruton Street room,—the sparkling white of her goddess dress, and William's smiling face above hers, his arm round her waist.

How happy she had been that night! Even her wild fury with Mary Lyster seemed to her now a kind of happiness. How gladly would she have exchanged for it either of the two terrors that now possessed her!

With a shiver, she crossed the hall, and pushed her way into the suite of rooms on the northern side. She felt herself in absolute possession of the palace. Federigo no doubt had locked up; her mother and a few guests were still talking in the salon of the *mezzanine*, expecting her return. She would return—soon; but the solitariness and wildness of this deserted place drew her on.

Room after room opened before her—bare, save for a few worm-eaten chairs, a fragment of tapestry on the wall, or some tattered portraits in the Longhi manner, indifferent to begin with, and long since ruined by neglect. Yet here and there a young face looked out, roses in the hair and at the breast; or a Doge's cap,—and beneath it phantom features still breathing even in the last decay of canvas and paint the violence and intrigue of the living man,—the ghost of character held there by the ghost of art. Or a lad in slashed brocade, for whom even in this silent palace, and in spite of the gaping crack across his face, life was still young; a Cardinal; a nun; a man of letters in clerical dress, the Abbé Prévost of his day . . .

Presently she found herself in a wide corridor, before a high closed door. She tried it, and saw a staircase mounting and descending. A passion of curiosity that was half romance, half restlessness, drove her on. She began to ascend the marble steps, hearing only the echo of her own movements, a little afraid of the cold spaces of the vast house, and yet delighting in the fancies that crowded upon her. At the top of the flight she found, of course, another apartment, on the same plan as the one below, but smaller and less stately. The central hall, entered from a door supported by marble caryatids, was flagged in yellow marble, and frescoed freely with faded eighteenth-century scenes,—Cardinals walking in stiff gardens—a Pope alighting from his coach, surrounded by peasants on their knees, and behind him, fountains, and obelisk, and the towering façade of St.

Peter's. At the moment, thanks to a last glow of light coming in through a west window at the farther end, it was a place beautiful though forlorn. But the rooms into which she looked on either side were wreck and desolation itself, crowded with broken furniture, many of them shuttered and dark.

As she closed the last door, her attention was caught by a strange bust placed on a pedestal above the entrance. What was wrong with it? An accident?—an injury? She went nearer, straining her eyes to see. No!—there was no injury. The face indeed was gone. Or rather where the face should have been there now descended a marble veil from brow to breast, of the most singular and sinister effect. Otherwise the bust was that of a young and beautiful woman. A pleasing horror seized on Kitty as she looked. Her fancy hunted for the clue. A faithless wife, blotted from her place?—made infamous forever by the veil which hid from human eye the beauty she had dishonored? Or a beloved mistress, on whom the mourning lover could no longer bear to look,—the veil an emblem of undying and irremediable grief?

Kitty stood enthralled, striving to piece the ghastly meaning of the bust, when a sound—a distant sound—sent a shock through her. She heard a step overhead, in the topmost apartment, or *mansarde* of the palace,—a step that presently traversed the whole length of the floor immediately above her head, and began to descend the stair.

Strange! Federigo must have shut the great gates by this time,—as she had bade him? He himself inhabited the smaller *entresol* on the farther side of the palace, far away. Other inhabitants there were none; so Donna Laura had assured her.

The step approached, resonant in the silence. Kitty, seized with nervous fright, turned and ran down the broad staircase by which she had come, through the series of deserted rooms in the *piano nobile*, till she reached the great hall.

There she paused, panting, curiosity and daring once more getting the upper hand. The door she had just passed through, which gave access to the staircase, opened again and shut. The stranger who had entered came leisurely to-

wards the hall, lingering apparently now and then to look at objects on the way. Presently a voice—an exclamation.

Kitty retreated, caught at the arm of a chair for support, clung to it, trembling. A man entered, holding his hat in one hand, and a small white glove in the other.

At sight of the lady in black, standing on the other side of the hall, he started violently,—and stopped. Then, just as Kitty, who had so far made neither sound nor movement, took the first hurried step towards the staircase by which she had entered, Geoffrey Cliffe came forward.

"How do you do, Lady Kitty? Do not, I beg of you, let me disturb you. I had half an hour to spare, and I gave the old man down-stairs a franc or two that he might let me wander over this magnificent old place by myself for a bit. I have always had a fancy for deserted houses. You, I gather, have it too. I will not interfere with you for a moment. Before I go, however, let me return what I believe to be your property."

He came nearer, with a studied deliberate air, and held out the white glove. She saw it was her own, and accepted it.

"Thank you."

She bowed with all the haughtiness she could muster, though her limbs shook under her. Then as she walked quickly towards the door of exit, Cliffe, who was nearer to it than she, also moved towards it, and threw it open for her. As she approached him, he said quietly,

"This is not the first time we have met in Venice, Lady Kitty."

She wavered, could not avoid looking at him, and stood arrested. That almost white head!—that furrowed brow!—those haggard eyes! A slight involuntary cry broke from her lips.

Cliffe smiled. Then he straightened his tall figure.

"You see perhaps that I have not grown younger. You are quite right. I have left my youth—what remained of it—among those splendid fellows whom the Turks have been harrying and torturing. Well!—they are worth it. I would give it them again."

There was a short silence.

The eyes of each perused the other's face. Kitty began some words, and left them unfinished. Cliffe resumed—in an-

other tone, while the door he held swung gently backwards, his hand following it.

"I spent last winter, as perhaps you know, with the Bosnian insurgents in the mountains. It was a tough business,—hardships I should never have had the pluck to face if I had known what was before me. Then in July I got fever. I had to come away, to find a doctor, and I was a long time at Cattaro pulling round. And meanwhile the Turks—God blast them!—have been at their fiends' work. Half my particular friends, with whom I spent the winter, have been hacked to pieces since I left them."

She wavered, held by his look, by the coercion of that mingled passion and indifference with which he spoke. There was in his manner no suggestion whatever of things behind, no reference to herself, or to the past between them. His passion, it seemed, was for his comrades; his indifference for her. What had he to do with her any more? He had been among the realities of battle and death, while she had been mincing and ambling along the usual feminine path. That was the utterance, it seemed, of the man's whole manner and personality, and nothing could have more effectually recalled Kitty's wild nature to the lure.

"Are you going back?" She had turned from him and was pulling at the fingers of the glove he had picked up.

"Of course! I am only kicking my heels here, till I can collect the money and stores—aye, and the *men*—I want. I give my orders in London, and I must be here to see to the transshipment of stores and the embarkation of my small force! Not meant for the newspapers, you see, Lady Kitty,—these little details!"

He drew himself up, smiling, his worn aspect expressing just that mingling of daredevil adventure with subtler and more self-conscious things which gave edge and power to his personality.

"I heard you were wounded," said Kitty, abruptly.

"So I was—badly. We were defending a *polje*—one of their high mountain valleys—against a Beg and his troops. My left arm"—he pointed to the black sling in which it was still held—"was nearly cut to pieces. However, it is practically well."

He took it out of the sling and showed

that he could use it. Then his expression changed. He stepped back to the door, and opened it ceremoniously.

"Don't, however, let me delay you, Lady Kitty,—by my chatter."

Kitty's cheeks were crimson. Her momentary yielding vanished in a passion of scorn. What!—he knew that she had seen him before, seen him with that woman,—and he dared to play the mere shattered hero, kept in Venice by these crusader's reasons!

"Have you another volume on the way?" she asked him, as she advanced. "I read your last."

Her smile was the smile of an enemy. He eyed her strangely.

"Did you? That was waste of time."

"I think you intended I should read it."

He hesitated.

"Lady Kitty!—those things are very far away. I can't defend myself—for they seem wiped out." He had crossed his arms, and was leaning back against the open door, a fine rugged figure, by no means repentant.

Kitty laughed.

"You overstate the difference!"

"Between the past and the present? What does that mean?"

She dropped her eyes a moment, then raised them.

"Do you often go to San Lazzaro?"

He bowed.

"I had a suspicion that the vision at the window—though it was there only an instant—was you! So you saw Mademoiselle Ricci?"

His tone was assurance itself. Kitty disdained to answer. Her slight gesture bade him let her pass through. But he ignored it.

"I find her kind, Lady Kitty. She listens to me,—I get sympathy from her."

"And you want sympathy?"

Her tone stung him. "As a hungry man wants food—as an artist wants beauty. But I know where I shall *not* get it."

"That is always a gain!" said Kitty, throwing back her little head. "Mr. Cliffe, pray let me bid you good-by."

He suddenly made a step forward. "Lady Kitty!"—his deep-set, imperious eyes searched her face—"I can't restrain myself. Your look—your expression—go to my heart. Laugh at me if you like.

It's true. What have you been doing with yourself?"

He bent towards her, scrutinizing every delicate feature, and, as it seemed, shaken with agitation. She breathed fast.

"Mr. Cliffe, you must know that any sympathy from you to me—is an insult! Kindly let me pass."

He too flushed deeply.

"Insult is a hard word, Lady Kitty. I regret that poem."

She swept forward in silence, but he still stood in the way.

"I wrote it—almost in delirium. Ah, well,"—he shook his head impatiently,— "if you don't believe me, let it be. I am not the man I was. The perspective of things is altered for me." His voice fell. "Women and children in their blood,—heroic trust,—and brute hate,—the stars for candles,—the high peaks for friends,—those things have come between me and the past. But you are right; we had better not talk any more. I hear old Federigo coming up the stairs. Good night, Lady Kitty,—good night!"

He opened the door. She passed him, and, to her own intense annoyance, a bunch of pale roses she carried at her belt brushed against the doorway, so that one broke and fell. She turned to pick it up, but it was already in Cliffe's hand. She held out hers threateningly.

"I think not." He put it in his pocket. "Here is Federigo. Good night."

It was quite dark when Kitty reached home. She groped her way up-stairs, and opened the door of the salon. So weary

was she that she dropped into the first chair, not seeing at first that any one was in the room. Then she caught sight of a brown-paper parcel, apparently just unfastened, on the table, and within it three books, of similar shape and size. A movement startled her.

"William!"

Ashe rose slowly from the deep chair in which he had been sitting. His aspect seemed to her terrified eyes utterly and wholly changed. In his hand he held a book like those on the table, and a paper-cutter. His face expressed the earnest abstraction of a man who has been wrestling his way through some hard contest of the mind.

She ran to him. She wound her arms round him.

"William, William! I didn't mean any harm!—I didn't! Oh! I have been so miserable! I tried to stop it—I did all I could. I have hardly slept at all—since we talked—you remember? Oh, William, look at me!—Don't be angry with me!"

Ashe disengaged himself.

"I have asked Blanche to pack for me to-night, Kitty. I go home by the early train to-morrow."

"Home!"

She stood petrified; then a light flashed into her face.

"You'll buy it all up? You'll stop it, William?"

Ashe drew himself together.

"I am going home," he said, with slow decision,— "to place my resignation in the hands of Lord Parham."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Postulant

BY THOMAS WALSH

HER trinkets gone, her laughter spent,
The gipsy Year repentant goes;
And in the woods' dim cloister bent
She takes the veil of snows.

Men of Little Faith

BY EDWIN LEFEVRE

MISS MAY had an office in a huge business building on Broad Street, where she did stenographic work and typewriting for lawyers, brokers, promoters, newspaper men, Wall Street tipsters, and other specialists in mendacity. She found pleasure in the knowledge that great corporation lawyers thought her a discreet and able business woman and entrusted her with the secret documents in certain stock-market cases, their own confidential amanuenses not being immune from ticker fever. As for the promoters, they used to pay her extravagantly because she knew so many important people in the financial district that they thought she ought to be able to give them valuable hints as to the psychology of potential accomplices. But she had the fatal gift of charity. She was certain that everybody she worked for was nice, able, and honorable, so that her judgment of men and millionaires helped the promoters little.

She was forty years old, five feet four inches tall, weighed 212 pounds, and read Emerson on her way to the office in the morning and Matthew Arnold on her way home at night.

She came from Winton, "up the State"; but she never had rejoiced in her birthplace, until Colonel Treadwell became a great man in the newspapers. Her family had left Winton when she was a child of three. She did not remember ever having seen the Colonel, but she felt certain she had.

Really what had happened was this: Pride of place—the Wintonian loyalty—had been strengthened by yearly visits to a married sister. Then Colonel Treadwell, who left Winton poor and reached Wall Street poorer, had become first a broker, then a banker, then a millionaire, then a politician, and finally the leader of the stock-market in a boom. But just as soon as Treadwell had found himself in possession of an income in excess of

his wants he had turned some of the overflow toward Winton and had "donated" a library. A year later he filled it. Then came the rebuilt hospital. The same year that he cornered Mohawk Valley Central and gave the shorts a squeeze that left them speechless for months he gave Treadwell Park and the Soldiers' Monument. Every man, woman, and poultry-fancier in and about Winton bragged about "Josh" Treadwell, until, hearing them, you forgot that Winton had a population of 25,000 human beings, and imagined it must be a little settlement of brothers and cousins of the Colonel.

So out of her loyalty to her birthplace grew the admiring love of Miss May for him. She was a spinster, the youngest of her family, with an easily *exaltable* soul and the American worship of success, and in time the newspapers which helped to make Treadwell great made her think that humanity consisted of two classes—people and him.

A year before the Colonel became the acknowledged leader of the stock-market, Gerald Lanier, inveterate author of poetical love-stories and self-confessed hero of all of them, was compelled by the imbecile jealousy of editorial cliques to abandon precarious magazine work. He honored a daily newspaper so far as to accept a position on its staff. The managing editor—a red-haired man with a stoop—made Lanier a reporter. Being a poet, Lanier could not be turned loose on news stories, such as divorces, murders, fires, and political fights, so the wily editor made him report the commercial and financial markets, which were printed in the smallest type the paper owned. Two years later the boom started, and then the paper gave prominence to its Wall Street reports, and Lanier was equal to the occasion. His regeneration was complete. He buried his love-stories in the depths of the tape-

basket, under yards of ticker-tape. In other words, he speculated, like everybody else, and he had no eyes, ears, nose, heart, or mouth for anything but the tape on which were recorded the transactions of the stock-market. He scarcely found time to eat, and to save a few minutes he would dictate his articles to Miss May.

Often she thought he had made a mistake in abandoning a literary career for newspaper work. One day she told him so, the while looking at him as though she would fain have him return to art. Her eyes showed courage, her lips smiled uncertainly.

"You're the nicest girl I know. Let's see; where was I? Oh yes. Paragraph. 'St. James was the leader of the late trading, rising sharply on enormous transactions, the Treadwell party being the principal buyers'—" and he finished his dictation. As he was about to leave she told him,

"Oh, by the way, I have a tip!"

She nodded twice and smiled. Imagine a roguish twinkle in the mildest eyes in the world!

"And—so—you—too?" he retorted, mournfully. Then, "What's the tip?"

"New York Car-Coupler stock."

"Who told you?"

"Well, I was in Winton last week, visiting my folks. You know, I come from Winton originally. The company has its works in Winton. They are putting up a *won-der-ful* plant. Why, there will be acres and acres of buildings and factories. And they expect to employ five thousand men. They are going to make a great deal of money. They have a wonderful plant! It's a fine investment!" Her tone was reverential. Her eyes were shining.

"Who told you about the stock?"

"Everybody in Winton has some. All my friends there advised me to buy as much as I could. They said I would be rich some day if I did."

"Begin to beware of good-looking fortune-hunters, Miss May. But about this tip—"

"Why, Colonel Treadwell"—her voice sank respectfully—"is interested in the company, and—"

"That's a fact," he interrupted. "I'd forgotten it. But the stock is so dull."

"If he thinks well of it, as he told his friends in Winton, then it's all right; don't you see?"

"Did *he* tell *you* to buy it?"

"No; he did not tell me. But he told friends of his."

"And they told *you*?"

"No. *They* didn't. But everybody in Winton has some of the stock, and—well, I *know* it's a fine investment."

"My dear young gambler, the stock can't be a fine investment, because it pays no dividends and earns none. That's why it sells for twenty-five cents on the dollar."

"If Colonel Treadwell says it's a fine investment, it is, isn't it?" She spoke as severely as it was possible for her to speak, and Lanier could see her great faith in Treadwell shine through her words.

"If the Colonel says to buy it, it's a different thing," he admitted. "Suppose you ask him."

"Oh, I would not ask him for worlds. What would he think of me?" Imagine her asking Browning if he liked radishes, or Shakespeare if he played the flute!

"Well, I'll ask him, and I'll tell you what he says."

He called on Colonel Treadwell a little earlier than usual the next day. He went to Treadwell's office daily. It was the busiest office in Wall Street, but it was none too busy for the financial reporters who wanted "copy," and got it there for the asking.

Colonel Treadwell was in his private office alone. Lanier knew him well enough to walk in unannounced.

"Good morning, Colonel Treadwell."

The leader of the stock-market was a little stout man whose face was his fortune—it was so round, chubby, so indescribably good-natured—a face that could not belong to a trickster. The eyes were shrewd enough, and the wrinkles conveyed an impression not only of age, but of experience and wisdom.

"Hello, Lanier! What's new?"

"Colonel, I've come to ask you something, not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith."

"Fire away!"

"There's a poor girl—a stenographer—in this city who comes from Winton, and—"



TO SAVE A FEW MINUTES HE WOULD DICTATE HIS ARTICLES TO MISS MAY

"What's her name?" interrupted Treadwell.

"May—Miss Felicia May."

"Don't know her. I knew a man named Bill May in Winton. He was a whitewasher. But he's dead."

"So is this girl's father. She is a very fine girl, and the hardest worker I ever saw. Now, she—"

The Colonel waved his chubby hand cheerfully to Lanier and said: "Don't want to know any more. I'll take your word for it. How much is it she needs?"

Lanier laughed. "Oh, it isn't money. It's worse. She fairly worships you because you are a Wintonite, and she thinks you are everything the newspapers say you are. She was told in Winton to buy New York Car-Coupler, and she wants to do it because it's a local enterprise and because you are interested in it. I made her promise to wait until I saw you about it, and then she could take your advice. All I can tell you is that I can't imagine any pleasure greater than for her to do as you say and make money at the same time. It's like being paid for being happy. Now, if there is any reason why she should not buy the stock, I'll go back and tell her you said she should wait a while. That way her heart won't be broken. I think she thinks she's disloyal to you if she doesn't become a stockholder of one of your companies."

Treadwell laughed.

"Say, Lanier, I didn't know you were such a wily cuss. Why, if I don't give you a straight tip, you can write me up as a perfectly conscienceless man, taking the bread out of poor women's mouths. What's the price on the tape?"

Lanier approached the ticker. He passed about five yards of the little paper ribbon through his fingers before he found a quotation for New York Car-Coupler.

"It's very dull," he said. "The last sale was 200 at 28½."

"Well, I'll tell you. It isn't a big company, and I hardly think it worth while to work up any active speculation in the stock. I went into it to help the town. But it's a good thing, and they will make money as soon as some litigation is out of the way. I was thinking of putting up the price a few points on general principles. I guess I will. Your friend can buy it even if she has heart-disease."

"Thanks ever so much, Colonel."

"You needn't print anything about it in your paper. I haven't got as much stock as I want."

Lanier ran back to Miss May.

"Only one man in Wall Street would do what Colonel Treadwell has done," he told her.

"Don't you say anything against him!" She was almost angry.

"Against him? Give me a chance to speak. Colonel Treadwell told me to tell you that you could buy the stock."

Miss May rose and began to put on her hat. Her air was portentous.

"Where are you going?" asked Lanier, uneasily.

"To the bank." Her face took on a grim determination.

"But wait till I tell you what he told me about the company."

"He said to buy it, and I am going to do it at once." Lanier could see her telling herself that delay was disloyalty.

"How much are you going to buy?" he asked, curiously.

"I am going to buy," she said, with an air of conscious heroism, "one hundred shares. I have," she added, betraying the reason of the heroic voice and look, "three thousand dollars in the bank."

"You can buy more than one hundred shares on that much margin."

"Oh!" She concentrated a lifetime of horror and fear in her monosyllable. "Margin? Why, I wouldn't do that," she said, with an earnestness that was almost palpable, "for anything!"

"That's all right," he said, forced into an apologetic tone by her last word. "Fifteen points would be ample margin. You could buy 200 shares. You'd be perfectly safe, and you'd make twice as much as if you bought the stock outright. And—"

She shook her head in order not to hear the diabolical seductiveness of the argument she thought gamblers always heeded.

Miss May bought one hundred shares of New York Car-Coupler stock. She paid \$29 a share for it, including the broker's commission. She had left in the savings-bank exactly \$98, after twelve years of hard work. She had "invested" \$2900 in a stock of which she knew nothing, which paid nothing, and which shrewd people in Wall Street, who did

not come from Winton and thus were immune from Treadwell-worship, thought was dear at half the price.

The stock—it was NYCC on the tape—did nothing for two days. It sold as high as 29 and as low as 28. On the third day it sold for 27; on the fourth at 26. Miss May could have told you the number of shares sold each day and the prices paid. She sent the office-boy, William Conlin, to the office of Mr. Curtis, her broker, on the fourth floor of the same building, every five minutes of the day, to find out what the price was. At first it was curiosity. Then it became a habit. In the end it was a mild case of ticker fever, vicariously contracted.

Lanier saw Treadwell and informed the leader of the stock-market that Miss May of Winton, New York, had bought one hundred shares of New York Car-Coupler stock at 28 $\frac{7}{8}$. At 26 she had a loss of \$300, or more than ten per cent. on her four-days-old investment. He did not tell all this to the Colonel. He merely mentioned the price Miss May had paid. The rest was obvious.

"Well," said Colonel Treadwell, "Wall Street is a tough place, son. It's hell when you lose, isn't it? How much margin has she up?"

"Oh, she bought it outright. But—"

"Whew! What an accusing tone of voice! Well, accidents will happen. I have all the stock I want—now. Son, I'll give you just two minutes in which to get aboard and—"

"Thanks, Colonel," said Lanier, his soul quivering with the anticipatory delight of a sure profit in gambling. He rushed away to buy 100 shares. As he reached the door he heard the cheerful voice of the conscienceless master speculator, who was shouting, "Run, dod-gast ye, run!"

Half an hour afterward Treadwell brokers bought 5000 shares of "NYCC." As the Colonel's unostentatious purchases earlier in the week had absorbed the greater part of the floating supply, the price went up to 30 on this open buying. On the following day the same brokers bought more, and the price rose to 34. It fell back to 32 $\frac{1}{8}$. But a few days later, on what the Street called "Treadwell buying," it rose to 40.

It stayed there.

Lanier saw the Colonel.

"That New York Car-Coupler," he said, in a carefully premeditated burst of enthusiasm, "is a—"

"You have a nice profit, haven't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well?" The Colonel's voice was not as genial as usual.

"Thank you, sir," said Lanier. He went out, gave an order to sell the hundred shares he had bought at 26 $\frac{1}{2}$ and which had made for him \$1400 in less than fourteen days, and hastened to Miss May. She knew he had bought the stock, and her own pleasure in winning had been doubled by her success in inducing Lanier to take a "straight tip."

"Miss May, I've just sold my Car-Coupler," he told her.

She did not rise. She said, "Oh!" In her voice was neither fear nor dismay; only disappointment.

"Colonel Treadwell as much as told me to take my profit. I told them to sell my hundred at the market, and immediately came here to tell you."

Her eyes showed an inquisitive incredulity.

"You'd better sell yours," he added, in self-defence.

"Did *he* tell you to sell it?" She always meant Colonel Treadwell when she said *he*, like a girl speaking of her first love.

"He didn't tell me in so many words, but he gave me a hint as broad as from here to Patagonia and back."

"You must have misunderstood him," she said, with conviction.

"Perhaps," he retorted, impatiently. "But you have over a thousand dollars profit in two weeks, and that's enough for a human being. You can't expect him to write you an autograph letter telling you to sell out. He is probably doing some selling himself. He couldn't sell a tenth of a share if people knew he advised anybody to slide out. It was more than kind of him to do what he did. Now, dear girl, sell yours and put the money back in the bank."

"I certainly will do nothing of the kind," she said, every fibre in her quivering with a desperate determination not to convert that \$1000 paper profit of hers into real money. "I didn't buy that stock to sell out."

"Did you buy it to eat it?" His sarcasm was born of his sorrow for her ignorance of speculation.

"I bought it because it is a fine stock." To put an end to all argument she added, "He said so!"

Lanier knew her sex, even if he had written love-stories. He felt very sorry, but he merely said,

"Your blood be upon your own head!"

She smiled confidently.

"No danger of that. But if you want to dictate your article, you'd better let me take some of it now. I can only give you fifteen minutes after three o'clock. It's two now."

Lanier began to dictate that part of his market report which need not be changed even if the tone of the trading changed in the last hour. When he came to the NYCC, he dictated: "A new high-record price was established by New York Car-Coupler, the transactions in which were very heavy. The price held well around 40. After its recent sensational rise, profit-taking might have been expected, but well-informed people hold on to their stock."

He paused and looked at Miss May. She placidly looked at the keyboard of her typewriter. She had heard not with her ears but with her fingers, and though she had written what he had said, she did not know what it was about.

"What do you think of that?" he said, at length.

"Of what?"

"What you just wrote about NYCC."

She read it and turned a pleased face to him.

"I knew you didn't mean it when you said to sell out."

"Hang it!" he said, loudly, "I meant *that* as withering sarcasm. You are the one who won't sell. You'll be sorry. But you can't blame me. Willie, go down to some broker's office and find out what NYCC is selling for now."

"Go to Mr. Curtis, Willie." Miss May's tone conveyed her conviction that Mr. Curtis not only had the latest quotations—strictly fresh eggs—but the safest, most accurate, and the best in every way. It was the twenty-second trip to the Curtis office that day for Willie. He returned quickly.

"Forty-two!" he said, and resumed his

perusal of a Jesse James romance which he had astutely placed between the leaves of *Self-Help*, impressively lent him by Miss May.

Miss May looked at Mr. Lanier. She was about to speak, but he threw up his hands and said, "Don't shoot!" and rose to go.

"Mind you come at three sharp, if you want to dictate any more," she admonished.

The stock closed at 42½ that day. Neither of them referred to it—he because he had been wrong; she because she did not want to hurt his feelings.

Treadwell succeeded in his manipulation of NYCC beyond his expectations. He used to say, "If you want a stock to go up, buy more than other people are willing to sell," which was why you heard so much of the Treadwell buying. And the public, who discovered that by walking in Treadwell's steps they trod an easy path to fortune, followed him blindly. Treadwell's brokers had bought NYCC in great volume, ostentatiously. Others had sold, not so ostentatiously, large amounts. Nobody knew who the Treadwell selling brokers were. But the public continued to buy freely; and so did the professional traders, but only because the stock was active, for they always go where the wheel whirls briskly. The result was that a broad market was established with incredible quickness—that is, a condition which would enable Treadwell to find a sufficiency of buyers at the higher price. The boom was on!

On the following week NYCC sold at \$50 a share. Lanier did not stop to talk to Colonel Treadwell. He went to Miss May and told her: "Unless you wish me to stop coming here, you sell out your stock at once. Do you hear me?"

"Why?"

"Because it's 50. At least it was 50 two minutes ago."

"It's 50¾," she said, simply, without the triumphant note. "Willie just came from Mr. Curtis's office."

"Dear girl," said Lanier, with the calmness of despair, "you have made \$2100 profit in a month. You've got \$5000 now. Sell out. Invest your money in something safe. It will give you \$20 a month as long as you live. I beg you to sell out."

"Why should I sell out?" she asked, without the slightest semblance of stubbornness. "It's a fine stock. You can't deny it's been a fine investment for me, can you?"

"It can't last. It's been a thing in a thousand. I'd never forgive myself if you let this profit get away from you."

"Colonel Treadwell said it was a good stock to buy, didn't he?"

"Yes, at 28 or 30."

"Well, if it was good less than a month ago, it's good now, isn't it? They are going ahead with their work. My brother-in-law says they will make a lot of money. I had a letter from my sister this morning."

"Oh, dear, dear!" said Lanier, in real despair. "Can't you see that your typewriter may be cheap at \$50 and dear at \$100?"

"Oh yes," she said, without indignation, "I can see that. But New York Car-Coupler is a fine stock."

Willie went out. It was time for his next visit to the broker. He enjoyed his new mission in life.

"Where is your next of kin?" asked Lanier, sternly.

"Why?"

"I'm going to have a guardian appointed for you."

She smiled indulgently and said:

"Now let me tell you something, Mr. Lanier. Don't you worry about me or about New York Car-Coupler. It's a fine—"

"Fifty-one and five-eighths!" announced Willie.

"What did I tell you?" said Miss May.

"God help you!" retorted Lanier. Then he went out and slammed the door. Miss May went on with some copying.

The stock boom was growing. Wall Street historians in later years called it the Treadwell boom. NYCC was a Treadwell stock, and the Treadwell stocks were the leaders of the advance. On the following week a greed-maddened public took the bit in its mouth. That is, it bought all the stocks the great manipulators had to sell and wanted still more. It now required no manipulation to put prices up. NYCC did not lag behind the other "Treadwell specialties." It sold at 60.

Lanier was in Curtis's office standing

by the ticker when the stock climbed. It went up like this: 56, 56½, 57, 58, 57¾, 58, 58¼, 58½, 58¾, 59, 59¾, 60.

"Whew! Look at this balloon!" said a customer who was looking over Lanier's shoulder.

Lanier rushed up-stairs to Miss May's office. He went up even more quickly than the stock had done. He said to her,

"Miss May, Car-Coupler is now 60."

"Isn't that nice?" she smiled, placidly.

"It's more than nice; it's a miracle. I acknowledge I was wrong before, but I beg you not to tempt Providence. Please, Miss May, *please* sell your stock at once. You have \$6000 there now. At five per cent. it means \$300 a year. You can live in Winton on that. In God's name, take your profit!"

"Does Colonel Treadwell advise people to sell?"

"I haven't seen him. But I tell you—"

"I am sure he does not." She looked as she felt, quietly confident.

"If he does, will you sell?"

"I—I don't know."

"What? If Colonel Treadwell himself tells you to sell this stock, you won't do it?"

"I know he won't say so," she answered.

Perhaps the thought of a lie that came into Lanier's mind—to go out and return and tell her Treadwell said to sell—showed in his face, for this least suspicious woman added,

"But you must see him yourself."

"I will," he promised, and went out.

He hastened to Colonel Treadwell's office. He was obliged to wait ten infernal minutes before the Colonel was alone in his private office. He wasted no time in salutations but said,

"Colonel Treadwell, do you remember the girl from Winton I told you about who bought the hundred Car-Coupler?"

"Yes."

"She's got it yet."

"The deuce!"

"I've been advising her to sell it ever since I sold at 40. I let mine go at that. She says she won't sell now unless you tell her to do so. I'm going back to tell her you said so. Unless," he added, looking anxiously at the Colonel's face, "you specifically tell me not to sell it."

"Looker here, Lanier," said Treadwell, thoughtfully.

"Yes, sir."

"Er—by Jove!" The Colonel burst out laughing. "So she's held on to it, has she?"

"Held on is no name for it. She's got a death-clutch on it. I've threatened to commit suicide in her presence if she didn't sell. I've begged and coaxed and showed what she could do with \$6000, and how the stock is high enough, and how this is a chance in a lifetime. No go!"

The Colonel laughed again. He said, "Just like a woman, God bless 'em!"

"Amen. Well, I guess I'll go back and tell her—"

Colonel Treadwell did one of those things he was always doing, which Wall Street never heard about, and would not have believed if it had heard, for it was utterly incredible. He approached Lanier and said softly—there was no need anybody else should hear it:

"You tell that girl that I said she has ninety-five shares more than I have. And I need my five shares to qualify as a director of the company."

Lanier flew back to Miss May. It was as he had suspected. Colonel Treadwell had sold out at a huge profit all the thousands of shares of NYCC he had ever owned. It was merely a question of time—days, possibly minutes—when the reaction in the market would come. The stock was bound to go down. Treadwell was out of it. None but the lambs now owned the stock; and Lanier knew what always happened when only the lambs own stocks. It spoke well for Lanier that he did not once consider the obvious opportunity for him to make much money by selling NYCC short then and there. But his concern for Miss May's profit was so deep and sincere that he didn't see the constellation of dollar-signs before him. Breathless he arrived at her office. She turned her placid face to him.

"My! you must have been running," she said. "Take this fan."

He waved it away fiercely.

"He—said—to—s—sell!" Lanier panted. He sat down. She rose and stood by him. Then she began to fan him. The coolness of the evaporating perspiration restored his wind. He rose impatiently

and said, "I am going down to Curtis to give your order to sell."

"No; wait."

"Impossible. Come with me and we'll talk about it on the way."

Her face had grown serious. It was a round, plump face, not beautiful, but exceedingly pleasant, because one felt the kind of heart that went with such a face must be very good. She asked,

"Did he say, 'Tell her I said for her to sell?'"

"He said more than that. He said more than anybody else in the world would have said. Every night when you pray, pray for his happiness in this world and the next. He said, 'Tell her that she has ninety-five shares more than I, and the reason I keep the other five shares is to qualify me as a director of the company.'"

"I don't understand."

"It means he has sold all his stock but five shares."

She smiled. "Of course that isn't so. Oh, Mr. Lanier,"—the spasm on his face shocked her,—"I don't mean that I don't believe he told you that. But that, of course, he *does* own a lot of that stock."

"Then you think he lied to me, and to you?"

"Indeed I don't," she denied, indignantly.

"Come, come; sell the stock and we'll argue afterward."

"There is no need to argue. It's a fine stock, and you know it, because *he* said so himself and—"

"I'll go crazy if you stand here talking."

"Then don't talk; and sit down." She was smiling again.

"Great heavens!" he sighed. Then, "Come on!" He took her hand and started to drag her toward the door. She disengaged it gently.

"Are you an idiot?" he said to her, fiercely.

"Mis-ter Lanier!" It was surprise, not indignation, that divided the *Mister*.

"You are, if you don't hurry up and sell out your stock."

The door opened.

"Fifty-eight, now," announced Willie.

"There, you've lost \$200 by this dilly-dallying. This is my last talk with you on this or any other subject."

"Oh no," she said, confidently.

"What are you thinking of, in the name of common sense?"

"I'll tell you. It's a fine—"

"I know all that. You've said it sixty-two million times. Come on to Curtis's office."

"Colonel Treadwell told you it was a good investment."

"Never," denied Lanier, vehemently.

"Oh yes, he did. If he thought so then, he must think so now, for they are doing a splendid business."

"But he distinctly told me to tell you he had sold all his own stock."

"Well," she said, defending the Colonel, "he told you that because you are a newspaper man."

"He never lies, not even to reporters," he said.

"No; but he can't tell you *all* his plans. Don't you see how wrong that would be? Of course that was just a way of speaking. Maybe he has sold *some* of his stock."

"Great Scott!"

"I think you didn't understand him."

"I tell you—"

She had a flash of inspiration. This pleased her unspeakably. Her delight shone in her eyes. Her discovery explained everything and enabled her consistently to continue to revere Colonel Treadwell.

"Oh, I see! He thought I needed money or that I was worrying about this, and he said that so you could tell it to me. He is a *grand* man!" Her smile was full of gratitude. A little more would have started tears.

"Good-by!" said Lanier, and left her.

Three days later the stock was selling at 50. Lanier, who had stayed away from her, walked in. He stared inquiringly. She stared back, even more inquiringly. He continued to stare until she said,

"Why haven't you been in?"

"Did you sell that stock?"

She smiled. It was an uncertain smile. She was trying to be brave, but the effort was pitifully noticeable. "Why, no; of course I didn't."

"Too bad. But never mind," he said, consolingly. "The market is always here, and we'll make it up in some way. Two thousand dollars is not to be sneezed at. You still have \$5000 there, which is more than most girls have."

She was silent.

"Paragon of your sex, be voluble," he said. He was jocular in order to keep her from thinking of the \$1000 she had lost by not selling at 60.

"Mr. Lanier," she said, with a quiet dignity that made him sorrier than ever for her, "I am much obliged to you for your advice. I appreciate your feelings in this matter. But please say no more about it."

"I meant it for your good."

"I know it. I am very grateful. But I made this investment because the people in Winton think it is all right. Colonel Treadwell is in it—"

"Or was," he could not help interjecting.

"And I know it is a Fine Stock!" Her voice told that she not only had burnt her ships, but had gathered up the ashes, put them in an urn, sealed it, placed it in a safe, locked it, and forgotten the combination.

"Very well, Miss May. It is a fine stock. And you"—he hesitated—"you are too fine for Wall Street. But of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." At the shocked surprise in her eyes he said, "I mean it," and went out.

The next week the stock sold at 40. Lanier thought she looked pale, but of sorrow there was not a trace. If she thought of the \$2000 which had crumbled away since Treadwell advised her to sell her stock, she did not show it. He dictated his article every day, and paid her every week. He felt sorry for her.

And she? She felt sorry for him, because she could see he felt sorry for her. It was a fine stock.

But it was not fine enough to rise above 40 for weeks. The price fluctuated between 37 and 39, and speculation in it dwindled away, for the entire stock-market had become dull. She had owned her 100 shares about six months and could pass two days without sending Willie to get the last quotation from Mr. Curtis. Then it began to crawl upward, very slowly, almost imperceptibly. It sold at 40, at 41, at 42, at 43, at 44—very quietly, very modestly. Nobody noticed it. Lanier, busy speculating in other stocks, paid no heed to it. One day it became active, and he saw to his surprise that



"SO SHE'S HELD ON TO IT, HAS SHE?"

it was selling at 55! The last time he had thought of it was when it sold below 40.

He spoke to Miss May about it.

"Got the NYCC yet?"

"Yes."

"It's 55."

"I knew it would come back," she said, with quiet faith. "It's a fine—"

"I'm yours!" he said, admiringly, and dictated a "bull" article about the stock.

By the end of the week the fine stock was selling at 60. Two days later it sold at 68. But it was selling at \$75 a share before the announcement was made that the company had won its litigation, and that it would thereafter enjoy its patents undisturbedly. They were basic patents. Nobody else could make automatic car-couplers that did not necessitate rebuilding the entire car platform.

Lanier discovered that Treadwell and his closest friends had begun to buy back the stock under 40, and had bought it all the way up. The Supreme Court decision meant profitable suits for damages against competitors for infringements of patents, and moreover the State Legislatures everywhere had been passing laws compelling the railroads to use automatic couplers on freight as well as passenger trains. The company's future was assured. Therefore Treadwell bought it—openly now—and it rose gradually. One day it jumped twelve points—from 75 to 87 a share.

The company sued its competitors for millions and won. They compromised. With the compromise money the New York Car-Coupler Company decided to enlarge its shops. The stock sold at \$100 before the architect had finished the plans.

Orders poured in from railroads all over the United States. Treadwell was a director in a half-dozen of the most important. He probably helped. The company declared its first dividend. It was at the rate of six per cent. per annum. It made Miss May's yearly income \$600.

Before the year was out the directors made the dividend rate eight per cent.

The stock sold at \$150. People who were not Wintonites now called it a good investment at that price.

Then, not quite a year and a half after Miss May had bought her stock at \$29 a share, Colonel Treadwell and his fellow directors thought it expedient to double the capitalization. They did not wish to pay more than eight per cent., so they doubled the stock. It is not politic for any corporation to pay too much on its stock. It breeds envy, and that begets anarchistic talk, which leads to blackmail.

But the "Treadwell crowd" bought as much of the stock as they could, knowing what was coming. They were willing to pay \$200 and even \$225 a share for it before the directors declared a stock dividend of 100 per cent.

It was a fine stock. It sold at 235.

The stock was duly doubled. At first they only paid six per cent. on it, so that the scheme for concealing the company's enormous profits might not be too glaringly obvious. The price per share was only 125. But Miss May had 200 shares now, instead of the 100 she bought at 29. But there was no need to wait too long; so the dividend on the doubled stock was made eight per cent. per annum. Miss May had invested \$2900, and her income from it was \$1600 a year.

Then she felt overworked. She had toiled for fourteen years without a rest. The doctors told her she must take one now. She must do nothing for at least a year, if she could afford it. She bowed to the inevitable.

She told Lanier. She said she was going to Winton to live. It was her duty! The works of the New York Car-Coupler Company were located there. And, she added, with a thrilling gratitude,

"It's a Fine Stock!"

Lanier told Treadwell about it. The leader of the stock-market laughed and said:

"Of course that's an impossible story. It couldn't happen. No Wall Street man would believe it." Then he added, "Oh, men of little faith!"

International Arbitration

BY JOHN BASSETT MOORE, LL.D.

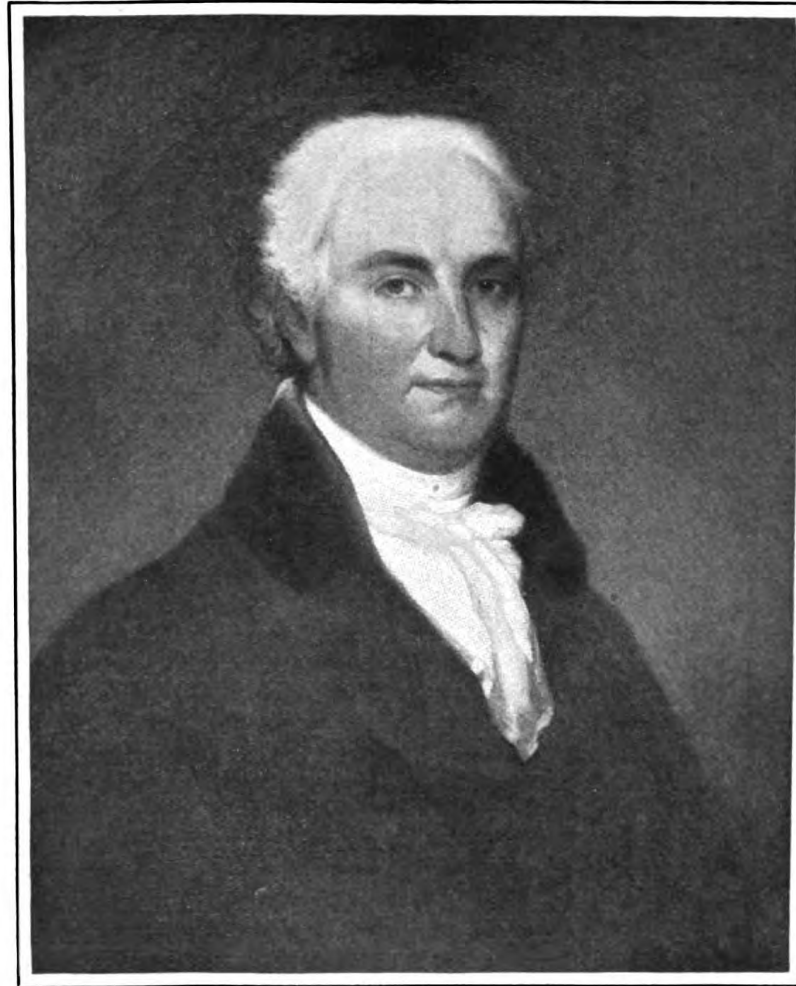
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ALTHOUGH the independence of the United States was won by the sword, the founders of the American republic were accustomed to look upon war as a measure that could be justified only as a choice of evils. Standing armies and elaborate preparations for war they deprecated as a menace to liberty. Having proclaimed as the basis of their political system the consent of the governed, they cherished as their ideal a peaceful nation, always guided by reason and justice. In order that this ideal might be attained, they perceived the necessity of establishing international relations on definite and sure foundations. To that end they became ardent expounders of the law of nations; and their predilection for legal methods naturally found expression in the employment of arbitration for the settlement of international differences.

By arbitration we mean the determination of controversies by international tribunals judicial in their constitution and powers. Arbitration is not to be confounded with mediation. Mediation is an advisory, arbitration a judicial process. Mediation recommends, arbitration decides. And while it may be true that nations have for this reason sometimes accepted mediation when they were unwilling or reluctant to arbitrate, yet it is also true that they have settled by arbitration questions which mediation could not have adjusted. It is, for instance, hardly conceivable that the question of the *Alabama* claims could have been settled by mediation. The same thing may be said of many boundary disputes. The importance of mediation, as one of the forms of amicable negotiation, should not indeed be minimized. A plan of mediation even may, as in the case of The Hague Convention for the peaceful settlement of international dis-

putes, form a useful auxiliary to a system of arbitration; but the fact should nevertheless be understood that the two processes are fundamentally different, and that, while mediation is only a form of diplomacy, arbitration consists in the application of law and of judicial methods to the determination of international disputes.

The government of the United States had been in existence only five years when it found occasion to employ arbitration for the settlement of serious differences with the mother country. Important provisions of the treaty of peace remained unexecuted. Various posts along the northern frontier were still held by the British forces, and the British government refused to evacuate them because of the failure of the United States to render effectual the engagement that British creditors should meet with no lawful impediment to the recovery of their confiscated debts. Moreover, almost immediately after the ratification of the treaty of peace, a question arose as to what was the "River St. Croix," which was to form the eastern boundary of the United States in its course northward from the Bay of Fundy. Such a river appeared on the map used by the negotiators of the treaty, but no stream answering to the name was afterwards found. The uncertainty as to the boundary was embarrassing, while the controversy as to the surrender of the posts and the recovery of debts formed a prolific source of irritation. But a still more acute cause of quarrel arose when, in 1793, the governments of France and Great Britain began to fulminate and enforce measures invasive of the rights of neutral trade. The situation then became so tense that, apparently as the only alternative to measures of force, Washington decided to send a special mission



CHRISTOPHER GORE
After a portrait in the Boston Public Library

to England. John Jay, who was chosen for that delicate task, submitted his first formal representations to Lord Grenville on July 30, 1794. In the treaty concluded on the 19th of the following November provision was made for three arbitrations. The first of these related to the boundary question; the second, to the claims on account of confiscated debts; the third, to the subject of neutral rights and duties.

The boundary question was referred to a mixed commission of three persons, which met at Halifax, Nova Scotia, on August 30, 1796, and rendered its award at Providence, Rhode Island, on October 25, 1798, holding that the Schoodiack, or Schoodic, was the river intended under the name of the St. Croix.

The claims of British subjects, on account of the impediments which they had encountered in their efforts to collect in the State courts their confiscated debts, were referred to a mixed commission of five persons, which met at Philadelphia in May, 1797. The proceedings of this body were inharmonious, and its sittings were suspended on July 31, 1798, by the withdrawal of the two American members. Differences of opinion on questions of law were to be expected, but the discussions at the board also developed personal feeling. This appears to have been largely due to the action of Mr. Macdonald, one of the British commissioners—a gentleman who no doubt deserved all the commendations bestowed upon him at the time of his appointment for recti-

tude and good-will, but who seems unfortunately to have possessed a sense of duty unmitigated by a sense of proportion. Wishing to be entirely candid with his associates, he made it a rule freely to acquaint them with all his opinions; and he adopted the practice of presenting to the board, when it was not otherwise occupied, memoranda expressive of his views. The final rupture was caused by his submitting a resolution which declared that from the beginning of the Revolution down to the treaty of peace the United States, whatever may have been their relation to other powers, stood to Great Britain in an attitude of rebellion. As it has always been the doctrine of the United States that the treaty of peace did not grant their independence, but merely recognized it as a condition existing from the 4th of July, 1776, the date of its declaration, the American commissioners regarded the resolution as gratuitously offensive, and withdrew. The claims which the commission failed to adjust were settled by a treaty concluded January 8, 1802, under which the British government accepted the sum of £600,000 in satisfaction of its demands.

But the most important, as well as the most interesting, of the arbitral tribunals under the Jay treaty was that which sat at London for the purpose of disposing of American claims against Great Britain on account of captures made under the orders in council, and of British claims against the United States on account of the latter's failure completely to enforce its neutrality. The membership of this board was worthy of the great questions submitted to its determination. The American commissioners were Christopher Gore, who, although popularly known as the legal preceptor of Daniel Webster, achieved an eminence of his own; and William Pinkney, of Maryland, who, besides winning distinction in diplomacy and statesmanship, was the acknowledged leader of the American bar of his time. The British commissioners were Sir John Nicholl, an eminent civilian, who was afterwards succeeded by Maurice Swabey; and John Anstey. The fifth commissioner was Colonel John Trumbull, of Connecticut, who had accompanied Jay to England when he negotiated the treaty. The mode by

which Trumbull was chosen should be described. The treaty provided that in case the four commissioners, two of whom were to be appointed by each government, could not agree upon the fifth, he should be chosen by lot. In execution of this stipulation the commissioners on each side presented to the others a list of four persons; but, as neither side would yield, it became necessary to resort to the casting of lots. The next step, according to common practice, would have been for each side to place in the urn a name of its own independent selection, with the chances in favor of his being a partisan. But at London each side selected its name from the list of four made out by the other with a view to a mutual agreement, and the result was that a well-disposed man became the fifth commissioner.

The board had not been long in session when a serious controversy arose as to its power to determine its own jurisdiction in respect of the several claims presented for its decision. The division of opinion was so pronounced that for a time the British commissioners absented themselves from the meetings; but the difficulty was eventually submitted to Lord Chancellor Loughborough, who ended it by declaring "that the doubt respecting the authority of the commissioners to settle their own jurisdiction was absurd, and that they must necessarily decide upon cases being within or without their competency."

Important question of law came before the commissioners in relation to contraband, the rights of neutrals, and the finality of the decisions of prize-courts. These were all discussed with marked ability, especially by Pinkney. His opinions as a member of the board Wheaton justly pronounced to be "finished models of judicial eloquence, uniting powerful and comprehensive argument with a copious, pure, and energetic diction"; and they are almost all we possess in a complete and authentic form of the legal reasoning of the great master by whom they were delivered. The sessions of the board were brought to a close on February 24, 1804, all the business before it having been finished. There was, however, an interruption in its proceedings from July 30, 1799, to February 15, 1802, pending the diplomatic adjustment of the



JOINT HIGH COMMISSION CONSIDERING "ALABAMA" CLAIMS

difficulty caused by the breaking up of the commission at Philadelphia.

By reason of the fact that the proceedings of the London commission have only lately been published, its labors have not received from writers the attention which they deserve. It was estimated that, through the operation of the stipulation under which the commissioners sat, American claimants recovered from the British government the enormous sum of \$11,650,000. "The whole of this sum," says Trumbull, "was promptly and punctually paid to each claimant or his assignee; for, after a careful and accurate examination of the merits of every case of complaint, the awards of the board were made in favor of each individual, in the form of an order to pay, and payable at the treasury of Great Britain; nor do I recollect even to have heard a single complaint, of the delay of an hour, in any instance of an award presented for payment." The awards against the United States appear to have been \$143,428 14. Although this amount was relatively small, its payment established the principle that a government is liable in damages for neglect to perform its neutral duties, and thus laid the foundation of the award made in 1872 at Geneva.

Since the close of the arbitral proceedings under the Jay treaty, arbitration has, except in the case of the extraordinary train of events that led up to the war of 1812, been almost habitually employed by the United States and Great Britain for the settlement of controversies that could not be adjusted by negotiation. Like the Jay treaty, the treaty of Ghent of December 24, 1814, which restored peace between the two countries, provided for three arbitrations. The first related to the ownership of certain islands in Passamaquoddy Bay and the Bay of Fundy; the second, to the ascertainment of the boundary of the United States from the source of the river St. Croix to the river St. Lawrence; the third, to the determination of the boundary along the middle of the Great Lakes and of their water communications to the most northwestern point of the Lake of the Woods. In 1818 a difference as to the performance by Great Britain of her obligation under the treaty of Ghent not to carry away from United States territory then in her possession "any slaves or other private property," was referred to the Emperor of Russia. He rendered a decision in favor of the United States; and in 1822 a mixed commission was erected in order

to fix the amount to be paid. In 1827 a dispute as to the northeastern boundary was referred to the King of the Netherlands; but as his award was commendatory rather than decisive, both governments agreed to waive it; and the question was adjusted by the Webster-Ashburton treaty. In 1853 a convention was entered into for the settlement by means of a mixed commission of all outstanding claims. The commission sat in London, and disposed of many important controversies, including the celebrated case of the *Creole*, which so nearly caused a rupture of relations in 1842. For the peculiarly satisfactory results of the board's labors credit was perhaps chiefly due to the umpire, Joshua Bates, an American by birth, but then the head of the house of the Barings, who exhibited in his decisions the same broad intelligence and sound judgment as had characterized his exceptionally successful career in business. By the reciprocity treaty of 1854, by which the serious troubles as to the northeastern fisheries were temporarily allayed, arbitration was employed for the purpose of determining what fisheries were exclusively reserved to the inhabitants of the two countries under the agreement. In 1863 another arbitral board was erected for the purpose of deciding upon the claims of the Hudson Bay Company and the Puget Sound Agricultural Company against the United States for damages to their property and rights in connection with the treaty of 1846, by which the limits between the United States and the British possessions west of the Rocky Mountains were established.

This board was still in session when the relations between the United States and Great Britain were gravely disturbed by the controversies growing out of the civil war, the northeastern fisheries, and the disputed San Juan water boundary. These differences were all composed by the great treaty signed at Washington on May 8, 1871, on the part of the United States by Hamilton Fish, Robert C. Schenck, Samuel Nelson, Ebenezer Rockwood Hoar, and George H. Williams; on the part of Great Britain, by the Earl de Grey and Ripon, Sir Stafford H. Northcote, Sir Edward Thornton, Sir John A. Macdonald, and

Mountague Bernard. This treaty provided for four distinct arbitrations, the largest number ever established under a single convention, and, by reason of this fact as well as of the magnitude of the questions submitted, was undoubtedly the greatest treaty of arbitration that the world had ever seen.

Of the four arbitrations for which it provided, the first in order and in importance was that at Geneva. On the part of the United States, the arbitrator was Charles Francis Adams; on the part of Great Britain, Sir Alexander Cockburn. There were three other arbitrators—Count Frederic Sclopis, a distinguished jurist; Jacques Staempfli, afterward President of Switzerland; and the Viscount d'Itajuba, an eminent diplomatist—respectively designated by the King of Italy, the President of the Swiss Confederation, and the Emperor of Brazil. The American agent was J. C. Bancroft Davis; the British agent, Lord Tenterden. Caleb Cushing, William M. Evarts, and Morrison R. Waite appeared as counsel for the United States. Sir Roundell Palmer, afterward Lord Selborne, appeared for Great Britain, assisted by Mountague Bernard and Mr. Cohen.

The demands presented by the United States to the tribunal, arising out of the acts of Confederate cruisers of British origin, and generically known as the *Alabama* claims, embraced (1) direct losses growing out of the destructions of vessels and their cargoes by such cruisers, (2) the national expenditures in pursuit of the cruisers, (3) the loss for the transfer of the American commercial marine to the British flag, (4) the enhanced payments of insurance, and (5) the prolongation of the war and the addition of a large sum to its cost. As to classes 3, 4, and 5, Great Britain denied the jurisdiction of the tribunal; but, without deciding this question, the tribunal disposed of these three classes by expressing an opinion that they did not, upon the principles of international law, constitute a good foundation for an award of compensation, and that they should be excluded from consideration, even if there were no difference between the two governments as to the board's competency. In regard to the second class

of claims, the tribunal held that they were not properly distinguishable from the general expenses of the war carried on by the United States; and further, by a majority of three to two, that no compensation should be awarded to the United States on that head. On claims of the first class, the tribunal awarded the sum of \$15,500,000. Its first session was held December 15, 1871; its last, September 14, 1872.

The dispute as to the San Juan water boundary was submitted to the German Emperor, who rendered, on October 21, 1872, an award in favor of the United States. Claims of British subjects against the United States, and of citizens of the United States against Great Britain (other than the *Alabama* claims), arising out of injuries to persons or property during the civil war in the United States, from April 17, 1861, to April 9, 1865, were referred to a mixed commission, which sat in the United States. The fourth arbitration under the Treaty of Washington, to determine the compensation, if any, due to Great Britain for privileges accorded by the treaty to the United States in the northeastern fisheries, was conducted by a commission of three persons—a citizen of the United States, a British subject, and a Belgian—which met at Halifax, June 15, 1877, and on the 23d of the following November (the American commissioner dissenting) awarded Great Britain the sum of \$5,500,000.

Questions of great moment, as affecting the free use of the seas, were involved in the fur-seal arbitration, which was held in Paris under the treaty of February 29, 1892; and eminent men were chosen to discuss and decide them. On the part of the United States, the arbitrators were John M. Harlan, of the Supreme Court, and John T. Morgan, of the Senate; on the part of Great Britain, Lord Hannen, of the High Court of Appeal, and Sir John Thompson, Minister of Justice and Attorney-General of Canada. The neutral arbitrators were the Baron Alphonse de Courcel, a senator and ambassador of France; the Marquis Emilio Visconti Venosta, a senator of Italy, who had held the post of Minister of Foreign Affairs; and Gregers Gram, a minister of state of Sweden.

The American agent was John W. Foster; the British agent, Sir Charles H. Tupper. As counsel for the United States, there appeared Edward J. Phelps, James C. Carter, Henry W. Blodgett, and Frederic R. Coudert; for Great Britain, Sir Charles Russell, Sir Richard Webster, and Christopher Robinson. The award, which, so far as questions of jurisdiction were concerned, was unfavorable to the United States, is conceded to have been based upon existing rules of international law, the tribunal deeming its duties to be judicial rather than legislative. The commission, however, under powers expressly conferred upon it, prescribed regulations for the protection of the fur-seals by joint action. The claims of British subjects for the previous seizure of their vessels by the American cruisers in Bering Sea were afterwards adjusted by a mixed commission.

The proceeding of 1903, by which the Alaskan boundary dispute was settled, can scarcely be classed as an arbitration, since the tribunal, which contained an equal number of the citizens or subjects of each contracting party, was unable to render a decision unless an appointee of one government should give his decision in favor of the other. This proved in the particular instance to be possible,—Lord Alverstone (formerly Sir Richard Webster), Chief Justice of England, one of the British members, having given the highest proof of the independence and impartiality of the British bench by joining in a decision favorable to the United States.

Down to 1898, when the controversy as to Cuba was at length settled by the sword, all differences between the United States and Spain, which could not be adjusted by diplomacy, were, beginning with the mixed commission under the Pinckney-Godoy treaty of 1795, settled by arbitration. The most important of the arbitral tribunals between the two countries was that which was established under the diplomatic agreement of February 12, 1871, touching claims growing out of the insurrection in Cuba. There were two other arbitrations between the two countries, held respectively in 1870 and 1880.

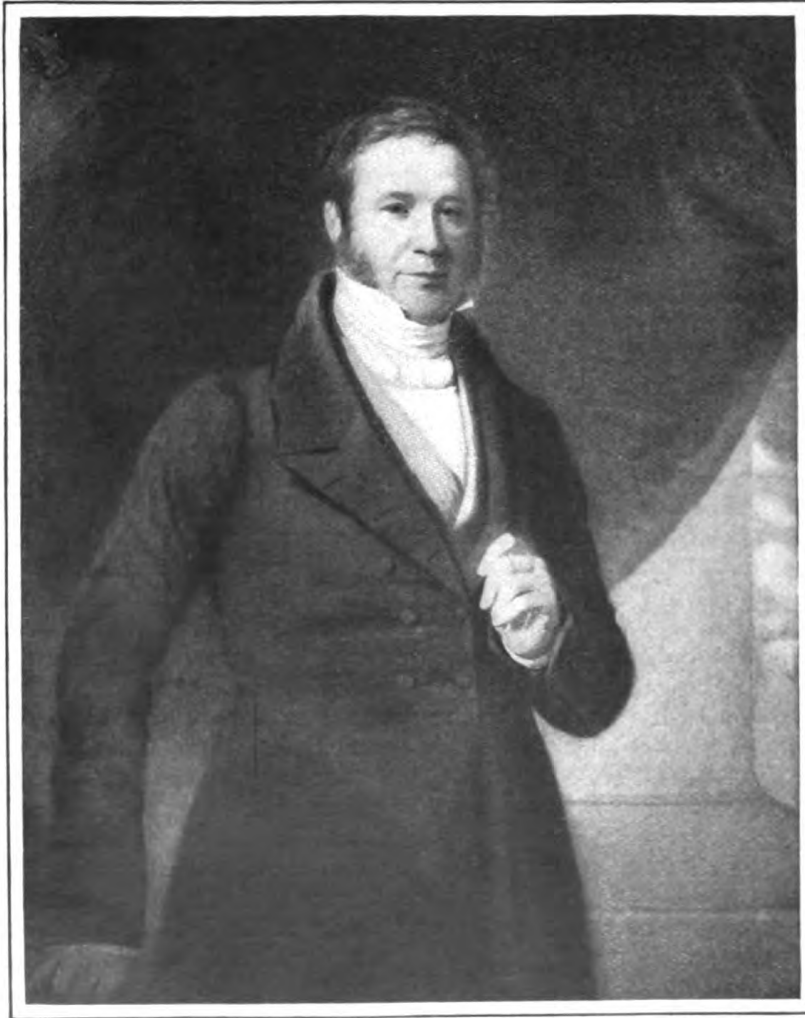
As between the United States and

France, many important questions, including large pecuniary claims, have been settled by direct negotiation. But from November, 1880, to March, 1884, a mixed commission, sitting in Washington, dis-

in number and in amount, those presented by the United States aggregating 1017, and those by Mexico 998, while the total amount claimed on one side and the other exceeded half a billion dollars. The

total amount allowed was, however, about \$4,250,000. Two of the awards against Mexico, which embraced nearly or quite a third of the total amount awarded against her, were alleged to have been procured by fraudulent testimony. The government of the United States investigated this allegation, and eventually returned to Mexico all the money that had been paid by her on the awards in question, even paying out of its own treasury such part as had already been distributed among the claimants.

Arbitrations have also been held by



JOSHUA BATES

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posed of the claims of citizens of France against the United States for injuries to their persons and property during the American civil war, and of the claims of citizens of the United States against France for injuries during the war between that country and Germany.

On various occasions, as under the treaties of 1839 and 1868, arbitrations have been held between the United States and Mexico. The claims submitted under the treaty of 1868 were remarkable both

the United States with Colombia, Costa Rica, Denmark, Ecuador, Haiti, Nicaragua, Paraguay, Peru, Portugal, Salvador, San Domingo, Siam, and Venezuela. The total number of the arbitrations of the United States down to 1900 was fifty-seven, twenty of which were with Great Britain, while the President of the United States had acted as arbitrator between other nations in five cases, and ministers of the United States or persons designated by the United States had

acted as arbitrator or umpire in seven cases. The number of the arbitrations of the United States during that period was equalled only by those of Great Britain, the total of which appears to have been the same.

In adopting arbitration as a means of settling its disputes, the government of the United States has no doubt been influenced by the various manifestations of public sentiment in favor of that method. As early as February, 1832, the Senate of Massachusetts, by a vote of 19 to 5, resolved that "some mode should be established for the amicable and final adjustment of all international disputes instead of resort to war"; and in 1837 a like resolution was passed by the House of Representatives unanimously. Similar declarations were adopted by the Legislatures of other States. In 1874 a resolution in favor of general arbitration was passed by the House of Representatives of the United States.

On November 29, 1881, Mr. Blaine, as Secretary of State, extended, in the name of the President, an invitation to all the independent countries of North and South America to participate in a general congress to be held in Washington on November 24, 1882, "for the purpose of considering and discussing methods of preventing war between the nations of America." Action upon this proposal was postponed chiefly because of the continuance of the Chile-Peruvian war, but it was never entirely relinquished, and on May 28, 1888, the President gave his approval to the act under which was convoked the International American Conference of 1889-90. Of this conference one of the results was the celebrated plan of arbitration adopted April 18, 1890. By this plan it was declared that arbitration, as a means of settling disputes between American republics, was adopted "as a principle of American international law"; that arbitration should be obligatory in all controversies concerning diplomatic and consular privileges, boundaries, territories, indemnities, the right of navigation, and the validity, construction, and enforcement of treaties; and that it should be equally obligatory in all other cases, whatever might be their origin,

nature, or object, with the sole exception of those which, in the judgment of one of the nations involved in the controversy, might imperil its independence; but that, even in this case, while arbitration for that nation should be optional, it should be "obligatory upon the adversary power." As yet this plan represents but an aspiration, since it failed to receive the approval of the governments whose representatives adopted it.

On February 14, 1890, the Senate of the United States, and on the 3d of the following April the House of Representatives, adopted a concurrent resolution by which the President was requested to invite, from time to time as fit occasions might arise, negotiations with any government with which the United States maintained diplomatic relations, "to the end that any differences or disputes arising between the two governments which cannot be adjusted by diplomatic agency may be referred to arbitration, and be peaceably adjusted by such means." On July 16, 1893, the British House of Commons formally declared its cordial sympathy with the purpose of this resolution, and expressed the hope that her Majesty's government would "lend their ready cooperation to the government of the United States" upon the basis indicated.

Nothing tangible had been accomplished in that direction when the controversy over the Venezuelan boundary disclosed the importance of arbitration as a possible means of avoiding a conflict between the two countries. Under these circumstances, Mr. Olney, as Secretary of State, negotiated with Sir Julian Pauncefote, then British ambassador at Washington, concurrently with the negotiation of a special treaty of arbitration for the settlement of the Venezuelan question, a general arbitration treaty. By this treaty provision was made for three classes of tribunals, two of which were to be boards of three or five members, as the case might be, according to the gravity of the matter submitted, while the third was to be, not in strictness a tribunal of arbitration, but a joint commission, in the form lately employed in the Alaskan boundary dispute, specifically to deal with territorial claims. This treaty failed to receive the approval of

the necessary two-thirds of the Senate, but only by a few votes.

In the peace conference that met at The Hague, in 1899, on the invitation of the Czar of Russia, the United States was one of the participants. Of this conference, the most notable achievement was the convention for the peaceful adjustment of international differences. This convention embraces stipulations, first, as to mediation, and secondly, as to arbitration. In the part relating to mediation, the signatory powers agree that, in case of "grave difference of opinion or conflict," they will, before appealing to arms, have recourse, "as far as circumstances permit," to the good offices of one or more friendly powers, and that such powers even may of their own motion offer mediation, without incurring the odium of performing an unfriendly act. The functions of the mediator are, however, declared to be purely conciliatory, and his recommendations "advisory" and not "obligatory." As an adjunct to the system of mediation the convention recommends in certain cases the appointment of an international commission of inquiry, the mode of whose appointment, as well as its jurisdiction and procedure, is to be regulated by a special convention between the disputing states.

By the arbitral stipulations, the object of international arbitration is declared to be "the settlement of disputes between nations by judges of their own choice and in accordance with their reciprocal rights"; and arbitration is recognized as specially applicable to questions of law, and of the interpretation and execution of treaties, which cannot be settled by diplomacy. The resort to arbitration is voluntary, but the convention furnishes a plan by which it is intended to be systematized and made easy. Of this plan the basal feature is what is called the permanent court of arbitration, which is constituted by the designation by each of the signatory powers of not more than four persons "recognized as competent to deal with questions of international law, and of the highest personal integrity." The persons so designated, who are known as "members of the court," constitute a list from which any of the signatory powers, in the event of a contro-

versy, may, if they see fit to do so, choose a tribunal for the decision of the particular case.

To the existence of this convention there is no doubt to be ascribed the recent remarkable agreement between Great Britain and Russia for the settlement, by means of a mixed court of inquiry, of the Dogger Bank incident.

The subject of general arbitration between American nations, which remained in abeyance after the Washington conference of 1890, was again taken up by the Second International Conference of American States, which met at the city of Mexico on October 22, 1901. There appeared to be, as the American members of the conference reported, a unanimous sentiment in favor of "arbitration as a principle," but a great contrariety of opinion as to the extent to which the principle should be carried. A plan was finally adopted in the nature of a compromise. A protocol looking to adhesion to The Hague convention was signed by all the delegations except those of Chile and Ecuador, who are said, however, afterwards to have accepted it. A project of a treaty of compulsory arbitration was also signed by the delegations of certain countries, not including the United States, and a project of a treaty was also adopted covering the arbitration of pecuniary claims.

When we consider the future of international arbitration, whether in America or elsewhere, we are at once confronted with the question as to its limitations. Is it possible to fix any precise bounds, beyond which this mode of settling international disputes may be said to be impracticable? If we consult the history of arbitrations during the past hundred years, we are obliged to answer that no such lines can be definitely drawn; but this is far from affirming that the use of force in the conduct of international affairs will soon be abolished. It signifies merely that phrases such as "national honor" and "national self-defence," which have been employed in describing supposed exceptions to the principle of arbitration, convey no definitive meaning. Questions of honor and of self-defence are, in international as in private relations, matters partly of circumstance and partly of opinion. When the United

States, in 1863, first proposed that the differences that had arisen with Great Britain, as to the fitting out of the *Alabama* and other Confederate cruisers, should be submitted to arbitration, Earl Russell rejected the overture on the ground that the questions in controversy involved the honor of her Majesty's government, of which that government was declared to be "the sole guardian." Eight years later there was concluded at Washington the treaty under which the differences between the two governments were submitted to the judgment of the tribunal that met at Geneva. This remarkable example serves to illustrate the fact that the scope and progress of arbitration will depend, not so much upon special devices, or upon general declarations or descriptive exceptions, as upon the dispositions of nations—dispositions which, although they are subject to the modifying influence of public opinion, spring primarily from the national feelings, the national interests, and the national ambitions.

A Byway

BY MARGARET LEE ASHLEY

THE highway marches sturdily, to market-town and mill,
 But I would find a little road that loiters up a hill,—
 A little vagrant, woodland road, gray-ribboned through the green,
 Where berry brambles bar the way and orchard elders lean.

The highway is the world's way, but I would drop behind
 To follow little luring paths that only laggards find.
 The challenge of the bandit weeds, the tilt with startled bees—
 What can the dusty highway give for tourneyings like these?

The highway is the sun's way and follows east to west;
 But there are yellow, vagrant beams that love my road the best,—
 That linger down the weedy ways, where lady's-lace is spread,
 Or slant through shady orchard paths and tint the tree trunks red.

The highway, the highway!—You follow where it calls;
 I watch you through a leafy screen from crumbling orchard walls;—
 I wait and smile among the green and know that by and by
 We'll lure you back through dust and dew—my little road and I.

The Later Day of Alchemy

BY WILLIAM CONGER MORGAN

Instructor in Chemistry at the University of California

AT the beginning of the last quarter-century the manufacturing world found itself face to face with a serious problem which came as the natural result of the wide extension of its industries. With every ton of manufactured product that the mills turned out for which the world was willing to pay, there appeared the hundredweight or ton of the by-product for which no purchaser could be found. In every process there was so much waste, so much that could not be utilized, yet required care.

But the manufacturer's perplexity was the chemist's opportunity. To utilize rather than remove became the object of his thought, until, in this later day of alchemy, under the influence of the chemist's crucibles and stills, his fluxes and solvents, this "waste" material is constantly being changed into veritable gold.

The chemist examines and scrutinizes every kind of waste the factory puts out, in search for something that can be made of use. Three-fourths of the prepared paints on the market to-day owe their existence wholly or in part to the by-products of the petroleum industry. Car-load after car-load of dynamite comes from the glycerine recovered from the "sweet waters" of the candle-manufacturer and the waste of the soap-maker. The myriads of buttons used speak of their rise from the hoofs and horns of the slaughter-house floor.

The by-products, having been thus called to the aid of the industries, have grown to such proportions as to outrank some of the older interests, and what was formerly waste is to-day the staple article produced, the former manufactured product having become the by-product. Some are doubtless familiar with the old method of "burning charcoal," in which the wood was piled in heaps, covered with

turf, and then set on fire. The smoke rose lazily week after week, while the pile was watched day and night lest the fire should break out and consume as well as char. Finally the mound was torn apart and the coal obtained. By this method three-quarters of the weight of the wood disappeared. An investigation proved that an amount of fuel-gas equal in weight to the charcoal produced was lost, besides about one per cent. of wood-alcohol and acetic acid. One per cent. seems a small fraction, but in this instance these products are of prime importance. To-day the process is entirely changed. The wood is piled on steel cars and run into huge masonry chambers heated by furnaces. Here a few hours accomplish the work of the same number of weeks in the older process. The charcoal stays on the cars while the volatile portions pass off. Lime takes the acid out of the mixture, the alcohol condenses, and the gas is piped around to the furnaces and burned. Should this gas furnish insufficient fuel, the charcoal is burned also, and thus one cord of wood furnishes the means of heating the next.

The process then becomes, not one for the production of charcoal, but for the manufacture of wood-alcohol and acetic acid. This one per cent. of wood-alcohol made in the United States alone in one year is worth \$4,000,000, the acetic acid another million, while the whole amount of charcoal produced would sell for less than this last figure. In some regions where wood is abundant and manufacturing interests few and far distant the chief value of the charcoal lies in the potash salts which it contains. It is, therefore, burned, and from the ashes of the old vegetation there is extracted the life-giving potash for the new. No longer do we hear of "charcoal-burning"; the day of "wood-distillation" is at hand.

By the combination of capital certain industries have become localized. The gigantic abattoirs of Chicago, Kansas City, and Omaha replace a thousand smaller establishments, thus focusing the accumulating by-product. With the handling of increased amounts of material the cost of treating each ton is correspondingly less and its utilization becomes a safe financial proposition.

In the manufacture of steel the greatest care and exactness are required, slight amounts of impurities affecting greatly the properties, and hence the value, of the product. It has been found that the presence of less than one per cent. of carbon, nickel, or manganese renders it harder and more resistant to strains, while small amounts of phosphorus and sulphur make it so brittle that an ore that otherwise could be manufactured into first-class steel is fit only for cheap castings. Millions of tons of this phosphate ore, heretofore quite worthless, are found in the United States alone, huge deposits extending throughout the entire Appalachian system. The discovery that by lining the converters with limestone all this undesirable impurity can be removed, and the metal then worked up into steel as good as the best, has given to these deposits almost as great a value as that of the purest ores. Nor does the saving cease here, for the slag coming from the furnaces working this ore contains a large amount of phosphate. This constituent is necessary for all plant life. Without it not a grain can form, a fruit ripen, or a seed mature. In this "Thomas slag"—so named after the discoverer of the process—the phosphate has been found to be in a condition peculiarly suitable for its assimilation by vegetable life, especially after it has lain on the fields and "weathered" for some time. It is, therefore, in the greatest demand for fertilizers, and thus the revenue from the slag helps to pay the cost of producing the steel.

In the metallurgy of other ores, ideas, and with them methods, have changed correspondingly. Not a quarter-century ago testimony was given in a judicial inquiry as to the cost of handling ore at one of the best-known mines in the United States. It was to the effect that a good-paying gold ore should carry

twenty to thirty dollars' worth of metal to the ton. If it did not contain ten dollars' worth of gold it was of no value, as it would cost fully this to extract it. It has been demonstrated recently that where water is plenty and the ore concentrated by "sluicing," the cyanide process will handle a ton for thirty-five cents. The new Elmore process of concentrating with oil as well as water promises to bring it down to less than ten cents per ton. Abundance of ore carrying two dollars' worth of gold offers ample inducement for capital to-day.

Nor does the saving stop with the present workings. The cyanide process is retroactive. Whereas the earlier methods of extracting gold allowed from twenty to fifty per cent. of the precious metal to escape in the "tailings," the new methods will extract as much as ninety-eight per cent. To recover what has already been wasted is certainly a chimerical idea, but this is what is actually being done in every goldmine in the country. Wrapped up in the huge mountains of "tailings" is an immensity of treasure scarcely to be dreamed of. Many an "abandoned claim" is to-day alive with industry; many a company has ceased to dig for its ore because of the enormous amounts already above ground. Moreover, in the manufacture of cyanide, owing to the increased demand for it, everything that was useless is now put to good use. Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars' worth of leather scraps from the boot and shoe factories, a hundred thousand more of scraps of hoof and horn from the packing establishments, ten thousand dollars' worth of scrap-iron, three hundred thousand dollars' worth of potash from the ashes of plants, together with some charcoal or coal dust, and the mixture is complete. Heat it up and leach it out, into the fire and back to the vats once more, and from this mass of waste comes a million dollars' worth of cyanide every year to recover many times its own value of precious metal.

The United States is the greatest cotton-producing region in the world. More than half of the total supply is grown within the borders of the Southern States. While it may be said with much

truth that American cotton clothes the world, few would surmise how large a share it might also contribute toward feeding the world. In the cotton-plant two-thirds of the contents of the ripe boll is seed, while one-third only is fibre, which, like the tufts of the dandelion, is given that it may ride the winds and be scattered wide. Until recently man has been reversing Nature's idea and using only the wings of the cottonseed. That a valuable principle could be expressed from the seed has long been known, but it is only since the war that its products have assumed any commercial importance. At present more than a million tons of seed are annually sent to the presses. The refined oil resembles olive-oil so closely in its properties as to be practically indistinguishable except by chemical means, and even here the most delicate series of tests is required to distinguish with certainty, no single test being adequate. Hence it is that much of our exported cottonseed-oil has come back to us from France, Spain, and Italy as "pure olive-oil." From it artificial butter can be made, just as nutritious and far more wholesome—since freer from all kinds of bacteria—than the finest dairy product; and since it will keep better, it has some decided advantages over the older conventional product. Cottonseed-oil helps to fill practically every lard-pail in the country, and if, because of the very general way in which it has been used as an adulterant, it cannot be said to have made the race more godly, yet in the shape of soap it certainly has made all of us more cleanly. The cake from which the oil has been pressed furnishes a very good cattle-food, and it can further be used as a fertilizer, being one of the best nitrogen sources available. Forty million dollars is added to the wealth of the cotton belt every year by the saving of this one product.

Wherever two grains of wheat are made to flourish where but one has grown, a saving of the very greatest significance has been brought about. To triple or quadruple the yield from an acre is, however, an every-day occurrence in those sections where a study is made of the conditions of the soil and the needs of the particular crops to be planted thereon. A fundamental tenet of the

new science of agriculture is to put into the soil those constituents which are naturally lacking, and yet are needed for the life of the plant. Fortunately for the welfare of man and significantly for his teaching, most of these substances abound in what was once called waste. Waste from the cottonseed and waste from the packing-house furnish the nitrogen; waste acid from oil-refining mixed with bone and with rock previously worthless gives the phosphoric acid; potash from ashes and waste lime from the kilns—all this goes to make up forty million dollars' worth of fertilizer to yield an increase in production many times its own value, a saving most certainly worth while.

But great as has been the benefit conferred by the by-products upon industry, in some instances their utilization has come as a forced measure and most unwelcome innovation. That legislation should be required to induce a firm to turn into its own pockets thousands of dollars each year, or month of the year, certainly seems a novel proposition in these days when many of our laws are framed to prevent a too close adherence to this very idea on the part of the great corporations.

The manufacture of soda, both baking and washing soda, is a very extensive industry. A hundred years ago but one method was used to supply the total demand. As a constant by-product in the process, a gas was poured forth from the stacks of these factories every day in the year, not less fatal to everything in the vegetable world than the fiery blast that swept down from the crater of old Mount Pelee. For miles around each of the establishments the land was transformed from garden to desert, and in a country as closely settled as England the evil effects soon began to be felt in the surrounding towns, where every edged tool grew dull and every metallic instrument became corroded. The aid of Parliament was soon invoked to put a stop to this devastation, and a bitter fight ensued, in which the wealth and influence of the corporations were freely used in every way to prevent the passage of a measure which, as they said, would practically prohibit the manufacture of soda without decidedly increasing the cost of pro-

duction, but to no avail. The companies were compelled to erect huge towers to prevent the escape of the gas by absorbing it in water, and there resulted ton after ton of that product that we know as hydrochloric or muriatic acid. There was no market for the article, and the companies were prevented by law from throwing it away; for, if they ran it into the streams it killed all the fish, withered the vegetation, and rendered the water unfit for drinking and factory purposes as well. If thrown upon the ground, as the water evaporated the gas escaped, and this was just what the law was enacted to prevent. The acid must be destroyed, and the managers were at a loss to find out how to do this at the smallest possible cost. It was only a few months before a method was discovered of changing this valueless acid into bleaching-salt, for which there was then and has ever since been a large demand. Instead of permanently increasing the cost of soda, this legislation lowered the price of it and of bleaching-salt as well, and to it we of to-day can largely return thanks that we are permitted to use white linen pocket-handkerchiefs and collars instead of the yellow unbleached material.

A condition exactly similar is true of the smelting process. Aside from the deposits of metallic copper in the Michigan region, practically all the ores of copper, zinc, lead, and nickel consist of compounds of the metals with sulphur. In smelting, the sulphur is burned out and gives rise to enormous quantities of sulphur dioxide,—that gas that has taught man to postpone for a moment the pleasure of his cigar when lighting it with a sulphur match, and has caused many a housewife to mourn for the untimely fading and passing away of her most cherished house plants. At Leadville, Joplin, Galena, Argentine, El Paso, and other sections of the country not only treeless but also grassless deserts have been produced by the large smelting establishments. Near Mount Shasta stretches of the finest timber-land stand blasted because of this waste, which, were it utilized, would doubtless be sufficient to erect a new plant for the company every two or three years. By what is known as the “new contact proc-

ess,” this gas can be transformed into the best of sulphuric acid, and where smelting establishments are near enough to the manufactories using this article large revenues are being derived from this waste product every year. However, since sulphuric acid is very cheap and freight rates very high, the economical utilization of the gas in the Shasta and other regions similarly situated, far removed from manufacturing centres, has not yet been accomplished.

Large quantities of coal are annually distilled for the purpose of making illuminating gas for our cities or coke for the blast-furnaces. Since the gas as it comes from the retorts contains several noxious substances which, when burned, produce an unpleasant and harmful odor, before passing it into the pipes for distribution it becomes necessary to purify it by washing several times. In the water of these “scrubbers,” as they are called, a tar collects, most foul-smelling and offensive. In former years it was the custom to run this waste into the streams, but because of the pollution caused by it in running waters, even far removed from the location of the gas-works, State legislation soon prohibited the practice and compelled the companies to free themselves from it in some other way. Expensive furnaces were first constructed to burn the tar, while the water was simply allowed to drain out on the fields and evaporate. A chemical investigation soon demonstrated that many a valuable substance was hidden away in this foul waste, and it was soon submitted to distillation. Benzene and some other similar substances useful as solvents, together with carbolic acid, were the first products saved, the remainder being burned as before. Nevertheless, the recovery of these few substances was a paying proposition.

Benzene was the touchstone fated to work great changes in coal-tar. Hitherto produced in small amounts at a very great cost, but little was known of its properties, but an investigation soon proved it to be the mother of a host of children, each more important than the parent substance. Coal-tar is a veritable treasure-house, from which the world of to-day is drawing practically unlimited supplies of the most varied nature, so

changed in every appearance that few persons ever think of the intimate relation between some of the constantly used household and personal articles and the waste from the gas-works. Mention of the word aniline will at once recall the magnificent colors with which the finest fabrics of to-day are satisfactorily dyed, yet from aniline to benzene is one short step, from benzene to tar another, so that the iridescent hue of the silken gown is but two or three steps removed from the tar that may soil it.

Fifty years ago the spring-time fields on the Mediterranean shores were ablaze from Gibraltar to Jerusalem and back again to Ceuta with the flowers of the madder. From the time of the Pharaohs whose mummied remains have come down to us wrapped in the scarlet clothes of ancient Egypt, until half a century ago, the races of the world had used the madder root as the source of one of their principal dyes, and these fields were reckoned among the resources of those countries wherein it grew. The discovery of anthracene in coal-tar and its manufacture by inexpensive methods withered the madder-fields beyond the possibility of recovery while the world lasts. The traveller of to-day in Asia Minor and India sees what will be denied to him of later day—broad fields of indigo, from which is obtained that one dye which until recently refused to be humbled by the coal-tar upstarts. But even it has fallen at last, and these indigo-fields will soon have passed away. From coal-tar comes naphthalene and from naphthalene indigo, the very same article that has come from the shores of the Mediterranean year after year to give color to our fabrics.

But as though it were not enough for

coal-tar to please the eye in myriad ways, purified and worked over it must needs appeal to the sense of smell and of taste in the most enticing and pleasing manner. The very substance that stimulates the olfactory nerve when the aromatic smell of musk, the spicy scent of cloves, or the sweet perfume of heliotrope is wafted to us on the evening breeze, is made to-day from coal-tar; also the essences of vanilla, cinnamon, and wintergreen, those chief favorites among all flavoring extracts. Moreover, a substance six hundred times sweeter than sugar, a pellet of which half the size of a two-grain quinine pill will sweeten a cup of tea or coffee, comes from the same source. If, after partaking too heartily of confections colored, flavored, sweetened, and scented with coal-tar products, you should "feel indisposed," half the drugs in the pharmacopœia are at your service, and you may preserve the balance of your sweetmeats for another day with benzoic or salicylic acid, both the drugs and the preservative being furnished by the coal-tar also.

Thus have been derived the means wherewith to satisfy the ever-increasing demands of an exacting civilization, a treasure greater than that which flowed from India and Arabia into the coffers of the Italian state until Venice ruled the world with a sceptre of gold. Deep-laden galleons from distant Mexico and Peru freighted to Aragon but a pittance compared with the wealth which lies about us on every side, needing but the touch of the modern industrial spirit to be revealed to our scarce-wondering eyes. Nor will the mines of this waste-land ever give out, for with increasing population will come greater need and growing revenue. For waste is simply that which has been once used and will yet be used again.

An Epitaph

BY ARTHUR STRINGER

O WOMAN-SOUL, all flower, and flame, and dew,—
Through your white life I groped once up to God
In happier days: you lie beneath His sod,
And now through Him alone I grope to you!

The Heir Apparent

BY MRS. EVERARD COTES

(Sara Jeannette Duncan)

"**I** LIKE the shape of his head," Miss Garratt said. We were talking of Randal Cope, and there was more than approval in Miss Garratt's words; there was barely suppressed enthusiasm. We three—Miss Garratt, her niece Ida Chamier, and I—were sitting on the veranda of a private hotel in Toronto. Randal Cope was just visible in the smoking-room; his head, indeed, with a pipe attached, was the salient feature of the window. It was a night of warm June; the maple-trees hung heavily in their clustering sprays around the house. The air held an expanded sense that the day had been got through with, and we sat sharing it with all the city, watching the electric cars flash up and down.

"I like the shape of his head," said Miss Garratt.

"It is a head," I responded, "plainly made to carry a great deal."

Ida looked languidly round at the silhouette in the window. "If it carries its own traditions—" she began.

"It will have enough to do?" I suggested. "Oh, well, we expect more than that."

"Yes indeed," explained Ida's aunt, with that agreeable Southern enunciation that runs the two words into one emphasis. "We expect, don't we, an immense amount?"

It was partly, no doubt, due to the enervating atmosphere that Miss Garratt stopped short of the catalogue of what we did expect; but none of us, of course, would have been able to make it with confidence and facility. The immense amount that we expected was naturally almost as vague as it was vivid; there were so many possibilities, all of them dramatic in the sense of leaping achievement, and never so much as a sign, as yet, to tell us which way to look. Without other indication the gaze upon

Randal Cope enthusiastically travelled back to the chivalric statesman who was his grandfather, and to Mrs. Robert Cope, who was his mother. Either of them by himself or herself would have been an antecedent to build upon, but both! Charles Randal, whose personality had stood even with his power in every capital of Europe, whose moral standards still shone plain above politics: classicist, dialectician, all but artist—and to this great shade his daughter, who was simply in the world of the ideal and its numbered symbols alone a force and a current—here was a Valhalla for a nursery! It contained, so unusually, both the general and the particular. There was not an eye in the great republic so neighboring to us on Miss Lucas's veranda that would not light with a kind of proprietorship in his doctrines at the name of Charles Randal; his was one of those rare circles that widen across the Atlantic and strike effectively upon its still half-hostile farther shore. And to those smaller, more peculiar groups who propose to themselves initiation, what priestess ever stood, with one finger on the curtain and another on her lip, more honored in her function than Margaret Cope? Verily we left our shoes outside. Poet and essayist she was, moulding life with her hands; delicate truth she sounded upon a chord lifted and mystic. Critic and scholar, she measured the world from a height; but in her verse she walked among us and saw all our sad horizons, and beyond.

So that this young man had merely to write his name to make a double appeal, to the heart and to the imagination. He seemed to be aware of this, for he wrote the whole of it and suffered himself to be introduced by the whole of it—"Mr. Randal Cope." On the other hand, he wrote it badly, with cramped careful-

ness, and he was awkward in acknowledging the eager salutations which the world had for him. We of the boundless expectations had such things to go upon—that he came into a room magnificently and went out of it almost sideways; that he had an immense distinction of appearance, which he wore like a tiresome necessary diadem; that he had taken, at Oxford, a degree even more brilliant than his grandfather's—a reflection which gave us an instant's thrill of sympathy with Oxford upon the high ground of prophecy. These were simple threads, but we found at Miss Lucas's that they could be woven into patterns of quite extraordinary complexity. It is satisfying to think that if he had known we were weaving them he could not have retired himself more completely from the field of observation. We saw him before us every day, and to the fact that his splendid head was the ornament of a commanding person we could add that he was rather slovenly in his dress, with an opulent taste in neckties. There was also the general understanding that he was "out here" on an imperialistic mission for one of the leading English magazines. That was all we knew, all we seemed likely to know, and it was so little that one could understand its constituting, for Miss Garratt, a grievance.

We felt the weight of trifles when, a moment or two later, Mr. Cope joined us on the veranda. His hesitation in the French window from the drawing-room was so palpable, his decision in our favor so obvious, that we could not help apprehending that he did nothing lightly. He sat down beside us—not quite beside us, but near enough to form a communicable part of our group—I speak for Miss Garratt and myself; Ida barely lifted her eyelids. Miss Garratt and I were conscious of excitement; I am afraid in our attitudes of alert encouragement we betrayed it; Miss Garratt even twisted her chair a little to bring Mr. Cope's within an arc of welcome. And it was Miss Garratt naturally who addressed him.

"Well, Mr. Cope," said she, "and what do you think of this *al fresco* life?"

The young man looked at her with distant deference. "This—?"

"Oh, this emancipation all about you,

this sitting on verandas in the public of the moon, these airs of the forest in the city streets. But no; I shouldn't ask. These impressions are precisely—aren't they?—what you've come so far to dig out of yourself. They are, of course, valuable, and you keep them, or you ought to keep them, locked up. But you can at least tell us if you don't think it very hot."

It seems absurd to say that Miss Garratt's speech had the force of an assault upon a citadel. Its object seemed literally to gather himself into himself; he visibly receded, shrank into some fastness, from which he still looked out, startled, troubled, and insecure.

"I do indeed find it hot. But—but very delightful also—Miss Garratt."

There was a peculiar charm in his hesitation before uttering her name, and the way his voice dropped in saying it. Certainly deference was his personal note, his note of intercourse. One's imagination flew to his mother and his grandfather—my imagination and Miss Garratt's. And Ida looked up.

"One mustn't press, I know," Miss Garratt went on. "All the same, it would be fascinating to compare notes—what you see with what we see. We too have brought virgin imaginations to this part of the empire; we haven't been here before, either. And we come from Mississippi."

Mr. Cope looked at her seriously and hesitated, seeming to revolve many replies. One saw a young man in a rather rigid attitude of attention, with eyes in which expression struggled to be born, pulling—as if that would help—at his mustache. One noticed a hand of extraordinary shapeliness—the modern, beautifully nervous kind; a hand, one thought, to grasp its inheritance.

"I suppose," he said, finally, "it is even warmer in Mississippi—just now."

"It is quite impossibly warm there," Miss Garratt replied, and I saw her make, and arrest, a movement toward the lorgnette that hung in the folds of her dress. Ida, where she sat, on the edge of the veranda, made half a movement of her head toward her aunt, in which Miss Garratt might have detected something like protest.

"Have you been penetrated by our

national anthem, Mr. Cope?" I inquired.

"'The maple leaf, our emblem dear,
The maple leaf forever.'

In two or three hundred years it will gather sentiment enough to turn it into music. Meanwhile these are all maples, round the house, all that aren't chestnuts."

Mr. Cope started slightly in my direction, as if toward a new emergency. "I have not seen it, I am afraid," he said. His gravity really rendered him culpable. "I must look it up at once."

"I know two more lines," Ida suddenly declared, "if you would like to hear them."

"May I?"

She swung round on the palm of one hand and lifted the clear oval of her face in the shadows.

"'God save the King, and Heaven bless
The maple leaf forever!'"

she sang, with enthusiasm and submission. It was a simple, gay, impersonal note she sounded, with a touch of extravagance, half mocking, in which her young Americanism must needs declare itself; and it took absolutely no account, except the most adventitious, of Mr. Randal Cope as her listener. It was then that I saw, for the first time, his wonderful flash and smile. It was one thing, the sudden happy torch that lightened and deepened in his eyes and the way his upper lip lifted and turned down at the corners,—a demonstration so vivid, a sign so plain, that one threw with a delightful impulse a votive flower to Margaret Cope in the moonlight.

"The maple seems — doesn't it? — to have more leaves than rhymes," he said to Ida, drawing himself back as it were for the effort, which came from him at once audacious and shy, with the oddest effect of old-fashioned prankishness in the way he went on smiling at her from under his eyebrows, very courteous and conceding. It must have been thus, we thought, that he had seen his grandfather address ladies when he was very young.

I suppose Ida Chamier found something to say, but there is no doubt that she looked back at him, felt the release in him, took the smile from his eyes. This one saw in a swift instant pass

straight into the soul of her, whence she gave as quickly something back to him that also sped on a smile. It happened then, just then—the story; and a moment's silence followed it, while the moon moved thoughtfully to a better point of view. Presently Ida sprang up and put on her hat. She was going to post a letter, she said, and she would like to go herself,—thanks. When Randal Cope stepped, rather awkwardly, along the wooden walk by her side, Miss Garratt and I exchanged glances which confessed, startled and contrite, our hateful presence where the moon should have been the only one. Then we saw that he went but to open the gate, and felt relief. He closed the gate, indeed, with quite a contrasting deliberateness, and came slowly back to the house, reaching his rooms by another door.

I looked with more interest than ever at Ida's photograph that night. Her aunt had given it to me; when Miss Garratt became fond of anybody she gave her Ida's photograph. It was a fortunate portrait; it yielded Miss Chamier's personality as well as her beauty; it suggested her fastidiousness as well as her grace, and was as true to her easy distinction as it could not help being to her charming clothes. No doubt, as Miss Garratt said, she was immensely clever—I glanced again at the sonnet the elder lady had lent me—no doubt she shared her aunt's passionate interest in human forms of genius. If one did not see the critical worshipping eye, it was, Miss Garratt declared, because in the arrogance of youth she hid her fire, which nevertheless burned fiercely, and nowhere with more ardent dedication, I had been assured, than upon the altar of Margaret Cope.

"You *must* find it," Miss Garratt charged me a week later. "You must. It's too maddening."

What Miss Garratt so peremptorily demanded that I should find ought by now, we both vaguely felt, to be a matter of daily quiet evidence,—the vision and the power, to put it concisely, that with such brilliant confidence we had predicated of him. And it was not; oh, assuredly it was not. How clever we were, how stimulating, how adventurous! How we danced before him with lutes into the realm of the imagination, always, alas!

to look back and see him seated upon the verge, with a pipe! Everything worth reading he had read, everybody worth meeting he had met—the latter invariably at his mother's, at lunch,—but his consciousness seemed a deep receptive pool into which these things simply disappeared, leaving an untroubled surface. Now and then at the lifting of an eyelid one caught a reflection; it was always true and just, and sometimes it was charming. It gave one vividly the idea that this life upon which he had been able to draw so largely had contributed very really to a fund, somewhere stored up in him, of right thinking and exquisite taste. But the depths were black and the indication most inadequate. We could both point to half a dozen men who abounded in the testimony we sought without producing a tenth of the belief we had already.

"With her," said Miss Garratt, "it would be so entirely a matter of that."

We were convinced that it would. "That" was especially and peremptorily what Ida Chamier would require, and require not in hypothesis, but in demonstration. Nothing else in a mate would claim her, Miss Garratt declared; she knew Ida; and she cited Teddy Farnham with his millions, and Arthur Renick with his political future, as if their rejected addresses might illustrate her point, but were by no means necessary to prove it. Miss Garratt's own idea was very clear. Ida had a spark of genius. I had long since learned its family history. Another spark might bring it to a flame. There was something sacred about such a trust, primarily reposed in Ida and secondarily in her aunt, and though hitherto Miss Garratt had been content to interpret her share of it in the duty of vestal virgin fanning at the altar, the advent of Randal Cope had widened both her solicitude and her responsibility.

"Did I tell you he had written her some verses?" Gussie went on, with dejection.

"No!" I said. "How did you know?"

"Oh, she showed them to me. She well might—they were in *Latin*!"

"Good heavens!"

"She said they were very good, very witty. She knows, you know. But

when she translated them I couldn't see the wit."

"One never can, in translations," I soothed her. "It's a matter of the use of the gerund, or the conjunction *ut*. They probably *were* good."

"Oh, I dare say—I mean, of course they were. How could he produce anything that wasn't? He simply radiates quality," she went on, looking at me anxiously; "and for fibre, hear him speak—look at his hands."

"You're not trying to convince *me*!" I protested. "But here she comes. Shall I be bold?"

Miss Garratt sent me a frightened glance, which I ignored.

"We were talking about Randal Cope," I said, as Ida joined us.

The faintest look of displeasure showed, for an instant, between her eyebrows. Then she laughed.

"No!" she exclaimed, railing at us, as if we were always doing it.

"We simply cannot make up our minds," I continued.

"Make up your minds?" It was an excellent effect of wondering indifference, and Miss Chamier sat down to the piano.

"Whether one is safe, after all, in predicating great things of him."

She struck two or three chords, into which, I fancied, thought passed. "Why predicate anything?" she said. "Why not wait?"

"That's so difficult," I sighed, "when one is dying to foretell and be gloriously vindicated. We complain, your aunt Gussie and I, that he gives us nothing to go upon but our instincts."

"I am out of temper with him," said Miss Garratt, taking up a book.

Ida glanced from one to the other of us. "I don't see that it matters," she said. "I don't see what right you have—any of us have—to expect him to please *us*."

"That view," I said, with infinite guile, "simply shows you non-speculative, dear. Or perhaps not so deeply interested as your aunt and I are in his mother. We want to see Mrs. Cope fulfilled in her son, and he seems somehow to present a baffling front to his destiny. It's absurd, as you justly remark, to be irritated, but we both are."

"Oh, his mother!" exclaimed Miss

Chamier, and fell to the brilliant execution of the "Appassionata." She paused abruptly to say, "He seems to take a good deal for granted about his mother."

"Not too much, surely."

"Well, he is always telling one what she thinks or what she does."

"How delightful of him! I wish he would tell *me*."

"Doesn't he?"

"Never a word. He tells me little stories, usually about bishops."

"He suggests having always lived among them," put in Miss Garratt, with an air of mournful detachment. "Bishops and high-thinking men. But he is the enviable inheritor of all the great traditions, isn't he? In letters and morals and politics."

"And there's something in him," I contributed, "so hoarded, so precious, so absolutely the last expression, that its inaccessibility—"

I stopped. Ida had left the piano, and waited, looking at me oddly, with her hand upon the door. She broke almost passionately upon my hesitation.

"I can't think," she said, "why you and Aunt Gussie talk about him so much! I can't think!" Then she went quickly out.

"And now," demanded Miss Garratt, in low tones of panic—"and now what have you done?"

Well, we could wait. After all, it came to that, and her aunt and I made all, I venture, that could be made out of the fact that this obvious course was Ida's own suggestion. Meanwhile a leading magazine published another of her Italian sketches, which she immediately locked up in a drawer. I did not hear of it till long afterwards.

Mr. Cope's commission was from the *Period*. His reticence could only be described as protective, but so much he had divulged, not being able to help it, since Miss Garratt asked him point-blank. The *Period*, we agreed, was precisely the medium through which a Randal Cope could show his essential quality to the world. You found, as your great-grandfather had found, the best thought in England in the *Period*; and one could imagine its welcome to young Randal. They had given him generous imperial range; I understood

he was only beginning with Canada; and he seemed to me to be almost hampered with facilities. The name of the Lieutenant-Governor of the province came up between us.

"I know Sir George," he said. "He was kind enough to ask me to stay there."

"And you didn't?" I queried.

"Well, no. I think a fellow had better keep out of Government Houses. He's a bit too much in the middle of it there, I find."

"How are you getting on?" I asked, looking out of the window. "I believe it will rain, after all."

"Oh—thank you—there's immense material, isn't there? I—I've sent them something."

Presently he turned and looked at me with directness, a simple and sudden regard. The rain struck softly on the trees and murmured over the grass. The quiet breath of it came into the room.

"You know I ought to do something," he said, and in his eyes, with almost a pang, I saw the problem that had been perplexing us all.

"But you will. You can hardly"—I hesitated—"help it."

"That's just it." He paused appreciably, and then added, "It seems to me that I've got—more or less—to trust to that. I hope one may. One has dreams."

He gave me a look full of courage and patience and nice feeling, but he had come to the end of his confidence.

"I'll walk out to the Hunt Club, I think," he said; "it's such a jolly day."

He brought it to me himself, the August *Period*, on the veranda, while there was still light enough to read. I remember thinking, as one notes trifles at great moments, that the *Period* had never approved of undignified anticipation; when the time came you got your *Period*, and not in the third week of the previous month. Almost at the same moment the gate clicked, and Ida came quickly up the path. She went to her room without a glance at us, and she carried a book-seller's parcel.

My eye fled down the list of contents on the cover. There it was, the fourth article: "Canada and the Empire.—I. By Randal Cope."

My eye fled over the first sentence, lost itself in the middle of the next para-

graph, and dashed back to take the task seriously, with powers collected. The queer premonitory shiver that sprang upon me I paused to denounce as foolish, premature; but the very rebuke revealed its apprehension. I tried to soothe a jumping pulse with the assurance that this was a matter with which, after all, my concern was remote; what was it, indeed, to me though Randal Cope spoke with the tongue of men and of angels and had not imagination? Then I set out to read the opening paragraph, deliberately, and quite in vain. It was concerned, I perceived, with facts of the first importance in the balance of political science, but their category escapes me now as then; the character of the thing, its quality, its significance beyond its meaning, leaped out from it and obscured the words. Presently I gave up the effort and looked at it, just looked, and at the next paragraph, and the next.

Then, hastily, I regarded the article by pages, from top to bottom, from beginning to end; it bulked very respectably among the contents of the *Period*. The eye could take it in that way, I realized in my dismay; its lines and proportions stood square and plain; it had formal definition; it was instantly realizable, in scope, intention, achievement. And we who thought to ponder it, to wonder and exclaim! To be confounded by directness and set at naught by exactitude was perhaps in the nature of proper chastening, but the structure proffered also the consideration of material, and there was no escape from the dejected conviction that it was all built of bricks.

Closer examination here and there showed the bricks substantial, with plenty of straw, but when one had looked for a marble palace! Irreproachable bricks, set with precision, and what would have been, in any other material, a certain dignity of sequence and design, a great subject in ground-plan, and an eminence like a railway station. And curiously colorless and withdrawn, never the flush of a prejudice, never the flash of a mistake! I dropped the thing in my lap. "How they have taught him!" I almost groaned aloud. At that very instant I saw Gussie Garratt from her retreat by the drawing-room window pounce upon the post-

man, who delivered to her the magazine in its unmistakable wrapper. As she scuttled across the end of the veranda with it I waved my copy at her. "Never—never—never!" I cried. She gave me a frightened glance and sped on. Then Randal Cope came back and dropped into a chair. His face was still bright with the pleasure and excitement of it. He had won his spurs, and there they were, for my intelligent consideration. I turned them over. There was plenty to say in honest praise; one had only to forget the signature.

We talked for a while, and presently a vagueness grew upon him.

"Would you be so good as to show the article to—to Miss Chamier?" he said elaborately at last, poor dear boy. "She has kindly expressed a wish to see it;" and I went up-stairs, feigning to consent, well knowing that Miss Chamier, alone in her room, had long since considered the article in its fullest import.

I do not know what induced me to throw the publication across the room; it was quite a disproportionate display of feeling; but I did, and there it was lying, face downwards, when Ida Chamier, with barely a knock, walked in.

"I came," she said, with an odd challenge in her voice, "to show you Mr. Cope's paper in the *Period*." She put it before me and stood looking over my shoulder. "It's quite excellent, I think—wonderfully sound"—and then her eyes caught the dishevelled thing on the floor. "But you've seen it already!" She walked over and picked up the insulted magazine, smoothing out its ruffled leaves, and sending me, on a glance, a full charge of indignation. "What did you do this to it for?" she demanded; and there was nothing else for it, so I said out of my pure wonder,

"I was disappointed with it."

"Of course you were! And Aunt Gussie—no doubt she's 'disappointed' too! You both expected something different, something from his mother or his grandfather. His mother is a poet and an essayist—well and good, very charming. His grandfather was just a great Englishman, and there are lots of them. And he is himself!"

Her eyes were bright with excitement; she was really talking very impulsively.

"Just a big, strong, splendid man, his own stamp and his own pattern—"

"My dear Ida!" I expostulated.

"You had no *earthly* business to be disappointed," she went on, undaunted. "Can't he inherit all that—that you thought of—in his most"—she seemed to seek, in the magnificence of her concession, for words that should hold nothing back—"his most lovable and princely nature? Can't he himself be the sole person to benefit—and perhaps the particularly happy woman whom he marries? Imagine any individuality that is worth its salt condescending to take the mould that is prescribed for it! But of course there was always the danger—and I *was* so afraid he might be some sort of repetition. I don't think anybody could permanently l—like a man who was only that."

"Ida! You don't—you're not going to—"

"But I do—and I just am! He doesn't know what I waited for, but I don't mind telling you it was this. I wanted to be quite sure. And I wish you'd say," she went on, with beguilement, "that you think it's a good article."

"If I were in love with him," I retorted, "I should think it a splendid article;" at which Miss Chamier pressed her lips together with immense self-control and left me.

"You and Aunt Gussie," she put her head back in the door to say, "did put one off so dreadfully!"

The book appeared in due course, and the only thing the copious reviewers never found to say of it was that the world would clearly have no share in Randal Cope's inheritance. They missed this obvious deduction, though other volumes have proved it with increasing clearness since. The younger Copes live in Westminster near the Colonial Office, where Randal has got a "job"—his wife delights, I think maliciously, to dwell upon it under that unlovely term. He is generally acknowledged to be rather good at his job. Miss Garratt, who has a flat in their neighborhood, nurses a grievance that these things should not appear to surprise the people of England. She discovers here a subtle form of ingratitude not confined to republics. And she cannot be bullied into any recantation about the shape of his head.

So Sings New Iron

BY CHARLES COLEMAN STODDARD

S IRED by fire and mountain-born, and torn from its sheltering breast
To serve the need, or the strength and greed, of a world of strife and rest;
The share of peace, or the shaft of war—'Tis mine to curse and bless,
To preach the gospel of honest toil or the creed of fearlessness.

To bow the oak at woodman's stroke, and call the corn to life,
To bear and send, to make and mend for husbandman and wife;
To forge the brand for warrior's hand, to give and guard the right
In every land where he may stand and with its foeman fight.

Where the crimson rain from thousands slain is showered on the trampled sod,
And the strife-tide swells in a surge of blood that cries to the throne of God;
'Mid the mocking laugh of gun-lit seas, and the awful crash and groan
When great ships lock in deadly shock or sink in the dark alone.

Old as the world and young as the day, and hurled from the hand of Fate,
I come new-born, of power unshorn, a message of love or hate.
What joys, what woes I shall cause, who knows, in the days that are to be?
What souls I shall sink in the depths of Hell, or bless through eternity?

Slayer and healer, and friend and foe, the worst and the best to man;
Strength to his hand since the earliest days when the work of the world began;
Wreathed with roses or red with rust, War's frown or the smile of Peace;
A curse or a blessing, to come and go till the work of the world shall cease.

The Truth About Inca Civilization

BY A. F. BANDÉLIER

Of the American Museum of Natural History, by courtesy of which the illustrations are reproduced

THE true condition of the aborigines of Peru and Bolivia in the beginning of the sixteenth century is little understood. The general belief is, vaguely, that a vast empire, that of the Inca, embraced the whole of Peru, of Bolivia, Ecuador, and northern Chile, and that this state was ruled by an "Indian dynasty" after a partly military, partly theocratic system. It is thought that the Inca in the course of centuries assimilated the overpowered natives, imposing upon them their creed, language, and institutions; that they organized the entire vast territory into provinces, with governors of Inca stock; that they exercised a despotic control over every phase of life of their subjects, at the same time governing with paternal benevolence. This picture has been for more than four centuries not only the creed but the delight of readers, who were glad to think that in one corner of the earth, at least, such an idyl had been realized.

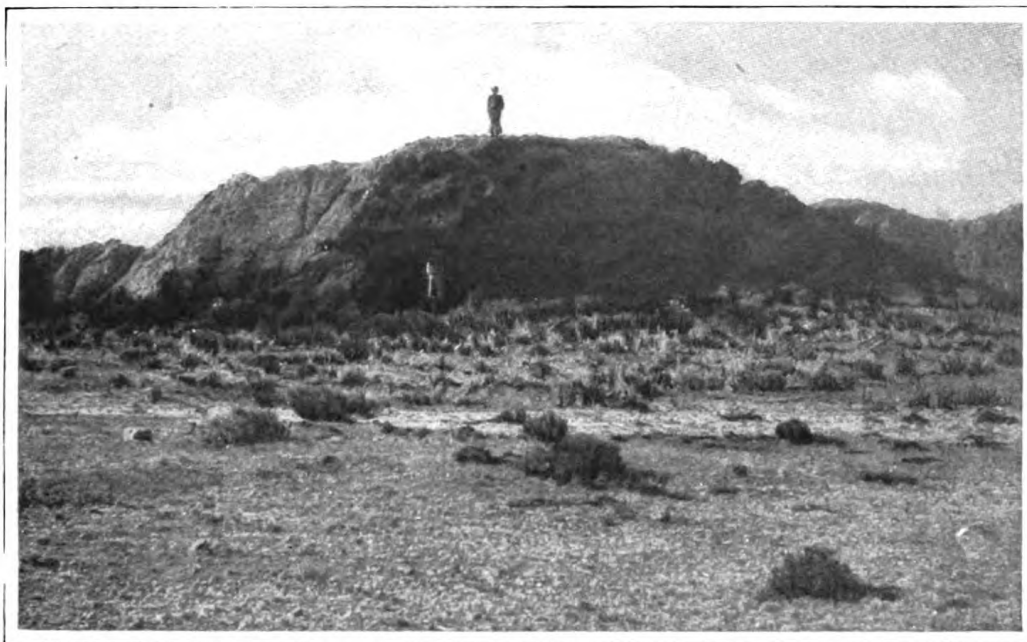
It is the purpose in this paper to divest this subject of the picturesque halo thrown about it by purely legendary lore and to present a true picture of the Inca dominion and civilization—the result of explorations and researches made by the writer into ruins and monuments, many specimens of which were brought by him to the American Museum of Natural History in New York.

The most important and interesting of my explorations, as directly bearing on this subject, was that undertaken in 1895 on the island of Titicaca, situated in the lake bearing the same name, lying between Bolivia and Peru, and 12,500 feet above the level of the Pacific. The myths and legendary lore preserved by many Spanish chroniclers surround the island with a halo of romance to which far too much impor-

tance has been attached. The current story is that the Inca tribes of Cuzco (which overran all of Peru and part of Ecuador) had here their origin, and that in pious remembrance of this fact the later Inca returned to this cradle, erecting upon the island rich sanctuaries and establishing an elaborate ritual. Here there was a rock held sacred by all the tribes around, and, according to legend, bedecked with silver and gold to dazzle the eyes of the people far away on the shores of the lake. This famous rock is near the northwestern extremity of the island, about three miles from Challa, and we made it the first object of our study. Taking the narrow path at the base of the rocky heights of the Calvario, leading to a garden which, of course, is called the "Garden of Inca," though it was planted by the Spanish owners of the island in the eighteenth century. Really of Inca construction are the narrow conduits through which the waters gathering on the hillsides are led into the lake to prevent their soaking the ground—a device creditable enough to the Indians without embroidering on it imaginary landscape-gardening. From this garden the ascent begins, over rocks and narrow terraces to the isthmus of Kasapata.

Here on this green esplanade of Kasapata, overshadowed by the white peaks of the Bolivian Andes, are scattered ruins from the time of the Inca, who occupied the island in the fifteenth century, a generation or more before the European discovery of America.

These ruins consist, first, of a narrow quadrangle of indifferent masonry laid in mud, with undecorated walls and no roof; and, next, of a group of houses, which we unearthed, and out of which we obtained hundreds of fragments of beautifully painted pottery, some cu-



THE SACRED ROCK, TITI-KAKA

The well-known legend that the Inca covered this rock with plates of gold and silver, in order to dazzle their enemies, is now disproven

rious vases of baked clay, made to support the jars and jugs with conical bottoms so characteristically Inca, some trinkets of turquoise and lazulite, copper and bronze tools, and a quantity of llama and deer bones. Here we saw a huge block, a kind of natural chair, on which human sacrifices are said to have been offered, the victims being strangled. Here also we found and opened several graves of children, infants having by preference been chosen for sacrifice.

Three hundred feet higher is the famous shrine, the sacred rock Titi-Kaka—the Rock of the Cat. This is properly the name applicable to the whole group of heights forming the island. The name now often given to Titicaca, the Island of the Sun, has no basis beyond the fact that upon it somewhere stood a house in which the fetish of the sun and other idols were formerly worshipped. The report that the rock was plated with silver so as to shine as far as the lake shore is refuted by the fact that the face of the rock cannot be seen from the shore.

A single building remains that enables one to form an idea of what the other ruins may have been when intact. This is the one on the western slope, called

to-day Chinkana, signifying an entanglement. The Chinkana lies on a considerably inclined plane, with a full and sombre view over the Peruvian mainland. It is built of stone fairly broken and laid in mud, its walls are of very unequal thickness, and the angles are anywhere between slightly acute and moderately obtuse. Owing to the slanting ground, the inferior portions appear like a lower story, but they only stand on a lower plane, and the others are not superposed. The structure, as the ground-plans show, is composed of two wings with a free space between, and is really an entanglement, as a careful measurement of it will soon convince the victim of this laborious task. Although far from large, it is such a conglomerate of tiny cells, narrow corridors, courts, and few moderately spacious halls, that even a compass leads astray. To relate the number of falls, slides, and way-losings that accompanied our survey of this labyrinth would claim a book for itself. Some of the corridors are so low and narrow that I had to delegate my wife for the work of measuring, with the assistance of a diminutive Indian minor. The roofs are not all gone; most of the

gangways are covered with heavy flags of stone laid alongside of each other. As for obscurity, dampness, and chilliness, the Chinkana surpasses anything among the hundreds of ancient ruins it has been our lot to explore.

Concerning this edifice we have some data. It was the habitation of those

sacrifice. Of these, the American Museum has the only collection extant, and they were exhumed very near the sacred rock and the Chinkana.

It is also possible that here the handsome earthenware modelled after the chaste types of Cuzco ceramics was manufactured.

The Pucara ruins, reached by the ascent from Challa to the backbone of the island, are what is left of a station established by the Inca for pilgrims on their way to the neighboring island of Koati—there to fulfil particular vows.

Nowhere in western South America (or on the American continent) had the pre-Columbian inhabitants reached a conception of society above that of the clan as original unit, of the tribe as an association of clans for protection and subsistence, and in a few instances of a confederacy of tribes for purposes of defence at first, and afterwards of offence. Such was the condition in Peru, Ecuador, and Bolivia. Along the coast every arable valley was inhabited by a tribe of sedentary Indians, not only autonomous, but independent, speaking, if not always a distinct language, at least a dialect of its own, having its own tribal government and its own religious ceremonial. Inter-course between these separate clusters took place, and while it led to trade and barter and was mostly peaceful, hostilities sometimes occurred. It is not known that, previous to the arrival of the Spaniards, any coast tribe had acquired an ascendancy over the others so as to control their destinies or render them tributary.

In southeastern Peru, in the valley of Cuzco, a tribe bearing the name of Inca had quietly grown in culture and numbers previous to the eleventh century of our era. That tribe spoke, like most of the mountaineers, the Quichua language. It had reared a settlement in the high but comparatively fertile basin, and subsisted upon the crops which the chilly climate allowed to grow, namely, potatoes, oca, the milletlike quinoa, and some maize. The habitual segregation of tribe from tribe was enforced in the case of the Inca by topography, the valleys of the Sierra being separated from each other by rugged mountains traversed by



GOLD AND SILVER ORNAMENTS MADE BY INCA
Pin, disc, bell, tweezers used instead of razor; figures of
a llama and of a man

whose duty it was to care for the worship addressed to the various supernatural beings believed to reside near the site. It is not improbable even that it was occupied exclusively by women. These victims were a part of the tribute exacted by the Inca from tribes which they overpowered and forgot to exterminate. The women who were there enclosed had, among other duties, to weave ponchos for worship. For the Peruvian aborigines, like all Indians, had ceremonial robes, some of which were to be hung on the fetishes on certain occasions, others to be worn by the shamans when performing in public, still others to be offered up in

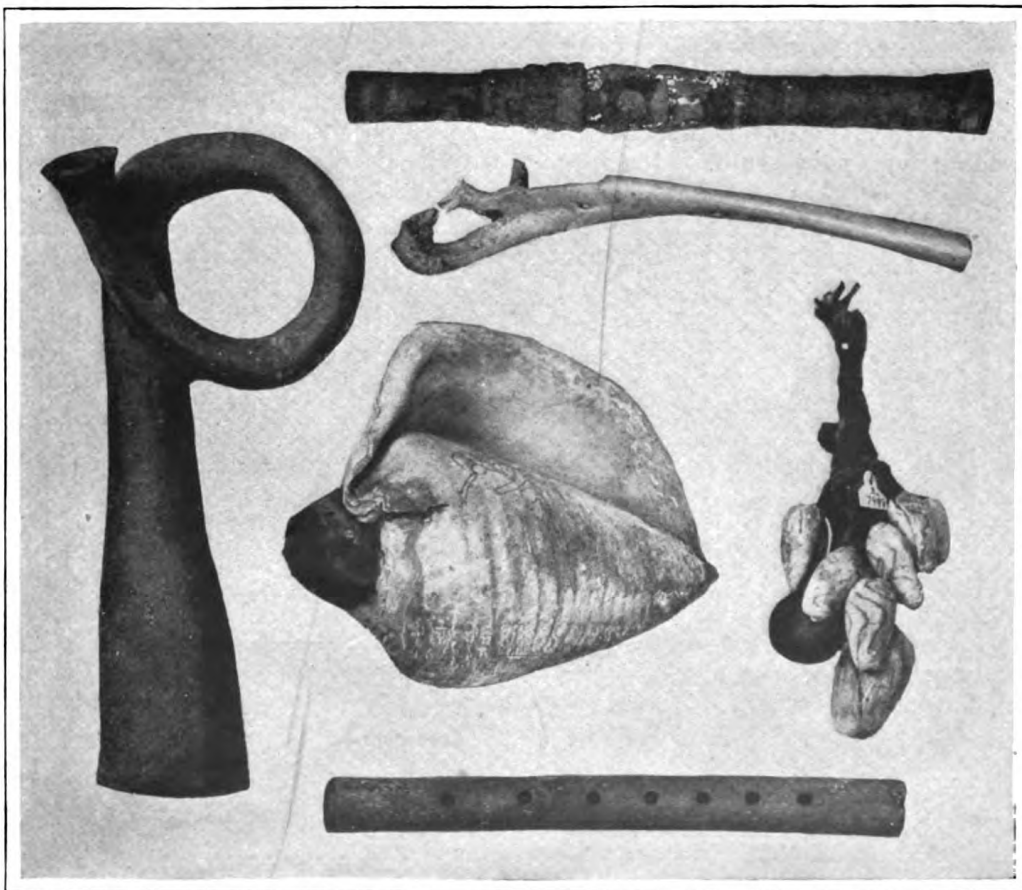
torrents which, as often as a freshet takes place, obstruct travel. Still, the Inca (like all Peruvian mountaineers) had a great advantage over the coast Indians. They owned and reared an indigenous beast of burden, the llama, by which it was possible to traverse deserts with sufficient means of subsistence.

About the twelfth century, in consequence of intertribal warfare in which the Inca successfully held their own against assailing neighbors, they began to raid on those who had formerly raided them. When defeated, they withdrew to their home, access to which could easily be barred in the narrow gorges forming its entrance. When successful, they either exterminated the vanquished or exacted from them tribute and military assistance. The overpowered became tributary allies. Nowhere did the Inca impose upon these a government of

members of their own tribes; nowhere did they establish permanent garrisons or change the mode of worship. The vanquished remained autonomous, unless so refractory or so reduced in numbers that extermination or removal became advisable.

In this manner, slowly and gradually, sometimes in one direction, again in another, the Inca, as much driven to expansion for self-protection as influenced by greed, overcame one after another the tribes of the Peruvian highlands, increasing their military power and tribal sway. Some of their nearest neighbors, like the Aymará, resisted longest, and it is not certain whether they were conquered or if, after lengthy hostilities, they joined the Inca as confederates.

Farther southeast than central Bolivia the Inca did not penetrate. The Quichua-speaking Indians of southern Bo-



MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS EXHUMED BY THE AUTHOR

Clay trumpet; shell trumpet; flutes of reed, wood, and bone; rattle of shells. Unharmed by centuries of burial in Peru

livia and northern Argentine had nothing in common with the Cuzco people except the language; they held the country before the Inca began their career of subjugation and rapine, and never had intercourse with them. Towards Chile, Inca incursions did not reach as far as believed. To the north, following the backbone of the Sierra, they overran Ecuador. The forest tribes of the east they were careful not to disturb.

The Indians of the coast were as highly advanced as the Inca, and several of their groups almost as numerous, but the latter had the advantage of *descending* from the mountains by following a constant supply of water. The rivers diminish greatly in volume as they reach the coast, and by seizing (often after long struggles) the outlets the Inca held these valley tribes at their mercy. In this manner they overcame the coast peoples one after another, and it is possible that one very numerous tribe (Chincha) became, not their tributaries, but their allies.

When the Spaniards first reached the coast of southern Ecuador they heard indefinite reports about a warlike tribe dwelling far to the south in the moun-

tains and called "Cuzco." These Cuzco people were feared, for at any time their war parties might sweep down upon the coast villagers. When Pizarro, following these indications, marched into the interior in search of the "Cuzco," he came to settlements the inhabitants of which acknowledged to be tributary to the latter. He also met, finally, an Inca tribute-gatherer, but nowhere did the Spaniards find Inca "governors" or Inca "garrisons." There were storehouses for tribute, and buildings to which the term of "houses of sun-virgins" or "vestals" has been applied, but which bore an entirely different character.

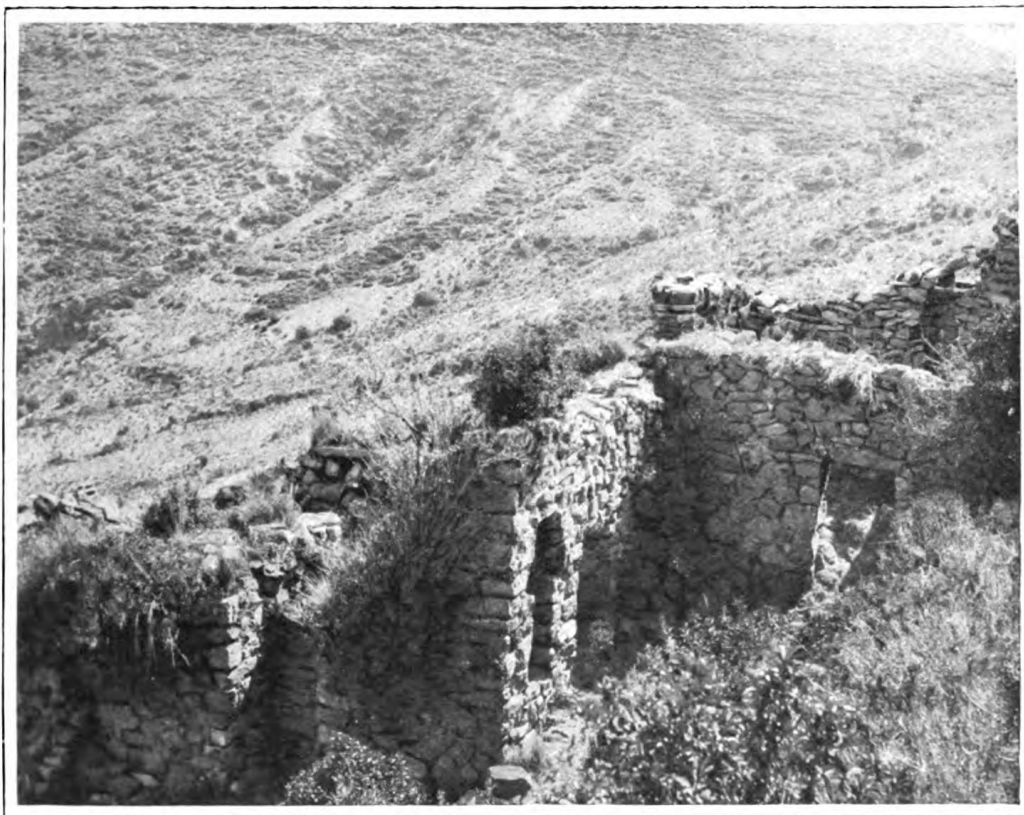
Nowhere, either on the coast or in the highlands, did the Spaniards see the least trace of an attempt at forming a homogeneous nationality; every tribe ruled itself as before its subjugation by the Inca.

It has been frequently stated that a gigantic road system, due to the Inca, traversed western South America from Chile to Ecuador in two parallel lines, one following the highlands and the other the seashore. Roads of ancient make exist in various places, but they are not after a general plan and not connected.



UTENSILS OF AN INCA HOME

Chopping-knife of copper, handle decorated with carved figures of man and woman; wooden cup for libations; brazier for popping corn, and below it a corn-grinder



RUINS OF THE CHINKANA, OR "HOUSE OF ENTANGLEMENT"

These roads or wide trails I have seen often and measured in the course of eleven years of explorations, and have found them to be ways of communication between neighboring tribes, made by these tribes previous to Inca sway. Bitter are the complaints of the early Spaniards, when they describe their first march to Cuzco, over the absence of trails, even in the vicinity of that settlement.

The word "Inca" designated the tribe that dwelt in the valley of Cuzco, and not a royal family or dynasty. That tribe consisted of at least twelve autonomous clans locally separated from each other, but forming one extensive settlement. The numbers of the tribe have always been exaggerated. If we admit seventy thousand souls as a maximum, we are still above the truth.

What is left of ancient remains through the present Spanish city of Cuzco justifies this estimate, and it is further confirmed by the descriptions of eye-witnesses (like Bishop Valverde) and by the official report on the distribution

of building sites to the first Spanish settlers. We gather the impression that Cuzco, like the (almost equally large) settlements on the Peruvian coast, was an extended cluster of groups of dwellings and spacious courts, so that it presented a deceptive appearance as far as actual population was concerned. Each clan formed a village inside of the whole, with its own places of worship and official building, for each clan was autonomous, with a council of elective officers, who acted as long as they were able or not removed. There were executive chiefs, elective also, and under that council's control. Finally a delegate was chosen who, with those from the other clans, constituted the supreme council and chief authority of the Inca tribe. Chosen by that council, with the oracular guidance of the medicine-men or shamans, and installed through the latter, a head war-chief acted for life, or as long as not deposed. To this officer the name of "Inca" has been given by tribes outside, whereas his proper title was entirely dif-

ferent. The notion of succession by heredity is set aside, first by the (involuntary) confessions of such as claimed Indian origin after Spanish occupation, and besides, by the rules of descent in the clan, which was in the female line.

We have been told that the Inca worshipped the sun as principal deity, and that they had an idea of monotheism. The latter is disproved by all unprejudiced statements. The "creator" of the Peruvians is as much a misconception as the "Great Manitou" of the Indians in North America. The Inca worshipped not only the sun, but the moon also, and certain stars and the elements; and stones of peculiar shape, color, and size, and especially tall mountains or striking rocks, had their shrines, where medicine-men were in constant attendance, to give oracles, and to receive offerings in return, which were either burned, buried before the shrine, or kept for the benefit of the attendants.

This entailed the erection of storage buildings in connection with places of worship. The religious structures of the Inca consisted of clusters of edifices, small in size, though large in number. The shrines proper were small and dingy. Idols were of stone, sometimes also of

gold, silver, and, rarely, of wood. What is known of them leads to the inference that they were chiefly crude representations of human forms; also natural objects, like crystals, striking concretions, and blocks strangely colored. The creed of the Inca was an elaborate fetishism.

The Inca had the rudest notions possible of astronomical phenomena and their periodicity. They had lunar months, and noticed only the solstices, which is easily explained by the fact that in those regions there are only two seasons distinguishable—a wet and cold summer and a dry and cold winter. The equinoxes were not marked by any striking phenomena.

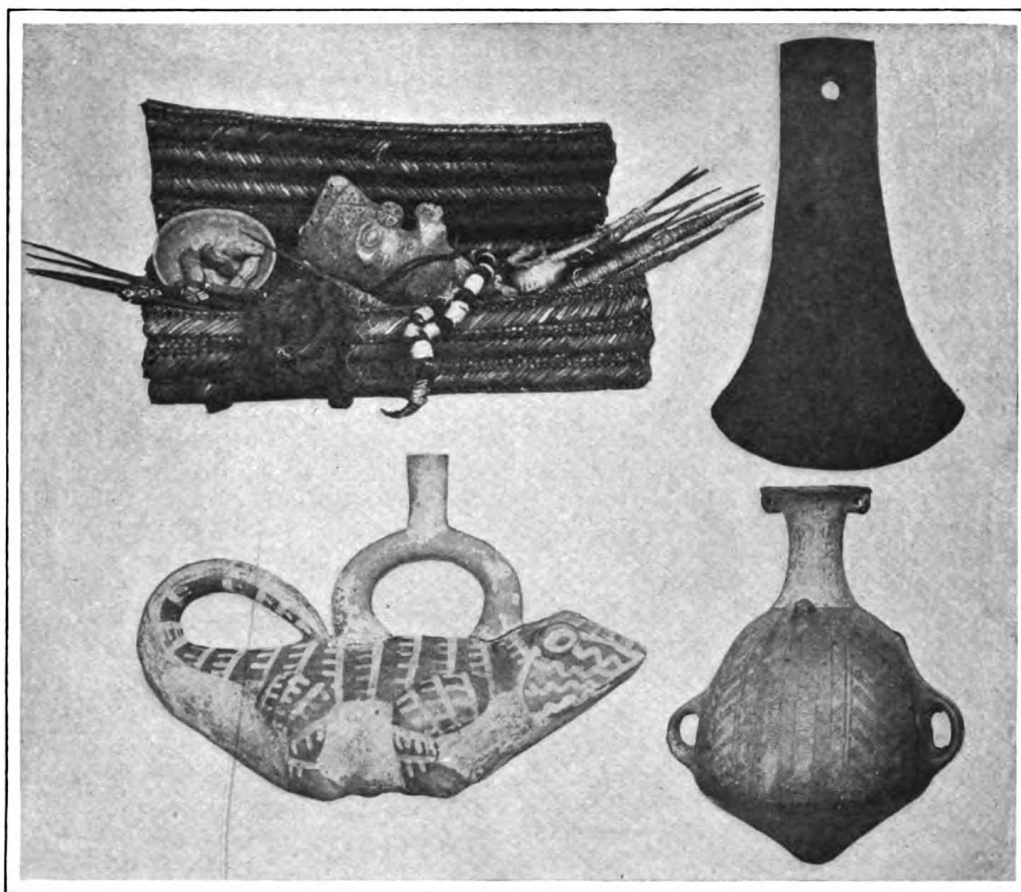
The main staple of food was and is the potato, which is planted at various times of the year according to variety and locality. Implements for tilling the ground were of stone and copper, or of a bronze empirically discovered and accidentally combined. The Peruvian highland in general is very broken, and there are no extended levels. The coast valleys also are not extensive. So the very steep slopes had to be cultivated where possible. For this reason the Indians resorted to the scheme of narrow terraces, covering declivities like steps and faced with stones to prevent their being swept away by torrential rains. These terraces are found not only in South America, but in New Mexico, Mexico, and Guatemala. Their large number in South America is not, as often asserted, evidence of a numerous ancient population.

Art and industry among the Inca were quaint rather than beautiful. They knew how to wash gold, to fuse it in small quantities, and to hammer it in very thin sheets easily folded and bent into any desired shape. They melted the least refractory silver and copper ores, but cast objects are much more rare than hammered ones. Their bronze is an accidental alloy, and it has not yet been discovered where the tin was obtained. On the coast, where ores are less abundant, ancient metallic objects are comparatively more numerous than in the mountains. In general, the industrial art of the coast villagers appears to have been slightly superior in some respects to that of the Inca, and it cannot be



CLAY WATER-VESSEL

Representation of a man beating a drum



HOUSEHOLD ARTICLES A THOUSAND YEARS OLD

Work-basket buried with mummified woman, containing spinning-tools, comb, raw flax, little dishes, and handful of peanuts. Also copper axe-head, pottery figure of lizard, and water-bottle of clay elaborately decorated in colors

too much insisted upon that the antiquities from the Peruvian coast are the work of a people whom the Inca overawed but who had nothing in common with them in language, and had developed their culture independently.

The pottery of the Inca is totally different from that of the coast. It is inferior in plastic decoration, but the forms are chaster, more severely beautiful. Paint, not modelling, was the basis of ornamentation. For textile fabrics the Inca possessed wool of the llama, alpaca, and of the vicuña. This last is very fine, and therefore adapted to decorative tissues. When tightly woven it becomes impermeable. The ponchos and smaller articles of dress, destined for ceremonials, were usually made by the inmates of what have been improperly termed houses of virgins. They used the same kind of aboriginal looms gen-

erally known in America, and produced fabrics of astonishing elaborateness and solidity. It is known that on some of these garments as many as fifteen years were spent, the girl who wove them obtaining thereby a longer lease of life and sometimes immunity. In art and industry the peculiar Indian trait of utter disregard of time was the main feature.

This feature is noticed in building. Inca architecture is peculiar in that its stonework is strikingly well done though plain, considering the implements (stone mauls and tools of copper and bronze). The intentional tempering of bronze, mentioned as a "lost art," is a fable. Instead of binding with mud, the Inca fitted the blocks by patiently rubbing the sides that had to join, and mostly (not always) the faces also. In many constructions the blocks are very large, and their transport was effected by means of

wooden levers, ropes of llama hide, and possibly rollers of wood. There is no timber on the table-land, but in the few valleys on the eastern declivity of the Andes, where Inca constructions exist, it is abundant. For hoisting, inclined planes were used, of rubble or earth. The roofs were of thatch, as in many places to-day, only narrow passages and small cells being covered with slabs, and in some cases a bastard arch formed the ceiling. The dwellings were small; official houses and ceremonial buildings had large halls, and most of the important ceremonies were performed in open squares. Their fortifications were not for permanent occupation by a garrison, but temporarily held for defence or as places of refuge. They are massive facings of high terraces, either cyclopean or in courses closely joining.

In all these structures absence of symmetry is noticed. Angles are only true as an exception, the circles not perfect,

the vertical is an accident. The Inca attained a near approach to exactness, but lacked the simplest devices of mechanical engineering. Massiveness gave solidity, and polish protected against scaling, perforation, and decay. The palaces spoken of are myths.

The Inca were beyond doubt a successfully warlike tribe. None of the tactics, however, displayed in their encounters with the Spaniards rose above the level of those used by other Indian tribes.

While this picture of the Inca and their culture is far from complete, it presents them in the light in which the documents from the period when their primitive condition was yet scarcely impaired, and in which my eleven years' study of their country and remains, and twenty-three years of constant intercourse with Indians in both hemispheres for purposes of investigation, actually places them.

Realization

BY *BURGES JOHNSON*

OF the fabric of filmy dreams, Dear,
 I wrought in the days gone by,
 And I built me a land whose golden strand
 Lay under a shining sky;
 None knew the road to that far abode
 Save only my dreams and I.

There were paths for my every whim, Dear,—
 Hills for the boldest view,—
 For humbler moods the valley roads
 To deeds that I meant to do:
 And byways fair found vistas rare
 All fashioned of hopes come true.

There came a maid to my dreams, Dear,
 One time as I wandered wide,
 And it scarcely seemed that I could have dreamed
 That we wandered side by side;
 For hand in hand we roamed the land,
 And the world was glorified.

That realm is fading away, Dear,
 Its heights I can scarce define;
 The winding road to that far abode
 Is a tangle of weed and vine.
 Yet—wondrous thing!—though the dreams took wing,
 Her hand still rests in mine.

Editor's Easy Chair.

ONE of those friends of literature who so easily lend themselves to the purposes of apologue has recently made, rather late in life, a fresh start in housekeeping. As he is a friend of ours, no less than of literature, we have been privy to his experience through the letters written us from the foreign land where it has passed, and we are tempted to give our readers the pith of it, together with the reflections which it has suggested to ourselves.

Alle Anfängen sind schwer, says Goethe in that charming poem of *Hermann und Dorothea*, which nobody reads any more, and he goes on to say in German words which we have forgotten, but of which the English sense is that of all *Anfängen* the *Anfang* of innkeeping is far the *schwerest*. But the beginning of any sort of housekeeping partakes of this difficulty, and perhaps in a strange land the beginning of the simplest housekeeping fully equals in difficulty that of hotel-keeping under one's own sky. Our friend's difficulty has not been lessened by the fact that his first beginning in housekeeping took place in Italy, where he has now made his latest. He thinks, on the contrary, that from the recollections which the new beginning has revived with a fresh power to sting and poison, he has suffered an increase of anguish. He has been reminded of the manifold small chicaneries of landlords and servants and tradesmen, the varied disabilities of furniture, utensils, and appliances, the latent fractures to be finally accounted for as recent damages, the quaint attempts of the worse to appear the better reason in everything supplied and done for him. All this, he claims, has aged him before his time, but as he was well on toward seventy already, it has probably not aged him much too soon.

On the other hand, the grotesque and amusing incidents of his experience have failed to give him the pleasure they once did; he thinks that the very memory of that pleasure has turned their repetition to pain. In fine, he sighs amidst the vines and palms and olives

of the Riviera for the flesh-pots of Sixth Avenue, where every want is met before it is imagined; where all the means of life are of the best quality and the highest price, and where the impositions are rendered in a thumping bill at the end of the month, and paid without a pang by the forgetful victim, housed at thrice his Italian rent, and baked by the steam-heat indoors against the wild antics of the temperature outside. We have tried in vain to argue him out of a mind so opposed to reason, a mood so contrary to religion. He darkens counsel with his discontent, and we must leave him to a situation which nine-tenths of those not in it will envy him, while we turn to them with the sermon which we are sure would be wasted on the spoiled child of his delicious exile.

It is our belief that in the hardship of every beginning there lurks a subtle property which reinvigorates the beginner, and, at any later time of life, renews for him something of the joy of his prime. In the past, much more than now, the American could and did turn his hand to almost anything, and he acquired an increasing fund of youth by his rapidly recurrent beginnings. This effect imparted itself to the collectivity, and characterized us as a nation with the undying hustle which is the admiration and despair of other peoples. In the course of the eventualities many Americans lost their hair and teeth, and the national digestion became widely impaired; but one of our most surprising traits was indelibly fixed in us. The swift succession of experiences in each has resulted for all in that peculiar quality which we call Americanism, and which reads backward the moral of the antique fable. The modern Tithonus is not the prey of his own immortality, wasting helplessly in a perpetual senescence. He is a youth suddenly practised in the manifold changes and chances of the longest life, and endowed through them with the wisdom which used to come, and in less favorable conditions still comes, only at the end of life, when it is of no use to the possessor, and can

with difficulty be given away in the form of good advice.

But it is not of the national result of our respective beginnings that we meant to speak. That we leave to the larger philosophy which loves instances of vague consistence and circumference, while we keep to the safety of the concrete. An effect of our tremendous industrial prosperity is to have confined men more and more to one thing, and to have practically forbidden them that exercise of choice which complicated the many beginnings of the past. In a new country, a man must do many kinds of things for himself. He must be his own butcher and baker, and in default of material for candlestick-making, must use the neck of a bottle for his tallow-dip, or a socket sunk in the heart of a turnip or a potato. He must build his house and furnish it. He must plough his field and reap it, and grind the corn he has grown for bread. He must do his own blacksmithing; when his harness wears out he must mend it as he can with cowhide, or with the pliable bark of the willow. All this was the common story of the American pioneers, and that story had the charm which has now almost everywhere passed from American life. It meant some hardship, of course, but it meant much pleasure in the variety it afforded, and the continual recurrence of the initiative. It prompted invention, and probably the cloudy ideal of the Patent Office hovered long over the forests which the axe was opening to the heavens, before it was realized in marble at Washington.

The pioneer period was followed by a succession of loose, ample years, in which men turned their hands now to one thing and now to another without the spur of necessity, but in the mere joy of beginning anew. When a man was tired of being a lawyer, he began preacher, or the reverse. When he fancied he could do better at doctoring than keeping store, he borrowed the books of the nearest practitioner and read medicine with the zest of a fresh start; a complaisant college gave him a degree, or he did without, and gathering together a few drugs and simples, he threw his saddlebags across the back of his horse, and gayly sallied forth to encounter the dragons of ague,

milk-sickness, break-bone fever, rheumatism, pleurisy, and fits. The farmer who was tired of farming sold out and turned merchant at the crossroads. The book-agent who, between the farmhouses where he lured helpless wives into his subscription list, while their husbands were in the woods or pastures, had time to reflect that nature probably intended his gifts of oratory for the floor of Congress; he settled in some genial neighborhood, where he lived down the animosities of the past, and got himself elected to the House of Representatives. The school-master who was sick of teaching seized occasion to commence machinist; and if he did not like that or get on in it, went into the milling business, grist or saw, as it might be.

The instances might be indefinitely enumerated, but they need not be. The main thing is to intimate the mystical power of each beginning to make a new man of the beginner. Variety of opportunity is now much less than it formerly was, but Vicissitude is still abroad in the land and far oftener to be encountered there than the word is in modern literature. The nymph we have personified with a capital letter wears a smiling as often as a frowning face, and she bears the elixir of youth in her hand, which, whether we sip it for pleasure or take it medicinally, restores our strength. It is not always pleasant to the taste, but we think its magical properties are indisputable; and when any of us looks back after a lapse of time, rejoicing in his reinvigoration, he cannot fail to trace the effect to the true cause. But here again we feel the necessity of a concrete example, and we will allege that of another friend of ours, who, like the first, shall be nameless.

This other friend of ours is not naturally a friend of change, or an adorer of the rapid nymph Vicissitude. From his childhood up he has had but one ambition, one passion in life. What that passion is we will divulge no more than his name, but will say that nobody has ever known one more absorbing. He has been constant to every opportunity of pursuing his one aim, though opportunity has not been constant to him. Never once did he seek change of place or employ; never, in the endeavor to realize

his ideal, did he quarrel with his bread and butter, or substitute the end for the means in the order of his endeavor. He simply and ceaselessly did the work before him, and the only serious fault he ever found with fate was when his work failed him. Then, indeed, he despaired, and then only did he think himself hardly used.

Afterwards he did not think so. In the retrospect the changes which he never invoked and could not avoid did not show so cataclysmal as they each had seemed at the time. The frown of the nymph *Vicissitude* softened into a smile, as she looked archly over her shoulder at him from the vanishing-point of the lessening perspective. Unawares he had drunk from the cup she bore, and it had restored his courage and ambition, so that from each fall he gathered himself nimbly up, and pressed on with greater eagerness than before. What had appeared to him the ending was really a beginning in which he found new hopes, new incentives and new force. He is quite sure, now, that at his present age he is the younger for each of those sudden stops which were only starts in disguise, and he looks serenely forward to the last stop of all as in fact the great start.

It would be well if we could all share his cheerful philosophy, and doubtless more of us might if we would. In times past, men imagined that if they were once through the stress and struggle of affairs, or if they could retire from business and rest from their labors, they would grow young and gay again. But it was a mistake. They pined for their old activities; they rusted in a lonely disuse; they began to have diseases, having nothing else to occupy their minds, and they commonly died soon. From their sad fate the race has learned wisdom, and now few men retire if they can help it. They keep on in the old way, because it is their safety against the consciousness of decay and the final fact of dissolution. But how much better it would be for us if when we had worn out our welcome in the old employ, we could each find some new one! We cannot perhaps find it, but cannot we make it? Clearly, we always can. We can take up a science, or an art, when

we have tired of a business or a profession, and though we may not excel in it, we may renew the sense of life in ourselves, we may rekindle incentive, motive, interest. We need not turn to anything so creative as a science or an art. We may take up a study, and possess our remaining years of such negative or passive knowledge as botany, or geology. Or, there are the languages. Suppose that we now know five or six languages—the estimate is high, but we will suppose it—there are still some thousands of other dialects, not counting the dead languages, in learning which we should feel the zest of the beginner, and we could continue indefinitely in that delight. How refreshing for one whose occupation has dropped from under him to fall on his feet amid the novel and inexhaustible delights of the Chinese vocabulary! To pursue the Welsh through all its euphonic windings would revive for the modern man the poetic joys which the British world knew hundreds of years before it had heard of Cæsar. There remain always the hieroglyphic memorials of the Egyptian monuments, the inscriptions in cuneiform at Nineveh, and the picture-writings of the arrested civilizations in our own hemisphere; and in these, and many like records of the past, a future of glad endeavor would unfold itself before the student, and make and keep him young.

We throw out our suggestions at random, not insisting upon any of them especially. Other ways and means of keeping the zest of life through new endeavor will occur to the reader. It has often, for instance, been remarked how when a person has continued so long single as to seem rusting out, to the spectator, and then unexpectedly marries, he, or even she, seems to get a new lease of life, and to go on in an indefinite youthfulness to the end. It was doubtless something more instinctive, more inspired, than mere regard for the general welfare that in the early settlement of our country, almost compelled widows and widowers to marry again, so that, notably in the history of New England, you are continually coming upon the record of their reunions, either with one another or with some of the

opposite sex not hitherto wedded. It was not alone respect for the orderliness and civic advantage of marriage; it was a subliminal perception, if we may so phrase the recondite fact, that the lost happiness of the pair would be measurably, if not fully found again, in their new beginning, which prompted the public opinion brought to bear upon them.

It is possible that some mystical divination of the right of humanity to a chance of repairing former error is at the bottom of legislative and judicial reluctance to forbid the remarriage of people who in our own day have been widowed by the laws of their several States or Territories. We venture upon this conjecture with diffidence, for we know that the weight of the severer morality is in the other scale. But still we venture, and we hope the severer moralists will not lay it so much to an ethical defect in us, as to zeal for our thesis. What we solely and singly wish to enforce is recognition of the preciousness, the incomparable value, of renewed occasion as a means not only of being happier but also of being better.

If we go so far out of the range of the average reader's experience as to take the case of the person who has done time, and has come back into a world which certainly does not welcome the return of persons of that sort too warmly, we shall have an extreme instance in point. For such a one the best that the past can be is to be a blank, on which he can write the future as if the past had not been at all. Of course, he will not be able to do that, but he will be able to do something like it. If new materials, that is, fresh opportunities, are afforded him, he may not only be able to repair the ruin he has made of himself, but he may in building a new character experience a happiness more exquisite than that of any who continue in their old characters. The new character which a man may raise from the ground after a great error (and he may surely do this, unless we were mocked when we were bidden, "Go and sin no more"), may well be such as will house him fitly through all time and eternity. It will have been the work of his second beginning, when he had repented as well as expiated his misdeed, whatever it was,

and turned from the blackness of despair, in which he must have continued a prisoner forever, to toil while he had the light.

Most of our readers, as we have intimated, have probably not done time in the ordinary sense of the phrase, but unless they are of a perfection, for which we should not feel ourselves fit company, they have all done time in other ways. That is, they have all sinned; or, if that is not quite the word from an editor to his readers, they have all erred, at some time or other; we take it for granted they are human. Having erred, they have regretted their error, either because it has made them uncomfortable, or ridiculous, or because it has resulted in the loss of money, or in injury to others. So far as they have regretted it, and turned from it, and determined to go and err no more, they have begun their lives anew, and have tasted the joy which beginning gives, and nothing else gives. It is not necessary that opportunity should fail us; that we should take up a new trade or occupation, or continue in the old or new terms, or marry a first or second time, or go to jail and come out, in order that we should know the high spiritual happiness of beginning a new life, but only that we should commit a fault and then cease committing it.

There are some evidences, very slight and shadowy, indeed, and of a very desultory and uncertain recurrence, that all life here on earth is a new beginning after life elsewhere. The vague impression has doubtless been made too much of by the poets and mystics, and by all lovers of the weird. What those intimations are and whence, no one can say; some cannot even say that there are any such intimations. But if there are, and if we may accept them as proofs that we have somewhere existed before, we have the most valuable assurance that we shall exist hereafter. So much of human history, as well as nearly the whole of science, rests upon hypothesis that we need not, from an intellectual conscience, deny ourselves the amusement (to call it nothing better) of supposing this very interesting case. We may even very usefully imagine from it that we are here repeating the processes and experiences of preexistence on conditions and

with results far superior to those of our antemundane being.

The hypothesis of life heretofore does not necessarily implicate that of life hereafter. If we suppose ourselves to have been originated elsewhere it is equally supposable that we may be ultimated here. But what we all like to think is that we shall go beyond this world to another, or others, indefinitely, on new conditions and under new circumstances, which shall be more favorable than any we have known on earth, or can remember of the dim antemundane life reporting itself so vaguely and casually in our consciousness. We expect to repeat the beginning we have made here, and to renew ourselves in it. We wish to be old enough to taste the pleasure of every past experience, and at the same time young enough to enjoy it as a novelty. The proposition has its difficulties, which are not simplified by the entirely egotistical nature of our expectations. The sort of beginning that we ought really to wish to make is one in which we should lose sight of ourselves. The only bliss which different conditions and circumstances could confer would be some such possibility as this; that would be heaven indeed, and we cannot imagine a different heaven, unless we are quite unfit for any sort of heaven. What could be more tedious, commonplace, and vulgar than to go on in the self-seeking which is our main business in the actual world? We can each bear it here because it seems to be the main business of nearly every one else; but we may judge how offensive it would make one in the only imaginable human life hereafter from the realization of one's distastefulness in some chance encounter with one of those souls who even here are above self-seeking.

In fact, there can be no true beginning anywhere else upon the present terms; there can only be the stale and unprofitable repetition of experiences destitute of initiative. Once, in that period of the early thirties when life is so full as to exclude all idea of death except as transition, there were two friends of equal age and of like aims, who were speculating one night under the stars (where they

walked as young men love to do), concerning the life that they then believed was undoubtedly to follow this. They agreed in figuring it as a state of existence in which not only should all care for the means of living be lifted from them, but the matter of good and evil should be so arranged that the perpetual choice of the better or worse part which presents itself here should be abolished, and all that force and endeavor which now goes to keeping a clear conscience should be devoted to the creation of the beautiful. By the beautiful they happened to mean something in *belles-lettres*, but they might equally have meant something in the fine arts; and at any rate it seems to have been no bad conception of the future. Their beautiful creations were not to be for themselves; they were to have the delight of creating, and others were to enjoy their creations, and no advantage or any manner of reward should accrue to them except such as should come from the knowledge of pleasure given. The great thing was the elimination of the selfish motive and the moral responsibility. This accomplished, eternity would pass as quickly and agreeably as a summer's day.

There is no telling, of course, whether the real eternity is like that conception of it; but we may be sure that unless we are very unfortunately placed in it, we shall not be animated by our terrestrial ends and aims. It is therefore no bad plan to attempt a practical forecast of it by entering upon the future life here and now. Let such of our readers as happen to be in the predicament of that friend of ours who is now beginning over again some undertaking of the past, substitute for the old egotistic incentives, whose ugliness the eyes of youth failed to see, purposes beautiful in their altruistic bearing. Then we are confident that though they may not at once be relieved of the onerous choice between good and evil, and of the moral responsibility involved by the choice, they will not suffer the mean and greedy disappointment which our friend suffers, and which, we should be no true friend of his if we did not add, he rightly suffers.

Editor's Study.

THE creations of genius are not, simply by virtue of that quality, works of art—such works as in the retrospect of art and literature compel the supreme admiration of all mankind. There is a latent potency in plastic stages of development—as in childhood—with interesting manifestations of naïve phenomena in speech and manner, but this is often either suppressed in later growth or does not reach any structural excellence in which it is at once veiled and revealed.

The veiling is essential. If Coleridge was right in his definition of genius as the potency characteristic of childhood sustained in maturity, we are not to understand him to mean the keeping of that potency unchanged, so that it remains precisely the same in its manifestations that it was in the child. The maturity must count for something in a world where growth itself is the continuing evidence of the creative power of life.

The suppleness of youth normally supplants the softness of the infantile embodiment, though the potency inherent in that softness is still maintained, modified by its reactions against external resistances, and is indeed essential to flexibility, vibrancy, and rhythmic expression. This is apparent in all the personal arts—dancing, singing, and the earliest forms of dramatic representation—in which the human body is an indispensable participant. In these that latent potency, which in the child has all the outward signs of impotency, has become a patent energy, developed by exercise—by that *ascesis* so familiar to the Greeks—and thus veiled by a hardness which is not induration, but quickly responsive to the spirit, resonantly magnifying its rhythmic motions by participation in them,—giving them, moreover, modulation, temper, and the beauty of objective form. A hardness beyond this is that availed of by sculptor and architect in motionless marble, which, by the rhythmic lines of contour and the absolute stillness of arrested motion, is made to suggest vibrancy and a motion *sub specie æternitatis*.

There are some writers whose genius never gets beyond the plastic stage, never gains the discipline and leverage possible from alliance with a vertebrate structure. They seem to live in a yielding element, fluid or vaporous, and while they have creative faculty and vision, the material they deal with slips out of their hands, leaving no consistent, substantial shape behind. Give them but a little amphibiousness so that they have some hold upon the solid earth, and they do wonders in the degree of their power. But for the severe early discipline given him by a good English school and an English university (supplemented by his studies at Göttingen), Coleridge would have built no stable monument for our contemplation. Keats had so slight a hold upon the earth that to himself it seemed his “name was writ in water,” but it was footing large enough to form the base of an exquisite and lasting pillar in the world’s visible Temple of the Beautiful. Certainly these poets could not have felt, as Wordsworth said,

The world is too much with us, soon or late.

Nor would we say it was too little with them, for they belong to that order of creative genius which seems out of nothing able to build new heavens and a new earth.

Coleridge furnishes the most conspicuous example in all literature of the highest order of genius with the slightest anchorage in earthly havens and the least amount of reaction from worldly contacts. The one material thing which he, in common with De Quincey, reacted against was opium, and that paralyzed reaction. The thought and the imaginative creations and speculations embodied in the classics—in the poetry, philosophy, and mysticism of all times, past and contemporaneous—made for him a psychological embodiment and equipment which enabled him to float upon all seas, but afforded no resting-place for his feet and provided no stability for the structures he built, save for such as were purely ethereal. Nevertheless, it was an eternal stability, such as belongs to the

potency of the soft spirit, of the meekness which inherits an earth all its own. What we are saying of Coleridge is true also of Keats, who without such might of poetry showed far more of its beauty. From neither of these could we expect a drama like Goethe's *Faust* or a sustained epic like *Paradise Lost*.

With or without special structural excellence, those great works of art which command supreme admiration have a high tension by which they seem to be rapt and taken far above our actual human experience into a purely ideal world. In the oldest poet of Hellas, in the youth of the world, the tension was nearly exhausted in rhythmic expression, in perfection of form, falling short of ideal exaltation, though realizing an ideal of the objectively beautiful. The themes of this poet, far away as they seem from us, were intimate and familiar to his audience—over the heads of his audience, as they were lifted into the region of art, but from that height an echo to its thought—else these themes could not have been treated at all. The audience was participant in the entire procedure, awaiting no novel disclosure, but only the effective and formally perfect expression of a story which was a matter at once of instant recognition and of established reminiscence. This is as true of the Greek dramatists and of Pindar as it was of Homer.

All Greek art was distinctively in the open air, as its themes were of camp and field. The theatre was open to the heavens, with the Ægean Sea in near view, and the dramatic action was hardly ever confined within domestic interiors. It was upon the outside of the temple that the architect and sculptor wrought their marvels. The appeal was not to the man of the study, and it would suggest too narrow a constriction to say that it was to "the man in the street." It was to the man in the open, who was as free and unconfined as the gods on Olympus, and as little addicted to reflection. The parting scene between Hector and Andromache is not in their home, but at the gates of the windy city. Perhaps it was because the poets depended so little upon reflection that Plato excluded them from his ideal commonwealth; but even

Greek philosophy courted an outdoor environment, being peripatetic, an affair of the gymnasium or of the porch.

The high tension which culminated in the art of Christendom—including its literature—was not due to the expansion of culture, in our modern sense of the term. The culmination was reached at a time when the mass of the people was as illiterate as in the days of Pericles, and the appeal was still to the man in the open, to one of an uneducated multitude. But the appeal was not to unreflecting man, though for centuries it was conveyed to him not through literature, but through the teachings of the church and the suggestions of art. Reflection was forced upon the human soul—an awful introspection, lighted up by the radiance of heaven above and of purgatorial flames beneath. The sacred passion, with long waves of hope and fear, with infinite pains and infinite consolations, was in itself a deep individual culture such as the ancient world had never known, which was softened but at the same time deepened by all the influences, æsthetic and intellectual, of the Renaissance, though drawn by these influences into channels of purification and illumination leading to spiritual freedom.

But the Renaissance did not bring about at once or for centuries a general culture of the humanities; only the peculiar culture engendered by the faith and art of Christendom pervaded the people. It was this that persisted and continued to furnish the dominant themes of art and poetry—themes which far transcended those of ancient sculpture, architecture, and poetry.

It may be said that the exaltation of this supreme tension of early modern art is due to Christianity rather than to genius. But the creations of the imagination are always on the same plane with those of human faith, which is itself, when considered as something apart from formal theology, the very font of imagination. In the middle ages the people were little concerned with forms of doctrine, which were committed to the care of ecclesiastics; they were led along the lines of a creative movement. Art followed the same course, leading upward along the flight of cathedral arches and downward with Dante to the Inferno.

The writers of note who followed Dante—Rabelais in France, Boccaccio in Italy, and Chaucer in England—do not impress us so much by the majesty of their themes as by the picturesqueness, naïveté, grotesquery, and humor characteristic of the popular mood of the medieval period in its reaction from more sombre traits—a reaction intensified by the Renaissance, which softened the Gothic force with pagan graces and prepared the way for the spontaneous creations of genius in the lyrical and dramatic literature of the Elizabethan era.

In this Elizabethan literature, beginning in Spencer and Sidney and culminating in Shakespeare, the first popular English literature, yet never since surpassed in spontaneity of charm, we find no very impressive exaltation of the objective themes. The field for such themes was limited by the audience, which was not the educated reading public the author appeals to in our time. There were few readers, and dramatic representation was the only form in which literature could have a wide appeal. The familiar rather than the original theme was popular. The distinction of the author was in his rendering of the theme—in his “mighty line,” in his felicity of phrase, heightened by mental conceit,—and still more in his sense of inward beauty, and his disclosure of subjective truth. Speculative insight was the most distinctive characteristic of the great imaginations of the period, and its discoveries out-rivalled in novelty and adventure those which were at that time being made in the Western world. The author's real theme was something different from the nominal one—it was lodged in that unexplored region of the human heart which he laid open to conscious scrutiny and reflection. Herein was its high tension, which was not exhausted in external beauty of form—indeed did not always yield perfection of such form—nor in the outward dramatic action; it unveiled ideals of inward beauty and truth. It had exaltation because it lifted while it deepened.

These aspects of genius are shown in the greatest literature of modern times, but never so spontaneously disclosed as in the Elizabethan era. The progress of in-

tellectual development, in the writer's audience as well as in the writer, has precipitated acids which, if not inevitably corrosive, have increased the sharpness of temper and temperament, affecting injuriously even such a genius as that of Shelley. Milton's lot fell upon a period of passionate reaction due to the predominance of Calvinistic doctrine, when the ecstatic dream of Theocracy possessed the imaginations of austere and strong-hearted Puritans. It was a rising wave in the midst of decadence. Bunyan was its natural product in literature, but Milton rode upon its crest, fully equipped with classic armor and crowned with all the graces of the Renaissance. Without the Puritan inspiration he would have been the greatest poet of his time. Prompted by it, he wrote the greatest of religious epics. In *Paradise Lost* we have the tension of poetic art at the highest pitch it ever reached, by virtue of its exalted theme as well as of its inward grace and beauty. But it was a tension that, more than in any other great poem, rose far above all ordinary human intimacies. It was Bunyan's prose epic that was intimate and popular.

It is in the poets of the Lake School—after the refined mental elegances of what is called the Augustan age of English literature had been exhausted by their formal limitations—that we find manifested those aspects of genius which are distinctive of our later modern literature. In contrast with Sir Walter Scott, who was so directly associated with the revival of Romanticism, but whose regard was wholly retrospective, these poets—Wordsworth especially and typically—struck the note of future development in imaginative interpretation. Later poets, each in the degree of his power, have maintained the high tension of the older art, but in prose and in the drama this has been relaxed, permitting new and more flexible forms of beauty in expression and a freer and more intimate disclosure of vital truth. Thus the field of literature has been opened to every variety of a diffused and diversified genius, which in the ever-changing phases of general and individual culture develops constantly new variations.

EDITOR'S DRAWER

The Preoccupied Professor

BY JAMES RAYMOND PERRY

WHEN Professor Whittemore took that little outing in the Park he had no premonition of the startling adventures that were to befall him. When the professor started forth at two o'clock his intention was to follow the path skirting the main driveway as far as the big glass Palm House, and then take a short cut across the ball and tennis field to a friend's house. It was a route that he had often followed, and there was no reason to suppose it could not be followed on the afternoon in question. No doubt it could and would have been followed that

afternoon but for the professor's preoccupation of mind. Perhaps some problem in higher mathematics engaged his thoughts to the exclusion of all other subjects, for before he reached the Palm House he had wandered from the path skirting the driveway into a by-path. This by-path, leading nowhere in particular, soon came to an end, and the professor, not immediately remembering where he was, and not at the moment recalling whither he was bound, seated himself on a rustic bench and continued to ponder the problem in his mind. The minute-hand on his watch had circled twice before



"WOULD YOU MIND HOLDING MY BABY A MINUTE?"

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the problem was put aside and the adventure began.

"Would you mind holding my baby a moment while I run back to the Palm House for an umbrella?" a woman's voice was rather breathlessly asking.

Before the professor had time to answer, an infant something under a year old was pressed into his arms. "It was dreadfully careless in me to leave my umbrella," the woman said; "but it was a present, and I hate to lose it. I'd take Katie with me, only she's so heavy and I've carried her so far. Thank you ever so much. She'll be good, and it won't take long to go to the Palm House."

And with that the woman, who looked absurdly young to be the mother of the child, started on a run towards the shrubbery, above which the white girders and glass roofing of the Palm House could be seen.

"A very comely little creature," reflected the professor, handling the robed mite as only one accustomed to children ever handles them. "She must be about the age of little Amy," and he proceeded to trot her on his knee and puff up his cheeks at the child, while she gurgled back at him inarticulate approval of the performance. Then she smiled at him sweetly, and the professor

said: "You're a good little girl,—er—what did your mamma say your name was? Augusta? I think she called you Augusta. You're a good little girl, Augusta," whereat the little one looked aggrieved for a moment, and then smiled again, as one wisely overlooking such lapses of memory.

After some fifteen or twenty minutes of this agreeable interchange of ideas the professor began to cast inquiring, and then anxious, glances towards the shrubbery through which the young woman had disappeared.

"What can have become of her?" murmured the professor aloud, gazing anxiously towards the Palm House. "Is it possible," he reflected, "that she doesn't intend to come back? I've read of cases where mothers have deserted their children after placing them in the hands of strangers. But they are generally mothers who are poor, and this woman was dressed well and apparently well-to-do."

But five minutes later found him walking towards the Palm House, the little girl perched on his shoulder. "It's getting late," he thought, glancing uneasily towards the sun, "and I must be finding the child's mother."

Into the shrubbery here and there he peered, and then to the far end of the Palm House and back he went, gazing at every woman he met, but without seeing the one who had gone for the umbrella.

"She's a very pretty child," he reflected, "and if her mother really wants to give her away, why shouldn't we keep her? She and Amy could be companions for each other. I think Mary would consent to it. I'll take the child home with me, anyway."

As he turned to retrace his steps he heard a woman say, "There he is now!" and glancing round, he saw an elderly lady pointing excitedly towards him. In another moment a man's hand was on his shoulder, and a man's voice was demanding, "What are you doing with that child?"

Unaccustomed to being addressed in this brusque fashion, the professor resented it. "I will trouble you, sir," he said, with some asperity, "to remove your hand from my person."

By way of answer the man took a tighter grip, and beckoned to a policeman who was strolling



"WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH THAT CHILD?"

leisurely towards them. At the same time he displayed a police detective's badge. "You are under arrest," he said.

"Under arrest!" repeated the professor. "Kindly inform me, sir, for what reason."

"Well, I guess you know the reason all right," said the detective, "but I don't want to be disobliging, so I'll tell you. That child has been kidnapped, and being found in your arms, you are naturally suspected of having kidnapped her. Can you explain how you came to have her?"

"Certainly," replied the professor. "But before I explain I wish to caution you that you are making a pretty serious charge against me—a charge entirely unwarranted, sir."

"Well, well; we'll attend to that part of it later," said the detective. "Just now it's up to you to explain why you are walking off with a stolen child in your arms. If you can answer that question you will be doing pretty well."

"The child was left in my care by a strange woman," said the professor, with dignity. "I was sitting on that bench yonder, when she approached and requested me to hold her baby while she went in search of an umbrella which she said she had left in the Palm House."

"You had never seen the child until it was given to you by this stranger?"

"Certainly not."

"What is your name?"

"Professor Harrison Whittemore."

"Professor Harrison Whittemore!" repeated the detective, staring at him with an odd expression. "Well, I guess you had better come along with me," he said. "You've got more nerve than I gave you credit for."

"Don't you believe I am Professor Whittemore?" demanded the professor, fumbling for a card, which, as luck would have it, he could not find.

"Oh yes, of course you are Professor Whittemore," returned the detective, ironically. "But you'd better do your talking before a magistrate. I haven't time to waste over it. Officer, will you see that the child is taken home? Her mother is pretty nearly frantic."

At the police station the professor, who had gone with the detective in unprotesting silence, again gave his name as Professor Harrison Whittemore. To the police ser-



"QUITE BY ACCIDENT, MY DEAR; QUITE BY ACCIDENT"

geant the detective uttered a few words in a low tone, tapping his forehead suggestively.

"You had never seen the child until she was handed to you by the strange woman?" the sergeant asked, not unkindly.

"No, sir," answered the professor.

"Did this strange woman say she was the child's mother?"

"Not in so many words. But I supposed, of course, she was."

"You say your name is Professor Harrison Whittemore?"

"Yes, sir."

"Professor Harrison Whittemore of No. 329 West Rhinebeck Street?"

"The same."

"Are you married, Professor Whittemore?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you any children?"

"Yes, sir; one child—a little girl."

"Would you—"

But before the sergeant had time to ask the question a woman rushed in.

"Oh, Harrison!" she sobbed, throwing her arms around the professor's neck. "Don't have them hunt any more. We've found her."

"Found who, Mary?" asked the professor, dazedly.

"Who! Little Amy, of course. A man

was caught in the Park carrying her off. But they brought her back, and she is all right now. I didn't suppose you even knew she'd been kidnapped till some one told me they'd seen you going into the police station here, and I hurried right over to tell you we'd found her. I knew you'd be dreadfully worried, dear, till you heard."

"You say our little Amy was kidnapped, too?" the professor queried, blankly.

The woman looked at the police sergeant. "Oh dear, I'm afraid it has affected his mind," she moaned.

"We've found little Amy," she said, turning again to the professor, and speaking as one might to a child. "We've found her, and she's all right. Come right home and you can see her with your own eyes."

"Madam, are you Mrs. Harrison Whittemore?" the sergeant asked.

"Yes, sir."

"And is this man your husband?"

"Yes, sir," amazedly.

"Er—sergeant," broke in the professor, with an illuminated look on his face and an unprofessional wink at the sergeant, "now that my wife has identified me, there can be no question in your mind that I am the Professor Whittemore whose little girl was stolen this afternoon; but the good news she brings that Amy has been found

makes it unnecessary to prosecute the search further. I am at times rather absent-minded, gentlemen; and any little lapses of memory that you may have noticed, or other eccentricities in my conduct, must be set down to this failing. As it happened, I was pondering over a rather perplexing problem this afternoon, and—and, as I say, that must excuse any little oddity of conduct which you, and this other gentleman"—nodding towards the smiling detective—"may have noticed in me."

Again he winked at the sergeant with an eye concealed from his wife, and turning towards that somewhat mystified lady, he said: "And now, Mary, I believe we will go home. I think Amy and I will be glad to see each other after her little adventure."

"How did you happen to hear Amy had been stolen?" the others heard the lady ask as she and the professor were going out; and they heard him answer, "Quite by accident, my dear; quite by accident!"

At college next day one of the young women students was saying to a classmate: "You'll be more careful next time, Susie, how you make a wager. When I bet five pounds of chocolates that Professor Whittemore wouldn't know his own baby if he saw it away from home, I knew I'd win!"

More Cleanly

IN popular parlance, the new maid "caught on" readily enough to most of the suggestions and directions given her, but a request for a finger-bowl invariably brought a look of surprised remonstrance to her face, which at last so exasperated her mistress that she cried out:

"Why, Rosa! didn't the lady you lived with before ever use finger-bowls?"

"No'm!" was the meek reply; "her company mostly washed their hands before they came!"

As the Twig is Bent

LITTLE Elizabeth was a scientist's daughter, and when she was taken with the measles she heard a good deal about germs and microbes.

One evening, some time after her recovery, she heard her mother singing a lullaby to baby Jack.

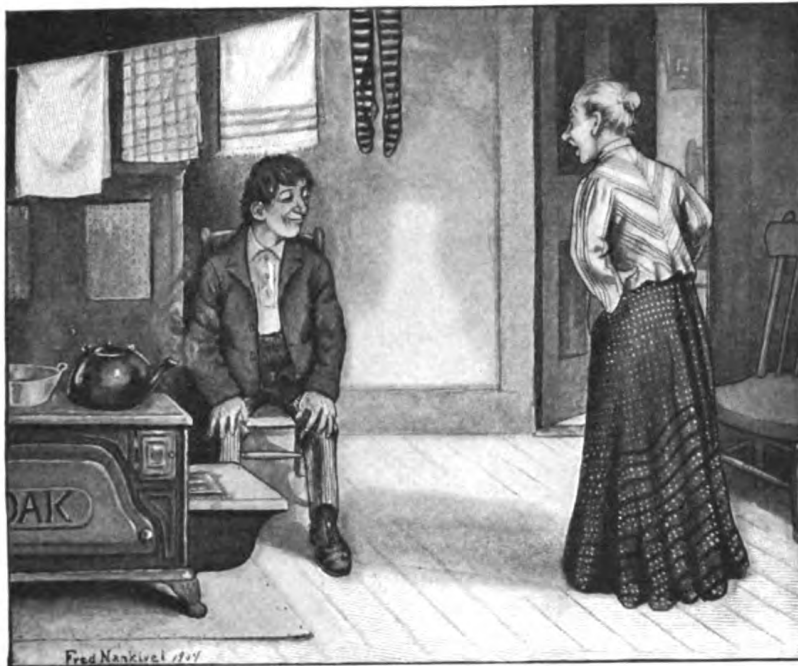
"Oh, mamma! you must not sing that. You sang it to me when I had the measles, and there may be microbes in it."



Bitter-sweet

LADY. "Do you enjoy your apple, little boy?"

BOY. "No, ma'am; I have to eat it too fast. I'm expecting a friend of mine along in a minute."



Logical

"Goodness me, Hank Tompkins; talk about gettin' married! Why, you kain't take care of yourself."

"Waal, two of us can take care of me, kain't they?"

Daytime Naps

MY mother thinks that little chaps,
Who play a lot, need daytime naps:
Though I've explained, with all my might,
That I can't sleep except at night.

But sometimes, when I've played a lot,
I'd jus' as liv go in as not;
It gives her quite a nice surprise
When I lie down and shut my eyes.

I couldn't get to sleep, I know;
But for a little while or so
I get to seeing on the wall
Queer pictures that aren't there at all.

One time a camel stuck his head
Right close up to me on the bed,
And animals I'd seen that day
Up at the Zoo, they came to play.

And once I thought of curious things
That I could do if I had wings.
But all the nicest parts of it
I can't remember now a bit!

I think so hard of things I'd do,
I feel all stretchy when I'm through,
And then I look and find it's been
More 'n a nour since I came in.

It's nice to lie and think, perhaps,—
But just the same I can't take naps!

(And mother says she sees it's true,
But thanks me just fer tryin' to.)

BURGES JOHNSON.

What the Puddles Show

THIS is something that befuddles
All my notions of what's right:
When I look 'way down in puddles
There the sky is shining bright.

And the trees are all turned over,
With their roots up towards the top;
It's a puzzle how they ever
Hang just there and never drop.

And the birds that are seen sailing,
'Way down there across the sky,
Will be surely, without failing,
Turned upon their backs to fly.

Do we look right through the water,
To that funny other side,
Where they never want a daughter
And the women always hide?

And that little girl that's peeping
Up at me from out the pool,
While to mine her toes she's keeping
By that topsy-turvy rule—

Is she really nowhere near me?
Does it only seem as though
She were close enough to hear me?—
That we're standing toe to toe?

SARA B. MARRS.

A Lost Apology

THE Professor of Philosophy, absent-minded and full of enthusiasm, came into the sitting-room.

"What a beautiful woman Mrs. Raymond is!" he exclaimed. "I have just had such a pleasant talk with her in the bookstore."

His wife looked up from her sewing. "John!" she exclaimed, "where is your collar?"

The Professor of Philosophy put his hand to his throat. "I must have left it at the barber shop. Yes, that's it. I went to the barber shop; then to the bookstore. Why," he ended, lamely, "Mrs. Raymond would think it very careless of me to appear in public without my collar, wouldn't she?"

"Rather," said his wife. "Perhaps you'd better call her up and tell her how it happened."

"Exactly," said the professor.

The professor went to the telephone.

"Hello, central, hello. Hello,—is this Mrs. Raymond? Yes? Well, really, it was very stupid of me, Mrs. Raymond; but, you know, I had been thinking of something very important, and I quite forgot to put on my collar. I—oh!—ah!—good-by."

The professor suddenly hung up the receiver. He gave utterance to a mild exclamation.

"John!" exclaimed his wife.

"She says she hasn't been out of the house to-day," groaned the professor.

R. R. K.



LITTLE JOHNNIE (*the first time he ever saw a barber-pole*). "Oh, mamma, see the big stick of candy with an orange on top of it."



THE JUDGE. "What's the prisoner charged with?"

OFFICER. "Felineous assault, your honor!"

Great Names Confused

LITTLE Raphael was always interesting, but not always in the expected way. He was telling his mother about his first day at Sunday-school and about his teacher.

"She said," pursued Raphael, "'at the Queen of Sheba came to see the King. She was widing on a cannon."

"A cannon!" his mother exclaimed. "Are you sure she didn't say a camel?"

Raphael meditated.

"P'aps she *did* say it was a camel," he admitted, gravely.

"And what was the King's name—the King whom she came to visit?"

Raphael thought intently, reluctant to make another mistake.

"I don't know," he said, slowly, "but I fink, I fink it was Sullivan." S.

Time Avenges All

HUH! Mister Johnny Jones, you won't
Let me go slidin' on your sled?
Old stingy! Huh! All right, then, don't!
Some day you'll think o' what I said;
When I grow up I'm goin' to be
A circus man, an' I'll come through
This town, an' you'll remember me—
But I'll ist not remember you.
It's all right for you!

Er else I'll have a minsterl show,
An' ever' day my show 'll give
A street puhrade, but we won't go
Down 'at 'ere street where you folks live.
An' I'll go 'round th' town, an' see
Th' boys, an' tell 'em "Howdydo,"
An' you'll say you remember me—
But I'll ist not remember you.
It's all right for you!

Er mebbe I'll work on th' train—
A brakesman, 'ith brass buttons on—
An' I'll remember Bess an' Jane,
An' Pickles Smith an' Topps an' John,
An' mebbe I'll let them ride free,
'Cause they'll be folks I always knew.
An' you'll claim you remember me,
But I'll ist not remember you.
It's all right for you!

WILBUR D. NESBIT.



The Hero

*The bravest of explorers sees a snake and starts to quake.
I stood within an inch of one and never shook a shake.*

The Windy Day

BY LUCY L. CABLE

OH, the windy day is a laughing day!
For the wind is a funny fellow;
He rollicks and shouts when skies are gray
And leaves are turning yellow.
The pines, a moment ago so still,
Fling out their arms and laugh with a will,
Nodding their heads, as who should say,
"The old wind *has* an amusing way."

Oh, the windy day is a singing day!
For the wind is a minstrel, strolling
Thro' field and wood, with cheery lay,
Insistent, sweet, cajoling:

The strings of his harp are pine and oak,
As he chants his tale to the woodland folk—
Ah, revellers of old are they
When the minstrel wind begins to play!

Oh, the windy day is the vagrant's day!
For the wind is a comrade rover,
Whistling down the great highway
To every hill-road lover;
And whether he whistles or laughs or sings,
Through every vagrant heart there rings
The impelling, world-old call to stray
With the comrade wind for ever and aye.



At the Musicale

FIRST CRITIC. "*Remarkable technique, eh?*"

SECOND CRITIC. "*Yes; but the touch is a little heavy.*"

FIRST CRITIC. "*Oh my, no; not for Wagner.*"

The Sea-Crow

BY WATSON BRADLEY

A NOTED Ornithologist, upon an ocean trip,
Was keenly interested in the crow's-nest of the ship;
So great his curiosity to view the sea-crow's ways,
He summoned up his courage and he shinnied up the stays.

"Now blarst my bloomin' tarry wig!"—the lookout there spoke free,—
"And shiver all my timbers, but I ain't no crow!" says he;
"And I'm the only thing up here, so far as I have heard,
But bung my bally deadeyes!—I ain't no dicky-bird!"

The Ornithologist clum down and sought the captain's ear;—
The captain said: "The sea-crow's ways I know too well, I fear,—
Most conscientiously it lays an egg there every day,
But rats run up the ratlines, sir, and bear 'em all away."

"Alas, but that is sad indeed!" the learned man did cry.
"Oh yes, 'tis sad, yet not so sad," the captain made reply;
"For though the rats do bear 'em off, as I to you did state,
They take 'em to the hatchway, sir, and there they incubate."

"Ah, that is very good indeed!" the learned man did say.
"Yes, yes, 'tis good,—yet not so good;" the captain turned away,
And held a dainty handkerchief for tears that naught could check,
And ordered up a deck-hand for to swab 'em off the deck.

"The cat o' nine tails dread," he said, "patrols these decks at night;
Also the Dog Watch lies in wait, with fearful bark and bite;
These dreadful two"—he wept anew—"eat up the pretty dears"—
He choked with sobs;—his hearer wept;—the scuppers ran with tears.



Illustration for "The Reparation"

See page 700

SHE CAME TO LIVE IN THE HOUSE THAT HE CALLED HOME

HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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APRIL, 1905

No. DCLIX

Fishing in Arctic Seas

BY JAMES B. CONNOLLY

"TO see our greatest fishing-fleet you should go to Vardö,—and quickly, or the season will end," said our Hammerfest friends, and so for Vardö we started.

It was a gray day in June—and gray days more than golden abound in Norwegian waters,—and our transport an industrious steam-coaster, one of those chug-chug and let-me-draw-another-breath fellows, and she was navigated by a skipper who didn't propose to slight even the most remote little hamlet of the fiords. Wherever a kilo of fish or a barrel of oil might be gathered, therein did our stubby freighter poke her nose.

That sort of a schedule gave one a chance to see something of the ways of the dwellers along the coast. Everywhere it was pretty much the same,—for business, the cleaning and curing of fish; for people, a handful turning out to our whistle, women and children and old men, mostly, the ageable men presumably being out in their boats fishing; and for dwellings, a few structures that might be called houses (these the homes of the storekeepers or other relatively important men of the place), a store or two, a church, a graveyard, but elsewhere nearly all squat huts of one story, with a tiny window or two peeking out through the thick walls of turf that formed sides and roofs.

Every harbor of any size sheltered the inevitable Russian trader or two—hail-

ing from Archangel always,—with a coastwise freight-steamer sometimes, and, of course, such of the fishing-boats as were not out. Always also there would be a number of children paddling about in the broad-ended shallop of the region. Never did we behold a country where the young take to the water as do these mites here. A little navy of them circled our ship inquisitively—a boy of six or seven sculling at the clumsy oars, with quite often a little sister sitting comfortably in the stern—and all gazing curiously up at the passengers, regarding particularly such as their young minds conceived to be foreigners.

The last stop but one on the route of the Norwegian coaster and we were in Vardö, the port most often first made by returning north-pole-hunters, and the place which—or so our Norwegian friends told us—supported more fishermen in season than even Grimsby in England or Gloucester in our own country.

Approaching the harbor, we were amazed at the quantities of fish drying on the beach at the edges of the port. It was not split and salted, and spread out flat to be cured as is our fashion, but just ripped open sufficiently to remove the viscera, and tied together two and two by the tails and thrown over poles, there to remain until picked off to be eaten or sold. Along the route we had become accustomed to the sight of dry-

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ing fish, but here there was so much of it, acres and acres seemingly, and all looking as juiceless as well-dried old soft-pine planking that had been standing in a back-yard fence for years. You wonder how it is ever again to be put in condition for eating. You ask, and they explain that there is no preparation to speak of. You have only to take down a pair, pound them well over a stone or hard-wood block—a door-step will do,—leave them to soak overnight—a long winter's night in soft water is about the thing,—and in the morning they will be ready for boiling. And good eating, too.

We crowded past the broad flagged quay and across to our mooring. It happened to be Sunday, and as in Norway it is the law that no hook may lie in the sea from Sabbath eve to Sabbath evening, all the fleet were in; but, it not being the height of the season, there were not so many as one may sometimes see—not more than a thousand now, they told us, whereas a month earlier we might have seen two thousand fishing-boats drawn up. Still, a thousand fishing-craft make quite a showing, and particularly in this not over-spacious harbor, hemmed in by quays and bridges (for Vardö is on an island), and where, besides the fishing-boats, were a mail-steamer or two, three

or four freighters, half a dozen bait-steainers, a few old whalers, and a hundred or so of brightly painted Russian traders. We thought the place was doing pretty well for an Arctic port.

One may imagine this on a June night, the midnight sun almost at its extreme height, and so the day of such a length that almost any time at all is time enough to go to bed. We had conceived a notion before this that the Norwegians were somewhat given to melancholy, but everybody seemed to be light-hearted enough now, two o'clock in the morning and conversation high on the streets—Finns, Lapps, Norwegians, and Russians—with the fishermen in big boots and fur caps, and their pockets bulging with the kroner which they were going to spend. Great spenders, they tramped the main streets heavily, wanting to buy everything in sight, and the shopkeepers not discouraging them. When they could not get what they wanted they got something else, and not always did that something else bear the slightest resemblance to what they had in mind originally to buy. One asked for a certain flannel shirt well known to the Southlanders, buttons so and so and collar so and so—all fine, warm, and handsome. In Bergen one could get it in any shop. The store-



A BAIT-STEAMER



THE SHACK WITH ITS RUSTY STOVE AND ROUGH BUNKS

keeper didn't happen to have that particular make of shirt in just then, but if there was anything else—and sold him a concertina, which he knew he could no more play than if it were a church-organ.

They had a glorious time while they were at it, with many more that did than did not get down to their last few copper ore before they were done. We trained with that crowd for an hour or two, and then we imagined Vardö in the real height of the season, with not one but two thousand fishing-boats, and with it seven thousand men, and, imagining it, could easily see why it was a fine country for the storekeepers.

Inquiring further into the business of the port, we learned that it had not been so good a season as usual for the fishing. And why? Well, there were the seals, which every year came down from the White Sea way and ate up the cod and sei. Other years they had been allowed

to hunt the seals in Russian waters before they could get a good start; and hunting them, had killed so many that no great number were left to come to their own coast and eat their fish. But the last few years now the Russians had forbidden the seal-killing, and so the seals, not being disturbed, had come down and chased up the cod and sei,—which, one must know, like to come into the shoal water themselves to feed on the smaller fish so plentiful inshore. It was bad, their not being allowed to hunt the seals as in the old days. Russia was gobbling up everything—she would gobble up Norway itself yet. Still, with the warm weather of the last two or three weeks, the seals had gone away, and, although warm weather was nothing like cold for cod-fishing, they were making a fair living of it once more.

To us it seemed that there must be a good many that were managing to make

a fair living in Vardö, and took our way to the docks to see how they set about it. Everywhere along the way we were attracted by the sight of women and children in the doorways of their little homes baiting the trawls. We had heard and seen something of this helping of the fishermen-folk by their nearest of kin in other places, but never before anything like so complete an absorption of whole families in the business of fishing. And it was something to set a man thinking. When you see little girls of nine or ten, faces blue and fingers beginning to curl with the cold, standing in the open doorways of their turf homes and baiting up father's trawls, you have something on which to build moving sermons. Only June, you may say—it should be warm in June. But this is June air at 70° north—quite often not only cold, but damp and raw.

It was to be midnight-sun fishing. We hunted up our men when the time came, and found them in rather crowded dock quarters, in one of the many low-setting rough-boarded houses set apart for fishermen who are willing to pay a small rental for the privilege of a place to stow their gear and to sleep handy to where their boats lie. Our crew and another, eight men in all, were living in a cramped little room where a rusty stove, a plank seat, and eight rough bunks made up the entire furniture. The bunks were four high against two walls of the room, and from them the men, when called, tumbled sleepily—all but one, an unblest bachelor or an "easy spender," it seemed, who, having no womenfolk and no spare change, was compelled to bait his own lines. 'Twas he who roused the others and made ready the coffee, which they reached for just about as soon as their stockinged feet hit the floor.

It was rather a mess in that room while these eight men were making ready. Pots and kettles were on the smoky stove, oil clothes and boots on the walls, bedding hanging over the edge of the bunks, a tangled bunch of hooks and lines and a keg rolling about the floor, the keg kicked from one to the other, all too busy to stop to set it on end—and the windows had not been opened for hours. And there was one who, judging that there was yet time, had stopped to

fry a few strips of fat pork for himself; and it needed only that flavor to impart the last little embalming touch to the atmosphere.

Outside the shack we halted on a plank walk that was a litter of odd gear that fishermen use—tubs of trawls, more oil clothes, old boots, and fish hanging upon nails to dry—and surveyed a pile of dried cod-heads which, higher than the shack itself, was awaiting a fertilizing company's pleasure. Under a shed were a dozen or so of women baiting away for dear life, and they were baiting up not for fathers, husbands, or brothers, but for hire, to the strangers who from as far south as Bergen, a ten days' trip in the mail-steamer, had come to Vardö to fish in the season. Expert workers were some of these women, baiting rapidly as many men, and tending to business like any men, with but few words to each other, and barely a nod for passing acquaintances. But industriously as they worked, they could not overcome the effects of the damp air, for it was an overcast sky with a raw wind puffing in over the breakwater this night, and their faces showed the same touch of blue and their fingers the beginnings of the curve at the ends that we had noticed in the little girls in the doorways up on the streets of the town.

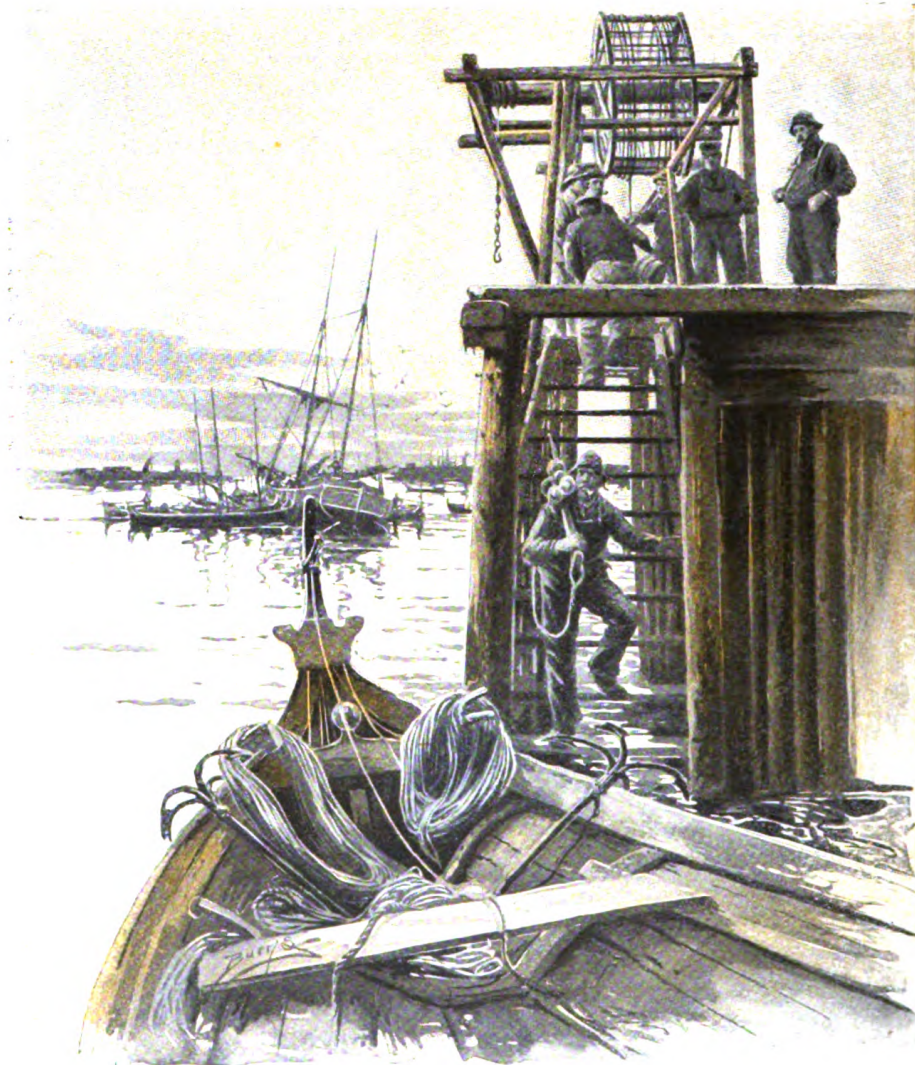
Our men dragged their tubs of baited trawls to the end of the dock, whence they were lowered to the boat by means of a huge wheel windlass that was quite like nothing we had ever seen outside of that country. After the trawls went the little green box that held the crew's grub, and then the spare oil clothes, with the few sticks of precious wood that were to light the ridiculous little stove on which was to be boiled the coffee that was to thaw them out when by and by they would be tired with the rowing and hauling, and numb from the sea and the searching wind.

It was nearing twelve o'clock when we crowded past the quay, one of two hundred or more boats that could be counted within a mile of the harbor entrance. Our boat was of the regular Nordland model, the same two-ended extended stem-and-stern-post craft that has come down to these people from viking days.



Half-tone plate engraved by J. H. Grimley

THE PATIENT WOMEN BAITING WHILE THE MEN SLEPT



EMBARKING AT THE END OF THE DOCK

Of the average size, thirty feet or so in length and seven or eight feet in beam, she drew very little water, and for ballast carried perhaps a half-ton of stones of the size of a man's head, all stowed loosely amidships. She was entirely open except for five or six feet arch-roofed above the rail at one end, the same being intended for a cabin. The steering-gear must have been a viking model also, with the tiller of two parts, one at right angles to the stern-post, and from that a long pole extending over the roof of the cabin to amidships where the helmsman stood. By this scheme there was no pushing the tiller to port or starboard, nor putting the wheel up or down. Instead, the

helmsman drew the long pole forward or pushed it aft—forward to haul her to the wind, aft to let her pay off. The entire arrangement was of a date with the ancient windlass at the docks, and both bore witness that the people were not yet troubling themselves with the progress of mechanics.

The single mast of our craft was stayed by the lightest of lines to either rail, and a third light line to the decorated cross-pieces on the carved stem. On the mast, which was stepped exactly in her centre, was set one square brown sail that showed a dozen patches when it lifted and filled. For her hull, she was adorned in primal colors, mostly yellow on the out-

side, with here and there thin markings of blue and green—under her gunnels and along the water-line. Amidships inside, where the fish would be thrown when caught, was a broad black band to hide any possible gurry stains. She might have been rated a good average boat in the way of paint decorations. Further than that she was as graceful as a swan and sat the water as easily. Her safety lay in her lightness—she rode the seas, never dove into them. For the rest, the rudder could have been set on the other end and she would have sailed about as well, such was the balance of her lines fore and aft.

Our boat, V-459, and her consort, V-458,—the V for Vardö,—sailed out past the breakwater in company with the hundreds of others, all viking models and likewise all painted regardless, and the men standing to the oars; for the wind, though now fair, was too light to be of much help.

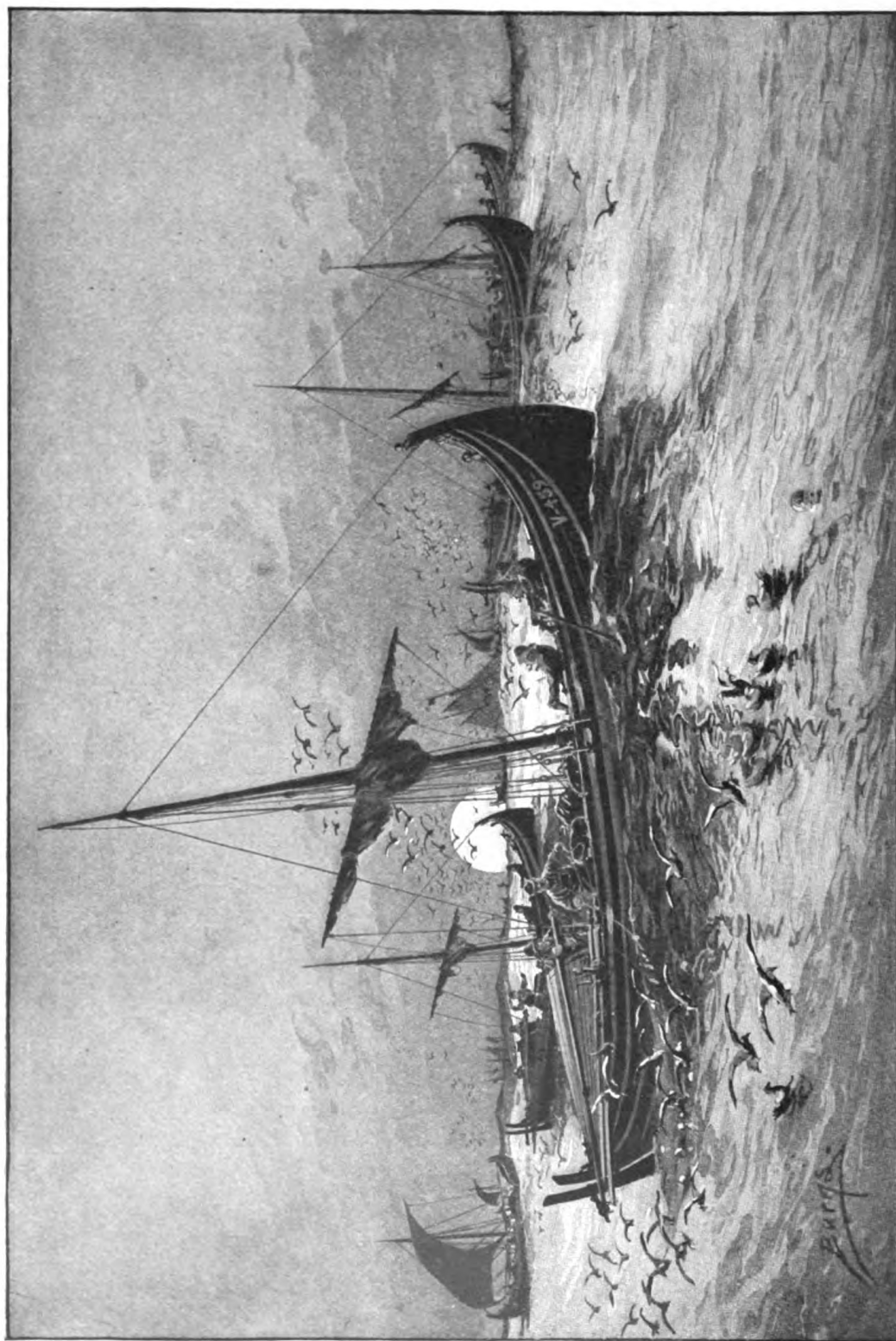
We, being among the last to get away, were put to some trouble to get a berth after we reached the grounds. Where so many crews are setting at one time and at such close quarters, the chances of snarling are many, and tangled trawls will tax any man's patience to the limit, not to speak of hurrying fishermen; and so there was an official boat to see that new comers did not encroach on the old. A little cruising we had of it to find clear water, but at last we crowded in, not exactly where the skipper would have liked to see her, and down came the sail.

The skipper stood by the rail aft, and bade the men row—so—by way of direction he swung an arm across the tide—and across the tide they worked her, one man on the midship thwart and two forward, and all rowing heavily. The skipper threw over a cluster of glass balls by way of a buoy, and then we saw that the whole surface of the sea was marked by similar buoys, glass balls of all colors, all wrapped in knitting meshing to withstand breakage as they knocked together in the tideway. The trawl-line drifted off, and the bait on the hooks, holding the surface for a moment, attracted the attention of a few thousands of what must have been a million or so of sea-gulls hovering open-eyed above the fleet. Freebooters and scavengers, down and across

the wind they came, sweeping nobly as they neared, circling and diving, screaming and shouldering each other out of the way as they slid along the top of the water for the bait. Not content with trying to pick any loose ends of the bait at a respectful distance from the boat, they must needs come so close as to peck at the hooks ere they were yet well clear of the skipper's hand. Then would that good-tempered man shout angrily, and on their growing yet bolder, lunge wrathfully at them with the spare oar.

The trawl was rigged pretty much after the fashion of that used by our Bankers when trawling for cod and had-dock—that is, there was a stout ground-line, to which at intervals of four feet or so were attached lines of lighter weight with a baited hook at the end. The bait used in this case was much larger than American or North Sea fishermen would use, consisting of a whole small fish, something like our smelt to look at, and of an average length of five inches. When the bait-fish ran small, two or even three would be hooked on. Our men were out for large cod—"torsk." That word "torsk," as they mouthed it, fine and round from their beards, would give one almost an idea of the creatures we were after—big and yellow-brown, with enormous head and great belly.

The speed of the skipper paying out the trawl would be called very slow by American fishermen, and even rather slow by the men of the North Sea. To begin with, the trawl was not coiled tightly or neatly in the tub, and it came out draggingly. Maybe the fact that Norwegians try to keep their lines soft and dry, while our men keep theirs hard and wet, had something to do with it. Hard wet lines are less pleasant to handle, but they skid in and out of a tub in better shape. Or it may have been that our skipper saw no reason to hurry; although against that one might think that he would have been eager to get clear of that wet work and on his way home again. Possibly it was of little use to pay out line faster than his men could comfortably row the boat; or maybe it was that there was no benefit in hurrying overmuch when the lines had to be set so long before it would be profitable to haul. All that granted, American



GULLS, FREEBOOTERS AND SCAVENGERS, TAKING THE BAIT

fishermen would have driven that boat faster at any cost of energy; and if, later, they found there was a wait of any length of time for their lines to set, they would surely arrange to be doing something or other while waiting.

There were five tubs of five hundred and odd hooks each, and it took more than three hours to shoot them; that was between twenty-five hundred and three thousand hooks among four men—seven hundred hooks a man, say, and here regarded as a fair day's work. Expert Gloucester fishermen, or almost any of the smart haddockers out of Boston, will set from four to five thousand hooks to a dory in almost any kind of weather—two men to a dory—from two thousand to twenty-five hundred hooks to a man. It is true that the American gear is of somewhat lighter make, and the fish they catch of smaller average size, but the proportionate weight of fish caught will be even more in the American fisherman's favor than the number of hooks in service would show; and the American fisherman gets no help in baiting. However, up here they have a hard enough time of it. Whoever looked around on the gray waste of that Arctic Sea that day would grant them that.

While giving time for the fish to bite, the crew prepared to eat. It was not quite so depressing now. The air seemed a bit less chilly, the belated midnight sun peeping out every once in a while and shedding stray rays of cheer on the fleet. In our boat, the tiny cabin, already described as the after-part of the boat roofed over, was so small that it could not afford a door, and hence the reason of a square slide by which the men entered, head or feet first. After one man was in, room could be made for another only by careful manœuvring of the body. The air in there was close enough at any time, but when the queer little stove got to throwing off smoke, and the coffee to boiling, and the fat pork to sizzling, it was something to gag the untrained man in short order. This passenger at least had to leave for the open after every few minutes of it.

The armful of wood, which had been got off a Russian trader in exchange for fish, had to be most economically handled.

Even so, there was not enough to fry all the pork. Everybody drank hot coffee, or all that he could get, and with it went cold pork mostly, hard dark bread, and the lump of goat's cheese. The coffee was the life-saving device, for with six inches of water in the bottom of the boat, and a sea that slapped water regularly over the rail while the boat was being rowed across the tide, all hands were well wet down. Thick coffee, cold pork, black bread, a wet sea, and a gray drizzle from a gray sky—no life that for men, you say. Maybe not; but it is the every-day life of tens of thousands of good men on this rocky Arctic coast, and glad to be able to get it to do. And it might be worse. And it is worse with many. Think of those who cannot stand it—and so become burdens at home.

Our skipper allowed his lines to set three hours, then stood by to haul. Because of the strength of the tide and the resistance offered to the line, which was fouled along the rough bottom—codfish everywhere seem to prefer a rough bottom,—it took another three hours to get the trawl in. The skipper hauled it along when he could, but at times the second man of the crew had to bear a hand. The second hand, when not helping the skipper haul, also coiled the line in the tubs. The other two meantime eased the strain on the trawl by tugging more heavily at the oars.

When things nearer at hand were not engaging our attention we observed the work of the life-saving vessels that were cruising in and out among the fleet. There were four of them, three run by some mission and one by the Salvation Army. Small but able-looking craft were they, of about fifteen tons, yawl-rigged, and evidently designed to be non-capsizeable, with a great load of well-secured ballast next to the keel, we were told. By the look of the hull the spars would have to come out first, and by the look of the spars the canvas would have to be blown off before they would go; and snuggled down and hove to, one could not imagine how harm could ever come to them. On a lee shore in a gale there would be little need to worry either, for they are reported to be, as they look, great little vessels to windward. They were pleasing to view, too, painted white, with a red cross

on a blue circle on the bows of the mission boats, and the name *Catherine Booth* on the Army boat.

The presence of these life-boats among the fleet was conclusive testimony to the danger to the men engaged in this industry. One might think that as the fleet was no farther than a two hours' run offshore, it would be an easy chance for them to make harbor in time; and so it would be, under ordinary conditions, or with the proper type of craft—if it were only that and no living to make. But these little boats, so shoal and with their one square sail, cannot sail close to the wind, and a hard breeze from the shore presents a stiff problem, the more so as they are not decked over, which means that in a heavy sea they are liable to fill, and once filled they go down, for even their very ballast, which ordinarily is supposed to stiffen a vessel, would here—a lot of loose rock in the bottom—the more quickly help to sink them. Cautious men might see things coming and prepare in time, one might say, but there is where the having to make a living comes in—overcautious men do not make the successful fishermen.

After our crew had hauled the trawls there were perhaps six hundred pounds of cod and two hundred pounds of sei (a long black fish something like our pollock) in the bottom of our boat. Not a great catch that, for four men, but there it was, the result of the day's work, and now it had to be taken home.

It had been a fair wind out, and that same wind holding made a head-wind of it back, and so all hands had to take to the oars and bend backs to it. It was a long hard pull, and not until half past five in the afternoon, after four and a half hours of hard plugging, were we inside the quay and tied to the dock.

Tubs of trawls, oil clothes, and the little queer grub-box were all hoisted up on the old queer windlass, and thence carried up to the shack, where before anything further could be bothered with the men had a cup of coffee all around. They certainly are great coffee-drinkers in Norway. After the coffee it was time to attend to the dressing of the fish. For this work four or five crews gath-

ered neighborly and had rather a pleasant time of it.

After the fish were dressed they were offered to a merchant of the port, but he had all the fish he wanted, he said, and nodded his head toward where a few hundred thousand pairs were hanging up to dry. Maybe, but we felt that he would have been willing to take them—fish never go astray in Norway; they are the next thing to currency—but this gentleman did not wish to put himself in the way of seeming to solicit. He did say at last that he would give goods—no cash. So they went to a Russian trader finally, who offered a price that was equal to three cents a kilo, about a cent and three-eighths a pound—some of it to be taken out in meal and wood. They were sold for that, which gave a gross stock for our boat of something like ten dollars. Deducting expenses—bait and baiting, wood, food, and wear and tear on gear,—the men received about a dollar and a half each!

That was all there was to it—five and a half kroner each, and they thought they might just as well make the best of it. So a smoke and a good square meal right away, coffee again, pork and cheese and hard bread, and then two hours of sleep against another twenty-two hours of waiting and labor. It struck us that it was short rations in the sleeping line, but they said: "Oh no—not so bad—sleep enough was to be had. There were the days when the weather was rough and they could not go out—and there was always Sunday. On such they managed to catch up." We hoped so, and left them, they preparing to turn in, without removing too much of their clothes, for the two hours left them before they should put out again.

Outside the shack, under the sheds of the dock, were their tubs of trawls in charge of the women. In the case of two, one was the wife and another the daughter of one of the fishermen; in the case of the other women they were hired to bait at so much per tub. And that was the last thing we saw, or at least remembered seeing, as we steamed out of Vardö Harbor—those patient Finn and Norwegian women baiting trawls while the exhausted men-folk slept.

The Spirit of Partnership

BY ABBY MEGUIRE ROACH

"**B**UT haven't I served long enough?" If you simply heard Mrs. Rogers's voice, even on the most commonplace topic, you knew her for a woman with a burden and no hope; but when you saw her, you knew too that she had too much energy and spirit for "idle mourning." "Shouldn't some one else have—?"

"My dear Mrs. Rogers," the chairman of the committee interrupted, smiling, "we really didn't come to consult you about the matter, nor to offer you the office. We are simply telling you that you are going to continue in the presidency,"—a flicker of light crossed Mrs. Rogers's eyes, too, her utmost smile, and that rare; it was not hard, the face, nor unhappy, nor was the voice, but they were singularly unsmiling,—“and that, since the club has been put on a self-supporting basis, and is so built up that it takes practically all the president's time, we are going to pay her the little salary. Your ideas about pauperizing individuals are too well known for us to argue about pauperizing institutions. We're able to pay our way, and we're going to do it, whether you need the money or not. For all we care, you can adopt the principle of the Hindu priests who beg all day that people may acquire merit by giving, and then give away all they have collected to acquire merit themselves.”

She got up, laughing, to go, and the other ladies followed suit.

"You know, the club never would have amounted to anything without you, Mrs. Rogers," one of them said, "and it couldn't do without you now."

"And Mrs. Rogers knows too that she couldn't do without the work. She'd feel as if she had lost a baby. So we're all to be congratulated."

Mrs. Rogers went with them to the front door, most satisfactorily frank in her gratification; but she looked after

their departing backs with fading light and color.

She was a woman of about fifty, with a fine skin parched into numberless minute and intricate wrinkles, tired eyes, compressed lips, and a voice that took no interest. But her manner was brisk and pleasant. She gave an impression of common sense and capacity.

Her friends, she knew, had carried this new arrangement against an opposing faction. Well, she was glad she had friends. And she was proud of the Business Woman's Club, which had grown under her hands from a small Woman's Exchange to an institution with many departments. It was doing a great deal of good. And that assurance and the good-will of the afternoon were very pleasant. How cordial they had been, and tactful. . . . Oh, tactful! That was when the light began to fade.

She turned back to her shabby parlor and stood looking around it. "Whether you want the money or not,"—when they knew there were a dozen needs for every dollar of it. She had no mock-modesty to doubt that she had earned and would keep on earning it; there was no possible sting of charity in the offer; but she wondered if they would ever have thought of the plan if Mrs. Van Puyster, for instance, had been in her place. Then her good sense settled the false pride at once. She did need the money; people must know it; why shouldn't they? Hadn't she generosity enough to accept a kindness?

But the hurt of the room went deeper than her pride.

She dropped down on a sofa as worn and faded as herself. It was the furniture her father had given her to start housekeeping thirty years before. It had been sent out once or twice for redoing, when new began to be needed; then she had patched it up after a fashion herself; later still, tidies, cushions, linen covers,

did their best toward the euphemisms of appearances; now even they were as threadbare as—her tone when she spoke of her husband. It had a dry brevity then that sounded more like detachment than reticence. She gave no impression of a woman with wrongs bottled but boiling. And she was not. Oh no. Jim Rogers was a small, slow, hesitating man, so inoffensive—as to be an offence. He never did anything bad—or good. He had worked at one desk, on one salary, ever since she had known him. They had not supposed the salary adequate when they married, but of course it would increase. When that began to seem doubtful, Mrs. Rogers had tried every method of rousing him, from approbation to criticism, from encouragement to reproaches to indignation. But long ago he had settled down undisturbed, a dead weight on her spirits and her voice.

His only enthusiasm was a study of the history of the Christian sacraments, forms, and holy days, and the hope of some day electrifying an oblivious world with the significance of his researches collected in a book. His mind belonged to the class of advanced thinkers of the generation preceding the scientists of the nineteenth century, and now common in the backwaters of the world's thought: restless, dissatisfied with the prevalent religion, waking to its incongruities, but so saturated with its point of view that he followed instinctively its methods of thought. He doubted the authority of the church and the infallibility of the Bible, but proved both his scepticism and his faith by that same Bible. He showed Easter to be a pagan adaptation, and traced the various heathen sources of the sacrificial and god-participatory meal, with the utmost awe at his own temerity; at the same time he supported the fall and redemption of man with a fund of medieval erudition.

He came into the house now, went through the hall to the dingy library that was his particular sanctum, came back, and stopped in the parlor doorway, a deprecating little figure. Mrs. Rogers did not notice him. He turned to go, hesitated, cleared his throat. "Susan."

"Oh, did you want something?" She was on her feet at once, willing and cheerful. "I beg your pardon."

He stood uneasy, inarticulate. He had been growing shorter lately, and his face smaller, she thought.

"Well?" she encouraged him, with the tolerant impatience of the natively alert for the ponderous.

"I guess I can't keep it from you any longer. Better have it over. I've been out of a position for a month, and I can't get another."

"You—?"

"Have been walking the streets for a month trying to find something else to do, and trying to fill up the time you expected me to be away from home, and dodging into stores and around corners when you were coming."

"But Wesson and Lee—"

"I told you some time ago they were taking young Gordon in. He had no feeling about me. He didn't mind telling me himself. He said it was simply a matter of business. I was old-fashioned and slow, and the firm couldn't afford that sort of thing at any price. Personally—oh, he was very polite! But it wasn't worth while to waste any more of my time or theirs. They gave me a month's salary in advance, and shipped me that day." His voice shook and his hands. "And not another place in town will take me."

There was silence.

"Well?" she challenged him—and herself—at last. "That was fair. All you could expect. I dare say they have held on to you for years only because they did have a feeling about you. But you needn't be so nervous, Jim." It was not kindness in the voice, but there was no unkindness, either. "I'm not going to blame you. I don't know how much you could have helped any of it. It's a problem I've given up. But I do know it's no use crying over the law that the unfit go down. If we're in that company, so much the worse for us, and the better for the world that gets rid of us."

"I'm afraid it isn't merely a question of blame." Her impersonal tone steadied him. "It's also a question of bread." And the steadiness promptly broke.

"Oh! To be sure. Well, don't worry. We'll manage somehow. The Woman's Club has reelected me and attached a small salary to the office. And I'll find something else for one of us, to help out.



HE STOPPED IN THE DOORWAY, A DEPRECATING LITTLE FIGURE

But you must give me time to think. Besides, I have to get supper now."

He leaned against the door as she passed him. His reaching the limit of physical and mental endurance was what had brought the confession this evening. She saw. But she could not condole with him,—she *could* not! Was he the one for sympathy? For years she had felt herself ossifying toward him, and had accepted it as, if not the best, then the least bad, solution possible for her. Now at this last stroke her very heart seemed turned to stone. Oh no, she didn't blame him, and so of course contempt was illogical. At least she didn't know what the limit of just blame was. But certainly she couldn't sympathize: with her temperament and creed of self-help and self-responsibility, she couldn't understand. She tried to be neutral. Judgment and justice were with God, who alone could "look before and after," whose scales were perfect to determine the ultimate balance, who knew not "wrath nor pardon" nor preference. She couldn't charge that he could have done better, but she *wouldn't* admit that he couldn't, for the sake of the principle as well as for both their sakes.

She went about preparing the meal in the daze from a mortal blow. Time to think? She was not thinking now. But she knew that later, when these last nerves of feeling recovered from their temporary paralysis, all the others that she had soothed and drugged for years would assert themselves again. Then she would think and suffer.

She was automatically laying the plates, when Mr. Rogers's voice reached her, hurrying towards her. "Susan! Susan! Why didn't you tell me there was a letter for me?" He stumbled on the door-sill as he came, and the paper shook in his hand. "It was not getting one yet that was the last straw. It's from Professor Eiler at the State University. I wrote him to know if my ancient languages and history hadn't some chance for usefulness, and he has offered me the chair!" It was a long time since Jim Rogers had shown such excitement. "And he says there'll be leisure for me to get my book together! The salary is less than we've had," he remembered, toning down, "but a house with ground

enough for a garden goes with it, and living in Barville won't cost—"

"Living in Barville! The State University! A little country school. And Barville, of all forsaken places. And what about my Business Woman's work? I dare say that salary is as large as you're offered. Don't for a minute think I'll go to Barville, Jim." Susan had not raised her voice for years, and its echo startled them both, and checked her. And her husband's shrinking back, like a dog drenched on the leap of greeting, reminded her. "You would have plenty of time for the book here now," she reassured him gently,—and instantly understood the shame in his eyes. "Anyway, come, eat your supper,"—she recovered her habitual brisk pleasantness,—*"and let's drop the subject for to-night. We both need time to think."*

Long after she went to bed she saw his light as usual under his study door, and heard him moving about.

There was no sleep for her. The nerves were throbbing now. Barville, and give up her friends and the work that kept her strong and bright? No. It wasn't fair to have to accept indefinitely the narrow conditions his limitations imposed upon them. Yet, if one talked of justice, she had been free all along for the work she loved, while he drudged at the uncongenial, with that book forever alluring him. That great and only book! His work against hers! There was no comparison of values. Still, he had as much right as she to an opinion on that point. He quoted the men who had been too far ahead of their time for an audience; she thought him too far behind. It seemed to her he had spoiled a mass of fascinating material by the curious color of his mental atavism; and that he was simply pouring the cambric tea of infidelity, too weak to excite even the nervous constitution of orthodoxy, and not strong enough to stimulate science. The egotistic humility of his confidence in his call, his feeling of the true heroism of his timid courage, his sense of the enormity of his daring, had for her a touch of the opera bouffe. She could foresee so well the reception of the book: an amused notice or two and—silence. All the same, turn about was fair play; he was entitled to his chance



IT WAS THE SPIRIT OF PARTNERSHIP

when it came. He had never wanted to do anything but that book.

Well, he should do it now, at home. Home? with the indignity of an idle husband, and—she recalled his eyes at supper—his humiliation? Oh, he'd have to go of course, but why couldn't she stay? Go alone? She saw him as he had stood in the parlor doorway, a figure against whose unjust pathos she had rebelled many a time before—without escape. Her throat ached at the thought of his month of trying to bear and remedy his failure alone. All the nerves were throbbing now, pity as well as self-pity. He had no one but her. And she—Would her friends count for so much in the close places? There had never been ungentleness between her and Jim; he always affectionate, she always kind,—more and more aridly kind perhaps, but still she had looked to his comfort and been pleasant. They depended on each other for a great many things, as people living together are bound to do. The bond of the yoke was strong. She would miss him, and he would do very badly without her,—the more as his work failed. And no explanation of the separation could leave intact his prestige or hers.

But what prestige if he sacrificed the last of his manhood and let her be the man of the family? She had used to remind him, in those past days when she was trying to spur him, that he had voluntarily assumed the responsibilities of a home; now was she going to require him to shirk them? He had stood by his post; give him whatever credit was due for that, even though his own bread and butter also had been involved, and even though between struggling after the uncongenial and away from the alluring he had accomplished nothing at either. And now when his chance came for both, had he no rights? Suddenly an arresting thought came to her: Had they known about Jim,—her friends? A great many people must. Was that why—? If their kindness had hurt at first, now it was unendurable. In a way of course her husband's incompetence was no secret and no news, but there had always been the euphemism of appearances, the decency of privacy, the opportunity for at least a doubt in his favor: he was doing something, at worst his best. But now to placard him with

it; not only defeated, but admitting it, no longer trying, letting her be the man of the family. That is the last distinction a wife covets; one of the heads of the family she doubtless wants to be, but not the man. Susan's spasm of mortification had both a present and a future tense, was at once pride and sympathy.

She would go with Jim to Barville.

So she was going to Barville!

Oh, well, she was adaptable; she could find some interest anywhere; she relished just the exercise of her energy and ability.

And that was to be the closing scene.

Her parents had objected to her marrying, on so slim a present and so shadowy a future, the mild, devoted youth she said she loved. With what heroics she had met opposition and delay, and what at first she and Jim called bad luck! This was life, experience! they used to tell each other; they would look back on it with closer sympathy for having been through it together; their love was not the fair-weather sort; it would be all the stronger and dearer for trial. . . .

Well? Susan, remembering, sat up abruptly in bed. Wasn't that just what had happened? Loyalty, affection, making the best of things, they had developed. And working and suffering together had formed one of the strongest of bonds. What was this feeling for her husband that was more effective than "that word banished"? It had outlasted passion, confidence, hope; it disregarded all question of deserts; it contained both sympathy and charity, but was more personal than philanthropy and more tender than altruism. Her occasional dry, hard exterior toward him was only a crust, and was it toward him or the nature of things? Within was a precious drop of something reduced to its lowest elements, apparently indestructible; she did not hesitate to call it love. But it was sexless; and besides the individual spirits of pity and justice, it had that spirit that, when one might be saved, makes him refuse to sacrifice or desert the other; that spirit that makes a man sell himself to pay debts he did not contract,—the sense of relationship, its feeling of responsibility and participation, its fellow-feeling.

It was the spirit of partnership.

The N-Rays

BY ROBERT KENNEDY DUNCAN

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THE alleged discovery of N-rays constitutes one of the most remarkable anomalies of science.

On the 23d of March, 1903, M. Blondlot, Professor of Physics at the University of Nancy, published a paper in the *Comptes rendus* "On a New Kind of Light." This first communication was rapidly followed by others, in which he developed his discovery and proved his "new light" to possess properties altogether remarkable and inexplicable. In addition, his work was supplemented by that of other Frenchmen, who corroborated Blondlot and extended his discovery along new lines. These French gentlemen are all of them men of unquestionable training and professional integrity. Among others, there is young Becquerel, who has his father, grandfather, and great-grandfather to emulate.

Now the anomaly referred to is this, that from the date of this first paper until the present time no human being in Germany, England, or America has succeeded in verifying Blondlot's work or in detecting the existence of the radiations at all. The situation is unique in the annals of science, because when scientific people quarrel it is always over theories or over the degree of accuracy of some one specific fact; but here we have a thousand "facts," all neatly dovetailing into one another—that is, all relating to one another and explaining one another,—and yet the really strenuous efforts of competent men outside of France to verify one solitary one of the alleged "facts" have resulted in nothing but depressing, fruitless failure. The experiments upon which Blondlot and his confrères rely for the validity of the N-rays are simple in the extreme. They may easily be repeated by any reader, so that he may accept them or condemn them for himself. He will find on repeating

the experiments described that the phenomena to be observed are on the borderland of visibility, and he may make up his mind for himself as to whether they are due to imagination or to objective reality. It is hoped that from these experiments on the part of a large number of readers there may arise a certain consensus of opinion not lightly to be disregarded. It will be seen that the N-rays, if they exist, may be vastly important, and Blondlot may be quite justified when he says, "Possibly the N-rays may not be without action on certain phenomena of animal or vegetable life in a way hitherto little suspected"; for there are many obscure phenomena of life for which no explanation has ever been vouchsafed.

The discovery of the alleged N-rays was quite by accident. In February, 1903, Blondlot announced that he had succeeded in polarizing Roentgen rays. In front of an X-ray tube he had placed a thin screen of aluminum, and he noticed that the rays which passed through the screen caused a tiny electric spark to grow brighter when it was horizontal, but had no effect on its brightness when it was perpendicular. Hence the rays that cause the brightness must be all in one plane, *i. e.*, polarized.

Next, he found, and manifestly to his great surprise, that these rays from the X-ray tube which he had filtered through a screen of aluminum could be reflected and refracted like ordinary light. Now, it is quite impossible to reflect or refract X-rays, and so he was forced to infer that tangled up in the same bundle with the X-rays there was a new kind of rays altogether, which he announced the following month as "*une nouvelle espèce de lumière*," their unique properties as light being that they were not visible to the eye, that they could pass

through metals, and that they caused an increase in the brightness of an electric spark—that, in fact, an electric spark was *an eye* to them. Following up his work, he discovered that an ordinary Welsbach light was a much better source of this new light than an X-ray tube. His apparatus is easily duplicated. He enclosed a Welsbach lamp in a kind of iron lantern so arranged with tubes that the gas could enter the lamp and the burnt gas could leave it without any escape of luminosity into the dark room. On one side of the iron enclosure he placed a window of aluminum vis-à-vis with the Welsbach mantle. It is through this window that “the dark light” passes in the form of a beam invisible to the eye, but visible in the increased brightness of the little spark on which it falls. By this means Blondlot established the general properties of his new light, which in honor of his university town he calls N-rays.

Blondlot soon discovered that he could detect N-rays by other means than the little spark, which he found difficult to keep constant. He found that, generally speaking, all faintly luminous objects increased in “shine” under the impact of N-rays. These faintly luminous objects he used as detectors; and since they can be readily used by any reader, a list of them is appended here:

1. A very feeble but constant electric spark from an induction coil.
2. A very tiny gas flame from a minute orifice grows whiter under N-rays.
3. A small wire carried to a low red heat.
4. A plate of platinum or iron inclined at an angle of forty-five degrees, and heated from beneath to a just visible redness by a gas flame or Bunsen burner.
5. A thin slip of white paper feebly illuminated from any outside source.
6. A screen of phosphorescent calcium sulphide previously exposed to light.

These objects are all of them stated to increase slightly in brightness under the influence of N-rays; but while they may be used indiscriminately in detecting them and in measuring their properties, the phosphorescent screen is possibly, on the whole, the best.

Having a constant source of the rays and a sensitive receiver or detector,

Blondlot rapidly investigated their properties. These properties show them to be a unique kind of light.

They pass straight through most metals with a facility depending on the kind of metal. Aluminum is exceedingly transparent. Wood, also, is transparent, as are black paper, paraffin, quartz, and mica. Strange to say, water is almost absolutely opaque. A cigarette-paper, which is perfectly transparent when it is dry, becomes perfectly impermeable or opaque when it is moistened.

N-rays have no photographic action.

They may be reflected from any plain polished surface like ordinary light.

They may also be refracted to a focus. For this purpose it is wise to use lenses of quartz, or wood, or aluminum, for glass is almost opaque.

On passing them through a lens several foci result, for the rays are a mixture of several wave-lengths. The foci may be discovered by any of the detectors mentioned above.

They may also be dispersed through a prism of quartz, or aluminum, into a veritable spectrum.

A unique property is their power to cause a faint increase in the brightness of feebly luminous objects.

N-rays arise from other sources than Welsbach burners and X-ray tubes. The gas flame of a student's lamp emits them; all that is necessary is to remove the glass chimney, which is opaque.

A Bunsen burner does not emit them.

A plate of silver, or thin sheet of iron, heated to a low red heat by a Bunsen burner placed beneath it, is a better source of rays than a Welsbach burner. In order to show how perfectly definite Blondlot is, we quote him: “A plate of polished silver was placed in such a way that its plane made an angle of forty-five degrees with the horizontal. This plane was carried to a low red heat by means of a Bunsen burner placed beneath. Its upper face emitted rays like those from the Welsbach burner. A horizontal beam of these radiations, after having traversed two leaves of aluminum, some black paper, etc., was concentrated by a lens of quartz. By the aid of the little spark I proved the existence of four different foci.”

N-rays exist in sunshine as a totally unsuspected ingredient. "A room completely closed and dark had a window exposed to the sun. This window was entirely closed by boards about half an inch thick. About a yard from this boarded window, within the room, is placed a tube of thin glass containing some phosphorescent calcium sulphide, previously exposed for a short time to light. If now between the tube and the excluded sun is placed a sheet of lead, or simply the hand, even at a great distance from the tube, the phosphorescent shine diminishes; when the obstacle is removed, the shine reappears. The extreme simplicity of this experiment will, I hope, induce many people to repeat it."

Other sources of N-rays are bodies under strain. If wood, glass, or rubber is compressed in a carpenter's vise, it becomes a source of N-rays and causes a phosphorescent screen to increase in brightness. On removing the compression the rays cease. Another way of verifying this fact is recommended by Blondlot as very simple. The shutters of a room are closed so that the amount of light entering it is just, and no more than just, sufficient to cause the dial of the clock to appear as a grayish spot without definite contours to an observer standing four or five yards away from it. If now the observer places a slight walking-cane before his eyes and bends it violently, he will see the gray surface whiten and its contours will become more distinct. On allowing the cane to straighten, the clock-face becomes again indefinite and gray. "When the light is right, which one obtains after some trials, these phenomena are easily visible."

Unannealed glass, which has been suddenly cooled, is also a source of N-rays. So is tempered steel. The blade of a pocket-knife, a file, a steel tool of any kind, may be used instead of the bent cane in the foregoing experiment; or, instead, it suffices to bring the steel into the neighborhood of the phosphorescent screen to increase its "shine." Untempered steel has no action whatever.

The emission of N-rays by tempered steel seems to be of indefinite duration. Blondlot speaks of an old knife, dating from Gallo-Roman times, which emitted

N-rays as much as a modern knife. That a piece of steel after the lapse of more than a dozen centuries should still possess its ray-emitting power unimpaired leads one to think of Becquerel, the Curies, and the rays of radium. There is a world of difference, however, between the two phenomena, for while radium rays consist of particles, N-rays, however bizarre in their properties, are true, though invisible, light.

The human body is also a source of N-rays; the clenched fist, or any tense muscle, emits them, as does the action of whistling, or talking in a high voice.

As a sensitive receiver any of the detectors already mentioned will suffice, though a phosphorescent screen is the best. It is made as follows, in accordance with Blondlot's directions. Phosphorescent sulphide of calcium may be obtained from any large dealer in chemical supplies. It constitutes a powder which after exposure to light shines in the dark. Half an ounce is sufficient. This phosphorescent sulphide of calcium is ground up with collodion diluted with ether until it forms a clear broth. Drops of this broth are then deposited by means of a little brush on strips of black paper, such as is used in mounting photographs, so that spots in the near neighborhood of one another result and the screen takes a polka-dot effect. No particular care need be taken in making the screen. Expose the screen briefly to the light, and examine it in a perfectly dark room and in silence. You will notice that some of the spots are less luminous than others. "Most of the time some of them form a kind of confused nebulosity less visible than the remainder. But if you speak in a high voice, or whistle, or if you bring up to the screen a knife, or a bent walking-cane, or the clenched fist, you will see the spots become *more distinct and more luminous*; the nebulosity is resolved. When you repress the N-rays the screen takes on its primitive aspect." Under the heading, "Comment on doit observer l'action des rayons N," Blondlot warns investigators what *not* to do.

"It is indispensable in these experiments to avoid all constraint of the eye, every effort of vision, accommodation or any other. The observer must not look

fixedly on the luminous source of which he wishes to recognize variations in 'shine.' On the contrary, it is necessary, so to speak, to see the screen without looking at it, to direct the eyes vaguely in a neighboring direction. The observer must play a rôle exclusively passive, under penalty of seeing nothing. The silence ought to be as guarded as possible. All fumes, particularly those of tobacco, ought to be rigorously excluded as susceptible of troubling or even masking entirely the effect of the N-rays. With these precautions the observation of the N-rays and analogous phenomena ought to be visible to all,—with some exceptions, extremely rare, which I have so far encountered in only three or four people."

In addition to these precautions, we ought to append a few out of our own experience.

First, the change in the luminosity, either on bringing up the N-rays or in taking them away, is *gradual*, not spontaneous. This is very important to understand, and failure to appreciate it has been the cause of most of the unsuccessful experience.

Second, the eyes ought to be accustomed to the dark, and the screen should be preferably handed in to the observer.

Third, the screen should not be previously exposed to too much light. If the screen has its maximum phosphorescence, it cannot of course grow any brighter. Preferably the experiments should be made at night.

Fourth, the screen should be looked at "straight in the face." For a reason that we shall indicate below, this is important.

The question with the reader at this point is, "Is it, or isn't it?" And if on a fair trial he is convinced that the luminosity does appear to change, he may be ready to consider the particular properties of N-rays.

In the course of Blondlot's researches he discovered a remarkable fact. The N-rays from a Welsbach lamp, after passing through a thin sheet of aluminum, were concentrated by means of a quartz lens on a phosphorescent screen. The Welsbach burner, the source of the rays, was extinguished and removed, and Blondlot—"to my great surprise," he

says—discovered that the phosphorescence remained as intense as before; and not only so, but he found that if he introduced his hand between the screen and the iron lantern which enclosed the lamp, it diminished as usual. This seemingly supernatural phenomenon he eventually traced to the quartz lens. He discovered, in fact, that the lens had the power of storing up the N-rays and of emitting them afterwards. Quartz is to N-rays as luminous paint is to sunlight. One may say that quartz is phosphorescent to N-rays. Iceland spar, fluor spar, baryta, glass, gold, silver, lead, and zinc, all have this strange power of storing up N-rays.

But aluminum, wood, paper, wet or dry, or paraffin has no such power. For this reason Blondlot finds it necessary to use an aluminum lens rather than one of quartz in all focussing experiments. Phosphorescent calcium sulphide itself stores N-rays. This storage power of the sulphide explains why it is that the screen takes an appreciable time to augment and to lose its brightness due to N-rays.

The reader may prove this storage power by trying the phosphorescent screen with pebbles, limestone, fragments of brick, etc., that have been exposed to the sun. They are rich with N-rays stolen from the sunlight.

The activity of these bodies will persist for about four days without perceptible enfeeblement. It is necessary that they should be perfectly dry. The thinnest layer of water arrests the N-rays.

With the present-day knowledge, the reenforcing action of N-rays seems really an inexplicable phenomenon. On the 23d of November Blondlot announced the following statement of facts: "I had my eyes fixed on a little band of paper at a distance of about one yard; a brick, of which one of the faces had been previously exposed to the sun, was approached laterally to the faint beam of light proceeding from the band of paper to my eyes—the side of the brick which had previously been exposed being *towards* my eyes. I saw the band of paper take on a greater 'shine,' and when I turned the brick lengthwise, or when I turned towards me the face which had not been illuminated, the paper darkened." This seems amazing. Had the exposed side

of the brick been turned towards the paper, the N-rays proceeding from it would naturally, from what we know, have caused the paper to brighten; but the exposed side *was turned towards his eyes!* Finally, to remove all possibility of illusion, he placed the brick in a box covered with black paper, and obtained the same result.

The wave-length of the N-rays afforded another surprise for Blondlot. His first papers show that he had imagined the N-rays to consist of long ether waves lying somewhere in the great unknown space between the shortest electrical waves and the longest heat waves. But he found instead, and he claims to have determined it within a minute fraction of error, that they are by far the shortest waves known. They have, in fact, a space between themselves and the most minute ultraviolet waves greater than the space between heat waves and electrical waves in the great spectrum of the known radiations. Their length is about 0.00815 of the thousandth part of a millimetre.

There exists also a variety of N-rays which diminishes instead of increasing the "shine" of faintly luminous bodies. Blondlot calls them N_1 -rays. Expose a tightly stretched wire of copper, silver, or platinum to the phosphorescent screen and look for a diminution of the luminosity. N_1 -rays in other respects behave like N-rays.

At the bottom of all this change in luminosity he finds the following fact: A phosphorescent screen under N-rays increases the luminosity when looked at "face to face," but *decreases* in luminosity when looked at sideways. N_1 -rays act in the reverse way. This fact explains why a number of people simultaneously examining the same screen do not necessarily see the same phenomena. The change in the luminosity of the screen is a change in the *distribution* of the light, not in its total quantity.

It would be easy to take up the work of the other men who have collaborated with Blondlot in France to show how they have passed the rays through wires, conducted them along nerves, and even poisoned them, but by this time the reader will probably ask, "Is there no means outside of sensation for detecting

them?" If we are to believe Blondlot, the answer is, "Yes."

They may be detected by photography, though indirectly. All we can say to such a photograph is this, "Are you quite sure, M. Blondlot, that you did not favor one more than the other?" and this to a trained man of science is almost an insult.

At any rate the reader, after making such a screen, will be fully in a position to answer certain questions for himself.

Does the screen apparently change? If it does, then three questions result:

1. Is the change due to physical causes proceeding to the screen?

2. Is it due to changes produced within the eye itself?

3. Is it due to the mind alone?

If 1 be answered affirmatively, the subject is the business of physics, and the foregoing facts find a reasonable explanation in N-rays. If 2, then it is a matter for physiology to explain all these correlated phenomena in terms of optical illusion due to the structure of the eye. If 3, they would be explained by psychology in terms of hallucination, auto-hypnotism, or in some similar fashion.

If, on the contrary, there is no appearance of change, then the whole matter seems one for the alienist, for such a coherent tissue of falsehood never was.

But the answer is not unlikely to be, "Yes."

For we find at last the confirmation so eagerly sought in an extract from *Nature*, which announces that Professor Hackett of Dublin has been able to confirm directly and expressly Professor Blondlot's work. It seems that Professor Hackett had been mapping the sensitiveness of the retina by means of a delicate photometer, and applying his apparatus and results of the N-rays, he states that there is no question as to their objective existence. The results are so definite that he is able to say that a piece of unannealed glass causes a difference of ten per cent. in the brightness of a phosphorescent screen, while a silent tuning-fork increases the brightness from two to three per cent. Furthermore, he says that any one with the application of a little patience may repeat these phenomena. Professor Hackett's statement finds support in an extract from *Science Abstracts*, December 27, 1904.

A. Broca (*Archives d'El Medicales*, pp. 723-740, October 10, 1904) points out that the observation of these rays is an extremely delicate one; in his own case it was six weeks before he could see the rays. He submitted himself to an elaborate course of training, and he gives an account of the best way of studying the rays. He dwells upon the necessity of observing physiological conditions. Thus the eye must be adapted to almost complete darkness, or at least to very feeble lights. The observer must be left with his mind free, all instrumental changes being intrusted to another. The effects due to heat must be borne in mind; for the physiological radiations may be entirely swamped by the heat effects. The two effects may be distinguished by the slight lagging (up to a few seconds) behind of the effect due to the N-rays, such lag being much greater in the case of the heat effect, and on the cessation of the action the difference of lag is even greater. The N-rays effect may also be distinguished by their different behavior when viewed normally, at forty-five degrees, and at grazing incidence.

Still again, in *Nature* (December 15, 1904) we find the following statement:

Nearly all the physicists who have been approached hitherto by the *Revue Scientifique* in the course of its inquiries as to the existence of the N-rays have unequivocally stated their inability to observe the effects which these rays are alleged to produce. It is therefore particularly interesting to note in the *Revue* for November 26 that M. d'Arsonval has been able to reproduce these effects in many instances, and to show that they are not due merely to thermal causes. M. Mascart is stated jointly to have observed with him the same phenomena. M. Poincaré, although himself unable to verify the existence of the radiations, adversely criticises Professor Wood's objections. M. Weiss, from his failure to observe the rays, simply concludes that he was physically unfitted for such observations.

This recent confirmatory evidence occurs opportunely, since the French workers have lately been subjected to severe criticism, notably by Professor Woods of the Johns Hopkins, whose strictures were unduly severe, seeing that the evidence of the rays lies on the

very threshold of what is perceivable, and that, as the reader will find, their detection requires with certain individuals some practice. Moreover, the sceptics are divided among themselves; some maintaining that the observed changes in the screen are due to heat, and others that they observe no change whatever.

Finally, it may be asked, "Of what use are they?" The question is really illegitimate but wholly natural.

Without wishing to be accused of sensationalism, we honestly think that there are many obscure and half-acknowledged phenomena which, it is possible, may find an adequate explanation in N-rays or analogous radiations. For example, many people believe, either tacitly or openly, that around every human being there is an "atmosphere" or "aura" attractive or repellent, as the case may be. The words "personal magnetism" are sometimes used to describe this. Is it not possible that this "atmosphere" may be due to radiations of the type we have considered, which we now know may be emitted by the body, particularly under strain or emotion, and which, it may be, are obscurely distinguished by some nascent subconscious sense? Again, we have in the practically acknowledged "thought-transference" a phenomenon which is explicable only in terms of ray emissions. These rays have been postulated in explaining it, and since we seem to find the body actually emitting *some* invisible to us and capable of passing through solid bodies such as bone, it is not unnatural to suppose that in them or in analogous rays we may eventually find and control thought-transference.

Still again, is it not probable that, if these rays are given off so generally and so spontaneously, they may be perceived by the underworld of animals and insects in a way we have never suspected?

There are many other phenomena of this order, obscure and half acknowledged, that may find just such explanation. Meanwhile, until we know more, this is pure speculation.

The writer would be glad to hear from any reader the result of his experiments, if at the same time he sends an exact description of his methods.

A Stiff Condition

BY HERMAN WHITAKER

AN Ontario sun shed a pleasant warmth into the clearing where Elder Hector McCakeron sat smoking. His gratified consciousness was pleasantly titillated by sights and sounds of worldly comfort. From the sty behind the house came fat gruntings; in the barn-yard hens were shrilly announcing that eggs would be served with the bacon; moreover, Janet was vigorously agitating a hoe among the potatoes to his left, while his wife performed similarly in the cabbage-garden. And what better could a man wish than to see his women profitably employed?

It was a pause in Janet's labors that gave the elder first warning of an intruder on his peace. A man was coming across the clearing—a short fellow, thick-set and bow-legged in figure, slow and heavy of face. The elder observed him with stony eyes.

"It's the Englisher," he muttered. "What 'll he be wanting wi' me?"

His accent was hostile as his glance. Since, thirty years before, a wave of red-haired Scots inundated western Ontario, no man of Saxon birth had settled in Zorra, the elder's township. That in peculiar had been held sealed as a heritage to the Scot, and when Joshua Timmins bought out Sandy Cruikshanks the township boiled and burned throughout its length and breadth.

Not that it had expected to suffer the contamination. It was simply astounded at the man's impudence. "We'll soon drum him oot!" Elder McCakeron snorted, when he heard of the invasion; to which, on learning that Timmins was also guilty of Methodism, he added, "Wait till the meenister lays claws on the beast."

It was confidently expected that he would be made into a notable example, a warning to all intruders from beyond the pale; and the first Sunday after his arrival a full congregation turned out to see the minister do the trick. Interest

was heightened by the presence of the victim, who, lacking a chapel of his own faith, attended kirk. His entrance caused a sensation. Forgetting its Sabbath manners, the congregation turned bodily and stared till recalled to its duty by the minister's cough. Then it shifted its gaze to him. What thunders were brewing behind that confident front? What lightnings lurked in the depths of those steel-gray eyes? Breathlessly Zorra had waited for the anathema which should wither the hardy intruder and drive him as chaff from a burning wind.

But it waited in vain. By the most liberal interpretation no phrase of his could be construed as a reflection on the stranger. Worse! After kirk-letting the minister hailed Timmins in the door, shook hands in the scandalized face of the congregation, and hoped that he might see him regularly at service.

Scandalous? It was irreligious! But if disappointed in its minister, Zorra had no intention of neglecting its own duty in the premises: the Englisher was not to be let off while memories of Bruce and Bannockburn lived in Scottish hearts. Which way he turned that day and in the months that followed he met dour faces. Excepting Cap'en Donald McKay, a retired mariner, whose native granite had been somewhat disintegrated by exposure to other climates, no man gave him a word;—this, of course, without counting Neil McNab, who called on Timmins three times a week to offer half-price for the farm.

With one exception, too, the women looked askance upon him, wondering, doubtless, how he dared to oppose their men-folks' wishes. Calling the cows of evenings, Janet McCakeron sometimes came on Timmins, whose farm cornered on her father's, and thus a nodding acquaintance arose between them. That she should have so demeaned herself is a matter of reproach with many, but the fair-

mind who have sufficiently weighed the merits of her case are slower with their blames. For though Zorra can boast maidens who have hung in the wind till fifty and still, as the vernacular has it, "married on a man," a girl was counted well on the way to the shelf at forty-five. Janet, be it remembered, lacked but two years of the fatal age. Already chits of thirty-five or seven were generously alluding to her as the prop of her father's age; so small wonder if she simpered instead of passing with a nifty air when Timmins spoke one evening.

His remark was simple in tenor—in effect that her bell-cow was "a wee cat-ham'ed"; but Janet scented its underlying tenderness as a hungry traveller noses a dinner on a wind, and after that drove her cows round by the corner which was conveniently veiled by heavy maple-bush. Indeed, it was to the friendly shadows which shrouded it, day or dark, that Cap'en McKay—a man wise in affairs of the heart by reason of much sailing in and out of foreign ports—afterward attributed the record which Timmins set Zorra in courting.

"He couldna see her bones, nor her his bow-legs," the mariner phrased it. But be this as it may, whether or no each made love to a voice, Cupid ran a swift course with them, steeplechasing over obstacles that would have taken years for a Zorra lad to plod around. In less than six months they passed from a bare good-night to the exchange of soul thoughts on butter-making, the raising of calves, fattening of swine, and methods of feeding swedes that they might not taint cow's milk, and so had progressed by such tender paths through gentle dusks to the point where Timmins was ready to declare himself in the light of this present morning.

Assured by one glance that Timmins's courage still hung at the point to which she had screwed it the preceding evening, Janet drooped again to her work.

To his remark that the potatoes were looking fine, however, the elder made no response—unless a gout of tobacco smoke could be so counted. With eyes screwed up and mouth drawn down, he gazed off into space—a Highland sphinx, a Gaelic Rhadamanthus.

His manner, however, made no impres-

sion on Timmins's stolidity. The latter's eye followed the elder's in its peregrinations till it came to rest, when, without further preliminaries, he began to unfold his suit, which in matter and essence was such as are usually put forward by those whom love has blinded.

It was really an able plea, lacking perhaps those subtilities of detail with which a Zorra man would have trimmed it, but good enough for a man who labored under the disadvantages which accrue to birth south of the Tweed and Tyne. But it did not stir the elder's sphinxlike calm. "Ha' ye done?" he inquired, without removing his gaze from the clouds; and when Timmins assented, he delivered judgment in a cloud of tobacco smoke. "Weel—ye canna ha' her." After which he resumed his pipe and smoked placidly, wearing the air of one who has settled a difficult question forever.

But if stolid, Timmins had his fair share of a certain slow pugnacity.

"Why?" he demanded.

The elder smoked on.

"Why?"

"Weel,"—the elder spoke slowly to the clouds,—"I'm no obliged to quote chapter an' verse, but for the sake of argument—forbye should Janet marry on an Englisher when there's good Scotchmen running loose?"

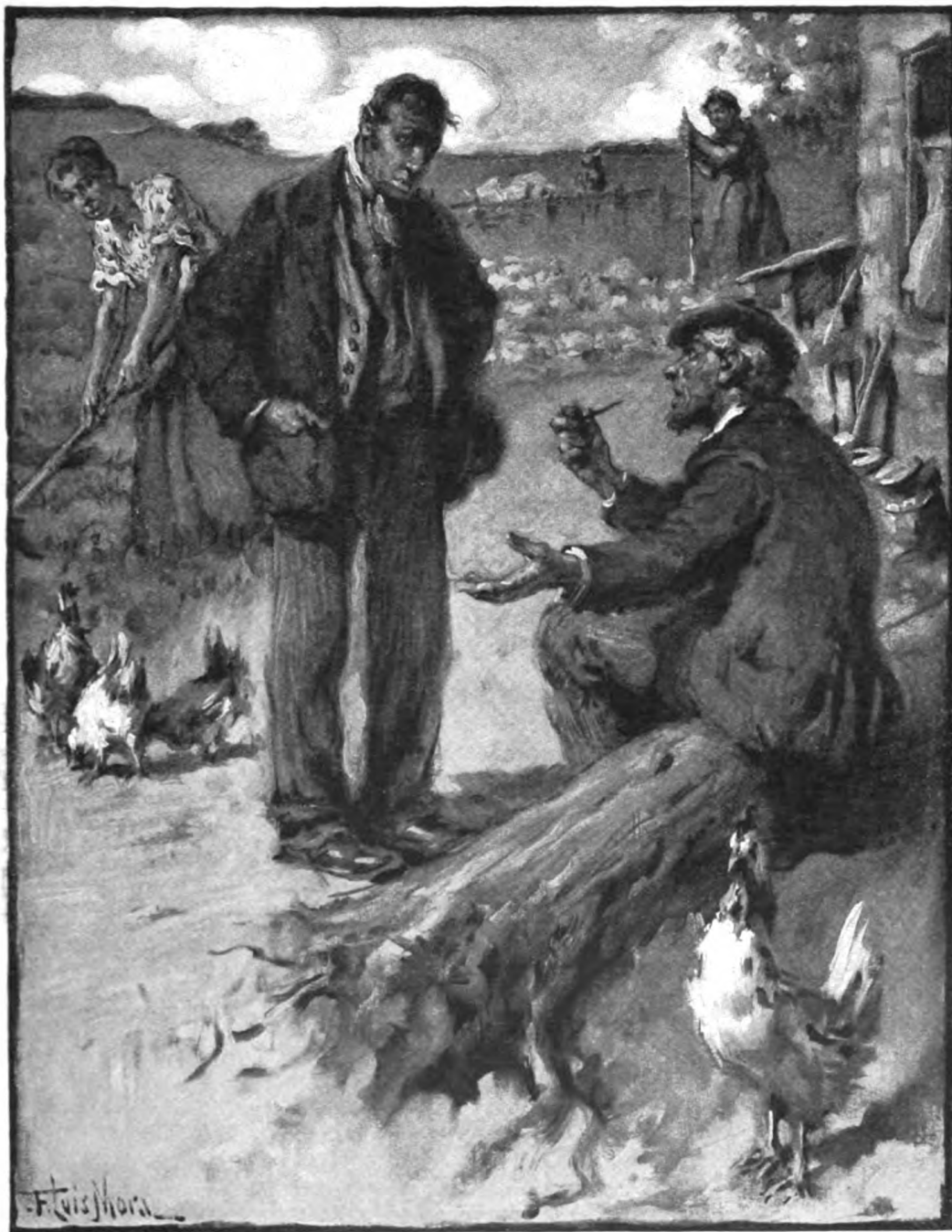
This was a "poser." Born to a full realization of the vast gulf which providence has fixed between the Highlands and the rest of the world, Janet recognized it as such. Pausing, she leaned on her hoe, anxiously waiting, while Timmins chewed a straw and the cud of reflection.

"Yes," he slowly answered, "they've been runnin' from 'er this twenty year." Nodding confirmation to the brilliant rejoinder, Janet fell again to work.

But the elder was in no wise discomposed. Withdrawing one eye from the clouds, he turned it approvingly upon her hoe practice. "She's young yet," he said, "an' a lass o' her pairts wull no go til the shelf."

"Call three-an'-forty young?"

"Christy McDonald," the elder sententiously replied, "marrit on Neil McNab at fifty. Janet's labor's no going to waste. An' if you were the on'y man i' Zorra, it wad behoove me to conseeder the



"FORBYE SHOULD JANET MARRY ON AN ENGLISHER?"

lassie's prospects i' the next world. Ye're a Methodist."

"Meanin'," said Timmins, when his mind had grappled with the charge, "as there's no Methodists there?"

Questions of delicacy and certain theological difficulties involved called for reflection, and the elder smoked a full

minute on the question before he replied: "No, I wadna go so far as that. It stan's to reason as there's some of 'em there; on'y—I'm no so sure o' their whereabouts."

Timmins thoughtfully scratched his head ere he came back to the charge. "Meanin' as there's none in 'eaven?"

Again the elder blew a reflective cloud over the merits of the question. "Weel," he said, delivering himself with slow caution, "if so—it's no on record."

Again Janet looked up, with defeat perching amid her freckles. "He's got ye this time," her face said, and the elder's expression of placid satisfaction affirmed the same opinion. But Timmins rose to a sudden inspiration.

"In 'eaven," he answered, "there's neither marriage nor givin' in marriage."

"Pish, mon!" the elder snorted. "It's no a question o' marrying; it's a question o' getting theer, an' Janet's no going to do it wi' a Methodist hanging til her skirts."

Silence fell in the clearing—silence that was broken only by the crash and tinkle of Janet's hoe as she buried Timmins under the clod. A Scotch daughter, she would bide by her father's word. Unaware of his funeral, Timmins himself stood scratching his poll.

"So you'll not give her to me?" he futilely repeated.

For the first time the elder looked toward him. "Mon, canna ye see the impossibility o' it? No, ye canna ha' her till—till"—he cast about for the limit of inconceivability—"till ye're an elder i' the Presbyterian Kirk." He almost cracked a laugh at Timmins's sudden brightening. He had evolved the condition to drive home and clinch the ridiculous impossibility of the other's suit, and here he was, the doddered fule, taking hope! It was difficult to comprehend the workings of such a mind, and though the elder smoked upon it for half an hour after Timmins left the clearing, he failed of realization.

"Yon's a gay fule," he said to Janet, when she answered his call to hitch the log farther into the cabin. "He was wanting to marry on you."

"Ay?" she indifferently returned,—adding, without change of feature, "There's no lack o' fules round here."

Meanwhile Timmins was making his way through the woods to his own place. As he walked along, the brightness gradually faded from his face, and by the time he reached the trysting-corner his mood was more in harmony with his case. His face would have graced a funeral.

Now Cap'en McKay's farm lay cheek

by jowl with the elder's, and as the mariner happened to be fixing his fence at the corner, he noted Timmins's signals of distress. "Man!" he greeted, "ye're looking hipped." Then, alluding to a heifer of Timmins's which had *bloated* on marsh-grass the day before, he added, "The beastie didna die?" Assured that it was only a wife that Timmins lacked, he sighed relief. "Ah, weel, that's no so bad; they come cheaper. But tell us o't."

"Hecks, lad!" he commented, on Timmins's dole, "I'd advise ye to drive your pigs til anither market."

"W'ere?" Timmins asked—"w'ere 'll I find one?"

"That's so." The mariner thoughtfully shaved his jaw with a red forefinger, while his comprehensive glance took in the other's bow-legs. "There isn't anither lass i' Zorra that wad touch ye with a ten-foot pole."

Reddening, Timmins breathed hard, but the mariner met his stare with the serene gaze of one who deals in undiluted truth; so Timmins gulped and went on: "Say! I 'ear that you're mighty clever in these 'ere affairs. Can't you 'elp a feller out?"

The cap'en modestly bowed to reputation, admitting that he had assisted "a sight of couples over the broomstick," adding, however, that the knack had its drawbacks. There were many door-stones in Zorra that he dared not cross. And he wagged his head over Timmins's case, wisely, as a lawyer ponders over the acceptance of a hopeless brief. Finally he suggested that if Timmins was "no stuck on his Methodisticals," he might join the kirk.

"You think that would 'elp?"

The cap'en thought that, but he was not prepared to endorse Timmins's following generalization that it didn't much matter what name a man worshipped under. It penetrated down through the aforesaid rubble of disintegration and touched native granite. Stiffly enough he returned that Presbyterianism was good enough for him, but it rested on Timmins to follow the dictates of his own conscience.

Now when bathed in love's elixir conscience becomes very pliable indeed, and as the promptings of Timmins's inner self were all toward Janet, his outer man

was not long in making up his mind. But though, following the cap'en's advice, he joined himself to the elect of Zorra, his change of faith brought him only a change of name.

Elder McCakeron officiated at the "christening" which took place in the crowded market the day after Timmins's name had been spread on the kirk register. "An' how is the apoos-tate the morning?" the elder inquired, meeting Timmins. And the name stuck, and he was no more known as the "Englsher."

"Any letters for the Apoos-tate?" The postmaster would mouth the question, repeating it after Timmins when he called for his mail. Small boys yelled the obnoxious title as he passed the log school on the corner; wee girls gazed after him, fascinated, as upon one destined for a headlong plunge into the lake of fire and brimstone. Summing the situation at the close of his second month's fellowship in the kirk, Timmins confessed to himself that it had brought him only a full realization of the "stiffness" of Elder McCakeron's "condition." He was no nearer to Janet, and never would have been but for the sudden decease of Elder Tammas Duncan.

In view of what followed, many hold that Elder Tammas made a vital mistake in dying, while a few, less charitable, maintain that his decease was positively sinful.

But if Elder Tammas be not held altogether blameless in the premises, what must be said of Saunders McClellan, who loaded himself with corn-juice and thereby sold himself to the fates? Saunders was a bachelor of fifty and a misogynist by repute. Twenty years back he had paid a compliment to Jean Ross, who afterward married on Rab Murray. It was not a flowery effort; simply to the effect that he, Saunders, would rather sit by her, Jean, than sup oatmeal brose. But though he did not soar into the realms of metaphor, the compliment seems to have been a strain on Saunders's intellect, to have sapped his being of tenderness; for after paying it he reached for his hat and fled, and never again placed himself in such jeopardy.

"Man!" he would exclaim, when, at threshing or logging bees, hairbreadth escapes from matrimony cropped up in

the conversation,—“man! but I was near done for yon time!” And yet, all told, Saunders's dry bachelorhood seems to have been caused by an interruption in the flow rather than a drying up of his wells of feeling, as was proven by his conduct coming home from market the evening he overloaded with “corn-juice.”

For as he drove by Elder McCakeron's milk-yard, which lay within easy hailing distance of the gravel road, Saunders belowered to Janet: “Hoots, there! Come awa, my bonnie bride! Come awa to the meenister!” In front of her mother and Sib Sanderson, the cattle-buyer—who was pricing a fat cow,—Saunders thus committed himself, then drove on, chuckling over his own daring.

“Ye're a deevil! man, ye're a deevil!” he told himself, giving his hat a rakish cock. “Ye're a deevil wi' the weemen, a sair deceiver.”

He did feel that way—just then. But when, next morning, memory disentangled itself from a splitting headache, Saunders's red hair bristled at the thought of his indiscretion. It was terrible! He, Saunders, the despair of the girls for thirty years, had fallen into a pit of his own digging! He could but hope it a nightmare; but as doubt was more horrible than certainty, he dressed and walked down the line to McCakeron's.

Once again he found Janet at the milking; or rather, she had just turned the cows into the pasture, and as she waited for him by the bars, Saunders thought he had never seen her at worse advantage. The sharp morning air had blued her nose, and he was dimly conscious that the color did not suit her freckles.

“Why, no!” she said, answering his question as to whether or no he had not acted a bit foolish the night before. “You just speired me to marry on you. Said I'd been in your eye this thirty years.”

In a sense this was true. He had cleared from her path like a bolting rabbit, but gallantry forbade that manifest explanation. “'Twas the whuskey talking,” he pleaded. “Ye'll no hold me til a drunken promise?”

But he saw, even before she spoke, that she would.

“'Deed but I will!” she exclaimed, tossing her head. “An' them says ye were

drucken will ha' to deal wi' me. Ye were sober as a sermon."

Though disheartened, Saunders tried another tack. "Janet," he said, solemnly, "I dinna think as a well-brought lass like you wad care to marry on a man like me. I'm terrible i' the drink. I might beat ye."

Janet complacently surveyed an arm that was thick as a club from heavy choring. "I'll tak chances o' that."

Saunders's heart sank into his boots; but, wiping the sweat from his brow, he made one last desperate effort: "But ye're promised to the—the—Apoos-tate."

"I am no. Father broke that off."

Saunders shot his last bolt. "I believe I'm fickle, Janet. There'll be a sair heart for the lass that marries me. I wouldna wonder if I jilted ye."

"Then," she calmly replied, "I'll haul ye into the justice coort for breach o' promise."

With this terrible ultimatum dinging in his ears Saunders fled. Zorra juries were notoriously tender with the woman in the case, and he saw himself stripped of his worldly goods or tied to the apron of the homeliest girl in Zorra. One single ray illumined the dark prospect. That evening he called on Timmins, whom he much astonished by the extent and quality of his advice and encouragement. He even went so far as to invite the Englisher to his own cabin, thereby greatly scandalizing his housekeeper—a maiden sister of fifty-two, who had forestalled fate by declaring for the shelf at forty-nine.

"What 'll he be doing here?" the maiden demanded, indicating Timmins with accusatory finger on the occasion of his first visit. But his meekness and the propitiatory manner in which he sat on the very edge of his chair, hat gripped between his knees, mollified her so much that she presently produced a bowl of red-checked apples for his refreshment.

But her thawing did not save Saunders after the guest was gone. "There's always a fule in every family," she cried, when he had explained his predicament, "an' you drained the pitcher."

"But you'll talk Janet to him," Saunders urged, "an' him to her? She's that hard put to it for a man that wi' a bit steering she'll consent to an elopement."

But, bridling, Jeannie tossed a high head. "'Deed, then, an' I'll no do ither folk's love-making."

"Then," Saunders groaned, "I'll ha' the pair of ye in this hoose."

This uncomfortable truth gave Jeannie pause. The position of maiden sister carried with it more chores than easements, and Jeannie was not minded to relinquish her present powers. For a while she seriously studied the stove, then her face cleared; she started as one who suddenly sees her clear path, and giving Saunders a queer look, she said: "Ah, weel, you're my brother, after all. I'll do my best wi' both. Tell the Englisher as I'll be pleased to see him any time in the evening."

Matters were at this stage when Elder McCakeron's cows committed their dire trespass on Neil McNab's turnips.

Who would imagine that such unlike events as Saunders McClellan's lapse from sobriety, the death of Elder Duncan, and the trespass of McCakeron's cows could have any bearing upon one another? Yet from their concurrence was born the most astounding hap in the Zorra chronicles. Even if Elder McCakeron had paid Neil's bill of damage instead of remarking that he "didna see as the turnips had hurt his cows," the thing would have addled in the egg; and his recalcitrancy, so necessary to the hatching, has caused many a wise pow to shake over the inscrutability of Providence. But the elder did not pay, and in revenge Neil placed Peter Dunlop, the elder's ancient enemy, in nomination for Tammas Duncan's eldership.

It was Saunders McClellan who carried the news to the McCakeron homestead. According to her promise, Jeannie had visited early and late with Janet; and dropping in one evening to check up her report of progress, Saunders found the elder perched on a stump.

Saunders discharged him of his news, which dissipated the elder's calm as thunder shatters silence.

"What?" he roared. "Yon scunner? Imph! I'd as lief . . . as lief . . . elect"—*the devil* quivered back of his teeth, but as that savored of irreverence, he substituted "the Apoostate!"

Right here a devil entered in unto Saunders McClellan—the mocking devil

whose mission it was to abase Zorra to the dust. But it did not make its presence known until, next day, Saunders carried the news of Elder McCakeron's retaliation to Cap'en McKay's pig-killing.

"He's going," Saunders informed the cap'en and Neil McNab between pigs,— "he's going to run Sandy 'Twenty-One' against your candidate."

Now between Neil and Sandy lay a feud which had its beginnings what time the latter *doctored* a spavined mare and sold her for a price to the former's cousin Rab.

"Yon scunner?" Neil exclaimed, using the very form of the elder's words,— "yon scunner? I'd as lief . . . as lief . . . elect . . ."

". . . the Apoops-tate," said the Devil, though Neil thought that Saunders was talking.

"Ay, the Apoops-tate," he agreed.

"It wad be a fine joke," the Devil went on by the mouth of Saunders, "to run the Apoops-tate agin' his candidate. McCakeron canna thole the man."

"But what if he was elected?" the mariner objected.

The Devil was charged with glib argument. "We couldna very weel. It's to be a three-cornered fight, an' Robert Duncan, brother to Tammass, has it sure."

"'Twad be a good one on McCakeron," Neil mused. "To talk up Dunlop, who doesna care a cent for the eldership, an' then spring the Apoops-tate on him."

"'Twould be bitter on 'Twenty-One,'" the cap'en added. He had been diddled by Sandy on a deal of seed-wheat.

"It wad hit the pair of 'em," McNab chuckled, and with that word the Devil conquered.

So far, as aforesaid, Saunders had been unconscious of the Devil, but going home the latter revealed himself in a heart-to-heart talk. "Ye're no pretty to look at," Saunders said. "I'm minded to throw ye oot!"

The Devil chuckled. "Janet's so bonny. Fancy her on the pillow beside ye—scraggy—bones—freckles. Hoots, man! a nightmare!"

Shuddering, Saunders reconsidered proceedings of ejection. "But the thing is no posseeble?"

"You know your men," the Devil answered. "Close in the mouth as they

are in the fist. McCakeron will never get wind o' the business till they spring it on him in meeting."

"That is so," Saunders acknowledged. "'Tis surely so-a."

"Then why," the Devil urged,— "then why not rig the same game on him?"

"Bosh! He wouldna think o't."

"Loving Dunlop as himself?" The Devil was apt at paraphrasing Scripture. "Imph!"

"It *would* let me out?" Saunders mused.

"Ye can but fail," argued the Devil. "Try it."

"I wull."

"This very night!" It is a wonder that the sparks did not fly, the Devil struck so hard on the hot iron. "To-night! Ye ken the election comes off next week."

"To-night," Saunders agreed.

Throughout that week the din of contending factions resounded beneath brazen harvest skies; for if there was a wink behind the clamor of any faction, it made no difference in the volume of its noise. Wherever two men foregathered, there the spirit of strife was in their midst; the burr of hot Scot's speech travelled like the murmur of robbed bees along the Side Lines, up the Concession roads, and even raised an echo in the hallowed seclusion of the minister's study. And harking back to certain eldership elections in which the breaking of heads had taken the place of "anointing with oil," Elder McIntosh quietly evolved a plan whereby the turmoil should be left outside the kirk on election night.

But while it lasted no voice rang louder than that of Saunders McClellan's devil. Not a bit particular in choice of candidates, he roared against Dunlop, Duncan, or "Twenty-One" according to the company which Saunders kept. "Ye havna the ghaist of a show!" he assured Cap'en McKay, chief of the Dunlopers. "McCakeron drew three mair to him last night." While to the elder he exclaimed the same day: "You crazy sailorman's got all the Duncanites o' the run. He has ye spanked, Elder. Scunner the deil!" So the Devil blew, hot and cold, with Saunders's mouth, until the very night before the election.

The morning of the election the sun heaved up on a brassy sky. It was intensely hot through the day, but towards evening gray clouds scudded out of the east, veiling the sun with their twisting masses; at twilight heavy rain-blots were splashing the dust. At eight o'clock, meeting-time, rain flew in glistening sheets against the kirk windows and forced its way under the floor. There was but a scant attendance—twoscore men, perhaps, and half a dozen women, who sat, in decent Scotch fashion, apart from the men—that is, apart from all but Joshua Timmins. Not having been raised in the decencies as observed in Zorra, he had drifted over to the woman's side and sat with Janet McCakeron and Jean McClellan, one on either side.

But if few in number, the gathering was decidedly formidable in appearance. As the rain had weeded out the feeble, infirm, and pacifically inclined, it was distinctly belligerent in character. Grim, dour, silent, it waited for the beginning of hostilities.

Nor did the service of praise which preceded the election induce a milder spirit. When the precentor led off, "Howl, ye Sinners, Howl! Let the Heathen Rage and Cry!" each man's look told that he knew well whom the psalmist was hitting at; and when the minister invoked the "blind, stubborn, and stony-hearted" to "depart from the midst," one-half of his hearers looked their astonishment that the other half did not immediately step out in the rain. A heavy inspiration, a hard sigh, told that all were bracing for battle when the minister stepped down from the pulpit, and noting it, he congratulated himself on his precautions against disturbance.

"For greater convenience in voting," he said, reaching paper slips and a box of pencils from behind the communion rail, "we will depart from the oral method and elect by written ballot."

He had expected a protest against such a radical departure from ancestral precedent, but in some mysterious way the innovation seemed to jibe with the people's inclination.

"Saunders McClellan," the minister went on, "will distribute and collect balloting-papers on the other aisle."

"Give it to him, Cap'en!" Saunders

whispered, as he handed him a slip. "He's glowering at ye."

The elder was indeed surveying the minister, McNab, and Dunlop with a glance of comprehensive hostility over the top of his ballot. "See what I'm about!" his look said, as he folded the paper and tossed it into Saunders's hat.

"The auld deevil!" McNab whispered, as the minister unfolded the first ballot. "He'll soon slacken his gills."

"That 'll be one of oor ballots," the cap'en hoarsely confided.

The minister was vigorously rubbing his glasses for a second perusal of the ballot, but when the third, fourth, fifth, and sixth were added to the first, his face became a study in astonishment. And presently his surprise was reflected by the congregation. For whereas three candidates were in nomination, the ballots were forming but two piles.

Whispers ran through the kirk; the cap'en nudged McNab.

"McCakeron must ha' swung all the Duncanites?"

"Ah," Neil muttered. "An' that wad account for the stiff look o' the reptile. See the glare o't."

They would have stiffened in astonishment could they have translated the "glare." "Got the Duncanites, did ye?" the elder was thinking. "Bide a wee, bide a wee! He laughs best that laughs last."

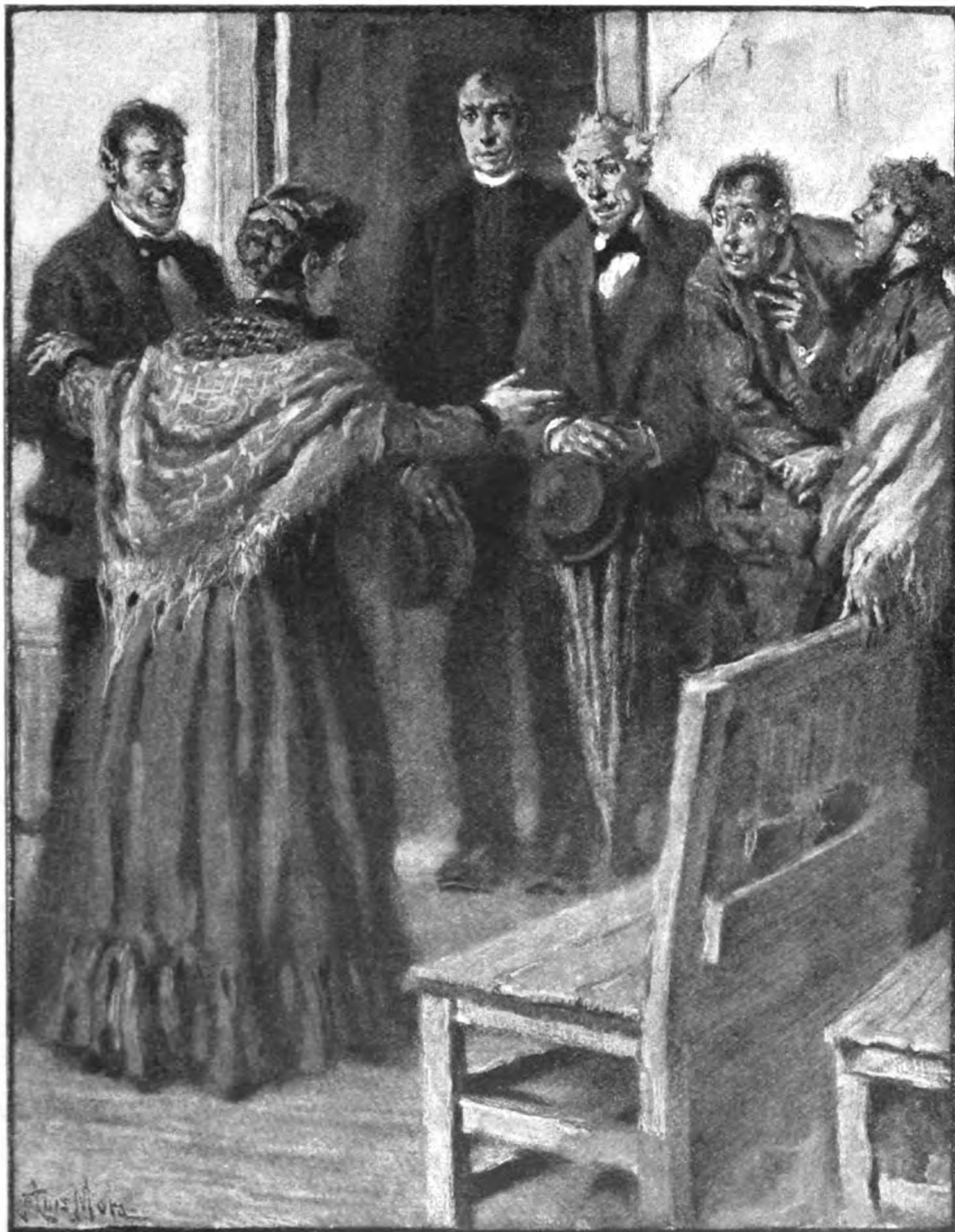
Saunders McClellan and his Devil alone sensed the inwardness of those two piles, and they held modest communion over it in the back of the kirk. "You may be ugly, but ye've served me well," Saunders began.

The Devil answered with extreme politeness: "You are welcome to all ye get through me. If no honored, ye are at least aboot to become famous in your ain country."

"Infamous, I doobt, ye mean," Saunders corrected. Then, glancing uneasily toward the door, he added, "I think as we'd better be leaving."

"Pish!" the Devil snorted. "They are undone by their ain malignancy. See it oot."

"That's so," Saunders agreed. "That is surely so-a. Hist! The meenister's risen. Man, but he's tickled to death over the result. His face is fair shining."



"SINCE YOU REFUSED JOSHUA, HE'S DECIDED TO MARRY ON ME"

The minister did indeed look pleased. Stepping down to the floor that he might be closer to these his people, he beamed benevolently upon them while he made a little speech. "People of Scottish birth," he said, closing, "are often accused of being hard and uncharitable to the stranger in their gates, but this can never be said of you who have extended the highest honor in your gift to a stranger; who have elected Brother Joshua Timmins elder in your kirk by a two-thirds majority."

The benediction dissolved the paralysis which held all but Saunders McClellan; but stupefaction remained. Astounding crises are generally attended with little fuss, from the inability of the human intellect to grasp their enormous significance. As John "Death" McKay afterward put it, "Man, 'twas so extraordin'ry as to seem ordin'ry." Of course neither Dunlopers nor "Twenty-One's" were in a position to challenge the election, and if the Duncanites growled as they pawed over the ballots, their grumbling was presently silenced by a greater astonishment.

For out of such evenings history is made. While the minister had held forth on the rights and duties of eldership, Saunders McClellan's gaze had wandered over to Margaret McDonald—a healthy, red-cheeked girl—and he had done a little moralizing on his own account. In the presence of such an enterprising spinsterhood, bachelorhood had become an exceedingly hazardous existence, and if a man must marry, he might as weel ha' something young an' fresh! Margaret, too, was reputed industrious as pretty! Of Janet's decision, Saunders had no doubts. Between himself and Jeannie, and Timmins—meek, mild, and unencumbered—there could be no choice. Still there was nothing like certainty; 'twas always best to be off wi' the old, an' so forth!

Rising, he headed for Janet, who, with her father, Jeannie, Timmins, and the

minister, stood talking at the vestry door. As he made his way forward, he reaped a portion of the Devil's promised fame. As they filed sheepishly down the aisle, the Dunlopers gave him the cold shoulder, and when he joined the group, Elder McCakeron returned a stony stare to his greeting.

"But ye needna mind that," the Devil encouraged. "He daurna tell, for his own share i' the business."

So Saunders brazened it out. "Ye ha' my congratulations, Mr. McCakeron. I hear you're to get a son-in-law oot o' this?"

If Elder McCakeron had given Saunders the tempter the glare which he now bestowed on Saunders the successfully wicked, he had not been in such lamentable case.

"Why, what is this?" the minister exclaimed. "Cause for further congratulation, Brother Timmins?"

Saunders now shone as Cupid's assistant. "He was to ha' Janet on condection that he made the eldership," he fulsomely explained.

The minister's glance questioned the elder.

"Well," he growled, "I'm no going back on my word."

Saunders glowed all over, and in exuberance of spirit actually winked at Margaret McDonald across the kirk. Man, but she was pretty! He lost himself in the future, till his sister's voice called him back to the present.

"It's to your credit, Mr. McCakeron, that you should hold til a promise," Jeannie was saying. "But ye'll no be held. A man may change his mind, and since you refused Joshua, he's decided to marry on me."

Saunders blanched. He half turned to flee, but Janet's strong fingers closed on his sleeve; and as her lips moved to claim him before minister and meeting, he thought that he heard the Devil chuckling, a great way off.

The Brook

BY FRANK FRENCH

PERHAPS it is the fascinating movement of running water, the constant outpouring of the brook whose perpetual bounties are never spent, or the song which the little stream sings in liquid and silvery tones of something important being done day and night, in season and out of season, and yet without weariness, which constitutes its chief charm.

The manifold vegetation of the field and meadow bourgeons, blossoms, and ripens seed silently.

The oak sends its root-fingers far out into the soil to collect lethargic and inorganic substances for its hidden laboratory, where it transforms them into potent sap for its body and growth. This marvellous process is continued a thousand years, when the tree dies, never having uttered a sound.

Light, that greatest of nature's forces, performs its miracles of chemistry in absolute silence.

The wind and sea have fitful and intermittent voices, sometimes tender and gracious, but often grand and terrifying like the voice of thunder; but the brook ever romps merrily along, prattling softly, now to itself, now to you, displaying meanwhile many intimate and domestic qualities which render it obviously friendly and companionable.

The spirit of motherhood seems to pervade it as it pursues its winding course through the meadow, wavering from side to side, as if to keep an ever proud and watchful eye upon its plant children on either bank.

The vitalizing element of the brook filters and percolates far beyond the golden ribbon of sand over which its visible water flows, thus claiming for its own the meadow and bog and the thicket which its pervading moisture fertilizes.

Some of the brook's plants are purely aquatic, like the pickerel-weed, having their roots submerged beneath its waters;

others often grow upon the upland; but it is always by the brookside that we see them displaying their freshest colors and their greatest vitality and fruitfulness, and it is also there that we find them marshalled in greatest profusion and variety.

In less favored situations we are conscious of little halts in the march of events. There will be noticed an occasional hiatus in the blossoming of plants and in the song of birds, but here by the brook there are so many plants ready to succeed each other in their blossoming, and so many birds to tell their little family secrets, that these halts are less noticeable.

The brook appears to have power to modulate its voice to suit every occasion. Any one who knows the brook intimately, and has spent nights as well as days in its society, will tell you that its voice attains its greatest cheerfulness and volume of tone during the lonely hours of darkness. This compensating grace of the brook may also be noticed by day. If the bobolink or the meadow-lark suddenly becomes preoccupied, and ceases to add its crescendo to its song, the voice of the brook assumes greater brilliancy and clearer enunciation to one's ears, so that nature's anthem to the eternal new birth continues without the slightest interruption. Truly the brook is the soul of a landscape.

When one becomes exhausted with the perplexing problems of urban life it is most natural that he should long for a rural retreat where he can spend at least a long vacation season each year. It is of the first importance that the house for such a residence be simple in all its appointments; containing everything needful for comfort and entertainment, but not one unnecessary or undesired article which would bring care to the housewife. It should be situated upon the edge of a field whose sloping meads

would afford an unobstructed view of the "infinite meadows of heaven." There should be a pasture for your own cow and horse; and a forest of which you can say, "No man shall lift up his axe against its trees, save for their own deliverance and health; and then only under my thoughtful personal direction."

Perhaps you have dreamed of such a retreat until a clearly defined picture of it has formed in your mind which you are able to recall as if it represented an actual possession.

Was ever such a mental picture painted which did not include a brook?

If you were fortunate enough to have a brook for a playmate when a child, you surely paddled in it with bare feet and sailed toy ships upon it. Perhaps you persuaded it to turn your little water-mill; and you angled in it with mud-worms and an alder pole. You can never forget that particular brook; and it surely will have its image in your mental picture. In the gloomy, skyless city you sometimes fancy you are lying upon its ferny banks beneath the overarching umbrage. The vision is so real that you can almost hear the soft splash of water.

Memory uses all the art of a skilful painter when she draws her outlines and brushes in her effects. There is always a leading motive to which all else is subservient, and in your rural memory picture, which will change with the varying seasons, the brook will often supply the motive.

Perhaps you recall some memorable winter day when your brook invited you in tones so feeble that you responded anxiously, running and sliding over the shimmering snow-crust to visit it. You found it apparently narrowed and strangled by drifts and masses of snow; but, on approaching, you discovered that it

had undercut these masses, and was flowing on unimpeded beneath them,—with a muffled voice, to be sure, yet with an undaunted spirit.

You wondered how far you could venture out upon those overhanging masses without incurring a plunge in ice-cold water. Let us assume that you were prudent in this regard and that you lingered until the cold blue sky changed to the pellucid yellow of the topaz. The

artist Memory will paint you a lovely sunset picture of the scene which then developed.

The brook occupies the most prominent place upon the canvas of the mind; and as the picture advances, you will see reflected from the bosom of the water the carmine and hyacinthine tints of the ruby. The

level rays of the setting sun seem to shiver into prismatic fragments as they glance from the ice-crusted boughs, filling the atmosphere of the picture with gleaming particles of color; and the snow background also reflects the sky, adding lustrous tints of great splendor.

Memory will also recall a spring landscape enveloped in an atmosphere of tender amethystine tints; a roseate halo of awakening buds softens the outlines of the maples, among whose gray branches a bluebird may be discovered. The snow background appears soft and pitted by fallen drops and wet masses from the overhanging boughs. Great rocks disclose wet patches of rich green moss, as among them and over them the released water bounds like an eager boy dismissed from school.

Bare patches of withered sedge and earth will be seen in low places, their brownness relieved by the helmeted flowers of skunk-cabbage. An odd plant, by the way. Notwithstanding its plebeian name, it comes of a patrician family. Being something of a chemist, it is able



SOME OF THE BROOK'S PLANTS ARE AQUATIC



THE BROOK IS THE SOUL OF THE LANDSCAPE

to generate enough heat to thaw a pathway before it through ice or frozen ground. Thus it is not dependent upon the weather, like most plants, and is not out of place in the very earliest spring landscape. You will recognize it with pleasure beneath the dripping eaves of the old sap-house, whose sloping roof distils moisture in the balmy air.

The prevailing tint of the background of the summer picture is a rich green. In little swales along the margin of the brook, tufts of sedge flash out like emeralds, contrasting with darker tones beyond. The ferns, which may be seen dipping their fronds in the water's edge, reveal a tenderer shade of green peculiar to themselves; and together the myriad plants and grasses form a most harmonious mosaic of verdure, broken and bossed by many cheerful blossoms. The brook itself will be painted in tints wholly unlike the background. The rich sienna tones of its bed show through the transparent water, contrasting sharply with the prevailing green-

ness, yet blended into harmony with it by reflections of plants and flowers upon its border.

In these pictures of the brook which memory paints you feel a hint of something held in reserve; but in the autumn picture, which will surely find a place in your mystic gallery, the artist throws aside all restraint, revelling in a carnival of color, employing the full range of rich and flaming tints to enliven this final picture.

The brilliant yellow and crimson leaves, which float upon the surface of the stream, by contrast change its deep amber pools to cool purple or deep bottle-green. The pure white blossoms of the shadbush and the cheerful pink of the wild azalea, which blossomed there in the earlier season, have given place to the riper tints of goldenrod, asters, and joe-pye-weed. The hazy atmosphere which forms the envelope for this closing picture of the series lends the charm of mystery to its vistas, and veils its distances in purple.

Why do we so often look upon autumn as the symbol of decay and death? If Nature is a skilful artist, is she not also consistent, and does she not reserve for this closing season her most festive and gorgeous colors to fittingly celebrate the consummation of all the activities of the year? Does she not hang her crimson banners upon the trees in honor of this consummation? After these ensigns have waved their message to all within view, does she not send the deft fingers of the wind to separate them into the beautifully lobed or serrated fragments of which they are composed, and scatter them upon the bosom of the little stream that they may float away to the busy haunts of men?

A cheerful message is written upon every one of these autumn leaves, of which the following is a rude translation: "The seeds have ripened, and each guards securely, within, the germ of a new plant. The new leaves are here, and they will be nourished and protected for the spring awakening."

Perhaps you have realized your dream and are possessed of a country home to which you have returned. When you have completed your domestic arrangements at the home end of your estate—



PLANTS ALONG THE BROOKSIDE



BENEATH ICE-CRUSTED BOUGHS ON A WINTER DAY

arranged the tennis-court and put up the swing, installed your chickens, your cow, and your horse—you will get out your fly-rod and put it in order. You will do this clandestinely, as you have a little surprise in prospect for the home folks. Next morning, before dawn, you will steal down to the shelf where the milk is kept in pans, and help yourself to a cool glass to stay your stomach till breakfast-time; and perhaps you will put a cookie or two in your pocket.

As you go out into the dewy freshness of the dawning day, from which the night mists have not yet withdrawn, you say: "Ah, this is worth living for. It is now only half past four, and I shall have a long morning with the brook. It will be well worth while even if I do not get a strike."

You stop to clean the dead leaves out of the spring by the maples, and replace the old rusty tin can with a clean fresh

one, which you have provided for the purpose, promising yourself a cool sweet drink when the water shall have cleared on your return.

You angle a while, keeping careful tally upon your catch, as you desire to take only enough trout for breakfast. The brook is now yours, and you have developed new ideas upon the ethics of angling. When the prescribed number have been secured you will pack cool damp moss about them in your creel, which you will then place, with your rod, in a shady and secluded spot while you go to trace the brook towards its source, back upon the mountain, among hemlocks and spruces.

Having your wading-boots on, you do not need to look for stepping-stones, but splash from side to side as fancy dictates; and where the alders and rhododendrons grow, tangled to the water's edge, the bed of the stream will be your pathway.

As you advance, you watch the deep pools for darting shadowy forms, keeping an eye also upon the bank for footprints of wild creatures which come there to drink. Friendly and sociable birds salute you with their songs, while the more timid and wary flit noiselessly away. Kingfishers utter a harsh protest as they retreat before you, and chipmunks try to frighten you from their hereditary preserves. Your mind will be ever on the alert, for there are so many living things in and near the brook that one never knows what surprises await him, and the shadowy depths of the forest hold enough of mystery to awaken one's imagination.

Vegetation assumes weird and elementary forms and crude colors in these moist recesses. Young ferns will be seen, their tops rolled up in round coils, and swathed from the ground up in white woolly garments. Some of them have outgrown their swaddling-clothes, and through the rents thus made unfold their graceful fronds. Fungi resembling rudely decorated aboriginal pottery rest upon decayed logs and roots; and brilliant lichens upon the rocks simulate the bead-work upon a moccasin. In the darker places you will find white and ghostly plants, so closely resembling an Indian's pipe in form as to suggest to your mind apparitions from "the happy hunting-ground," sent to join the brook in symbolizing peace to you, where to the hunted savage there remained no peace.

The thoughts of the Indian which the wildness of our American forests inspires, though not possessing the peculiar charm of ancient myth, are quite as picturesque, romantic, and eerie as the French and Welsh legends of Arthur and his warriors, or the German fable of the Wild Huntsman on horseback.

Having thought of the Indian while in the forest, you will be again reminded of him in the open pasture on your return by the alders, whose blossoming catkins hang over the brook, light, pendulous, and tawny, resembling, in miniature, fox-tails suspended from the girdle of a savage; and tall spires of Indian-poke also help to keep his memory green.

Pungent whiffs of skunk-cabbage remind you of the wild things of the wood, and you will wish that the filmy surface of the brook had photographed

all the changing vegetable forms which have developed upon its margin, all the birds which have skimmed over its surface, and all the wild inscrutable faces which have gazed into its depths since its creation.

What a wonderful gallery that would be! It would reveal the story of the fauna and flora of a continent and would compass the life history of races of men, comprising a collection more priceless than that of the far-famed gallery of the Vatican.

Truly there are "books in running brooks."

Arrived again at the spring by the maples, you may gather a bunch of water-cress where the little fountain wells over into the brook. Every shining grain of sand, every alluvial particle which you stirred up when you removed the dead leaves, will be found to have settled to the bottom again.

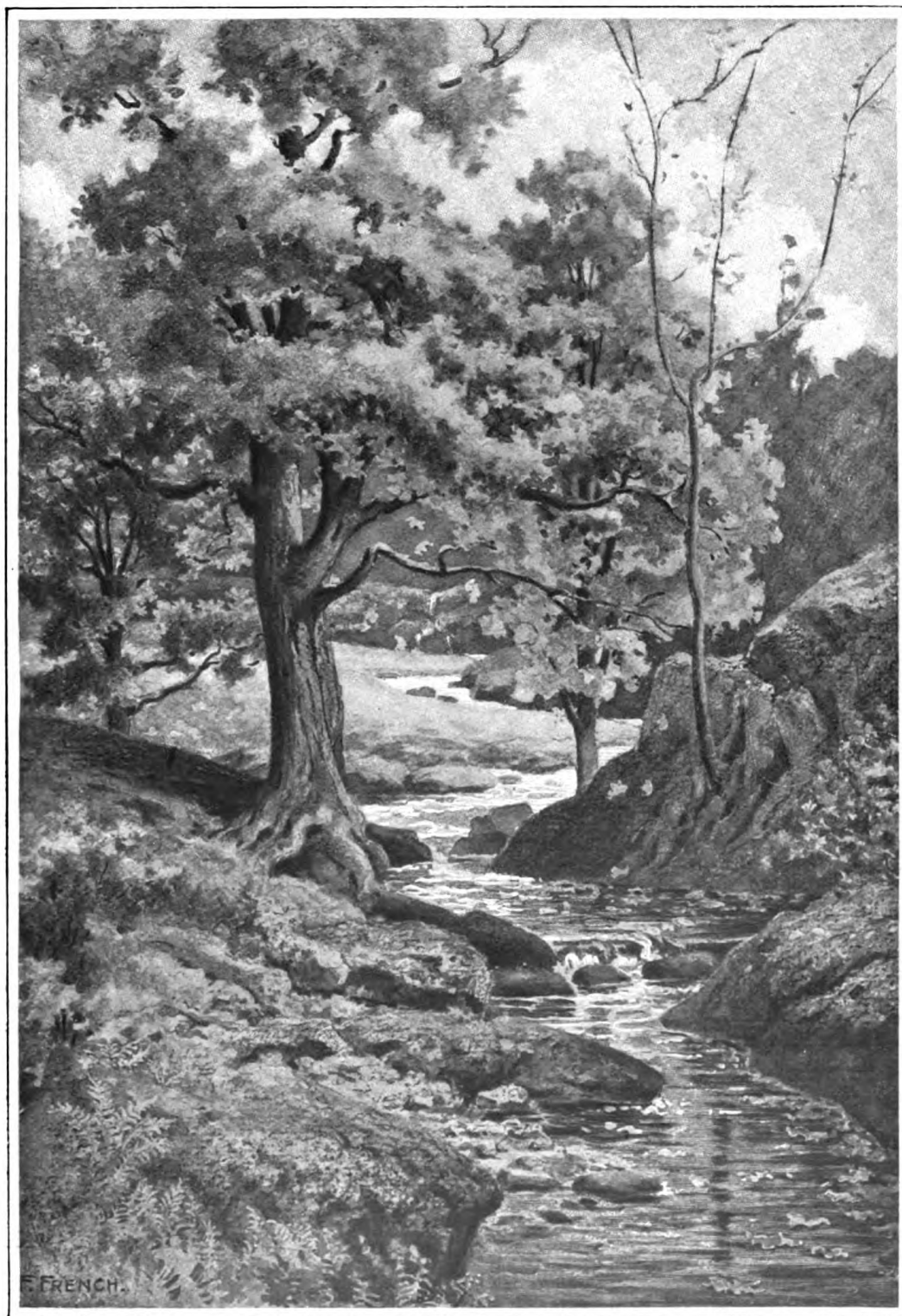
Dipping the tin can in the pure crystal water, you proceed with great respect and affection to drink to the brook which has endured so long and experienced so much, and which has given you not only a very pleasant morning, but the material for a famous breakfast for your family and yourself, and withal a keen appetite whereby to enjoy it.

"Brook, brook! may you, indeed, flow on forever."

Each member of the family will find peculiar and individual joys by the brookside, for where can such a jolly playground be found, or such a wild garden as there; where such a tempting place to swing a hammock and enjoy a book, or work embroidery, or visit with one's guests, as under the beeches by the softly splashing water?

You will make other excursions towards the source of the brook, but as the season advances, the contemplative and retrospect mood will be charmed away by the ever-moving water; and you find yourself more often joining the brook in its little journey through other farms, and you take an ever-increasing interest in the rural life which goes on about it.

You will establish friendly relations with the cows which displayed such droll curiosity on your first appearance in your neighbor's pasture, and you will keep



THE LEAVES FLOATING ON THE SURFACE OF THE STREAM



THE CHANGE IN ITS CHARACTER IMPRESSES YOU

tally of the increase of the herd. This interest will serve as a favorable introduction to the young farmer and his wife. They will tell you that the lean cow, which you do not think quite equal in appearance to the others, is an easier milker, and gives a larger "mess" and richer milk than the sleek fat one whose straight back, thick neck, and square quarters you admire so much.

The colts, too, will enjoy your visits, and will put their heads over your shoulder to be caressed, or take a sly nibble at your coat sleeve.

As you continue to make excursions farther and still farther down the brook, you will find it entering more intimately into the domestic life which touches it. Here a dam has been thrown across to form a duck-pond; there the brook cools a little stone milk-house upon its margin, or operates a hydraulic ram which pumps water into a farmhouse and a barnyard up yonder. Everywhere you see increasing signs of thrift, cultivated fields will extend to the water's edge, and you hear the song of the laborer

answering the voice of the brook. Even the glint of sunlight upon his hoe will meet a responsive twinkle from the moving water.

As from time to time you take longer journeys with the brook, the change in its character impresses you more strongly. But this change does not seem unnatural or incongruous; for you will say: "The brook is older than when it left the brooding hemlocks and spruces away back on the mountain. The early cheerfulness is retained, but strength and appearance of resolution have been added as it has absorbed springs and rills in its course. It also appears to have developed a serious impulse, as if conscious that it will soon join the river and aid in turning mighty wheels of industry which minister on a large scale to the needs of man."

When the final morning arrives, as you do not like to be thought sentimental, you will take your fly-rod with you as an excuse and go to say "good-by" to the brook; for you have come to look upon it as a familiar friend.

The Reparation

BY EMERY POTTLE

HE looked up from the desk where he had been sitting for the last hour, his head down on his arms, trying to shut out the brave old cry of life coming in through the open windows, pulling gently at his heart, cheeping through the darkened room as lightly and as blithely as the birds in the horse-chestnut tree just outside—the brave cry of life that, somehow, for all its clamorous traditions, seemed just then something peaceful, something that held release, freedom.

He stared about him, furtively, for an instant, as if instinctively on his guard against an unwelcome eye. Then, presently, he smiled, and going to a window, pushed open the blinds, leaning, with elbows on the sill, gratefully out into the rectangular enclosure, walled in high by houses, where the late afternoon sun glanced with uncertain warmth on the horse-chestnut.

There was now, he told himself, no use of evading or denying it longer; right or wrong, things had come to a point with him where anything but the truth was unbearable; it was there, like a live thing with him in the room, and out in the court, too,—almost as if he could put out his hand and draw it in close to him. Freedom, that was it. His lips made the word noiselessly, again and again, fascinated with the sensation. "Free, free," he kept whispering, stretching out his hands greedily, drawing in full breaths of the late September air.

"I'm glad, that's all there is to it—glad. I can't help being glad—I've tried, too, but now, to-day, it's bound to come out. Glad! It's like being let out of school."

That word—school—brought him back sharply. It seemed to precipitate all the old worry in the solution that but a moment ago was so clear. He came back hesitatingly from the window and threw himself down before the desk

again, unable to restrain something he vaguely named his conscience from its weary accusations.

"It's an awful thing. It's true, it is. I'm a beast. I'm all wrong to be like this. It's a terrible thing to be glad a person is—" He shivered as he withheld the end of the sentence, though he realized his cowardice in so withholding. "And that person your—" Again he hesitated.

Haldane, by the desk, was a figure to make, involuntarily, demands on one's sympathy. It seemed all his life—perhaps thirty years long—he had been doing this in one way or another, and by no effort of his. People had a fashion of "looking out for him." Not that he had grown up particularly incapable or helpless; it might rather have been due to a certain appealing gentleness of bearing, something that was the resultant of a half-shy manner, expanding into boyish confidence winningly; a shortish, slender figure, scarcely robust; eager, friendly brown eyes behind his glasses; and a keen desire to be liked. It might be seen, in the present sharp nervous play of emotion over his face, how utterly he was unsuited to the weight of mental discomfort,—how it fretted and galled him. That he was a gentleman, and by nature of a morbidly just and fair disposition, only made his present distress the more intolerable to him.

"Lord God," he muttered, hopelessly, "why, *why* had it all to be?" And this question might, in the end, be taken as an aimless appeal to the Almighty to know why He had deliberately led him into a wretchedly miserable condition of mind and left him there.

It was the day after Ida's burial—Haldane's wife's burial. A week ago he had taken her to a city hospital, and she had died there—she and her baby—in the night, away from Haldane. He had gone dazedly, very con-

scientiously, through the dreadful, relentless activity that follows immediately on the heels of death; there was some alleviation in the thought that everything had been done just as *she* would have liked to have it. To-day the house was free of the grieving, sickening smell of flowers; the last of the people had mercifully fulfilled their duty to Ida and him and had gone, leaving him the humiliation of their honest, warm-hearted words and halting phrases of sympathy.

"Great God!" he had kept saying to himself as he listened to them, "if you *knew*,—if you *knew*!"

At times he felt, as he thought of those friends, secretly resentful. "If it hadn't been for them, I don't believe I," he caught himself saying—"I'd ever have married." But again he stopped his mental train abruptly. It was such a wearisome business, this "being fair"—he put it so—to *her*; this conscientious erasing of self-justification which he felt to be so unworthy. It would have been such a relief to Haldane to be, for an hour, obviously selfish in his estimate of his two years of marriage with Ida.

There had been nothing, after all, remarkable in Haldane's experience—save for him; nothing very far removed from the commonplace. His father—a simple-hearted musician—had trained his son in music since the days when the lad could first hold a violin under his little chin. He had died when the boy was twenty, and Haldane had gone on, contentedly enough and absorbed, to take his father's place among the violins of an orchestra, and to teach music. As he grew older his father's friends told him he was leading a wretchedly lonely life; that he ought to marry. And at this Haldane smiled his deprecating, affectionate smile—a smile that, somehow, convinced his advisers in their own wisdom.

When Ida Locke came to live in a hall bedroom of the untidy boarding-house Haldane for years had called home, it was not long before she, too, quite unaffectedly, took to the idea that the good-natured musician needed "looking after." And since, all her life, she had tremendously given herself to the care of people around her, it was no unusual experience—she sought it frankly, importantly.

It is scarcely probable that, in the beginning, any thought of ultimate marriage entered her head. Those who knew her invariably said, "Ida is a sensible girl." Rather, her "looking after" Haldane took itself out in the hearty channels of dry boots, overshoes, tea of late afternoons, candid suggestions as to proper winter underwear, remedies for his frequent colds. This solicitude—which was, in essence, quite maternal—made a bond between the two; this and the fact that they both were workers—for Ida taught English in a private school.

It is hardly necessary to elaborate their romance, if it was such, from this point. Gradually, hastened by the awful propinquity in a third-rate boarding-house, Haldane really came to believe—as along the line of least resistance—in his personal incapacity and his loneliness; gradually Ida Locke began to realize that, for the first time, this Love she had read of and dreamed of doubtfully had become a reality for her. She was not a little amazed and gratified at its plain practicality—its *sensibleness*, she put it.

That she so liked him—indeed, he liked *her* enormously, he considered—assured Haldane in his moments of misgiving. The very largeness in her ample effect of good looks, her genius for managing his affairs and hers, her prim neatness of dress, her utter freedom from any sort of weak dependence on him, her uncompromising rigidity of moral attitude, and, above all, her *goodness* to him—this convinced him of her ultimate fitness to be a wife to him; and it must be said that he had never heretofore given anything but the scantest attention to the matter of sentimental attachments; it had not occurred to him, definitely, that he was even likely some day to fall splendidly in love.

So when he asked her, shyly, gently, to marry him she consented frankly—too frankly, Haldane almost admitted. And since, in the world as she knew it, men did not ask women to marry them unless they loved them really, she took much for granted, and began, at once, to look for a cheap flat.

Ida gave up her teaching when they married and went to their Harlem flat. Indeed, she considered this her domestic right; now, after almost a dozen years—

she was older than Haldane—of instruction, she wanted “to rest, and keep house,” she told her husband.

Then, suddenly, illogically perhaps, after not more than three months of it, Haldane knew it was all quite intolerable to him. Before the desk to-day, Ida’s desk, he saw luminously just how intolerable it had been—these two years of marriage.

The more irritatingly unbearable, too, it was because of the excellence of Ida’s qualities—qualities he had taken humorously before marriage, but which later he had to take seriously. He began to hate her constant and intimate possession of his motives and tastes, her inquiries as to what he ate for lunch, and whether he considered his flannels quite adequate. He childishly resented her little nagging economies—and especially because he knew they were generally necessary. He chafed at the practical, sensible view he was argued resolutely into on every matter. What made it hard was that Haldane could not decently account for his revulsion of feeling toward Ida, now she was his wife. Worse than all, he saw how lightly she held in esteem his music—his one real love. To her it was a graceful trade to earn a living by—nothing else. And when she finally made it out that in his position in the orchestra he was likely never to rise much higher, unconsciously the fiddling seemed to her rather more of a small business. She told him he ought to be more ambitious.

One night Haldane had played to Ida—he resented so her name Ida—parts of the score of a light opera he had been at work on for years;—he would never play it on the boarding-house piano.

The moment was as vivid for Haldane now as it was then. He could hear again her brisk cheerful voice when he had finished and was waiting—more hopeful than he had ever yet been with her: “That’s *pretty*. It’s funny—isn’t it, dear?—to think you made it up out of your own head. I never *could* understand—Leonard, have you got entirely rid of your sore throat?—Why don’t you try to sell some of your little tunes?”

The disappointment of it all, for an instant, had brought angry tears to his eyes. He remembered now just the bitter hopelessness of feeling how she had failed

him—and the remembrance hurt anew. That night he had seen almost clearly how it was to be with him and her in all the years to come.

There was, in Haldane’s subsequent attitude toward the question of his marriage to Ida Locke, nothing worth the name of heroic. Indeed, looked at from the commonplace, critical standpoint, the situation was not so bad. It was Haldane’s personal conception of it which caused the difficulty. Probably it was his sense of fairness to *her* which made him accept matters quietly—as he did accept them. It was his comfort to-day, out of all the ruck of his artificial self-reproach, that Ida had never known—as he said—how he felt toward her.

“She never knew,” he repeated often, “she never knew. She couldn’t, I’m sure. Thank God for that!”

What she had never known was, in Haldane’s mind, his real idea of her as his wife. For he had been very kind; he had patiently let her look out for him; he had kept the fret of his heart off his tongue, and the sulkiness of his temper off his face. What he had not succeeded in doing, however, was to keep the hurt of his soul out of his eyes. So they had gone on with it for the two years, with a prospect of going on with it forever, Haldane growing daily quieter, more reserved, if anything more gently kind, and more pathetically hopeless. With Ida it was, rather, a large, legitimate outlet for all the sensibleness, practicality, capable qualities, she so generously possessed. It seemed to her, when she knew her child was coming, that she was wonderfully reaching the culmination of womanhood and wifehood. Yet, after all, it had been but just death for Ida.

All this was running through Haldane’s brain as he sat, on the day after his wife’s burial, before her little oak desk. And the result he had to make out of it was always the same:

“I’m glad it’s over. I’m *glad*.”

The room seemed less burdensome when he came back to it late that night. Oppressed with the hatefulness of his attitude of the afternoon, Haldane had seized his hat and had fled out into the streets. He had dined at a restaurant, a thing he had not done in years, and

had listened to a bad orchestra play cheerful tunes—tunes that somehow livened him up, stayed comfortably in his mind afterwards. Every one he saw seemed so happy. He assured himself that happiness—a quiet content, at least—was to be *his* now. Why not? Why disguise the fact that he was really, underneath, glad? So he smiled and lingered and sipped his coffee, feeling suddenly the beautiful realization that he was again of the world—irresponsible, careless. Coming back into the dull flat was not half the gloomy effort he had fancied it was going to be. For one blessed thing, he came when he chose. Besides, something had given him a sense of his right, his cheerful right, to be as he liked, what he liked. Haldane went about the tiny rooms humming gently; he played softly on the piano some old love-songs he had composed when he was twenty—things *she* had never heard.

Presently he sat down, lighted a fresh cigarette, and set himself to thinking out matters anew.

"It was a mistake, that's all," he said, at last. "And that's plain. A mistake for me. But now it's all over and done with. There's nothing to be got out of this endless accusing and regret over something that couldn't be helped—helped, at least, after it was once started. . . . I'll always wear my hurt of it; that I know. It hurts like the devil to think I didn't—couldn't—give her the love she ought to have had. If there were any way—any possible way of reparation, . . . but I suppose there isn't. Nothing except to live decently and honorably—if that's reparation. Thank God, 'tisn't as if there were any other woman mixed up in it—I haven't got that to worry me at any rate. I wonder whether a man gets his punishment for—but no, you can't help feeling, and being, and loving, just as it comes. It's this dreadful unconventionality of—not really liking—loving a person you are supposed to love that warps your judgment. And we lie about it to ourselves and to others till when we have to face the real truth we go all to pieces. . . . But, just the same, I'd feel so much easier if there *were* only some way I could make it up to Ida now that she's gone. Poor Ida, poor Ida."

Haldane's eyes strayed to the little,

cheap desk again, and for a moment the distress of the afternoon was renewed. But he resolutely threw off the accusing mood he so feared. There was a pile of letters lying there—letters that he had had neither the time nor the heart to look into for the past week. He picked them up now with relief at finding something tangible to be done. Most of them were letters of consolation and sympathy for him from his friends and hers; the worn phrases one can so little avoid in such missives touched him with a sense of their dual ineffectuality. Other letters were addressed to Ida—commonplace messages and bills which she had not been able to open. And there was one from her mother—written evidently before she had heard of her daughter's imminent illness and death. This last Haldane laid aside until he had finished the others; and even then he looked at it long and somewhat tenderly before he opened it.

"It must have come very hard to her; Ida was all she had," he considered. "It must have been very hard." He thought of the tear-stained, illegible letter Ida's mother had sent him after she had had his telegram. An illness had prevented her from coming to the funeral; and she lived so far away, somewhere in Iowa. Her heart was bleeding for *him*, she wrote. Her own loss was almost blotted out in the thought of *his* terrible grief. He had never finished it—that letter; he could not. Such words had seemed too sacred for him to read, feeling as he did. So he had torn it up.

"Ida was very good to her mother," he reflected; "at least she was conscientiously always trying to do her best by her, support her and all that. She took it awfully as a duty—but she did it."

Once, after they were married, Ida had gone back, for six months, to the private school that she might have money to send her mother in a sudden financial stress. Haldane thought of that, too, with keen regret that he had not been able to earn the necessary money himself—he was ill that winter. Yes, surely, Ida had been splendid in the matter of her mother. "It's a pity that things weren't so that Ida's mother could have come to see us here in New York," Haldane said, as he opened the envelope—"come before Ida

died." The letter itself was not long. When he had finished with it—and this only after a third reading—he laid it down slowly and stared silently at the fine old-fashioned characters.

"Great God!" he said at last, gently, "the poor old lady!"

"My dear daughter," ran the letter, "mother is so sorry to have to tell you this now when all your thoughts and energies must be centred on the wonderful event so soon to happen. It seems to me I've always been calling on you for help and you have done so much. Oh, it hurts me to have to worry and distress you now, dear.

"The truth is that Mr. Liddell is going to foreclose the mortgage on the house. He says he cannot wait longer than a week or two. I've tried every way to get the interest, but I can't do it. The little I had left, your cousin George invested for me, and now he tells me—I don't understand it at all—that it's quite lost. I know you'll say I was foolish to let George have it, but he promised so much—and George has been so good to me. I won't ask you and Leonard to give me a home; that would be unfair to you both. I'm so distressed and upset. Write me, if you can, and tell me what you think is best." And there was more in the same distressed key.

Haldane was as near his decision, perhaps, when he laid down the letter as hours afterward when he stumbled to bed. It was strangely clear to him—the attitude he was to assume. Not that he did not make a fight of it, and a sharp fight. But, after all, he knew from the first how it was destined to end.

"I asked for my chance to make it up to her," he muttered. "Well, I've got it, haven't I? Isn't this it? If where *she* is, she knows to-night that I never loved her—sometimes even hated her—then she knows that I'll try to pay it back to her in the only way I can. I'll bring her mother here to live with me. . . . My God! and I wanted so the *freedom* of it all again, just to feel *free*. . . . No, this is it—my way—I'll take it. It's what I owe Ida. I can't reason it out logically and I dare say the world would put it straight that I didn't have to do this—take her mother—but I will. I wouldn't feel right about it in this life or

in any next if I didn't. Yes, that's the reparation."

Haldane's last thought before he slept that night, as it was in the fortnight before she came, was, "What is Ida's mother like? I wonder if—she is like—like Ida?"

It had been six months—a whole winter and more—since Ida's mother had come to live with Leonard Haldane. And altogether unexpectedly it had been, for Haldane, quite the most beautiful winter he had ever spent. As for Ida's mother—well, when she was alone her eyes were constantly filling with tears—tears of thankfulness that the Lord had sent her, in the language of her frequent prayers of gratitude, a son to stay the declining years of her life—a son to her who had so wanted a son all these years.

Haldane could never forget that night he had gone, with sharp misgivings, to the station to meet Mrs. Locke. "I suppose I'm a fool," he had muttered, as he paced miserably up and down the draughty, smoky enclosure where her train, already very late, was to come in. "But it's my debt to the dead I'm going to pay." He added a moment later: "What I shall hate most of all, what will be hardest to bear, will be her endless sympathy. For she won't know—she'll never know—just how it was between Ida and me."

He was to look for a "little dried-up, frightened woman in a black bonnet, with a handkerchief in her left hand"—so Mrs. Locke had written him. Haldane had smiled at the frank characterization—that, somehow, didn't sound like Ida's spirit in her mother.

She was the last to come out through the iron gate. Almost he had given her up, she had delayed so long. A little, dried-up, frightened woman in a black bonnet—that was she. Like a tiny, stray cloud, very nervous and out of place. Her face was white with fatigue, the excitement of the journey, and the thought of how she should meet—ought she to call him Leonard? And when Haldane saw her he suddenly smiled boyishly—as if there could be such a thing as a problem over this scared, half-tearful, ridiculously pathetic, white-haired old woman with a black-bordered handkerchief in her shaking left hand.

Before he considered it he had said gently, "Well, mother—"

The tears in her eyes welled over as she gasped in a whisper, "My boy!"

So, after all, there was no awkward, conscious period of adjustment for the two. They took up their life simply and quite as if it were no new thing to them both—as if they had come together again after a long separation. And it was, perhaps, in a way, just that—a coming together of elements that had long been kept apart. "She's not like Ida," Haldane kept saying to himself.

"You're just like a mother in a story-book; the kind you always want when you read about them," Haldane often told her. "You know, I never had one—one that I remember; mine died so long ago."

"And you—you're—quite my son," she would answer shyly, her voice trembling with the joy of it. It was such a regret to her that she hadn't Leonard's readiness of speech and the courage to break down her reserve—for she wanted to tell him, as she said to herself, just how she felt, just how good he was to her.

So it was a beautiful winter for them both. Naturally there was the fact of Ida that had to be faced. That was tremendously hard at first. He constantly felt her grieving for him, for the failure of all his hopes, the wreck of all a man holds so precious. And there were all the details of Ida's sickness and death to be gone over with her mother—the things she had done just before. How she looked; the quantity of flowers; even what she wore for her burial. Instinctively Haldane knew how dear these matters were to her, and he went over them faithfully, effacing his own bitterness of memory as best he might. When Mrs. Locke hesitatingly asked him one evening if—if Ida had—had *said* anything—left any message for *her*, Haldane's heart ached for her; Ida had left no message. He softened it as best he might.

"You see, she didn't know, couldn't know, that—that she was going to die. It was all so sudden, you know, so awfully sudden."

Mrs. Locke nodded. "Yes—I see. Poor Ida! She did so much for me always."

After a month or so, quite unconsciously, they ceased to mention Ida.

Haldane, when he thought of it at all—and that with relief—wondered vaguely why Ida's mother did not talk more about her. "Perhaps it's because she doesn't want to keep hurting me," he thought it out, "bless her!"

Gradually the intimacy between Haldane and his mother—for she was quite that to him—grew into a relation that was as rare as it was tender. They both felt it keenly. Their talk was all of him, his affairs, his music. He played to her for hours in the evenings he was not at the orchestra; when he was teaching in the mornings she would steal into the room, and sit, sewing, in a corner, listening gratefully to the dreary routine of his pupils' exercises. She seemed never to tire of "being near Leonard." And always she was asking, "Won't you play a little from *the opera*, Leonard?"

Once she said to him, with her timid smile: "It's like heaven, having so much music all the time. Seems as if all my life I've been just starved to death for tunes."

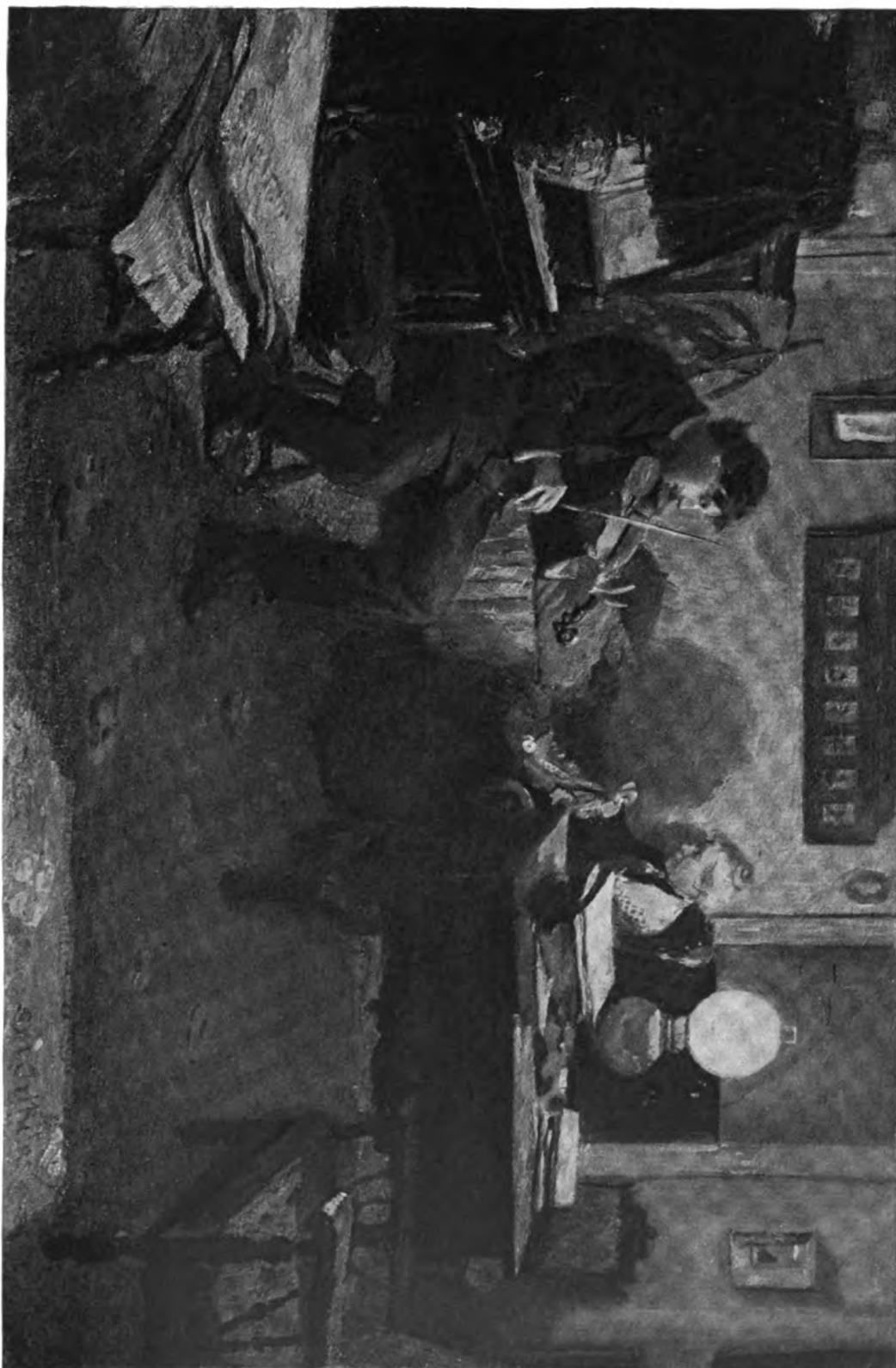
Haldane bent and kissed her white hair. "Well, mother," he laughed, "it's quite a real piece of heaven to have you around the place."

"You're spoiling me," she cried; "how can I ever go back to Iowa?"

"Who said Iowa in this house?" he demanded of her. "You're to stay always—as long as you can stand me—*always*."

"My son!" she kept murmuring after he had gone, as if she loved the words on her lips. "He's just the kind of son I used to hope I might have," she sighed. "I don't see—it's so strange why he's so good to me. I'm not at all like *her*. Ida was so sensible always, and I'm not at all—Ida always told me I couldn't take care of myself, that I was very foolish. I don't see why Leonard is so kind to me. It must be just because I'm her mother. Leonard must have loved her so much, and understood her. Poor Ida!"

The spring had broken through its first slender greenish film into the freshness of its young beauty. The sense of faint, far voices endlessly calling was in the air. Again the windows of the little flat were opened and again the afternoon sun warmed to golden green the new growth



HE PLAYED TO HER IN THE EVENINGS

of leaves on the horse-chestnut in the rectangular enclosure outside.

Haldane had never felt so splendidly the birth of new things—in himself and in the world. All the morning he had been constantly picking up his violin, playing what he called his “Spring-feelings”—unrhythmic wild snatches of melody.

“God! it’s good, good, *good*,” he cried, throwing back his head. “Good to have lived out of it all into this.”

“Mother,” he called presently, “what on earth are you doing there all alone? Come out and play with me. You’ve looked over those old books and papers, spring-cleaned your old closets, too long. If you don’t come out at once, I’ll come and drag you out bodily—I will indeed.”

He ran to her door in another moment, and flinging it open wide, he called: “If you will insist on being led forth—Why, mother, what is it? what’s the matter? *What is it?* Are you ill? Why—”

She sat on a low stool drawn up close to her bed. Her hands were clasped straight out before her over a little book bound in faded imitation red leather—a little book Haldane, on the instant, with curious alertness, knew as one of Ida’s old school note-books. On her face was a look so bewildered, so grieved, so terror-stricken almost, that Haldane suddenly ceased to speak. She raised her eyes to him with the pleading of a hurt animal. For a time neither uttered a word. And then, all at once, it seemed to Haldane as if he *knew*. His gaze fell hesitatingly. When, at last, he spoke, it was in a very gentle voice.

“Mother—is it anything we can talk out together—now?”

She shook her head dumbly, the tears gathering in her eyes. “Oh, Lennie!” she whispered, finally, as if he were a little boy. “It isn’t true, is it?”

Haldane did not reply. She reached out the little red book to him slowly. “You’d—you’d better read it. I—found it—this afternoon.”

He took the book, without wonder, and went back, softly closing the door on her. Unconsciously he sat down before the little, cheap, oak desk—Ida’s desk—and began to read. It was, perhaps, two hours afterward when he had finished. The room was dark and very still.

“So she knew,” he said, slowly.

“After all, she knew. And I never guessed.” His head sank down on his arms.

It was a curious inconsistency in the mind of Ida Locke which had prompted her to write in that red-covered note-book just what she had written. No one would have guessed the secret strain of introspection in her, nor guessed the impulse which led her to put into writing her hidden life. Unless, indeed, that introspection and that impulse are always part of the intuitions of love—yielded to or not, as may be. The entries were scattered—as if put down when the stress of feeling had overcome her. They ranged over the two years of their married life. In each one she had seemed, with a startling lucidity, to have apprehended exactly her husband’s state of mind toward her. She had written freely, baldly, without excess of sentimentality. “I know he hates me sometimes; I see it in his eyes.” Again: “He is hideously kind.” “He lives in a mental room that I can’t break into.” In another place it ran: “Why is it? I am his mental equal; his superior in education. I’m his wife and he asked me to marry him. And yet he can’t bear to have me near him. He hates me to-day.” “I’m afraid,” she wrote again, “how Leonard will regard our child. If he should hate it, too. Perhaps we shall both not live through it.” And so it ran on, with awful candor.

“I’m so sorry she had to know,” Haldane sighed again and again. “And, now, what’s to be the end of it? What will Ida’s mother do? Lord God, she’ll never forgive me—never.”

Late that night Mrs. Locke came in. Haldane had scarcely stirred from his chair. The note-book lay open before him on the desk. He looked at her compassionately, for now his thoughts were all for the shrinking, hurt woman beside him. She had never before seemed so fragile, so dependent, and yet he could not but mark in her bearing a new resolution of forces, a dignity as of a stern decision. Haldane did not wait for her to question.

“You will want to know,” he began, wearily, “if all this written here is true. All this Ida wrote down. You want to ask me that? It’s—it’s all true, quite

true." He waited, but she gave no sign. "Quite true; I—I suppose it wouldn't be worth while for me to explain things now. You will think I've lied to you all along. In a way, I have. No, I suppose you don't want to hear me make futile explanations, excuses."

"If there—there is anything to be said, Leonard, you had better say it—now," she answered, nervously, twisting her handkerchief in her fingers.

He hesitated painfully. "Everything I might say seems to be trying to shift the load from my shoulders on to—another's," he said, at last. "It was a mistake—that's all. A mistake for us. Before it began—our marriage—it was different, but afterward— She was very good to me; looked after me and all that, but— Oh, I'm afraid I'm only hurting you the worse by saying all this. You won't, you can't understand. Let it be that it was all my fault. It was, it was. Believe that, please. . . . And I know you won't want to stay here with me any longer—after this. I quite understand that. A man who—who felt as she wrote it all down here—such a man you wouldn't, you couldn't—" He stopped hopelessly. "I can't bear to have you go," he burst out, impulsively. "Where will you go? Back there to Iowa?"

She nodded sorrowfully.

"And have no more music? And—and—oh, it's cruel. *Why* had you to find it out? It didn't matter anyway when it was all done with. *Why did* you have to know? . . . And you haven't any money. You must let me help you. Let me do that—just that. Can't you forget it all enough for that? Surely you've liked me—for what you've liked in me, let me help you. Great heavens, if I thought of you alone out there, without money—*Must* you go?"

Haldane was fast losing control of himself. With an effort he pulled himself together and tried to smile.

"You're right to go," he said. "Right. You wouldn't want anything to do with me now."

He looked up at her, though loath to

meet her eyes. There was a wonderful pity in her face. "Don't!" he cried, sharply, not understanding.

"I want to say this," he broke out again, almost roughly. "I never guessed that she knew how I felt toward her. I wasn't cruel or beastly—I was kind. They say that's cruelty, too. I tried—my God! how I tried!—never to let her know the truth. That's all I can say for myself; . . . you'd better go."

She was so silent that at last he faced her again. She was crying softly, and, it appeared, without bitterness. Haldane stared at her curiously.

"I wanted to know that—that last you said," Mrs. Locke gasped, with difficulty. "I—I—I've been thinking it all over in my room. It's very hard to say—please let me go on with it just as I can. I—I've said I wanted to hear that last. But I knew it—in my heart—all the time. I knew you couldn't be cruel to a living thing. And—and—somehow—it changed—things. I've had such a terrible struggle all alone. I've tried to pray over it and—oh, I'm afraid I'm very wrong and very wicked—I almost know I am." Her voice sank to a whisper. "But—oh, Leonard . . . somehow I just seemed to feel inside me just how you felt, just how—it was with you those two years. Oh, it's a dreadful thing to say, isn't it? Poor Ida! She was so good to me, and yet sometimes—" The trembling old woman's voice faltered and broke.

Haldane's eyes were full of tears. A great light was slowly breaking for him. He dared not speak.

"Don't think I'm a wicked old woman, Leonard; I never even guessed—till I came here—how I felt. And then you were like a son—my son—the boy I wanted so, and—I loved the music so, and being with you, more than anything I ever knew—it doesn't seem as if—"

Haldane put his hand on hers gently, "As if you could go away now?"

She turned to him with a little sad smile, and in her face was a sweet dignity.

"Yes, I cannot go—now, my son."

The Landing of a Pilgrim

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

NO American, complexly speaking, finds himself in England for the first time, unless he is one of those many Americans who are not of English extraction. It is probable, rather, that on his arrival, if he has not yet visited the country, he has that sense of having been there before which a simpler psychology than ours used to make much of without making anything of. His English ancestors who really were there stir within him, and his American forefathers, who were nourished on the history and literature of England, and were therefore intellectually English, join forces in creating an English consciousness in him. Together, they make it very difficult for him to continue a newcomer, and it may be that only on the fourth or fifth coming shall the illusion wear away and he find himself a stranger in a strange land. But by that time custom may have done its misleading work, and he may be as much as ever the prey of his first impressions. I am sure that some such result in me will evince itself to the reader in what I shall have to say of my brief stay with the English foster-mother of our American Plymouth; and I hope he will not think it altogether to be regretted.

My first impressions of England, after a fourth or fifth visit, began even before I landed in Plymouth, for I decided that there was something very national in the behavior of a young Englishman who, as we neared his native shores, varied from day to day, almost from hour to hour, in his doubt whether a cap or a derby hat was the right wear for a passenger about landing. He seemed also perplexed whether he should or should not speak to some of his fellow passengers in the safety of parting, but having ventured, seemed to like it. On the tender which took us from the steamer to the dock I fancied another type in the

Englishman whom I asked which was the best hotel in Plymouth. At first he would not commit himself; then his humanity began to work in him, and he expressed a preference, and abruptly left me. He returned directly to give the reasons for his preference, and to excuse them, and again he left me. A second time he came back, with his conscience fully roused, and conjured me not to think of going elsewhere.

I thought that charming, and I afterwards found the hotel excellent, as I found nearly all the hotels in England. I found everything delightful on the way to it, inclusive of the cabman's overcharge, which brought the extortion to a full third of the just fare of a New York cabman. I do not include the weather, which was hesitating a bitter little rain, but I do include the behavior of the customs officer, who would do no more than touch, with averted eyes, the contents of the single piece of baggage which he had me open. When it came to paying the two hand-cart men three shillings for bringing up the trunks, which it would have cost me three dollars to transport from the steamer to a hotel at home, I did not see why I should not save money for the rest of my life by becoming naturalized in England, and making it my home, unless it was because it takes so long to become naturalized there that I might not live to economize much.

It was with a pleasure much more distinct than any subliminal intimation that I saw again the office-ladies in our hotel. Personally, they were young strangers, but officially they were old friends, and quite as I had seen them first forty years ago, or last a brief seven; only once they wore bangs or fringes over their bright, unintelligent eyes, and now they wore Mamie loops. But they were, as always, very neatly and prettily dressed, and they had the

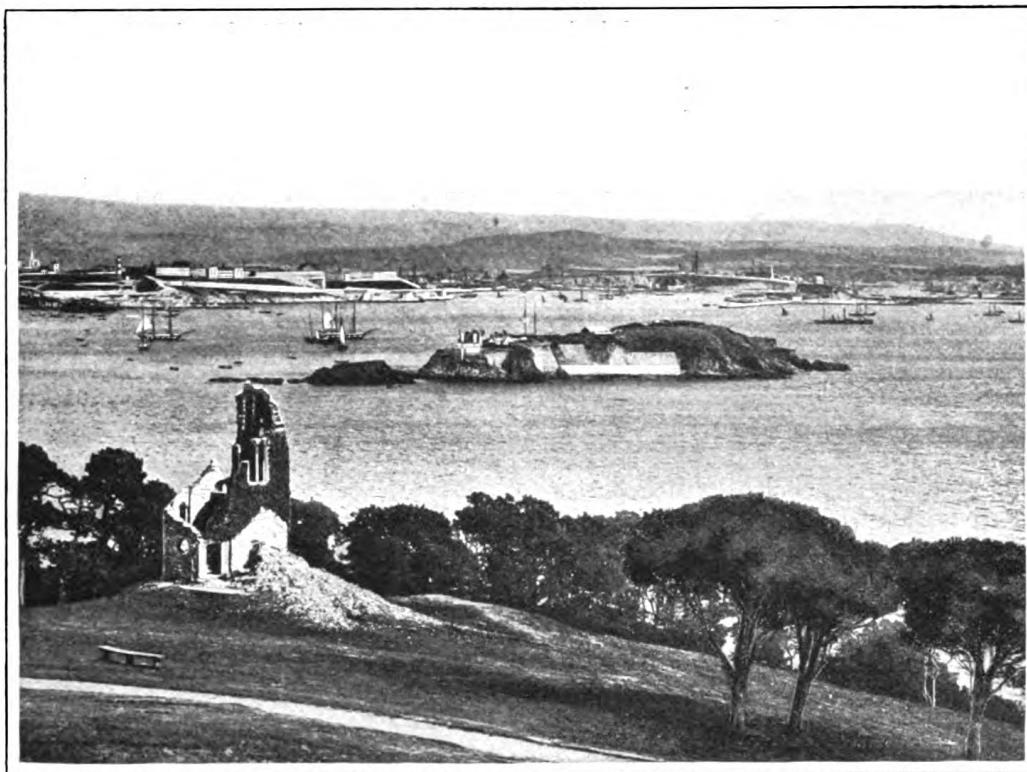
well-remembered difficulty of functionally differencing themselves to the traveller's needs, so that which he should ask for a room, and which for letters, and which for a candle, and which for his bill, remains a doubt to the end. From time to time, with an exchange of puzzled glances, they unite in begging him to ask the head porter, please, for whatever it is he wants to know. They all seem of equal authority, but suddenly and quite casually the real superior appears among them. She is the manageress, and I never saw a manager at an English hotel except once, and that was in Wales. But the English theory of hotel-keeping seems to be housekeeping enlarged; a manageress is therefore more logical than a manager, and practically the excellence of English hotels attests that a manager could not be more efficient.

One of the young office-ladies, you never can know which it will be, gives you a little disk of pasteboard with the number and sometimes the price of your room on it, but the key is an afterthought of your own. You apply for it on going down to dinner, but in nearly all provincial hotels it is safe to leave your door unlocked. At any rate I did so with impunity. This was all new to me, but a greater novelty which greeted us was the table d'hôte, which has nearly everywhere in England replaced the old-time dinner off the joint. You may still have that if you will, but not quite on the old imperative terms. The joint is now the roast from the table d'hôte, and you can take it with soup and vegetables and a sweet. But if you have become wonted to the superabundance of a German steamer you will not find all the courses too many for you, and you will find them very good. At least you will at first: what is it that does not pall at last? Let it be magnanimously owned at the outset then, while one has the heart, that the cooking of any English hotel is better than that of any American hotel of the same grade. At Plymouth, that first night, everything in meats and sweets, though simple, was excellent; in vegetables there were green things with no hint of the can in them, but fresh from the southerner parts of neighboring France. As yet the protean forms of

the cabbage family were not so insistent as afterwards.

Though we dined in an air so cold that we vainly tried to warm our fingers on the bottoms of our plates, we saw, between intervening heads and shoulders, a fire burning blithely in a grate at the farther side of the room. It was cold there in the dining-room, but after we got into the reading-room, we thought of it as having been warm, and we hurried out for a walk under the English moon which we found diffusing a mildness over the promenade on the Hoe, in which the statue of Sir Francis Drake fairly basked on its pedestal. The old sea-dog had the air of having lifted himself from the game of bowls in which the approach of the Spanish Armada had surprised him, and he must have already arrived at that philosophy which we reached so much later. In England it is chiefly inclement indoors, but even outdoors it is well to temper the air with as vigorous exercise as time and occasion will allow you to take. Another monument, less personally a record of the Armada, balanced that of Drake at the farther end of the Hoe, and on top of this we saw Britannia leading out her lion for a walk: lions become so dyspeptic if kept housed, and not allowed to stretch their legs in the open air. We had no lion to lead out; and there was no chance for us at bowls on the Hoe that night, but we walked swiftly to and fro on the promenade and began at once to choose among the mansions looking seawards over it such as we meant to buy and live in always. They were all very handsome, in a reserved, quiet sort; but we had no hesitation in fixing on one with a balcony glassed in, so that we could see the sea and shore in all weathers; and I hope we shall not incommode the actual occupants.

The truth is we were flown with the beauty of the scene, which we afterwards found as great by day as by night. The promenade, which may have other reasons for calling itself as it does besides being shaped like the blade of a hoe, is a promontory pushed well out into the sound, with many islands and peninsulas clustered before it, or jutting toward it and forming a safe roadstead for shipping of all types. Plymouth is not a



PLYMOUTH FROM MOUNT EDGECUMBE

chief naval station of Great Britain without the presence of war-ships in its harbor; and among the peaceful craft at anchor with their riding-lights showing in the deeps of the sea and air one could distinguish the huge kraken shapes of modern cruisers, and destroyers, and what not. But like the embattled figures of the marine and land-going soldiery, flirting on the benches of the promenade with females as fearless as themselves, or jauntily strolling up and down under the moon, the ships tended to an effect of subjective peacefulness, as if invented merely for the pleasure of the appreciative stranger. We were, at any rate, very glad of them, and appreciated the municipal efforts in our behalf as gratefully as the imperial fortifications of the harbor. It must be confessed at once, if I am ever to claim any American superiority in these "trivial, fond records," which I shall never be able to help making comparative, that in what is done by the public for the public, we are hardly in the same running with England. It is only when we

reflect upon our greater municipal virtue, and consider how the economies of our civic servants in the matter of beauty enable them to spend the more in good works, that we can lift up our heads and look down on what England has everywhere wrought for the people in such unspiritual things as parks and gardens, and terraces and promenades and statues. I could have wished that first evening, before I committed myself to any wrong impression or association, that I had known something more, or even anything at all, of the history of Plymouth. But I did not even know that from the Hoe, and possibly the very spot where I stood, the brave Trojan Cirenæus hurled the giant Goemagot into the sea. I was quite as far from remembering any facts of the British civilization which has always flourished so splendidly in the fancy of the native bards, and which has mingled its relics with those of the Roman, not only in the neighborhood of Plymouth, but all over England. As for the facts that Plymouth had been harried throughout the fourteenth and fif-

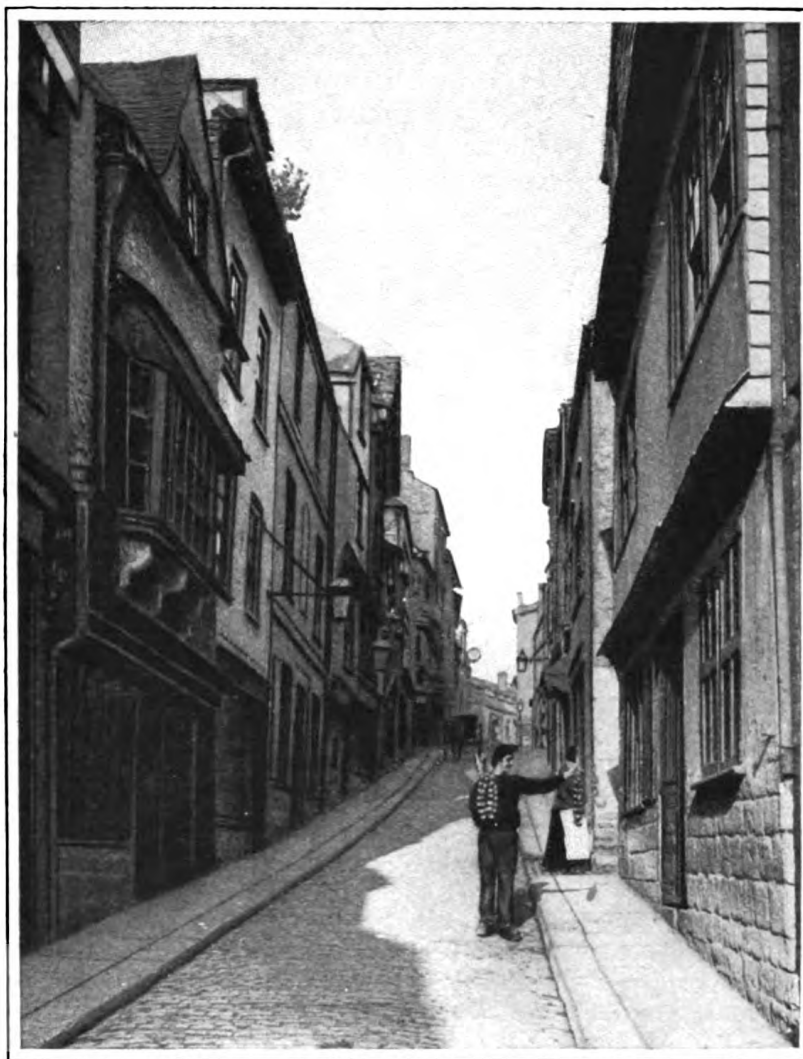
teenth centuries by the incursions of the French; that it was the foremost English port in the time of Elizabeth; that Drake sailed from it in 1585 to bring back the remnant of Raleigh's colony from Virginia; that 127 English ships waited in its waters to meet the Spanish Armada; that it stood alone in the West of England for the Parliament in the Civil War; that Charles II. had signified his displeasure with it for this by building to overawe it the entirely useless fortress in the harbor; and that it was the first town to declare for William of Orange when he landed to urge the flight of the last Stuart: I do not suppose there is any half-educated school-boy but has them more about him than I had that first night in Plymouth when I might have found them so serviceable. I could only have matched him in my certainty that this was the Plymouth from which the *Mayflower* sailed to find, or to found, another Plymouth in the New World; but he could easily have alleged more proofs of our common conviction than I.

At sunset, which they have in Plymouth appropriately late for the spring

season and the high latitude, there had been a splotch of red about six feet square in the watery west, promising the fine weather which the morning brought. It also brought more red coats and swagger-sticks in company with the large hats and glaring costumes which had not had so good a chance the night before, whether we saw them in our walk on the Hoe, or met them in the ramble through the town into which we prolonged it. Through the still Sunday morning air there came a drumming and bugling of religious note from the neighboring fortifications, and while we listened, a general officer, or perhaps only a colonel, very tight in the gold and scarlet of his uniform, passed across the Hoe, like a pillar of flame, on his way to church. But I do not know that he was a finer bit of color, after all, than the jet-black cat with a vivid red ribbon at her neck, which had chosen to crouch on the ivied stone wall across the way from our hotel, in just the spot where the sun fell earliest and would lie longest. There was more ivy than sun in Plymouth, that is the truth, and this cat probably knew what she was about. There was ivy, ivy



THE PROMENADE—A PROMONTORY PUSHED WELL OUT INTO THE SOUND



OLD HOUSES ALOOF FROM THE WATER

everywhere, and there were subtropical growths of laurel and oleander and the like, which made a pleasant confusion of earlier Italy and later Bermuda in the brain, and yet was so characteristic of that constantly self-contradictory England.

Many things of it that I had known in flying and poising visits during fifty years of the past began to steal back into my consciousness. The nine-o'clock breakfast, of sole and eggs and bacon, and heavy bread and washy coffee, was of the same moral texture as the sabbatical silence in the pale sunny air, which now I remembered so well, with some weird question whether I was not all the while in Quebec, instead of Plym-

outh, and the strong convictions at the same time that this was the absurdest of obsessions. The Hoe was not Durham Terrace, but it looked down on a sort of Lower Town from a height almost as great, and the spread of the harbor, with a little help, recalled the confluence of the St. Lawrence and the St. Charles. But the rows of small houses that sent up the smoke of their chimney-pots were of yellow brick, not of wood or gray stone, and their red roofs were tiled in dull weather-worn tints, and not brilliantly tinned.

Why, I wonder, do we feel such a pleasure in finding different things alike? It is rather stupid, but we are always trying to do it and fatiguing ourselves

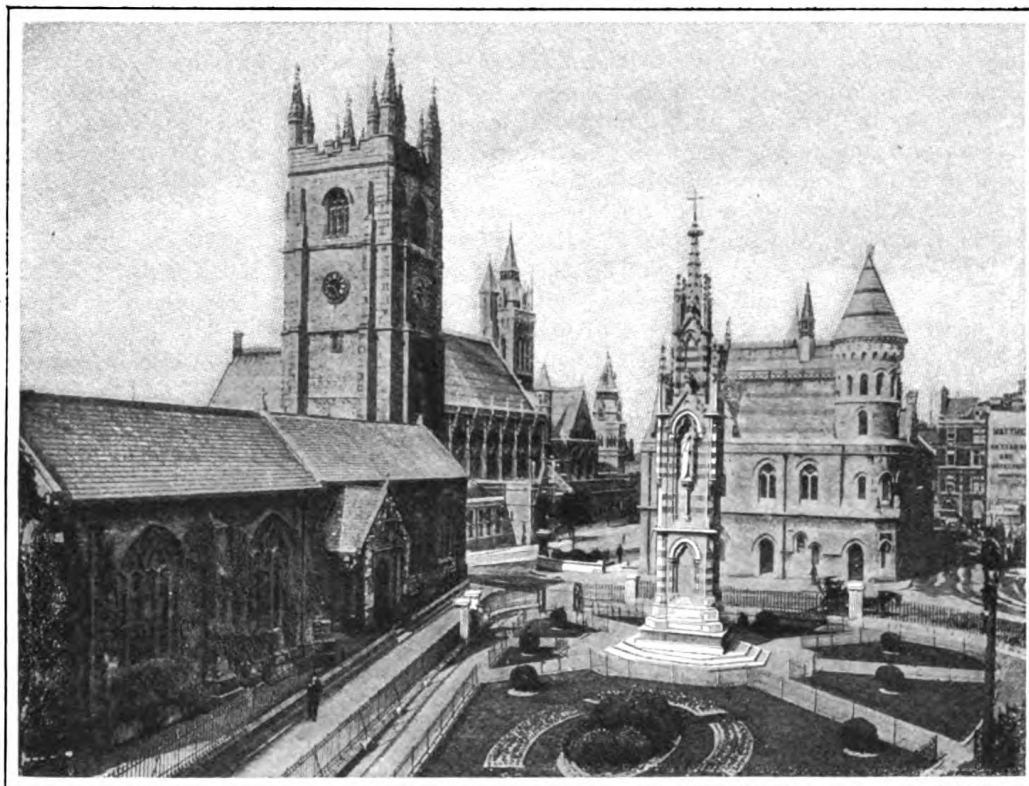
with the sterile effect. At Plymouth there was so much to remind me of so much else that it was a relief to be pretty promptly confronted on the Hoe with something so positive, so absolute as a Bath chair, which at the worst could only remind me of something in literature. A stubby old man was tugging it over the ground slowly, as if through a chapter of Dickens; and a wrathful-looking invalid lady sat within, just as if she had got into it from a book. There was little to recall anything else in the men strolling about in caps and knickerbockers, with short pipes in their mouths, or, equally with short pipes, wheeling back and forth on bicycles. There were a few people in top-hats, who had unmistakably the air of having got them out for Sunday; though why every one did not wear them every day in the week was the question when we presently saw a shop-window full of them at three and sixpence apiece.

This was when we had gone down into the town from the Hoe, and found its quiet streets of an exquisite Sunday neatness. They were quite empty, except for very washed-up-looking worshippers going to church, among whom a file of extremely little boys and girls, kept in line and kept moving by a black-gowned church-sister, gave us, with their tender pink cheeks and their tender blue eyes, our first delight in the wonderful West-of-England complexion. The trams do not begin running in any provincial town till afternoon on Sundays, and the loud-rattling milk-carts, bearing bright brass-topped cans as big as the ponies that drew them, seemed the only vehicles abroad. The only shops open were those for the sale of butter and eggs and fruit and flowers; but these necessities and luxuries abounded in many windows and doorways, especially the flowers, which had already begun to arrive everywhere by tons from the Channel Islands, though it was then so early in March. It is not the least of the advantages which England enjoys that she has her Florida at her door; she has but to put out her hand and it is heaped with flowers and fruits from the Scilly Isles, while the spring is coming slowly up our way at home by fast-freight, through Georgia and the Carolinas and Virginia.

So many things were strange to me that I might have thought I had never been in Plymouth before, and so many things familiar that I might have fancied I had always been there. The long unimpressive stretches of little shops might have been in any second-class American city, which would likewise have shown the same exceptional number of large department stores. What it could not have shown were the well-kept streets, the reverently guarded heritages from the past in here and there a bit of antique architecture amidst the prosperous newness; the presence of lingering state in the mansions peering over their high garden wall, or standing withdrawn from the thoroughfares in the quiet of wooded crescents or circles.

I doubt if any American city, great or small, has the same number of birds, dear to poetry, singing in early March, as Plymouth has. That morning as we walked in the town, and that afternoon as we rode on our tram-top into the country, they started from a thousand lovely lines of verse, finches and real larks, and real robins, and many a golden-billed blackbird, and piped us on our way. Overhead, in the veiled sun, circled and swam the ever-cawing rooks, as they jarred in the anxieties of the nesting then urgent with them. They were no better than our birds; I will never own such a recreant thing. If I do not quite prefer a crow to a rook, I am free to say that one oriole, or redbird, or hermit-thrush is worth all the English birds that ever sang. Only, the English birds sing with greater authority, and find an echo in the mysterious depths of our ancestral past where they and we were compatriots.

Viewed from the far vantage of some rising ground the three towns of Plymouth, Stonehouse, and Devonport, which have grown together to form one Plymouth, stretch away from the sea in huge long ridges thickly serried with the gables, and bristling with the chimneys of their lines of houses. They probably look denselier built than they are through the exaggerative dimness of the air which lends bulk to the features of every distant prospect in England; but for my pleasure I would not have had the houses set any closer than they were on the winding, sloping line of the tram



A GROUP OF PUBLIC EDIFICES, MODERN PLYMOUTH

we had taken after luncheon. It was bearing us with a leisurely gait, inconceivable of an American trolley, but quite swiftly enough, toward any point in the country it chose; and after it had carried us through rows and rows of small, low, gray stone cottages, each with its pretty bit of garden at its feet, it bore us on where their strict contiguity ceased in detached villas, and let us have time to look into the depths of their encompassing evergreenery, their ivy, their laurel, their hedges of holly, all shining with a pleasant lustre. So we came out into the familiar provisionality of half-built house-lots, and at last into the open country quite beyond the town, with green market-gardens, and brown ploughed fields, patching the sides of the gentle knolls, laced with white winding roads, that lost their heads in the haze of the horizon, and with woodlands calling themselves "Private," and hiding the way to stately mansions withdrawn from the commonness of our course.

When the tram stopped we got down,

with the other civilian persons of our tram-top company, and with the soldiers and the girls who formed their escort, and hurried beyond hearing of the loud-cackling, hard-mouthed, red-cheeked, black-eyed young woman, whom one sees everywhere in some form, and in whose English version I saw so many an American original that I was humbled with the doubt whether she might not have come out on the *Mayflower*. There were many other people more inoffensive coming and going, or stretching themselves on the damp new grass in a defiance of the national rheumatism which does not save them from it. At that time, though, I did not know but it might, and I enjoyed the picturesqueness of their temerity with an untroubled mind. I noted merely the kind looks which prevail in English faces of the commoner sort, and I thought the men better and the women worse dressed than Americans of the same order. Then, after I had realized the prevalence of much the same farming tradition as our

own, in the spreading fields, and holloed my fancy up and away over the narrow lines climbing between them to the sky, there was nothing left to do but to go to town by a different tram-line from that which brought us. The man I asked for help in this bold enterprise had a face above the ordinary in a sort of quickness, and he seemed to find something unusual in my speech. He answered civilly and fully, as all the English do when you ask them a civil question, without the friendly irony with which Americans often like to visit the inquiring stranger. Then he stopped short, checking the little boy he was leading by the hand, and said abruptly, "You're not English!"

"No," I said, "we're Americans," and I added, "From New York."

"Ah, from New York!" he said, with a visible rush of interest in the fact that it never afterwards brought to another English face, so far as I could see. "From New York! Americans!" and he stood clutching the hand of the little boy, while I felt myself in the presence of a tacit drama, which I have not yet been able to render explicit. Sometimes I have thought it not well to try. It might have been the memory of sad experiences which had left a rancor for our country in his heart, and held him in doubt whether he might not fitly wreak it upon the first chance American he met. Again I fancied it might have been the stirring of some long - deferred

hope, some defeated ambition, or the capture of some ideal of us which had never had the opportunity to disappoint itself. I only know that he looked like a man above his class: an unhappy man anywhere, and probably in England most unhappy. I stupidly hurried on, and after some movement to follow me he let me leave

him behind. Whoever he was or whatever his emotion, I hope he was worthy of the sympathy which here offers itself too late. If I could I would perhaps go back to him, and tell him that if he sailed for New York he might never find the America of his vision, but only a hard workaday world like the one he was leaving, where he might be differently circumstanced, but not differently conditioned. I dare say he would not believe me; I am not sure that I should believe myself, though I might well be speaking the truth.

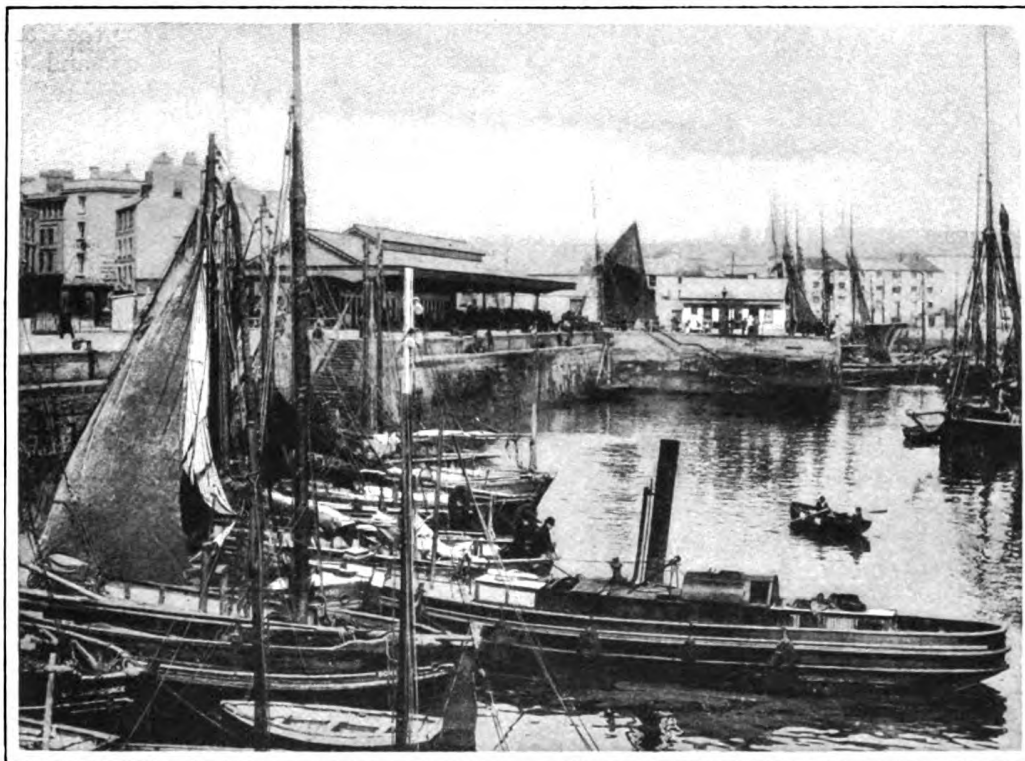
The next day being Monday, it was quite fit that we should go to work with the rest of the world in Plymouth, and we set diligently about the business of looking up such traces of the Pilgrim Fathers as still exist in the town which was so kind to them in their great need of kindness. I will not pretend that the pathetic story recurred to me in full circumstance during our search for the exact place from which the *Mayflower* last sailed, when after she had come with her sister ship, the *Speedwell*, from Holland to Southampton, and then started

on the voyage, to America, she had been forced by the unseaworthiness of the *Speedwell* to put back as far as Plymouth. Mr. W. E. Griffin, in his very agreeable and careful little book, "The Pilgrims in their Three Homes," is able only to define the period of their stay there as "some time," but he tells us that

the disappointed voyagers "were treated very kindly by the people of the Free Church, forming what is now the Grange Street Chapel, the *Mayflower* meanwhile lying off the Barbican." The weather was good while the two ships stayed, but when they sailed again the *Speedwell* returned to London with some



"MAYFLOWER" COMMEMORATIVE STONE AND TABLET
ON THE BARBICAN, PLYMOUTH



FISHING-BOATS AT THE QUAY

twenty of the homesick or heart-sick, while all her other people stowed themselves with their belongings in the little *Mayflower* as best they could, and she once more put out to sea: a prison where the brutal shipmen were their jailers; a lazar where the seeds of death were planted in many that were soon to fill the graves secreted under the snow of the savage shore they were seeking.

I believe it was the visiting association of American librarians who caused, a few years ago, a flagstone in the pavement of the quay where the *Mayflower* lay to be inscribed with her name and the date 1620 as well as a more explicit tablet to be let into the adjacent parapet. Perhaps our driver could have found these records for us, or we could have found them for ourselves, but I am all the same grateful for the good offices of several unoccupied spectators, especially a friendly matron who had disposed of her morning's stock of fish, and had now the leisure for indulging an interest in our search. She constituted herself the tutelary spirit of the neighborhood, which smelt of immemorial catches of

fish, both from the adjacent market and from the lumpish, quaintly rigged craft crowding one another in the docks and composing in an insurpassable picturesqueness; and she directed us wherever we wanted to go.

The barbican of the citadel from which the *Mayflower* sailed, before there was either citadel or barbican, is of no great remove from the Hoe, which may justly enough boast itself "the first promenade in England," but it is quite in another world: a seventeenth-century world of narrow streets crooking up hill and down, and overhung by the little bulging houses which the pilgrims must have seen as they came and went on their affairs with the ship; it was scarce bigger than the fishing-boats now nosing at the quay where she then lay. Whatever it was in the *Mayflower's* time, it is not a proud neighborhood in ours, nor has it any reason to be proud; for it is apparently what is indefinitely called a purlieu. At one point where I climbed a steep thoroughfare to look at what no doubt unwarrantably professed to be a remnant of "Cromwell's castle," I met an elderly

man, who was apparently looking up truant school-children, and who said, quite without prompting, "This used to be 'ell upon earth," with something in his tone implying that it might still be a little like it. We could not get into the ruin, the solitary who tenanted its one habitable room being away on a visit, as a neighbor put her head out of a window opposite to tell me.

Probably the traveller who wishes for a just impression of the Plymouth of 1620 will get it more reliably somewhat away from the immediate scene of the *Mayflower's* departure. There are old houses abundantly overhanging their first stories, after the seventeenth-century fashion, in the pleasanter streets which keep aloof from the water. If he is more bent upon a sense of modern Plymouth he will do best to visit her group of public edifices, the Guild Hall, the Law Courts, the Library, and see all that I did not see of the vast shipping which constitutes her one of the greatest English ports, and the government works which magnify her importance among the naval stations of the world.

It is always best to leave something for a later comer, and I may seem almost to have left too much by any one whom I shall have inspired to linger in Plymouth long enough after landing to get his sea-legs off. But really I was continually finding the most charming things. The very business aspects of Plymouth had their charm. I saw a great prosperity around me, but there was no sense of the hustle which is supposed alone to create prosperity with us. I dare say that below the unruffled surface of life there is sordid turmoil enough, but I did not perceive it, and I prefer still to think of Plymouth as the first of the many places in England where the home-wearied American might spend his last days in the repose of a peaceful exile, with all the comforts, which only much money can buy with us, cheaply about him. He could live like a gentleman in Plymouth for about half what the same state would cost him in his own air, unless he went as far inland as in the inexpensive Middle West, and then it would be dearer in as large a town. He could keep his republican self-respect in his agreeable banishment by remember-

ing how Plymouth had held for the Commonwealth in Cromwell's time, and the very name of the place would bring him near to the heroic Plymouth on the other shore of the Atlantic. I speak from experience, for even in my two days' stay with the mother Plymouth I had now and then a vision of the daughter Plymouth, on the elm-shaded slopes of her landlocked bay, filially the subordination in numbers and riches with which she began her alien life. Still of wood, as the English Plymouth is still of stone, and newer by a thousand years, she has an antiquity of her own precious to Americans, and a gentle picturesqueness which I found endearing when I first saw her in the later eighteen-sixties, and which I now recalled as worthy of her lineage. Perhaps it was because I had always thought the younger Plymouth would be a kind dwelling-place that I fancied a potential hospitality in the elder. At any rate I thought it well, while I was on the ground, to choose a good many eligible residences, not only among the proud mansions overlooking the Hoe, but in some of the streets whose gentility had decayed, but which were still keeping up appearances in their fine roomy old houses, or again in the newer and simpler suburban avenues, where I thought I could be content in one of the pretty stone cottages costing me forty pounds a year, with my holly hedge before me belting in a little garden of all but perennial bloom.

We had chanced upon weather that we might easily have mistaken for climate. There was the lustre of soft sunshine in it, and there was the song of birds in the wooded and gardened pleasaunces which opened in several directions about the Hoe, and seemed to follow the vagarious lines of ancient fortifications. Whether weather or climate, it could not have been more suitable for the excursion we planned our last afternoon across that stretch of water which separates Plymouth from the seat of the lords who have their title from it. It is not one of the noble houses which are open to the public in England, and even to get into the grounds you must have leave from the manor-house. This will not quite answer the raw American's expectation of a manor-house; it looks more like a kind

of office in a Plymouth street; but if you get from it as guide a veteran of the navy with an agreeable cast in his eye, and an effect of involuntary humor in his rusty voice, you have not really so much to complain of. In our own case the veteran's intelligence seemed limited to delivering us over at gates to gardeners and the like, who gave us back to his keeping after the just recognition of their vested interests, and then left him to walk us unsparingly over the whole place, which had grown as large at least as some of our smaller States, say Connecticut or New Jersey, by the time we had compassed it. We imagined afterwards that he might have led us a long way about, not from stupidity, but from a sardonic amusement in our protests; and we were sure he knew that the bird he called a nightingale was no nightingale. It was as if he had said to himself, on our asking if there were none there, "Well, if they want a nightingale, let 'em have it," and had chosen the first songster we heard. There were already songsters enough in the trees about to choose any sort from, for we were now in Cornwall, and the spring is very early in Cornwall. There were primroses growing at the roots of the trees in the park; in the garden closes were bamboos and palms, and rhododendrons in bloom, with cork-trees and ilexes, springing from the soaked earth which the sun damply shining from the spongy heavens could never have dried. The confusion of the tropical and temperate zones in this air, which was that of neither or both, was somehow heightened by the first we saw of those cedars of Lebanon which so abound in England that you can hardly imagine any left on Lebanon. It was a dark spreading tree, with a biblical seriousness and an oriental poetry of aspect, under whose low shelving branches one might think to find the scripturalized childhood of our race. The gardens, whether English, or French, or Italian, appealed to a more sophisticated consciousness; but it had all a dim, hurried fascination which words refuse to impart, and the rooks, wheeling in their aerial orbits overhead, seemed to deepen the spell with the monotony of their mystical incantations. There were woodland spaces which had the democratic friendliness of Amer-

ican woods, as if not knowing themselves part of a nobleman's estate, and which gave the foot a home welcome with the bedding of their fallen leaves. But the rabbits which had everywhere broken the close mossy turf with their burrowing and thrown out the red soil over the grass, must have been consciously a part of the English order. As for the deer, lying in herds, or posing statuesquely against the sky on some stretch of summit, they were as absolutely a part of it as if they had been in the peerage. A flag floated over the Elizabethan mansion of gray stone (rained a fine greenish in the long succession of soaking springs and falls), to intimate that the family was at home, and invite the public to respect its privacy by keeping away from the grounds next about it; and in the impersonal touch of exclusion which could be so impersonally accepted, the sense of certain English things was perfected. You read of them all your life, till you imagine them things of actual experience, but when you come face to face with them you perceive that till then they have been as unreal as anything else in the romances where you frequented them, and that you have not known their true quality and significance. In fiction they stood for a state as gracious as it was splendid, and welcomed the reader to an equal share in it; but in fact they imply the robust survival, in commercial and industrial times, of a feudal condition so wholly obsolete in its alien admirer's experience that none of the imitations of it which he has seen at home suggest it more than by a picturesqueness almost as provisional as that of the theatre.

What the alien has to confess in its presence is that it is an essential part of a system which seems to work, and in the simpler terms, to work admirably; so that if he has a heart to which the ideal of human equality is dear, it must shrink with certain withering doubts as he looks on the lovely landscapes everywhere in which those who till the fields and keep the woods have no ownership, in severalty or in common. He must remember how persistently and recurrently this has been the history of mankind, how, while democracies and republics have come and gone, patrician and

plebeian, sovereign and subject, have remained, or have returned after they had passed. If he is a pilgrim reverting from the new world to which the outgoing pilgrims sailed, there to open from the primeval woods a new heaven and a new earth, his dismay will not justly be for the persistence of the old forms which they left behind, but for the question whether these forms have not somehow fixed themselves as firmly and lastingly in his native as in his ancestral country. I do not say that any such anxieties spoiled the pleasure of my afternoon. I was perhaps expecting to see much more perfect instances of the kind and I was probably postponing the psychological effect to these. It is a fault of travel that you are always looking forward to something more typical, and you neglect immediate examples because they offer themselves at the outset, or you reject them as only approximately representative to find that they are never afterwards surpassed. That was the case with our hotel, which was quite perfect in its way: a way rather new to England, I believe, and quite new to my knowledge of England. It is a sort of hotel where you can live for as short or as long a time as you will at an inclusive rate for the day or week, and always in greater comfort for less money than you can at home, except in the mere matter of warmth.

Warm you cannot be indoors, and why should not you go outdoors for warmth, when the subtropical growths in the well-kept garden, which never fails to enclose that kind of hotel, are flourishing in a temperature distinctly above freezing? They always had the long windows that opened into the garden ajar when we came into the reading-room after dinner, and the modest little fire in the grate veiled itself under a covering of cinders or coal-siftings, so that it was not certain that the first-comer who got the chair next to it was luckiest. Yet around this cold hearth the social ice was easily broken and there bubbled up a better sort of friendly talk than always follows our diffidence in public places at home. Without knowing it, or being able to realize it at that moment, we were confronted with a social condition which is becoming more and more general in England, where in winter even more than in summer people have the habit of leaving town for a longer or a shorter time, which they spend in a hotel like ours at Plymouth. There they meet in apparent fearlessness of the consequences of being more or less agreeable to one another, and then part as informally as they meet. But as yet we did not know that there was that sort of hotel or that we were in it, and we lost the earliest occasion of realizing a typical phase of recent English civilization.

The Solitary

BY MADISON CAWEIN

UPON the mossed rock by the spring
 She sits, forgetful of her pail,
 Lost in remote remembering
 Of that which may no more avail.

Her thin, pale hair is dimly dressed
 Above a brow lined deep with care,
 The color of a leaf long pressed.
 A faded leaf that once was fair.

You may not know her from the stone,
 So still she sits who does not stir,
 Thinking of this one thing alone—
 The love that never came to her.



A "FAST FREIGHT" WAGON

When Mammon Makes a Camp

BY PHILIP VERRILL MIGHELS

A PHASE of life, a stripping bare of human nature, a spectacle of prodigiously vital gambling—this is the brief synopsis of a mining-camp, flashed into being in the night by the wonderful glint of millions of dollars' worth of gold abruptly revealed to the eager eyes of man. The tale is one of luck and failure, fever and calculation, comedy and tragedy, hilarity and death, pity and wild exultation.

A thousand dollars strewn upon the hills in dust of gold outshines a hundred thousand worth of lead or a million's worth of hay or common potatoes. Gold the blinding, gold the crazing, gold the relentless—how shall its victims be counted?—how shall its new-made favorites voice the might of delirious joy?

A wonderful, fast-written drama is that of the gold camp suddenly created on the desert. In the vast, unknown

region comprising the southern portion of the State of Nevada, such a camp is even now being feverishly fashioned. The region lies at the edge, as it were, of that God-rebuked area which man—the witness of sacrifice—has cursed and named Death Valley. It is all a desert country—waterless, treeless, and forbidding. The gold there was flung, by the prodigal hand of some ancient volcanic eruption, across a desolation five hundred miles in length. It lies there, masked in a hundred clumsy disguises, boldly flaunted in ribs of seemingly impossible rock, or shamelessly bedding with the worthless dross of sand; and men by the score have ridden, walked, and run across its treasures for years with never a dream it was there dully winking beneath their very feet.

It was not until a dusty man, cruising in his loneliness through waste of moun-

tain and valley, came upon and smote off the mask with his prospector's pick that the golden secret was revealed. Then followed the "rush."

For months a gold-fevered people have been sacrificing anything and everything to get to the vast arena where the gods—from the towering table-lands about the field—look down upon the game. The tale of man abandoning his certainty, comfort, and home to snatch at the glittering promises that gold reflects upon the sky is as ancient as Adam's parentage. And a little gold has a wonderful way of illumining miles of desolation. The stories most commonly told are of those who win, and stirring, worthy tales they be; but the picture is left incomplete without the annals of those who fail and those who perish in the race.

The first raw days of autumn were at hand when the writer made a pilgrimage to the newest scene of excitement. A railroad, recently completed across unpeopled territory, penetrates the region to a point some thirty miles from the field of gold. From there the way is made, theoretically, by stage or private conveyance. Many hurried persons walk. On the railroad over two hundred car-loads of freight were blocked that day, so inadequate were all the means of transportation and so unrelenting was the torrent of supplies, machinery, hay, tools, and material being hurled toward the centre every hour.

The railroad town or terminus was thronged with people, all excitedly endeavoring to hasten onward. The streets were filled with bell-jangling mule-teams, merchandise, outfits, and human beings. Three stages a day were whipping across the desert, loaded to the wrecking-point; and four days ahead the seats were sold. Ten hours before our arrival the last private "rig" had been engaged to make the drive. Not even so much as a saddle-horse remained for hire. From twenty sources came the tale of no beds to be had, for love nor money, in the new camp whither we were heading. But the traffic in, and bribing for, means of transportation increased as the morning advanced.

The price for a stage seat had risen a dollar in the night. It was now four dollars, and cheap enough. Men, how-

ever, were offering eight, ten, fifteen dollars, for a ride on any conveyance which would start at once. This is the ordinary spirit of extravagance and panic.

The writer heard of a chance to go forward on a "fast freight" wagon, soon to start. It was down the street, a four-horse van, loaded full of iron beds, stoves, chairs, cots, trunks, tents, and giant powder. Roped on the back was a bicycle. Thrown on the top were half a dozen mattresses. Already two husky men were on the seat, and four were on the pinnacle of household goods. In addition, there sat a woman, a boy, and a pup, perched on the bedding. I stated my wish to be one of the party, only to be informed there was still another man who was booked for a seat, and that such a load was already beyond the strength of the horses. The wagon was driven up the street, where it presently halted. I followed and asked once more for a chance to ride as freight, and was once again refused. Again it heaved up the steepness of the road, and, as before, it stopped, and I followed.

"You'd better let me get up there on top," I said.

The driver answered: "Oh, hell! Come on."

That was early in the morning. We started at once. A few hundred yards from the limits of the town we saw an empty bottle lying near the highway. A rod beyond it lay another. After that the trail was more than abundantly blazed with these signs of penetrating civilization. A blind man with a nose for glass could have smelled his way unerringly, by the bottles, across all those thirty miles of country. An empty bottle thus cast aside is called "a dead soldier." There must have been a terrible and long-protracted conflict waged there but a very brief time before.

Up every hill our horses barely dragged the load; down every declivity they trotted madly, the wagon swaying and creaking like an overburdened ship. In two hours' time we overlooked the desert—gray and level and lifeless in its barren monotony,—stretching from one huge range of mountains to another, over twenty miles away. There the road became two roads, and spaced along on either one were clouds of dust, one after

another, marking the teams ahead of ourselves, all of them straining toward the one far-distant goal.

The sun was hot when it shone at all, but clouds banked up and scattered continuously. Three violent storms of rain and hail descended upon us before the hour of noon. The boy got restless, the pup was whining and shivering, the men smoked pipes and said nothing, while the woman indulged herself in a little public blasphemy, directed at the driver, who had neglected to protect her goods with a "tarpoleon." She described herself as a trained nurse. Parrots frequently undergo similar "training," usually at the hands of ingenious sailors.

The outfit, at noon, had come to the centre of the desert, where a man had dugged him a well. He had fenced it in with barbed wire. A horse there worked a pump, soon exhausting the flow of water, whereupon the owner went to a better well, a mile away, on the second road, and fetched water hither in barrels. The second well was two hundred and fifty feet in depth. At both these desert stations the price of watering a horse is twenty-five cents. Both men are getting rich so fast they are dazed. And each has a large "back yard" in the rear of his cabin, where stands a multicolored pyramid of bottles—all of them empty. Each station has an eating-house and a bar. The woman on our load had a cup of coffee, for which no charge was made. Said the landlady: "Oh, I couldn't ask any pay for that. I guess we make money enough on the water."

A few miles out from the station our "fast freight" was driven around a typical desert caravan—a train of twenty raw-boned, sweating, dusty mules, straining at two huge wagons and a smaller conveyance, termed a "trailer" (containing feed and the teamster's bed), coupled one behind another. The cargo was, as ever, the mixture of things incongruous—beds, engines, food, lumber, drinkables, shingles, clothing, and implements of mining, gambling, and cooking. The teamster, seated astride of the "nigh" wheel animal and driving with a "jerk line," was a hero. No man save a hero, cast in some manner of mould, could face that constantly roving desert gale that sweeps up the dust from four times

twenty beating hoofs and drives it upon him all day long—not even at five dollars a day. He was gray with the desolation's essence. There were two small clean spots left on the man's exterior—his eyes. Bright and sharp and clean were those two brown eyes, in all that nimbus of floating grime. The inside lining of his mouth, when he bawled at the mules, was likewise free from dust, but he had to keep up "a divvle of a swallowing." One such teamster told me that now that he had this job, "at big figures," the wife and children at home need not worry any more. Home was a thousand miles away.

There were teams, teams, teams, wherever the sight could follow the way of the road. Many were coming toward us, laden with golden cargoes—sacks of ore as ugly as so many heaps of rags, and as rich as butter with the bullion concealed in the rock.

Three fiercer storms than those of the morning took turns at us, clinging as we were to the summit of our load. The "fast freight" barely crawled by now, for the ruts of the road were twenty inches deep and the sand was ceaselessly following the wheel-spokes upward, out of the ruts, only to trickle and flow and fall to its bed again, and lie in wait for the next great horse-propelled contrivance. And the "dead soldiers" strewn along the road, on either side, were yet a little closer together. The land was so barren that, as the teamster said, "the chipmunks have to bring their lunches along" when they come to the place.

It was twilight when we came in sight of the brand-new mining-camp, built in a natural amphitheatre formed by the square-cut table-mountains. It was a thickly studded constellation of tents, with straggling domiciles and dugouts scattered about over a space of ten square miles. In their whiteness and squareness the tents resembled countless dice at rest where the toss of fate and chance had left them to grasp at a foothold.

The darkness closed in as we drove into town. Our teamster swung his animals at once into a large corral where hundreds of mules, a dozen cows, scores of men, great dusty wagons, and piles and heaps of baggage, lumber, cases, rolls of bedding, gaunt iron boilers, and domestic necessities were mixed in hopeless con-



PROSPECTING UP TO DATE

fusion. I paid him my fare, and told him I would willingly pay him more could he manage to provide me with a six-by-one accommodation in his blankets for the night. He knew men were walking the streets for lack of beds in the town, and being a large-hearted teamster, he agreed to take me in, provided there was space sufficient under cover.

"I sleep 'most anywheres in this corral," he said. "There's a tent over here that we may get in, if there ain't too many beds there now."

In the semidarkness we stumbled over to the tent, which he entered. A second later he let out a horrible whoop. He had bumped into something alive. It was merely a cow. She had gone inside in search either for news from home or hay in the mattresses. She came out hurriedly, bowling the writer aside in her haste. Then a match was lighted, its wavering light revealing nine rough beds in the tent, all on the ground, in a space so limited that many were, perforce, rolled up in order to squeeze into the space. But I could come here and bunk in with

the teamster if nothing more inviting could be found. He seemed to believe there was room.

A final storm of the day now broke before I could make my way from the strewn corral. In Nevada the rarest disturbance known is a storm of thunder and rain. But to-night, above the brow of the sombre mountains raged a mighty war of elements, terrific and ominous. Out of clouds as black as felt, stabbed three-pronged lightning strokes, vicious and awful. A sudden wind hurled dust and rain and hail together, in a tempest, on the town. The street was ablaze with lights from a score of saloons and gambling-halls. Music arose from these thronged abodes of carelessness. It swept in interrupted gushes on the storm, laughing out its frivolity against the stern, deep roar of thunder from the hill. To me it was threat and portent, fearful and majestic, that the gods were sounding. But two thousand men had fled to the shelter of gay saloons, and a negro here and a woman there were beating, *sans* peace, on loud-stringed pianos and

piercing the storm with rag-time song. The furies outside could rage and shake that awful trident of thunderbolts unheeded by the crowd; and the threat of death and pestilence and woe to descend on the fevered camp below was hurled against unhearing walls and past the ears of the children at their play.

That night the sky was clear again. In hundreds of tents a candle cast a dim effulgence, creating an effect most ghostly. A tent is entirely, though but dimly, outlined by any light within, and hundreds of tents thus grayly cast upon a background of black, none of them definite, no two alike, no three along a street, but each by itself and each grotesque with shadows—hundreds of these strange luminous presences seemed issuing from out the cryptic hollows, like the merest phosphorescent wraiths of human habitations.

All night there was gambling in every direction. It is always a part of a camp.

Every saloon was "wide open" for games of chance. Roulette, "klondyke," faro, poker and stud-poker, craps, "twenty-one"—anything that any one could wish was frankly spread before the crowds. The way to make money in a mining-camp is to let the other fellow dig it out of the ground—and then take his money away from him as quickly as possible. And leave him good-natured. Coin—more golden coin, more twenty-dollar gold pieces, were displayed in the "banks" of the games than a man would see in a mint. Chinamen, Mexicans, Yankees, college graduates, Portuguese, Dutchmen, Italians, Russians, Canadians, Japs, Indians—all were there, large and small, tough and tender, young and old, rich and poor, hopeful and hopeless—a heteroge-

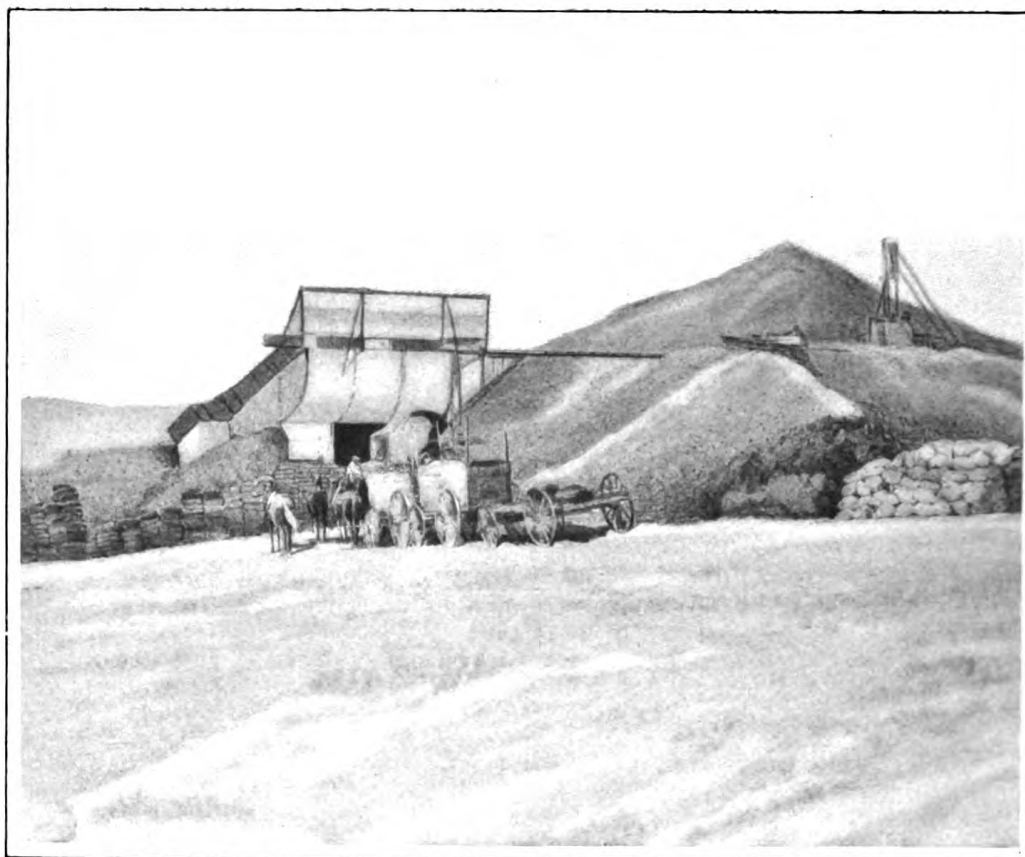
neous, ill-assorted, rough-clad lot, drawn there like so many living atoms by the indiscriminating magnet, the gold all about them in the rocks.

A few men were drunk; a thousand were drinking. A few women drank, here and there, with the men. A month before, the camp had experienced a famine of food for men and of hay and grain for the beasts. It was soon to know a famine of fuel for the winter. But there had never been and never will be a famine of drink. Whiskey is the one known liquid that will flow up every hill.

At the newspaper office, where, if anywhere, they would know all things, the writer discovered a good Samaritan who found him a bed in a private tent, where a hard and healthy bunk was shared with a husky young miner. That very night two hundred men were bedless in the town. The streets were thronged till long after midnight, where men were discuss-



THE WATER-WAGON



SACKS OF ORE STACKED IN A PILE

ing the newest strikes, and others were arriving from excursions into the hills, and yet new groups were preparing to leave, under cover of night, for regions being secretly explored.

The raw windy morning that succeeded revealed the camp in the very act of crystallizing. Aside from the one straight street on which the business houses fronted, there had been but little attempt at providing for regularity of highways. The living-places were planted almost anywhere among the scattered rocks. And there were dwellings in every stage of construction and of every conceivable type. A few ambitious builders were cracking up the boulders, of which to make their cabins; by far the greater number were using adobe—sun-dried bricks—to wall themselves in from the weather. New tents were going up in every direction. Thin frame stores and dwellings were scattered here and there in the scene. One man had builded his

shack entirely of mud and empty bottles. There were thousands of bottles, tons of bottles, pyramids of bottles—all of them empty—at the rear of every saloon in the place.

There were dugouts located conveniently in natural banks of earth and stone; there were houses built of packing-cases labelled "soap," "dynamite," "Boston baked beans," "tobacco." Some one had fetched a hundred factory-made doors to camp and sold them, ready to build a house about. Many of these were gorgeous with redwood panels and stained-glass radiance. They had sold like the proverbial hot cakes, and there they were, set into mere little shanties of mud or bottles or patchwork of packing-case lumber. Anything more incongruous is hard to imagine.

More than half the new structures in camp were roofless. The famine of lumber and shingles had not yet abated. Mud houses, stone houses, wooden houses

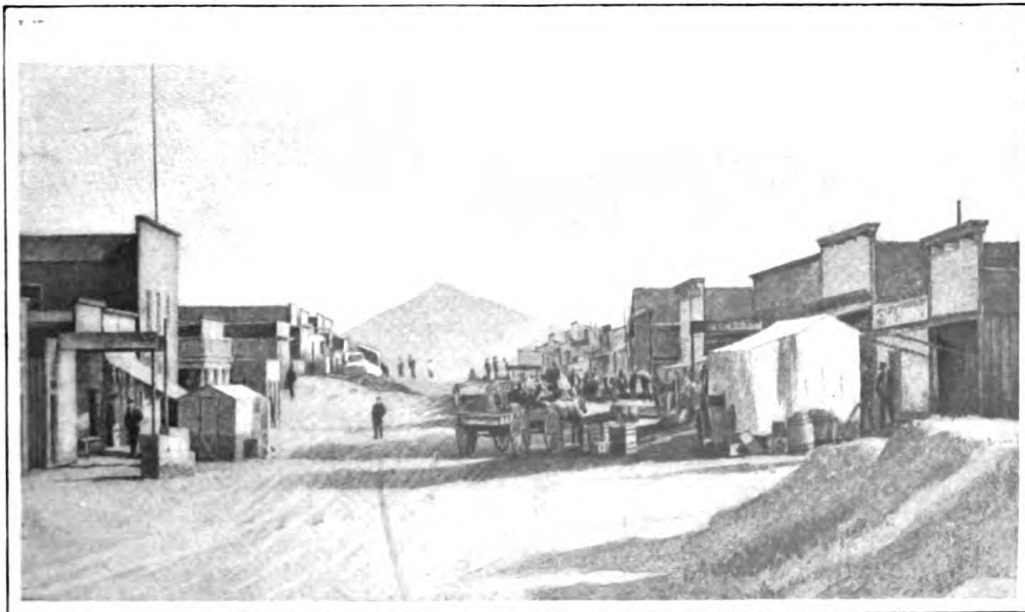
—all were gaping open at the top. In despair of a thatch before the storms should come, many owners were throwing clay and gravel on the roof, to form a covering till improvements could arrive. But here, there, everywhere, the first essential was haste. And with lumber and tools at a premium, nothing was safe. A carpenter put down his saw to go for his hammer. When he turned about the saw was gone. A plank, beam, or board, neglected for a moment, disappears. The appropriator, if caught, is willing to pay, but have that plank he must, and never again will its original owner behold its shape or color.

The street was swarming with life as before. Mules and horses, merchandise and wagons, blocked the thoroughfare. Men in khaki and corduroy were everywhere. A thousand were lined up before the post-office, hoping for mail. A score were lazily hounding a worried-looking man who had recently made a new strike and fetched in rock of fabulous value. For three days and nights he had been attempting to escape his self-appointed guard, whose one intent was to follow him back to his rich discovery. There was no peace for him; there is no peace for any one in such a camp. Like the men who snatch a plank or a tool, the gold-fevered beings, unable to hire what

they need, will steal a horse or a whole conveyance, in a moment, to dash to a new-found field. On returning they are willing to pay.

Merchants, assayers, brokers, bankers, lawyers, doctors, dentists — these and innumerable others were more than represented in the camp. A jewelry-shop was selling more diamonds than any similar place in the State had handled for a year. In addition to his regular business, nearly every man in town has a mine or an interest in a mine. And, without exception, all these mines are "great big propositions," for each man tells you so himself. It is marvellous with what childlike confidence men will believe that all they have to do is to drive a hole into a mountain, anywhere, and dig out solid gold.

The water we used that morning was dipped from a shallow well exposed to all the terrors engendered by conditions of no sanitation whatsoever. Two of the camp's most visited wells are fairly in the centre of the one main street. Half a mile up on the hillside a meagre spring supplies a tank, from which a pipe-line is laid to several faucets. This is patronized by the more fastidious. The "water-wagon," consisting of a dray with six or seven barrels in its hold, is filled from the faucets. Inserted in a barrel is a



ONE STRAIGHT STREET WHERE BUSINESS HOUSES FRONTED

piece of ordinary hose. The driver comes to a customer's door, sucks on his hose to start the water siphoning out of his barrel, and then, thrusting the spouting end into his customer's five-gallon oil-can receptacle, fills it and charges ten cents.

At the outskirts of the town the spirit of the fever knew no rest. The makers of bricks and the builders of houses were working like toil-hungry bees. The "bricks" are fashioned of mud and manure. Of straw there is none to spare for human houses, in a land where hay commands a price of seventy-five dollars a ton. And manure costs nothing. The stablemen are glad to haul it to a brick-yard and throw it on the ground. A plant for making these adobes consists of a cleared space, open to the weather, a mixing-mill operated by a mule or a horse, a hole wherein the mud, or clay, plus manure, is salted down at the end of the day, and a frame in which to mould the bricks. Alternate layers of clay and manure, properly wetted, having been thrown into a hole beside the mill on the previous evening, the two men ordinarily employed at a yard go hotly at the work in the morning. One shovels the mixture into the mixing-mill, and yells at the horse to keep him grinding round and round. From a hole, below, on the opposite side, the mixed mud issues forth. There the second man catches it up in his hands and—yelling at the horse—throws it into his frame, or mould, until the thing is filled. He then "dumps" the wet brick flat upon the earth, where it dries, in the course of a week or less, and becomes the building material of an empire.

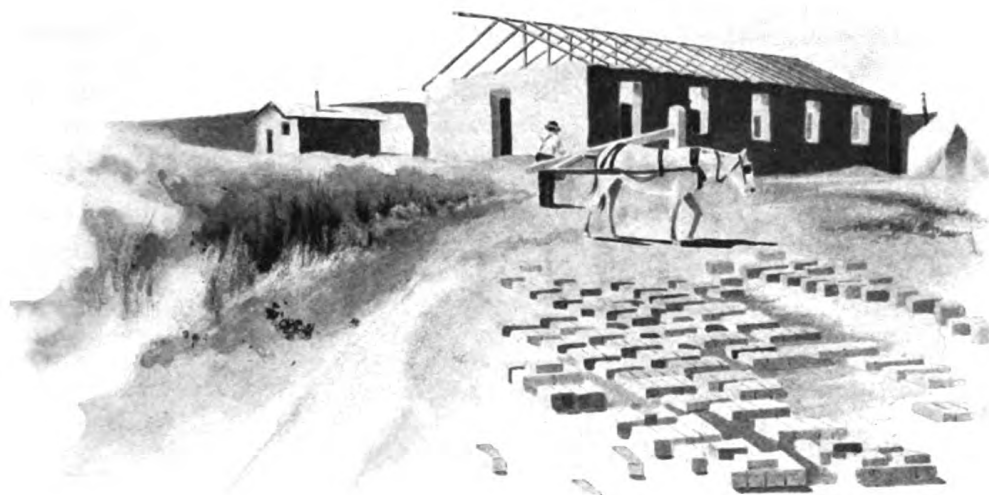
The men I saw were in nerve-destroying haste. He who formed the bricks was bare of foot, as he stood in a puddle of ice-cold ooze. He was dressed in a shirt and a thin and tattered pair of overalls, wet from waist to feet and flabbily blowing against his legs, in the bitter wind of the morning. He worked like a very fiend, clutching at the mixture of stuff, as it came from the mill, with hands like talons. He screamed at the horse in strident tones. When his mould was filled he snatched it up and ran from his hole to the drying-ground, heaved the billet out upon the sand, and ran, like a figure of famine and despair, back to

the ooze and the toil. He snatched a breath to say that, selling the bricks at seventy-five dollars a thousand, he and his partner make "a little bit better than wages." The bricks were four inches thick, nine inches wide, and fifteen inches long. A thousand will answer for quite a house, and the structure, when completed, will defy the gnawing teeth of time and the elements for half a century, meantime excluding all manner of weather, either hot or cold. Let him who complains of making bricks without straw bethink him of the stable. And perhaps there is something kindred between the little family domiciled in such a house and Him who was born in a manger.

Near by the brick-yard two young men, New-Yorkers, college graduates, gentlemen, had bought themselves a lot whereon to make a house. They were assayers, neither of them more than twenty-five years of age. They were poor—in everything save grit. Together they were building their much-needed structure, with the 'dobe bricks, which they carried in their arms from the yard to the site of their dwelling. They had never laid a brick or builded anything before. All day long, in the cold, searching wind, they mixed up mud for mortar and piled up the units of their walls. It was a crooked, ill-constructed, pathetic little house they were making, and at nights their backs were aching unbearably, but they wrought steadily, doggedly on. And when they have finished, their house will be their castle and their workshop, all in one, and then against a score of competitors they must vie for the work that brings a livelihood.

From a hilltop near the centre of the district a man may see a thousand holes where the human ants have burrowed after gold. The holes are like the tunnels made by worms that eat into stumps of fallen trees—each with its grayish heap of refuse left at the door. Already a thousand men had delved into adamant, only to use up their last remaining penny and abandon the enterprise without having found a single "color."

An ordinary mining claim extends for fifteen hundred feet in length and six hundred feet in width, over the section of rock and hill that a miner may select,



THE PRIMITIVE BRICK-YARD

Many such a claim, after being "staked," or marked out on the earth, is frequently subdivided and leased out on shares to as many as ten or more parties. For one man who finds the precious metal there are always a hundred who fail. Mining, ordinarily, is not a business; it is merely a gamble. Industry, perseverance, economy, sobriety—none of the well-known business virtues will insure success. In new camps, particularly, it is all a matter of luck. The most deserving lose, along with the wise, the skilful, and the prudent, while the shiftless, the ignorant—any one, in a word—may come upon the streaks of gold, and shame poor Aladdin in a night.

The man with whom the writer bunked—a sober, industrious young fellow—engaged in working a lease with several partners. They sunk a shaft one hundred and fifty feet in depth and "drifted" from the bottom, in their search for golden ore, until not a penny was left in their treasury. They had discovered absolutely nothing. The lease was abandoned and all were obliged to go to work for wages. Day after day they had flung their coats across a monster dorsal fin of dark, volcanic rock, outjutting from the hill, near by, and given it never

a thought. That ledge of rock was fabulously rich. The leasers who followed them went at the ledge of hopeless-looking porphyry, on top of the ground, and found it fairly shot full of gold. They channelled it out, as men might channel for a ditch, and removed over fifty sacks of ore, worth four hundred dollars a sack.

On another lease two partners drove a hole in the ground with an eagerness so hot and blind, in their fever to get below to riches, that they shovelled their way through gold worth a million of dollars, and cast it out with the waste. Two fellow beings, well aware that gold abounded at the "grass roots," sat by and watched—watched like two patient harpies for the men on the lease to expend their final dollar and abandon the last faint hope in their breasts. Three months of toil and hardship and denial were required to break the eager spirits, to beat them—clean them out! Three months the vultures waited and made no sign; and their moment finally came to feed on the dead aspirations of men whose ears had been deaf to the knock of Fortune at the door. No sooner had the lease changed hands than the new possessors began to shovel up the stuff they knew for gold. The gravel there was so

rich in precious metal that the owners dared not trust it in sacks. It was garnered in empty oil-cans, which were soldered up tightly before they were shipped. There was rock in that hole that any man would fling away as worthless, and in just a ton of it Jade Nature was concealing gold worth two hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

In one instance a miner snatched five claims for his own. He was presently land poor and found himself obliged to sell a portion of his holdings for capital to work the remainder. He received one hundred dollars each for two of his claims. The man to whom he sold dug out a fortune. The remaining three claims produced nothing.

One "lucky devil" bought a fifth interest in two claims for the sum of forty dollars. In less than six months he had netted therefrom over \$200,000; and he still retained a hold upon the property.

From the first the place was called a "poor man's camp." The mining experts "turned it down"; the rich exploiters of the game declared it all a "false alarm." The poor man dug out gold by the barrelful.

I came away from the town on the stage, with twelve other passengers. Two were piano-men, travelling on their new-made rounds. One on the outside was a shotgun messenger, riding with his weapon in his hands, to meet any highway contingencies that might arise. Three of the men were prisoners, in charge of a

deputy sheriff, who was taking them all to the nearest jail, a two days' ride away. They had a monster bottle of whiskey as a solace to their feelings. An *entente cordiale* more pronounced than that which existed between prisoners and custodian would be practically impossible. They called him Bill, gave him drinks from their bottle, and otherwise treated him precisely as one of themselves. The crime for which they were about to serve the county was attempted highway robbery.

Such is the camp on the desert. When the winter comes, so the doctors there predict, the rains will seep through polluted soil into all the wells in the place. Like rats in a trap the careless will perish. This is the law; this is the history of Mammon's fevered votaries. And many an innocent, "unfit" to survive the hardships and the woes, will be numbered in the sacrifice. The men responsible for all those empty bottles will die in the first sharp stage of pneumonia. A few will have the sheer vitality to totter into the second stage and meet the summons there.

The day will come when the fever will have run its course. Even then a mining-camp will always be a mining-camp, and like no other community extant. But on that day the men will build a little school-house, and a housewife will plant a tiny tree and sow some seeds of hollyhock. And from this little town, as a centre of refuge, the tireless human cruisers will again venture forth, bearing the germ of empire into the trackless desolation.

Sufficit

BY JOHN B. TABB

WE are alone!
 The night-winds moan
 For envy, and the sobbing rain
 Protests in vain.
 How deep their darkness! But our night,
 Than day more bright,
 Needs not the glimmering orbs above,
 But only Love.

The Bluebird's Return

BY KATE WHITING PATCH

(In his hand.)

THE GARDEN NEST. March 20.

SPRING has returned; I have been working in the greenhouses, but with the sashes raised to let in the mild air. The seedlings are well up, and as I returned to the house through the garden the scent of the earth was sweet in my nostrils. If this warmth lasts, the borders must be uncovered. How soon it will be awake—my garden—and the pleasing out-of-door labor will begin again! Work in the glass-houses is never so enthralling, but as I tend the growing things my thoughts are of the day when they may be moved out into the free air.

Just now the full glad cry of the robins lured me out-of-doors, and then, a sweet truth rushing to my memory, I must needs come to find my wife and open my heart to her. But, lo! no wife do I find, though,

“Room after room,
I hunt the house through
We inhabit together,”

and discover sweet evidence of her in every room. No doubt the robins have called her also.

Well, since I must have speech, I will turn to this book—*The Book of Life* we call it: we who began to make record within these covers upon the evening of our marriage-day.

It is our confidant when either is away and the heart cries out for uttered speech; and here, too, we keep record of the sweet happenings of our days. It is a continuous mutual love-letter, is it not?—since no eyes but our own may peep within, until that far day when our children, perhaps, may read here the record of happy lives.

My wife—how my heart pounds still when I speak or write the word! Is it true? Is she a reality, or still the dear lady of my dreams? Nay, nay;

“A spirit, yet a woman, too.”

I have held her in my arms and she did not fade from me, and this once silent room speaks always of her now.

In the rocker yonder lies a bit of sewing—fragrant and soft and sweet it is, I know, and fraught with dreams; behind the door hangs her blessed little pinafore (how often I have buttoned it for her!); she has left one of my books in the window-seat, and here upon my writing-table, instead of her own, lies a bundle of manuscript (the new bird-book she is at work upon), with her pen beside it.

Dear Lady Wife, do you know it is just a year since I wrote you that first letter—the letter about the bluebird—the little lady bluebird who haunted this lonely dwelling until she had made me understand my loneliness, until she had shown me my own heart and told me that I wanted you? Yes, and I wrote that first letter begging you to interpret for me her speech, because I knew you to be all wise in the ways of birds. You would have me believe that she was a harbinger of gladness. How right you were! The joy of those my bluebirds in their nesting-time taught me my need of you.

’Twas a happy spring-time and a happier summer, for I found you, my dear! Yes, I must needs leave my garden and go with eager feet and trembling heart to the portal of your Bird-house. My “Lady of the Birds” I called you—do you remember?—and I was just “The Gardener” to you then; but my bluebird had taught me speech, and at last you listened. “It must be before the Garden sleeps,” I pleaded, and so it was September when you came.

A few late roses still waited to welcome you, and all the autumn flowers bloomed their best. The clematis hung a feathery bridal veil above the door, and a bowlful of shy gentians stood upon the study table, opening wide their fringed blue eyes to meet your own.

And do you remember, dear Bird Lady, how that evening we wreathed with flowers the little bird home in the apple-tree—the wee house I had builded there for our lady bluebird? You gathered the blossoms and handed them up to me. The bluebirds were not there to see, but we did it in gratitude to her.

I wonder will she come again this year to greet us in *our* garden nest—to say, “I told you so,” in sweet woman fashion?

A year ago to-day since I wrote that letter, and now—she has stolen in behind me, this Eve of my Eden, and is reading over my shoulder—so there is no need to write the rest!

(*In her hand.*)

EVENING.

I have been reading it over, my dear “Adam.” You have a rare memory for a man, but, oh, you have not told the half, and those dream-children of ours will ask for more, maybe, when we are no longer here to answer questions.

Do you not remember that *I* thought it would be wise to wait until this coming spring-time for our wedding-day? but because you were so alone and so impatient of delays I came when you wanted me, although there was no time to make ready in the usual housewifely fashion.

You declared, you know, that my old gowns were beautiful enough, and that all I actually needed new was a ruffled pinafore made like that of a little school-girl you once knew! Dear, you are still a great boy, for all your grave years. And there is one thing you did not tell of that evening we came home,—how, after the darkness shut out the garden for us, you built a welcoming fire on the hearth here, but you would not let me sit in the low rocker that had been waiting for me so long until you had brought in a spray of bridal clematis from the porch and wreathed it about my little rocking throne. How often I have sat there since, with you near by!

And, you dear forgetful Gardener, you have said nothing of the winter—this blessed, blessed winter just fading;—the long days when we have gazed out at a garden all abloom with snowflakes, or tramped afar in the still white woods and fields. Then there have been the indoor days of joyous work, and the long

firelit evenings when we read together or talked and dreamed before the fire, and told each the other all about the past or wondered together over the future.

Then came the day when I heard the chickadee call plaintively for “Phœbe,” and knew that spring must be whispering to the dear nature-children, although the snow still hid our garden; and now the robins are blithely meeting the lingering cold of the early mornings, and I’ve heard the song-sparrows, and seen the heaven-kissed bluebird

“Shifting his light load of song from post to post.”

My field-glasses are near, ready to be seized at an instant’s notice, for the windows stand wide most of the day lest I miss a new note as I sit sewing (new work for me, but most engaging), or writing on the book. It is nearly ready for the printer (the manuscript is on my own writing-table now, sir!), but the story of our own bluebird may not be recorded there. Will she come again?

April 10.

A cold late spring; we have only just planted the sweet-peas together—my Gardener and I. The garden is just beginning to wake up. A few English daisies are in bloom, and the tulips and narcissus peeping through the earth.

But out in Nature’s wider garden things are not quite so diffident. The maple and ash are in blossom, and I found a handful of shy little innocents yesterday. To-day there were anemones under the great oak on the edge of our woods, and the violet buds showed blue.

Closer to Mother Nature’s heart, these flowers,

Than any others; these her babies are,
The child flowers of the year, and never far
From her warm bosom stray.

(*In his hand.*)

May 1.

A late season, but I carried in the first handful of golden daffodils this morning for my Bird Lady’s desk. She had not to write her thanks this time—a sweeter and simpler method sufficing. It is a wonderful spring. I have been instructing my Eve in the mysteries of seed-sowing.

(In her hand.)

May 12.

The first flush of green hangs like a delicate veil over the landscape.

There's an oriole in the cherry-tree, his flame-colored coat flashing among the white blossoms. The orchard is growing rosy, and a pair of flickers are occupying their home in an old tree there—as for some years past, R. tells me; but no one has come to live in the bluebird's cottage.

May 15.

"Gladness on wings,
The bobolink, is here!"

I heard his merry "brook of laughter" this morning, and hurried across the way to the hay-field in pursuit of him. What a joyous creature he is!

Our garden is in a glory of bloom—hyacinths and jonquils, tulips and iris—all spring's early children are awake. They touch my heart to new music.

(In his hand.)

May 20.

I seem not to do my share in filling the pages of this our book, and the wife chides. Dear heart, I am so busy living there is no time, nor little need, for words.

(In her hand.)

Oh, we are kinfolk, she and I.

The little mother bird all brown,
Who broods upon her nest on high

And with her soft, bright eyes looks down
To read the secret of my heart—
We two from all the world apart!

She dreams there in her swaying nest.

I dream here 'neath my sheltering vine:
The same love stirs her feathered breast

That makes my heart-throb seem divine.
We both dream 'neath the same kind sky—
The small brown mother bird and I.

(In his hand.)

June 1.

I was working in the garden this evening, as I like well to do in the cool of the day. Robin had been singing his cheery vesper song for me—nay, the vanity of mortals!—he was singing to his hidden mate, and my heart began to call for mine, when, lo! I lifted my eyes and saw her coming toward me. So I had once seen her in my dreams, moving slowly down the garden paths, caressing the

bending roses with her light touch as they caught at her passing gown. Now, as one in a dream again, I could not rise even to meet her, but waited upon my knees in all lowliness and reverence till she drew near and laid her hand upon my head.

Perhaps she had seen the light upon my face, for she exclaimed, all tenderly, though with laughter in her eyes, "Arise, sir knight!"

"The dreams have all come true!" I cried, as I sprang up.

"No," she said, softly, a lovely color in her face,—“no; some are only coming true.”

And fear clutched at my heart, or something akin to fear; but I threw it back savagely and drew her into the shelter of my arms, and the sweet joy in her face banished all but joy from mine.

Dear God, there is no room for fear or misery in this garden ground!

(In her hand.)

July 1.

She has come back—our Lady Bluebird!

I was sitting near the window, busy with my blessed needlework, when I heard Robert exclaim, and looking up, I saw her on the sill. She glanced from one to the other of us, murmuring softly, and then her little shining eyes sought mine, and I am sure there was understanding in them! She perched there several moments, for we did not move. Then we heard a call from the apple-tree, and, like an obedient little wife, she flew to join her mate. Why have they returned now? It is past nesting-time, so it cannot be remembrance of the last year's home alone that has brought them hither. R. says it is surely the same bird. He remembers well the little anxious face and the notes of the voice. Oh, I am glad to see her! But why has she come?

July 10

The bluebird still appears daily and talks with us at the window. I see them both often. Sometimes they perch on our cottage roof and commune together in their own lovely tongue.

Again they go to the apple-tree and flutter curiously in and about their tiny home of a year ago. But our dwelling and ourselves seem to be the little

lady's chief interest. Is she a wandering spirit with another heavenly message in her heart?

(*In his hand.*)

July 20.

I have seen them to-day—the bluebirds—hovering about their old home. They seem rather more sedate than last summer. I have no doubt that, nesting-time over for the year, the younglings all a-wing, they are taking a little silver-wedding journey—as we shall do no doubt one day!—and of course they must revisit this their first happy abiding-place. Incidentally she, the little lady, is curious as to the destiny of this strange man of the garden who so troubled her anxious spirit last year, and calls daily to see if all is well with the dwellers in the larger bird-cot.

(*In her hand.*)

“Incidentally”—oh, you man! I know why she has come. We have talked together at the window, she and I. You learned her language a year ago. Have you forgotten the “bird Greek” since then, dear? I will tell you a secret. I am going to dedicate the new little book to our Lady Bluebird.

Night had fallen upon the garden. The day flowers drooped their heads in dewy slumber; a bird moved drowsily in the branches now and then, disturbed in his dreams for the moment; but the primroses had opened their golden hearts to the night, wooing the wakeful moths with lovely fragrance, and in the Gardener's cottage a light was burning.

Its rays fell across the lilac-bushes and the tall lady hollyhocks that brushed against the window, until the dark of night gave way to gray, and the eastern skies were flushed with the first rosy promise of a new day. Then the birds who dwelt in the garden awoke and preened their feathers; the blossoms lifted dew-washed faces; and the flowers and the birds in that first hush of early dawn seemed listening, waiting.

At last through the open window fluttered a little cry—the helpless, protesting cry of a new-born child.

As though in response the birds broke into joyous song, and a soft breeze wafted the garden fragrance toward that window.

It was dawn, and the little child had come—the little child for whom the garden had been waiting.

The man of the garden came out from his wife's room, and his grave face spoke of the night's vigil and of the awe of a new experience. He sank in her chair by the writing-table, dropping his head upon his arms, and, there alone, sobbed as a man may fronting a great joy or a great sorrow.

When he lifted his face at last, joy alone brooded in his wondering eyes. He turned toward the window and found that he was no longer alone, for there on the middle ledge perched the lady bluebird. Again her throat was stirred by a gentle note, and the man responded to the question in her tiny eyes.

“All is well, little bird,” he said, in a low voice,—“all is well. Now I know—I know your secrets. Life has taught us both. Did you come to tell me that?”

The bird responded, as once before, to his human speech by a tender flutelike murmur suggestive of all sweet womanly things. Then she opened her wings and left him.

The man arose and went out to the garden, and bared his head to the blessed air and drank in the sweetness about him.

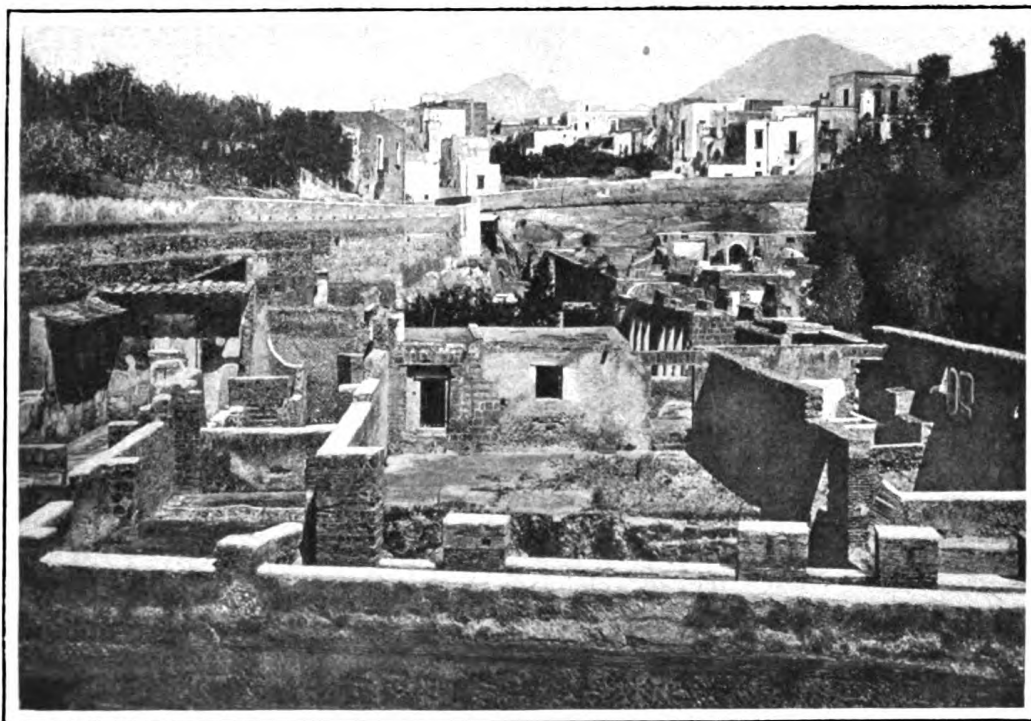
“Praise Him for me, dear growing things!” his soul cried out to these familiar friends of his lifetime; “lift your golden hearts in praise to the Creator who has given it to us. His human children, to also know the joy of blossoming-time.

“Sing, little feathered folk! Our Lady of the Birds is safe with her nestling!

“Praise the good God, for His bounty hath made me dumb.”

He bent above a bed of fragrant blossoms and gathered a dewy handful. Then he returned to the Chamber of Peace, and stooping over the dear face that turned to greet him, laid the flowers upon her pillow as their lips met silently. “These from the Garden,” he whispered at last, touching the flowers, “and your little friends of the tree top send greeting. She, the Mother Bluebird, was waiting at the window to welcome our little boy.”

A smile flashed across the happy eyes he gazed into. “That is why she came back,” was the quiet answer. “Didn't you know?”



GENERAL VIEW OF EXCAVATIONS BY FIORELLI (1865-75)

What Herculaneum Offers to Archæology

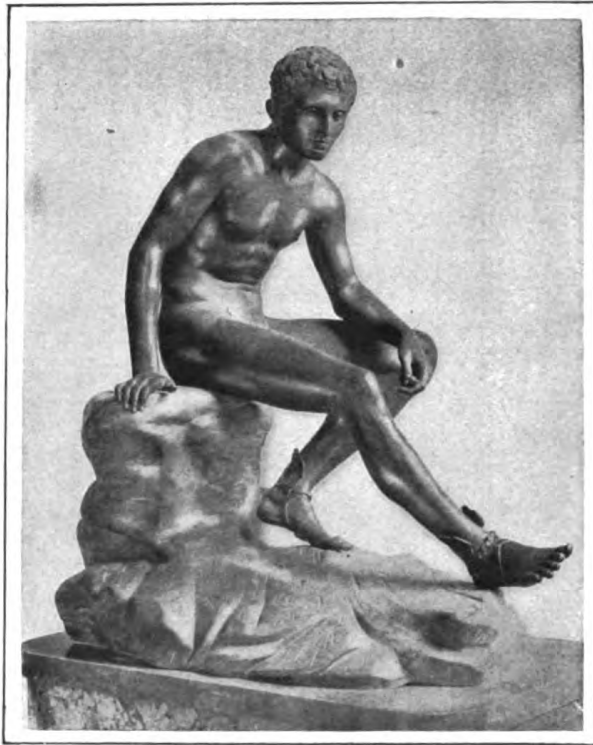
BY CHARLES WALDSTEIN, *Ph.D., L.H.D.*

Vice-president Hellenic Society, and Member of Council British Archæological School, Athens, Rome, etc.

AMONG the famous sites where the treasures of ancient Greek civilization, its art and literature, are to be found, none equals that of Herculaneum for the promise it holds out to the modern excavator. There is no exaggeration in this statement. Even Athens, Olympia, and Delphi have not yielded what, in the slight and more tentative excavations of the eighteenth century, that one small city, covered by the eruption of Vesuvius in the year 79 A.D., has already given to the world. I further maintain in all sobriety that, if we ignore for the moment the Elgin marbles as regards Athens, the Hermes of Praxiteles as regards Olympia, and the Bronze Charioteer found at Delphi, one single villa excavated in the time of

Carlo III., from 1750 to 1760, at Herculaneum, has yielded more remarkable and genuine treasures of Greek art, especially of bronzes and of Greek literature in legible papyri—all in the most perfect state of preservation—than the great excavations of any one of the three famous centres of ancient life which I have just mentioned have brought to light. Moreover, the ground-plans of that villa, which the Italian archæologist De Petra has published, together with the Spanish diary of the finds, show that even this villa, covered up after it had been excavated, had not been completely disclosed, and that a considerable portion still waits to yield up its treasures.

I am far from meaning that Herculaneum contained treasures to be



BRONZE STATUE OF HERMES

compared with those of Athens, Olympia, and Delphi, where thousands of masterpieces had their home in ancient days. We must never forget that for centuries after the classic age barbarous hordes of all races and climes, ending with Christian iconoclasts, swept over these centres of ancient culture and destroyed or carried off the treasures they contained. It is almost a miracle that so many beautiful works should ever have remained for the modern excavator to restore to light. Herculaneum is the only centre—which as a provincial town represented some portion of what is best in Hellenic civilization—that by the action of Vesuvius, destructive at the time, was arrested and fixed for all ages beneath its covering as it was at the time of its life nearly two thousand years ago.

The eminent scholar Comparetti has maintained, with the support of an impressive mass of evidence, that this villa was probably that of the famous L. Capurnius Piso, the father-in-law of Cæsar and the adversary of Cicero, against whom one of the famous orations of the great Roman orator is directed.

Whether this be the villa of Piso or not, it certainly was the country home of a Roman of foremost eminence, wealth, and culture. Fortunately this prominent Roman possessed an artistic taste of great versatility if not catholicity. There is hardly a period of Greek art which, from the finds made in that villa, is not represented by some striking specimen in most perfect preservation. These works range from the beginning of the fifth century B.C., when archaic conventionality still counteracts the free rendering of nature in sculpture, through the glorious age of Pericles, onward through the fourth century B.C., when Scopas and Praxiteles eternalized Hellenic grace, through the vigorous age of Alexander the Great, into the decline ushered in by his followers in the East, until the Greek spirit is reflected in the Greco-Roman art of the Empire and

maintains its spirit in portraiture—the whole of the broad current of art checked, blocked, and preserved under the volcanic cover of Vesuvius's disastrous eruption in 79 A.D.

From the scores of perfect works found



MARBLE BUST BY SCOPAS



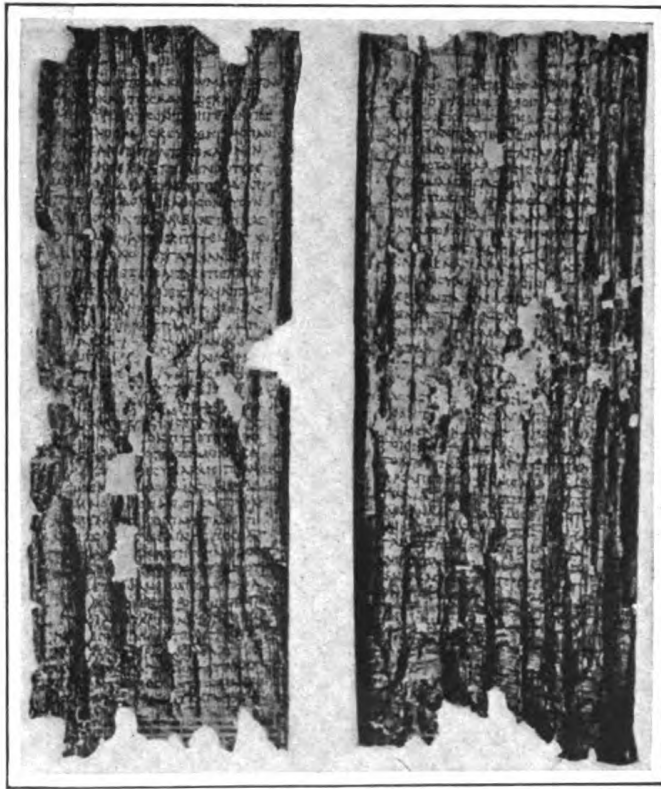
KNUCKLEBONE PLAYERS
 From a mural painting on marble

in this villa, let us select but a few specimens to illustrate the representative character of its owner's collection. The wonderful Dancing Maidens, six in number, are life-size bronzes in most perfect preservation. In the writer's opinion they are most perfect specimens of Greek art in that interesting transition from archaism to the highest period of freedom during the first half of the fifth century B.C. They have a certain quaintness of reserve, if not restraint, in pose and in technique which belongs to the earlier period, merging into the natural grace of the higher period of freedom. Their position corresponds to that of the predecessors of Raphael in Italian painting.

The transition from the fifth to the fourth century B.C. is illustrated by the youth's head in bronze, while the work of Scopas is well represented by the marble bust showing the treatment of eyes characteristic of that artist.

The Praxitelean style is brought home to us in the beautiful draped female figure of life-size marble. The art of Lysippus is adequately conveyed in the seated Hermes or Mercury, a most perfect life-size bronze showing in the preservation of the *patina* or polish the marvellous preservation of objects coming from Herculaneum.

Among the numerous Roman portraits of the fourth century I will select but



SPECIMEN OF MANUSCRIPT BY PHILODEMUS

one life-size bronze, commonly called Seneca, but believed by Comparetti to represent Piso himself, which shows most fully how the high spirit of Greek art is preserved in Roman portraiture. From the domain of painting I will select but one instance. It is a picture in marble representing *Astra Galizedontes*, the "Knucklebone Players," which brings home to us much more adequately than the best of the mural paintings from antiquity the grace and charm of Greek painting. It is not beyond the realm of possibility—nay, of probability—that we may some day find one of the original panel pictures by the great painters of ancient Greece, which will prove to modern students that Greek painting stood on the same level of excellence as did Greek sculpture.

It is important to bear in mind that, naturally all the best works in the museum of Naples, especially the bronzes, came from Herculaneum and not from Pompeii.

What is most striking is the marvelous preservation of these works. This

fact of itself ought to counteract the strange but widespread misapprehension that, while Pompeii was covered with cinders and ashes, Herculaneum was covered with lava, and that the hardness of that material made excavation difficult if not impossible. All geologists and archaeologists of note are agreed that no lava issued from the eruption of 79 A.D. Herculaneum was covered by a torrent of mud consisting of ashes and cinders mixed with water. The mass which covers it, so far from being less favorable to the preservation of objects, is much more favorable than that which covers Pompeii. Pompeii was partially covered with hot ashes and pumice-stones, which burnt or damaged the

works of art. As it was not wholly covered, moreover, the inhabitants returned and dug up some of their greatest treasures. Herculaneum, on the other hand, had its actual life, arrested at the highest point, securely preserved

BRONZE PORTRAIT OF SENECA (PISO?)
From Piso's Villa

from depredation, to the depth of eighty feet, by a material which preserved intact the most delicate specimens which have come down to us in a state so perfect as to be really remarkable.

The most important of these delicate objects are manuscripts, of which that one villa produced 1750. The state of preservation is illustrated by one specimen, giving two pages from the works of the philosopher Philodemus. Unfortunately the possessor of the villa was a specialist, a student of Epicurean philosophy. While his taste in art was fortunately so catholic, his taste in literature was narrowed down by his special bent. Piso was the friend and protector of the philosopher Philo. Already sixty-five copies of that author's works have been found among the papyri.

Yet the city of Herculaneum contained many such villas, and herein it differed from Pompeii. Pompeii was a commonplace provincial town devoted exclusively to commerce; it was not the resort of wealthy and cultured Romans. It was essentially illiterate. No manuscript can be proved to have been found there. It is true a wax tablet with writing has been found; yet this contains—receipts of auctions. Herculaneum, on the other

hand, was the favorite resort of wealthy Romans, who built beautiful villas there, as in our times people from modern Rome settle for the summer at Sorrento and Castellamare. We have reason to be-

lieve that the Balbi, Agrippina, Servilia, the mother of Brutus and mistress of Cæsar, Piso, and many others had their villas at Herculaneum. Not all these prominent Romans were specialists, and their houses must have contained libraries with the standard works of classical literature. We may thus hope to find all the missing masterpieces of Greek and Roman literature: the poems of Sappho, the whole works of Menander, the missing tragedies of Æschylus and Sophocles and Euripides, the lost books of Livy, and perhaps notes bearing upon the earliest periods and the origin of Christianity. The prospect is so vast and mo-

mentous that we can hardly allow ourselves to dwell upon it.

In the eighteenth century excavations were undertaken which were filled in again. There were periodical excavations, the last and best of them by Fiorelli in the sixties of the nineteenth century. Nothing has ever been done on a large and adequate scale, and nothing at all since the work of Fiorelli. The



STATUE FROM PISO'S VILLA
In style of Praxiteles

reason for this is not the difficulty in working the material, but solely the fact that the town of Resina is built over the ancient remains, and the fact that it cannot be expected of any one nation, especially not of the Italians, who have done and are doing so much for the cause of history and archaeology, to undertake the task. The only way it can and ought to be done is by the active cooperation of the whole civilized world.

My plan, which with the consent of the Italian government I have been successfully urging upon the civilized nations, is that national committees, representing all classes in the nation and headed by the rulers, should be formed in every civilized country to collect funds and to cooperate with a central international committee (the future trustees



YOUTH'S HEAD IN BRONZE



A DANCING MAIDEN (FIFTH CENTURY)

of this fund) in selecting an international staff to do this work in conformity with the Italian laws, the finds to remain in a museum on the spot. The president of this international committee is to be the King of Italy, with members representing the interests of archaeology and of the city of Naples, and one representative from each contributing nation.

Besides the consent of the King of Italy and his government, the President of the French Republic and his government, the German Emperor and Count Von Bülow, the Imperial Chancellor, and President Roosevelt have promised to put themselves at the head of their national committees. In England and in Austria strong committees are now being formed, and other states are being drawn into the great enterprise.

It is thus not only for the great gains to history, archaeology, and art that this cause must commend itself to all civilized nations and individuals, but because it is the first great endeavor to assert the peaceful unity of the civilized world in active cooperation to restore and to confirm an important side of their past, upon which their own civilization is essentially based. As a new type of international work it will prepare the way for similar cooperative endeavors in other spheres than those of science and art.

The Marriage of William Ashe

BY MRS. HUMPHRY WARD

CHAPTER XXI

KITTY fell back in silence, staring at William. She loosened her mantle and threw it off, then she sat down in a chair near the wood fire, and bent over it shivering.

"Of course you didn't mean that, William?" she said, at last.

Ashe turned.

"I should not have said it unless I had meant every word of it. It is of course the only thing to be done."

Kitty looked at him miserably. "But you *can't* mean that—that you'll resign because of that book?"

She pulled it towards her and turned over the pages with a hand that trembled. "That would be too foolish!"

Ashe made no reply. He was standing before the fire, with his hands in his pockets, and a face half absent, half ironical, as though his mind followed the sequences of a far-distant future.

"William!"—she caught the sleeve of his coat with a little cry,—"I wrote that book because I thought it would help you."

His attention came back to her.

"Yes, Kitty, I believe you did."

She gulped down a sob. His tone was so odd, so remote.

"Many people have done such things. I know they have. Why—why, it was only meant—as a skit—to make people laugh! There's *no* harm in it, William."

Ashe, without speaking, took up the book, and looked back at certain pages, which he seemed to have marked. Kitty's feeling as she watched him was the feeling of the condemned culprit, held dumb and strangled in the grip of his own sense of justice, and yet passionately conscious how much more he could say for himself than anybody is ever likely to say for him.

"When did you have the first idea of this book, Kitty?"

"About a year ago," she said, in a low voice.

"In October?—At Haggart?"

Kitty nodded.

Ashe thought. Her admission took him back to the autumn weeks at Haggart, after the Cliffe crisis, and the rearrangement of the Ministry in the July of that year. He well remembered that those weeks had been weeks of special happiness for both of them. Afterwards, the winter had brought many renewed qualms and vexations. But, in that period, between the storms of the session and Kitty's escapades in the hunting-field, memory recalled a tender melting-time,—a time rich in hidden and exquisite hours, when with Kitty on his breast, lip to lip, and heart to heart, he had reaped, as it seemed to him, the fruits of that indulgence which, as he knew, his mother scorned. And, at that very moment, behind his back, out of his sight, she had begun this atrocious thing.

He looked at her again,—the bitterness almost at his lips, almost beyond his control.

"I wish I knew what could have been your possible object in writing it?"

She sat up and confronted him. The color flamed back again into her pale cheeks.

"You know I told you—when we had that talk in London—that I wanted to write. I thought it would be good for me—would take my thoughts off—well, what had happened. And I began to write this—and it amused me to find I could do it—and I suppose I got carried away. I loved describing you, and glorifying you—and I loved making caricatures of Lady Parham—and all the people I hated. I used to work at it whenever you were away—or I was dull and there was nothing to do."

"Did it never occur to you," said Ashe, interrupting, "that it might get you—get us both—into trouble, and that you ought to tell me?"

She wavered.

"No!" she said, at last. "I never did mean to tell you, while I was writing it. You know I don't tell lies, William! The real fact is I was afraid you'd stop it."

"Good God!" He threw up his hands with a sound of amazement, then thrust them again into his pockets and began to pace up and down.

"But then," she resumed, "I thought you'd soon get over it, and that it was funny,—and everybody would laugh—and you'd laugh—and there would be an end of it."

He turned and stared at her. "Frankly, Kitty!—I don't understand what you can be made of! You imagined that that sketch of Lord Parham"—he struck the open page—"a sketch written by *my wife*, describing my official chief—when he was my guest—under my own roof—with all sorts of details of the most intimate and offensive kind—mocking his speech—his manners—his little personal ways—charging him with being the corrupt tool of Lady Parham, disloyal to his colleagues, a man not to be trusted,—and justifying all this by a sort of evidence, that you could only have got as my wife and Lord Parham's hostess:—you actually supposed that you could write and publish *that!*—without in the first place its being plain to every Tom, Dick, and Harry that you had written it,—and in the next, without making it impossible for your husband to remain a colleague of the man you had treated in such a way? Kitty!—you are not a stupid woman! Do you really mean to say that you could write and publish this book without *knowing* that you were doing a wrong action?—which, so far from serving me, could only damage my career irreparably? Did nothing—did no one warn you?—if you were determined to keep such a secret from your husband whom it most concerned?"

He had come to stand beside her, both hands on the back of a chair,—stooping forward to emphasize his words,—the lines of his fine face and noble brow contracted by anger and pain.

"Mr. Darrell warned me," said Kitty, in a low voice, as though those imperious eyes compelled the truth from her, "but of course I didn't believe him."

"Darrell!" cried Ashe, in amazement,—"Darrell! You confided in him?"

"I told him all about it. It was he who took it to a publisher."

"Hound!" said Ashe, between his teeth. "So that was his revenge."

"Oh, you needn't blame him too much," said Kitty, proudly, not understanding the remark. "He wrote to me not long ago to say it was horribly unwise,—and that he washed his hands of it."

"Aye—when he'd done the deed!—When did you show it him?" said Ashe, impetuously.

"At Haggart—in August."

"*Et tu, Brute!*" said Ashe, turning away. "Well, that's done with. Now the only thing to do is to face the music. I go home. Whatever can be done to withdraw the book from circulation I shall of course do; but I gather from this precious letter"—he held up the note which had been enclosed in the parcel—"that some thousands of copies have already been ordered by the booksellers, and a few distributed to 'persons in high places.'"

"William," she said, in despair, catching his arm again,—“listen. I offered the man two hundred pounds only yesterday to stop it."

Ashe laughed.

"What did he reply?"

"He said it was impossible. Fifty copies had been already issued."

"The review copies, no doubt. By next week there will be, I should say, five thousand in the shops. Your man understands his business, Kitty. This is the kind of puff preliminary he has been scattering about."

And with sparkling eyes he handed to her a printed slip containing an outline of the book for the information of the booksellers.

It drew attention to the extraordinary interest of the production, as a painting of the upper class by the hand of one belonging to its inmost circle. "People of the highest social and political importance will be recognized at once; the writer handles Cabinet Ministers and their wives with equal freedom, and with a touch betraying the closest and most intimate knowledge. Details hitherto quite unknown to the public of ministerial combinations and intrigues,—especially of the feminine influences involved—will be found here in their light-

est and most amusing form. A certain famous Fancy Ball will be identified without difficulty. Scathing as some of the portraits are, the writer is by no means merely cynical. The central figure of the book is a young and rising statesman, whose aim and hopes are touched with a loving hand,—the charm of the portrait being only equalled by the venom with which the writer assails those who have thwarted or injured his hero. But our advice is simply—'Buy and Read!' Conjecture will run wild about the writer. All we can say is that the most romantic or interesting surmise that can possibly be formed will fall far short of the reality."

"The beast is a shrewd beast!" said Ashe, as he raised himself from the stooping position in which he had been following the sentences over Kitty's shoulder. "He knows that the public will rush for his wares! How much money did he offer you, Kitty?"

He turned sharply on his heel to wait for her reply.

"A hundred pounds," said Kitty, almost inaudibly, "and a hundred more if five thousand sold." She had returned again to her crouching attitude over the fire.

"Generous!—upon my word!" said Ashe, scornfully turning over the two thick-leaved, loosely printed Mudie volumes. "A guinea to the public, I suppose,—fifteen shillings to the trade. Darrell didn't exactly advise you to advantage, Kitty."

Kitty kept silence. The sarcastic violence of his tone fell on her like a blow. She seemed to shrink together; while Ashe resumed his walk to and fro.

Presently, however, she looked up, to ask in a voice that tried for steadiness,

"What do you mean to do—exactly—William?"

"I shall of course buy up all I can; I shall employ some lawyer fellow, and appeal to the good feelings of the newspapers. There will be no trouble with the respectable ones. But some copies will get out, and some of the opposition newspapers will make capital out of them. Naturally!—they'd be precious fools if they didn't."

A momentary hope sprang up in Kitty. "But if you buy it up—and stop all

the papers that matter,"—she faltered,— "why should you resign, William? There won't be—such great harm done."

For answer, he opened the book, and without speaking pointed to two passages,—the first, an account full of point and malice of the negotiations between himself and Lord Parham at the time when he entered the cabinet, the conditions he himself had made, and the confidential comments of the Premier on the men and affairs of the moment.

"Do you remember the night when I told you those things, Kitty?"

Yes, Kitty remembered well. It was a night of intimate talk between man and wife, a night when she had shown him her sweetest, tenderest mood, and he—incorrigible optimist!—had persuaded himself that she was growing as wise as she was lovely.

Her lip trembled. Then he pointed to the second,—to the pitiless picture of Lord Parham at Haggart.

"You wrote that—when he was under our roof—there, by our pressing invitation! You couldn't have written it—unless he had so put himself in your power. A wandering Arab, Kitty, will do no harm to the man who has eaten and drunk in his tent!"

She looked up, and as she read his face, she understood at last how what she had done had outraged in him all the natural and all the inherited instincts of a generous and fastidious nature. The "great gentleman," so strong in him as in all the best of English statesmen, whether they spring from the classes or the masses, was up in arms.

She sprang to her feet with a cry. "William, you can't give up politics! It would make you miserable."

"That can't be helped. And I couldn't go on like this, Kitty,—even if this affair of the book could be patched up. The strain's too great."

They were but a yard apart, and yet she seemed to be looking at him across a gulf.

"You have been so happy in your work!" This time the sob escaped her.

"Oh, don't let's talk about that," he said, abruptly, as he walked away. "There'll be a certain relief in giving up the impossible. I'll go back to my books. We can travel, I suppose, and put politics out of our heads."

"But—you won't resign your seat?"

"No," he said, after a pause,—“no. As far as I can see at present, I sha'n't resign my seat, though my constituents of course will be very sick. But I doubt whether I shall stand again.”

Every phrase fell as though with a thud on Kitty's ear. It was the wreck of a man's life, and she had done it.

"Shall you—shall you go and see Lord Parham?" she asked, after a pause.

"I shall write to him first. I imagine"—he pointed to the letter lying on the table—"that creature has already sent him the book. Then later, I dare say, I shall see him."

She looked up.

"If I wrote and told him it was all my doing, William?—if I grovelled to him?"

"The responsibility is mine," he said, sternly. "I had no business to tell even you the things printed there. I told them at my own risk. If anything I say has any weight with you, Kitty, you will write nothing."

She spread out her hands to the fire again, and he heard her say, as though to herself:

"The thing is—the awful thing is that I'm mad—I must be mad. I never thought of all this when I was writing it. I wrote it in a kind of dream. In the first place, I wanted to glorify you—"

He broke into an exclamation.

"Your *taste*, Kitty!—where was your taste? That a wife should praise a husband in public! You could only make us both laughing-stocks."

His handsome features quivered a little. He felt this part of it the most galling, the most humiliating of all; and she understood. In his eyes she had shown herself not only reckless and treacherous, but indelicate, vulgar, capable of besmirching the most sacred and intimate of relations.

She rose from her seat.

"I must go and take my things off," she said, in "a vague voice," and as she moved she tottered a little. He turned to look at her. Amid his own crushing sense of defeat and catastrophe, his natural and righteous indignation, he remembered that she had been ill,—he remembered their child. But whether from the excitement, first of the meeting in

the Brufani palace, and now of this scene,—or merely from the heat of the fire over which she had been hanging, her cheeks were flushed, her eyes blazed. Her beauty had never been more evident; but it made little appeal to him; it was the wild, ungovernable beauty from which he had suffered. He saw that she was excited, but there was an air also of returning physical vigor; and the nascent feeling which might have been strengthened by pallor and prostration died away.

Kitty moved as though to pass him and go to her room, which opened out of the salon. But as she neared him she suddenly caught him by the arm.

"William!—William! don't do it!—don't resign! Let me apologize!"

He was angered by her persistence, and merely said coldly,

"I have given you my reasons, Kitty, why such a course is impossible."

"And—and you start to-morrow morning?"

"By the early train. Please let me go, Kitty. There are many things to arrange. I must order the gondola, and see if the people here can cash me a cheque."

"You mean—to leave me alone?" The words had a curious emphasis.

"I had a few words with Miss French before you came in. The packet arrived by the evening post, and seeing that it was books—for you—I opened it. After about an hour"—he turned and walked away again—"I saw my bearings. Then I called Miss French, told her I should have to go to-morrow, and asked her how long she could stay with you."

"William!" cried Kitty again, leaning heavily on the table beside her,—“don't go!—don't leave me!"

His face darkened.

"So you would prevent me from taking the only honorable, the only decent way out of this thing that remains to me?"

She made no immediate reply. She stood—wrapped apparently in painful abstraction—a creature lovely and distraught. The masses of her fair hair loosened by the breeze on the Canal had fallen about her cheeks and shoulders; her black hat framed the white brow and large feverish eyes; and the sable cape she had worn in the gondola had slipped down over the thin sloping shoul-

ders, revealing the young figure and the slender waist. She might have been a child of seventeen, grieving over the death of her goldfinch.

Ashe gathered together his official letters and papers, found his cheque-book, and began to write. While he wrote he explained that Miss French could keep her company at least another fortnight, that he could leave with them four or five circular notes for immediate expenses, and would send more from home directly he arrived.

In the middle of his directions Kitty once more appealed to him in a passionate muffled voice not to go. This time he lost his temper, and without answering her he hastily left the room to arrange his packing with his valet.

When he returned to the salon, Kitty was not there. He and Miss French—who knew only that something tragic had happened in which Kitty was concerned—kept up a fragmentary conversation till dinner was announced and Kitty entered. She had evidently been weeping, but with powder and rouge she had tried to conceal the traces of her tears; and at dinner she sat silent, hardly answering when Margaret French spoke to her.

After dinner Ashe went out with his cigar towards the Piazza. He was in a smarting, dazed state, beginning, however, to realize the blow more than he had done at first. He believed that Parham himself would not be at all sorry to be rid of him. He and his friends formed a powerful group both in the cabinet and out of it. But they were forcing the pace, and the elements of resistance and reaction were strong. He pictured the dismay of his friends, the possible breakdown of the reforming party. Of course they might so stand by him,—and the suppression of the book might be so complete—

At this moment he caught sight of a newspaper contents bill, displayed at the door of the only shop in the Piazza which sold English newspapers. One of the lines ran, "Anonymous attack on the Premier." He started, went in and bought the paper. There, in the "London Topics" column, was the following paragraph:

"A string of extracts from a forth-

coming book, accompanied by a somewhat startling publisher's statement, has lately been sent round to the Press. We are asked not to print them before the day of publication, but they have already roused much attention, if not excitement. They certainly contain a very gross attack on the Prime Minister, based apparently on first-hand information, and involving indiscretions, personal and political, of an unusually serious character. The wife of a cabinet minister is freely named as the writer, and even if no violation of cabinet secrecy is concerned, it is clear that the book outrages the confidential relations which ought to subsist between a Premier and his colleagues, if government on our English system is to be satisfactorily carried on. The statements it makes with every appearance of authority both as to the relations between Lord Parham and some of the most important members of his cabinet, and as to the Premier's intentions with regard to one or two of the most vital questions now before the country, are calculated seriously to embarrass the government. We fear the book will have a veritable *succès de scandale*."

"That fellow at least has done his best to kick the ball, damn him!" thought Ashe, with contempt, as he thrust the paper into his pocket.

It was no more than he expected, but it put an end to all thoughts of a more hopeful kind. He walked up and down the Piazza, smoking, till midnight, counting the hours till he could reach London, and revolving the phrases of a telegram to be sent to his solicitor before starting.

Kitty made no sign or sound when he entered her room. Her fair head was turned away from him, and all was dark. He could hardly believe that she was asleep; but it was a relief to him to accept her pretence of it, and to escape all further conversation. He himself slept but little. The mere profundity of the Venetian silence teased him; it reminded him how far he was from home.

Two images pursued him—of Kitty writing the book, while he was away electioneering, or toiling at his new office,—and then, of his returns to Haggart—tired or triumphant—on many a winter evening, of her glad rush into his arms, her sparkling face on his breast.

Or again, he conjured up the scene when the MS. had been shown to Darrell,—his pretence of disapproval, his sham warnings, and the smile on his sallow face as he walked off with it. Ashe looked back to the early days of his friendship with Darrell; when he, Ashe, was one of the leaders of Eton, popular with the masters in spite of his incorrigible idleness, and popular with the boys because of his bodily prowess, and Darrell had been a small, sickly, bullied collegier. Scene after scene recurred to him; from their later relations at Oxford also. There was a kind of deliberation in the way in which he forced his thoughts into this channel; it made an outlet for a fierce bitterness of spirit, which some imperious instinct forbade him to spend on Kitty.

He dozed in the later hours of the night, and was roused by something touching his hand which lay outside the bedclothes. Again the little head!—and the soft curls. Kitty was there,—crouched beside him,—weeping. There flashed into his mind an image of the night in London when she had come to him thus; and unwelcome as the whole remembrance was, he was conscious of a sudden swelling wave of pity and passion. What if he sprang up, caught her in his arms, forgave her, and bade the world go hang!

No! The impulse passed, and in his turn he feigned sleep. The thought of her long deceit, of the selfish wilfulness wherewith she had requited deep love and easy trust, was too much; it seared his heart. And there was another and a subtler influence. To have forgiven so easily would have seemed treachery to those high ambitions and ideals from which—as he thought, only too certainly—she had now cut him off. It was part of his surviving youth that the catastrophe seemed to him so absolute. Any thought of the fresh efforts which would be necessary for the reconquering of his position was no less sickening to him than that of the immediate discomforts and humiliations to be undergone. He would go back to books and amusement; and in the idling of the future there would be plenty of time for love-making.

In the morning, when all preparations were made, the gondoliers waiting below,

Ashe's telegram sent, and the circular notes handed over to Margaret French, who had discreetly left the room, William approached his wife.

"Good-by!" said Kitty, and gave him her hand, with a strange look and smile.

Ashe, however, drew her to him and kissed her,—against her will. "I'll do my best, Kitty," he said, in a would-be cheery voice, "to pull us through. Perhaps—I don't know!—things may turn out better than I think. Good-by. Take care of yourself. I'll write, of course. Don't hurry home. You'll want a fortnight or three weeks yet."

Kitty said not a word, and in another minute he was gone. The Italian servants, congregated below at the water-gate, sent laughing "A rivederla's" after the handsome, good-tempered Englishman, whom they liked and regretted; the gondola moved off; Kitty heard the splash of the water. But she held back from the window.

Half-way to the bend of the Canal beyond the Academia, Ashe turned and gave a long look at the balcony. No one was there. But just as the gondola was passing out of sight, Kitty slipped on to the balcony. She could see only the figure of Piero the gondolier, and in another second the boat was gone. She stayed there for many minutes, clinging to the balustrade, and staring, as it seemed, at the sparkle of autumnal sun which danced on the green water and on the red palace to her right.

All the morning, Kitty on her sofa pretended to write letters. Margaret French, working or reading behind her, knew that she scarcely got through a single note, that her pen lay idle on the paper, while her eyes absently watched the palace windows on the other side of the Canal. Miss French was quite certain that some tragic cause of difference between the husband and wife had arisen. Kitty, the indiscreet, had for once kept her own counsel about the book, and Ashe had with his own hands packed away the volumes which had arrived the night before; so that she could only guess; and from that, delicacy of feeling restrained her as much as possible.

Once or twice Kitty seemed on the point of unburdening herself. Then over-

mastering tears would threaten; she would break off and begin to write. At luncheon her look alarmed Miss French, so white was the little face, so large and restless the eyes. Ought Mr. Ashe to have left her, and left her apparently in anger? No doubt he thought her much better. But Margaret remembered the worst days of her illness, the anxious looks of the doctors, and the anguish that Kitty had suffered in the first weeks after her child's death. She seemed now indeed to have forgotten little Harry, so far as outward expression went; but who could tell what was passing in her strange unstable mind? And it often seemed to Margaret that the signs of the past summer were stamped on her indelibly, for those who had eyes to see.

Was it the perception of this pity beside her that drove Kitty to solitude and flight? At any rate she said after luncheon that she would go to Madame d'Estreées, and did not ask Miss French to accompany her.

She set out accordingly, with the two gondoliers. But she had hardly passed the Accademia before she bid her men take a cross-cut to the Giudecca. On these wide waters, with their fresher air and fuller sunshine, a certain physical comfort seemed to breathe upon her.

"Piero!—it is not rough. Can we go to the Lido?" she asked the gondolier behind her.

Piero, who was all smiles and complaisance, as well he might be with a lady who scattered *lire* as freely as Kitty did, turned the boat at once for that channel "Del Orfano" where the bones of the vanquished dead lie deep amid the ooze.

They passed San Giorgio, and were soon among the piles and sand-banks of the lagoon. Kitty sat in a dream which blotted the sunshine from the water. It seemed to her that she was a dead creature, floating in a dead world. William had ceased to love her. She had wrecked his career and destroyed her own happiness. Her child had been taken from her. Lady Tranmore's affection had been long since alienated. Her own mother was nothing to her; and her friends in society, like Madeleine Alcot, would only laugh and gloat over the scandal of the book.

No,—everything was finished! As her

fingers hanging over the side of the gondola felt the touch of the water, her morbid fancy, incredibly quick and keen, fancied herself drowned, or poisoned,—lying somehow white and cold, on a bed where William might see and forgive her.

Then with a start of memory which brought the blood rushing to her face, she thought of Cliffe standing beside the door of the great hall in the Brufani palace,—she seemed to be looking again into those deep expressive eyes, held by the irony and the passion with which they were infused. Had the passion any reference to her?—or was it merely part of the man's nature, as inseparable from it as flame from the volcano? If William had cast her off, was there still one man—wild and bad indeed, like herself, but poet and hero nevertheless,—who loved her?

She did not much believe it; but still the possibility of it lured her, like some dark gulf that promised her oblivion from this pain,—pain which tortured one so impatient of distress, so hungry for pleasure and praise.

In those days the Lido was still a noble and solitary shore, without the degradations of to-day.

Kitty walked fast and furiously across the sandy road, and over the shingles, turning, when she reached the firm sand, southward, towards Malamocco. It was between four and five, and the autumn afternoon was fast declining. A fresh breeze was on the sea, and the short waves, intensely blue under a wide clear heaven, broke in dazzling foam on the red-brown sand.

She seemed to be alone between sea and sky, save for two figures approaching from the south,—a fisher-boy with a shrimping-net, and a man walking bare-headed. She noticed them idly. A mirage of sun was between her and them, and the agony of remorse and despair which held her blunted all perceptions.

Thus it was that not till she was close upon him did her dazzled sight recognize Geoffrey Cliffe.

He saw her first, and stopped in motionless astonishment on the edge of the sand. She almost ran against him, when his voice arrested her.

"Lady Kitty!"

She put her hand to her breast, wavered, and came to a standstill. He saw a little figure in black between him and those "gorgeous towers and cloud-capped palaces" of Alpine snow, which dimly closed in the north; and beneath the drooping hat a face even more changed and tragic than that which had haunted him since their meeting of the day before.

"How do you do?" she said, mechanically, and would have passed him. But he stood in her path. As he stared at her an impulse of rage ran through him, resenting the wreck of anything so beautiful,—rage against Ashe, who must surely be somehow responsible.

"Aren't you wandering too far, Lady Kitty?" His voice shook under the restraint he put upon it. "You seem tired—very tired—and you are perhaps farther from your gondola than you think."

"I am not tired."

He hesitated.

"Might I walk with you a little, or do you forbid me?"

She said nothing, but walked on. He turned and accompanied her. One or two questions that he put to her—Had she companions?—Where had she left her gondola?—remained unanswered. He studied her face, and at last he laid a strong hand upon her arm.

"Sit down. You are not fit for any more walking."

He drew her towards some logs of driftwood on the upper sand, and she sank down upon them. He found a place beside her.

"What is the matter with you?" he said, abruptly, with a harsh authority. "You are in trouble."

A tremor shook her,—as of the prisoner who feels on his limbs the first touch of the fetter.

"No, no!" she said, trying to rise; "it is nothing. I—I didn't know it was so far. I must go home."

His hand held her.

"Kitty!"

"Yes." Her voice was scarcely audible.

"Tell me what hurts you! Tell me why you are here, alone, with a face like that! Don't be afraid of me! Could I lift a finger to harm a mother that has lost her child? Give me your hands." He gathered both hers into the warm

shelter of his own. "Look at me—trust me! My heart has grown, Kitty, since you knew me last. It has taken into itself so many griefs—so many deaths. Tell me your griefs, poor child!—tell me!"

He stooped and kissed her hands,—most tenderly, most gravely.

Tears rushed into her eyes. The wild emotions that were her being were roused beyond control. Bending towards him, she began to pour out, first brokenly, then in a torrent, the wretched incoherent story, of which the mere telling, in such an ear, meant new treachery to William and new ruin for herself.

CHAPTER XXII

ON a certain cloudy afternoon, some ten days later, a fishing-boat with a patched orange sail might have been seen scudding under a light northwesterly breeze through the channels which connect the island of San Francesco with the more easterly stretches of the Venetian lagoon. The boat presently neared the shore of one of the cultivated *lidi*—islands formed out of the silt of many rivers by the travail of centuries, some of them still mere sand or mud banks, others covered by vineyards and fruit-orchards,—which, with the *murazzi* or sea-walls of Venice stand sentinel between the city and the sea. On the *lido* along which the boat was coasting the vintage was long since over and the fruit gathered; the last yellow and purple leaves in the orchards, "a pestilence-stricken multitude," were to-day falling fast to earth, under the sighing importunate wind. The air was warm; November was at its mildest. But all color and light were drowned in floating mists, and darkness lay over the distant city. It was one of those drear and ghostly days which may well have breathed into the soul of Shelley that superb vision of the dead generations of Venice, rising, a phantom host, from the bosom of the sunset, and sweeping in "a rapid masque of death" over the shadowed waters that saw the birth, and may yet furnish the tomb of so vast a fame.

Two persons were in the boat,—Kitty, wrapped in sables, her straying hair held close by a cap of the same fur,—and Geoffrey Cliffe. They had been wander-



SHE THOUGHT OF CLIFFE STANDING BESIDE THE DOOR OF THE GREAT HALL

ing in the lagoons all day, in order to escape from Venice and observers,—first at Torcello, then at San Francesco, and now they were ostensibly coming home in a wide sweep along the northern *lidi* and *murazzi*, that Cliffe might show his companion, from near by, the Porto del Lido, that exit from the lagoons where the salt lakes grow into the sea.

A certain wildness and exaltation, drawn from the solitudes around them and from their *tête-à-tête*, could be read in both the man and the woman. Cliffe watched his companion incessantly. As he lay against the side of the boat at her feet, he saw her framed in the curving sides of the stern, and could read her changing expressions. Not a happy face!—that he knew. A face haunted by shadows from an underworld of thought,—pursuing furies of remorse and fear. Not the less did he triumph that he had it *there*, in his power; nor had the flashes of terror and wavering will which he discerned in any way diminished its beauty.

"How long have you known—that woman?" Kitty asked him, suddenly, after a pause, broken only by the playing of the wind with the sail.

Cliffe laughed.

"The Ricci? Why do you want to know, madame?"

She made a contemptuous lip.

"I knew her first," said Cliffe, "some years ago in Milan. She was then at 'La Scala'—walking on—paid for her good looks. Then somebody sent her to Paris to the Conservatoire, which she only left this spring. This is her first Italian engagement. Her people are shopkeepers here,—in the Merceria,—which helped her. She is as vain as a peacock, and as dangerous as a pet panther."

"Dangerous!" Kitty's scorn had passed into her voice.

"Well, Italy is still the country of the knife," said Cliffe, lightly, "and I could still hire a bravo or two—in Venice—if I wanted them."

"Does the Ricci hire them?"

Cliffe shrugged his shoulders.

"She'd do it without winking, if it suited her." Then, after a pause, "Do you still wonder why I should have chosen her society?"

"Oh no," said Kitty, hastily. "You told me."

"As much as a *friend* cares to know?"

She nodded—flushing, and dropped the subject.

Cliffe's mouth still smiled, but his eyes studied her with a veiled and sinister intensity.

"I have not seen the lady for a week," he resumed. "She pesters me with notes. I promised to go and see her in a new play to-morrow night, but—"

"Oh! go!" said Kitty,—“by all means go!”

"*Ruy Blas* in Italian?—I think not.—Ah! did you see that gleam on the Campanile?—marvellous! . . . Miladi, I have a question to ask you."

"*Dites!*" said Kitty.

"Did you put me into your book?"

"Certainly."

"What kind of things did you say?"

"The worst I could!"

"Ah!—How shall I get a copy?" said Cliffe, musing.

She made no answer, but she was conscious of a sudden movement—was it of terror? At the bottom of her soul was she indeed afraid of the man beside her?

"By the way," he resumed, "you promised to tell me your news of this morning. But you haven't told me a word!"

She turned away. She had gathered her furs around her, and her face was almost hidden by them.

"Nothing is settled," she said, in a cold, reluctant voice.

"Which means that you won't tell me anything more?"

She was silent. Her lip had a proud line which piqued him.

"You think I am not worthy to know?"

Her eye gleamed.

"What does it matter to you?"

"Oh, nothing! I should have been glad to hear that all was well, and Ashe's mind at rest about his prospects."

"His prospects!" she repeated, with a scorn which stung. "How *dare* we mention his name here at all?"

Cliffe reddened.

"I dare," he said, calmly.

Kitty looked at him—a quivering defiance in face and frame; then bent forward—

"Would you like to know—who is the best—the noblest—the handsomest—the most generous—the most delightful man I have ever met?"

Each word came out winged and charged with a strange intensity of passion.

"Do I?" said Cliffe, raising his eyebrows,—“do I want to know?”

Her look held him.

"My husband, William Ashe!"

And she fell back, flushed and breathless,—like one who throws out a rebel and challenging flag.

Cliffe was silent a moment, observing her.

"Strange!" he said at last. "It is only when you are miserable you are kind. I could wish you miserable again, *chérie*."

Tone and look broke into a sombre wildness before which she shrank. Her own violence passed away. She leant over the side of the boat, struggling with tears.

"Then you have your wish," was her muffled answer.

The three bronzed Venetians, a father and two sons, who were working the *bragozzo*, glanced curiously at the pair. They were persuaded that these charterers of their boat were lovers flying from observation, and the unknown tongue did but stimulate guessing.

Cliffe raised himself impatiently.

They were nearing a point where the line of *murazzi* they had been following—low breakwaters of great strength—swept away from them outward and eastward towards a distant opening. On the other side of the channel was a low line of shore, broadening into the Lido proper, with its scattered houses and churches, and soon lost in the mist as it stretched towards the south.

"Ecco!—il Porto del Lido!" said the older boatman, pointing far away, to a line of deeper color beneath a dark and lowering sky.

Kitty bent over the side of the boat, staring towards the dim spot he showed her—where was the mouth of the sea.

"Kitty," said Cliffe's voice beside her, hoarse and hurried, "one word, and I tell these fellows to set their helm for Trieste. This boat will carry us well—and the wind is with us."

She turned and looked him in the face.

"And then?"

"Then? We'll think it out together, Kitty,—together!" He bent his lips to her hand, bending so as to conceal the

action from the sailors. But she drew her hand away.

"You and I," she said, fiercely, "would tire of each other in a week!"

"Have the courage to try! No!—you should not tire of me in a week! I would find ways to keep you mine, Kitty,—cradled, and comforted, and happy."

"Happy!" Her slight laugh was the forlornest thing. "Take me out to sea—and drop me there—with a stone round my neck. That might be worth doing—perhaps."

He surveyed her unmoved.

"Listen, Kitty! This kind of thing can't go on forever."

"What are you waiting for?" she said, tauntingly. "You ought to have gone last week."

"I am not going," he said, raising himself by a sudden movement, "till you come with me!"

Kitty stared, her eyes riveted to his.

"And yet go I will! Not even you shall stop me, Kitty. I'll take the help I've gathered, back to those poor devils—if I die for it. But you'll come with me—you'll come!"

She drew back,—trembling under an impression she strove to conceal.

"If you will talk such madness, I can't help it," she said, with shortened breath.

"Yes—you'll come!" he said, nodding. "What have you to do with Ashe, Kitty, any longer? You and he are already divided. You have tried life together, and what have you made of it? You're not fit for this mincing, tripping London life—nor am I? And as for morals—I'll tell you a strange thing, Kitty." He bent forward and grasped her hands with a force which hurt—from which she could not release herself. "I believe—yes, by God, I believe!—that I am a better man than I was before I started on this adventure. It's been like drinking, at last, at the very source of life—living, not talking about it. One bitter night last February, for instance, I helped a man—one of the insurgents—who had taken to the mountains with his wife and children—to carry his wife, a dying woman, over a mountain pass to the only place where she could possibly get help and shelter. We carried her on a litter, six men taking turns. The cold and the fatigue were such that I shudder now

when I think of it. Yet at the end I seemed to myself a man reborn. I was happier than I had ever been in my life. Some mystic virtue had flowed into me. Among these men and women, instead of being the selfish beast I've been all these years, I can forget myself. Death seems nothing—brotherhood—liberty!—everything! And yet—

His face relaxed, became ironical, reflective. But he held the hands close, his grasp of them hidden by the folds of fur which hung about her.

"And yet—I can say to you without a qualm—put this marriage which has already come to naught behind you—and come with me! Ashe cramps you. He blames you—you blame yourself. What *reality* has all that? It makes you miserable—it wastes life. I accept your nature,—I don't ask you to be anything else than yourself—your wild, vain, adorable self! Ashe asks you to put restraint on yourself—to make painful efforts—to be good for his sake—the sake of something outside. I say—come and look at the elemental things,—death and battle—hatred, solitude, love. *They'll* sweep us out of ourselves!—no need to strive and cry for it—into the great current of the world's being—bring us close to the forces at the root of things—the forces which create—and destroy. Dip your heart in that stream, Kitty, and feel it grow in your breast. Take a nurse's dress—put your hand in mine—and come. I can't promise you luxuries or ease. You've had enough of those. Come and open another door in the House of Life! Take starving women and hunted children into your arms,—feel with them—weep with them—look with them into the face of death! Make friends with nature,—with rocks, forests, torrents,—with night and dawn, which you've never seen, Kitty! They'll love you,—they'll support you—the rough people—and the dark forests. They'll draw nature's glamour round you—they'll pour balm into your soul. And I shall be with you—beside you!—your guardian—your lover—your *lover*, Kitty—till death do us part."

He looked at her with the smile which was his only but sufficient beauty; the violent, exciting words flowed in her ear, amid the sound of rising waves and the distant talk of the fishermen. His hand

crushed hers; his mad, imploring eyes repelled and constrained her. The wild hungers and curiosities of her being rushed to meet him; she heard the echo of her own words to Ashe—"more life—more *life!*—even though it lead to pain—and agony,—and tears!"

Then she wrenched herself away—suddenly, contemptuously.

"Of course that's all nonsense—romantic nonsense. You've perhaps forgotten that I am one of the women who don't stir without their maid."

Cliffe's expression changed. He thrust his hands into his pockets.

"Oh, well, if you must have a maid," he said, dryly, "that settles it. A maid would be the deuce. And yet—I think I could find you a Bosnian girl—strong and faithful—"

Their eyes met,—his already full of a kind of ownership, tender, confident, humorous even,—hers alive with passionate anger and resistance.

"*Without a qualm!*" she repeated, in a low voice,—"*without a qualm! Mon Dieu!*"

She turned and looked towards the Adriatic.

"Where are we?" she said, imperiously.

For a gesture of command on Cliffe's part, unseen by her, had sent the boat eastward, spinning before the wind. The lagoon was no longer tranquil. It was covered with small waves; and the roar of the outer sea, though still far off, was already in their ears. The mist lifting, showed white distant crests of foam on a tumbling field of water, and to the north, clothed in tempestuous purple, the dim shapes of mountains.

Kitty raised herself and beckoned towards the captain of the *bragozzo*.

"Giuseppe!"

"Commanda, Eccellenza!"

The man came forward.

With a voice sharp and clear she gave the order to return at once to Venice. Cliffe watched her, the veins on his forehead swelling. She knew that he debated with himself whether he should give a counter-order or no.

"A Venezia!" said Kitty, waving her hand towards the sailors, her eyes shining under the tangle of her hair.

The helm was put round, and beneath a tacking sail the boat swept southward.

With an awkward laugh Cliffe fell back into his seat, stretching his long limbs across the boat. He had spoken under a strong and genuine impulse. His passion for her had made enormous strides in these few wild days beside her. And yet the fantastic poet's sense responded at a touch to the new impression. He shook off the heroic mood, as he had doffed his Bosnian cloak. In a few minutes, though the heightened color remained, he was chatting and laughing as though nothing had happened.

She, exhausted physically and morally by her conflict with him, hardly spoke on the way home. He entertained her, watching her all the time—a hundred speculations about her passing through his brain. He understood perfectly how the insight which she had allowed him into her grief and her remorse had broken down the barriers between them. Her incapacity for silence and reticence had undone her. Was he a villain to have taken advantage of it?

Why? With a strange, half-cynical clearness he saw her, as the obstacle that she was, in Ashe's life and career. For Ashe—supposing he, Cliffe, persuaded her—there would be no doubt a first shock of wrath and pain,—then—a sense of deliverance! For her, too, deliverance! It excited his artist's sense to think of all the further developments through which he might carry that eager, plastic nature. There would be a new Kitty, with new capacities and powers. Wasn't that justification enough? He felt himself a sculptor in the very substance of life, moulding a living creature afresh, disengaging it from harsh and hindering conditions. What was there vile in that?

The argument pursued itself.

"The modern judges for himself—makes his own laws, as a god, knowing good and evil. No doubt in time a new social law will emerge—with new sanctions. Meanwhile here we are, in a moment of transition, manufacturing new types, exploring new combinations,—by which let those who come after profit!"

Little delicate, distinguished thing!—every aspect of her, angry or sweet, sad or wilful, delighted his taste and sense. Moreover, she was *his* deliverance too,—from an ugly and vulgar entanglement

of which he was ashamed. He shrank impatiently from memories which every now and then pursued him of the Ricci's coarse beauty and exacting ways. Kitty had just appeared in time! He felt himself rehabilitated in his own eyes. Love may trifle as it pleases with what people call "law"; but there are certain æsthetic limits not to be transgressed.

The Ricci of course was wild and thirsting for revenge. Let her! Anxieties far more pressing disturbed him. What if he tempted Kitty to this escapade,—and the rough life killed her? He saw clearly how frail she was.

But it was the artificiality of her life, the innumerable burdens of civilization, which had brought her to this! Women were not the weaklings they seemed, or believed themselves to be. For many of them, probably for Kitty, a rude and simple life would mean not only fresh mental but fresh physical strength. He had seen what women could endure for love or patriotism's sake! Make but appeal to the spirit—the proud and tameless spirit—and how the flesh answered! He knew that his power with Kitty came largely from a certain stoicism, a certain hardness, mingled, as he would prove to her, with a boundless devotion. Let him carry it through—without fears—and so enlarge her being and his own! And as to responsibilities beyond, as to their later lives—let time take care of its own births. For the modern determinist of Cliffe's type there *is* no responsibility. He waits on life, following where it leads, rejoicing in each new feeling, each fresh reaction of consciousness on experience, and so links his fatalist belief to that Nietzsche doctrine of self-development at all costs, and the coming man, in which Cliffe's thought anticipated the years.

Kitty meanwhile listened to his intermittent talk of Venice, or Bosnia, with all its suggestions of new worlds and far horizons; and scarcely said a word.

But through the background of the brain there floated with her, as with him, a procession of unspoken thoughts. She had received three letters from William. Immediately on his arrival he had tendered his resignation. Lord Parham had asked him to suspend the matter for ten

days. Only the pressure of his friends, it seemed, and the consternation of his party had wrung from Ashe a reluctant consent. Meanwhile all copies of the book had been bought up; the important newspapers had readily lent themselves to the suppression of the affair; private wraths had been dealt with by conciliatory lawyers; and in general a far more complete hushing up had been attained than Ashe had ever imagined possible. There was no doubt infinite gossip in the country houses. But sympathy for Kitty in her grief, for Ashe himself, and Lady Tranmore had done much to keep it within bounds. The little Dean especially, beloved of all the world, had been incessantly active on behalf of peace and oblivion.

All this Kitty read or guessed from William's letters. After all, then, the harm had not been so great! Why such a panic!—such a hurry to leave her!—when she was ill—and sorry? And how curtly, how measuredly he wrote! Behind the hopefulness of his tone she read the humiliation and soreness of his mind,—and said to herself with a more headlong conviction than ever that he would never forgive her. No, *never!*—and especially now that she had added a thousandfold to the original offence. What did he know of that? Well, she was reckless, as to his knowledge or ignorance. She had never written to him since his departure.—Margaret French too was angry with her,—had almost broken with her.

They left their boat on the Riva, and walked to the Piazza through the now starry dusk. As they passed the great door of St. Mark's, two persons came out of the church. Kitty recognized Mary Lyster and Sir Richard. She bowed slightly; Sir Richard put his hand to his hat in a flurried way; but Mary, looking them both in the face, passed without the smallest sign, unless the scorn in face and bearing might pass for recognition.

Kitty gasped. "She cut me!" she said, in a shaking voice.

"Oh no!" said Cliffe. "She didn't see you in the dark."

Kitty made no reply. She hurried along the northern side of the Piazza, avoiding the groups which were gathered in the sunset light round the flocks of

feeding pigeons, brushing past the tables in front of the cafés, still well filled on this mild evening.

"Take care!" said Cliffe, suddenly, in a low, imperative voice.

Kitty looked up. In her abstraction she saw that she had nearly come into collision with a woman sitting at a café table, and surrounded by a noisy group of men.

With a painful start Kitty perceived the mocking eyes of Mademoiselle Ricci. The Ricci said something in Italian, staring the while at the English lady; and the men near her laughed, some furiously, some loudly.

Cliffe's face set. "Walk quickly!" he said in her ear, hurrying her past.

When they had reached one of the narrow streets behind the Piazza, Kitty looked at him—white and haughtily tremulous. "What did that mean?"

"Why should you deign to ask?" was Cliffe's impatient reply. "I have ceased to go and see her. I suppose she guesses why."

"I will have no rivalry with Mademoiselle Ricci!" cried Kitty.

"You can't help it," said Cliffe, calmly. "The powers of light are always in rivalry with the powers of darkness."

And without further pleading or excuse he stalked on, his gaunt form and striking head towering above the crowded pavement. Kitty followed him with difficulty, conscious of a magnetism and a force against which she struggled in vain.

About a week afterwards Kitty shut herself up one evening in her room to write to Ashe. She had just passed through an agitating conversation with Margaret French, who had announced her intention of returning to England at once, alone, if Kitty could not accompany her. Kitty's hands were trembling as she began to write.

"I am glad—oh! so glad, William,—that you *have* withdrawn your resignation,—that people have come forward so splendidly, and *made* you withdraw it—that Lord Parham is behaving decently—and that you have been able to get hold of all those copies of the book. I always hoped it would not be quite so bad as you thought. But I know you must have gone through an awful time,—and I'm *sorry*.

"William, I want to tell you something,—for I can't go on lying to you,—or even just hiding the truth. I met Geoffrey Cliffe here,—before you left,—and I never told you. I saw him first in a gondola the night of the Serenata,—and then at the Armenian convent.—Do you remember my hurrying you and Margaret into the garden? That was to escape meeting him. And that same afternoon when I was in the unused rooms of the Palazzo Brufani,—the rooms they show to tourists,—he suddenly appeared—and somehow I spoke to him, though I had never meant to do so again.

"Then when you left me, I met him again,—that afternoon—and he found out I was very miserable and made me tell him everything. I know I had no right to do so—they were your secrets as well as mine. But you know how little I can control myself,—it's wretched, but it's true.

"William, I don't know what will happen. I can't make out from Margaret whether she has written to you or not,—she won't tell me. If she has, this letter will not be much news to you. But, mind, I write it of my own free will, and not because Margaret may have forced my hand. I should have written it, anyway. Poor old darling!—she thinks me mad and bad, and to-night she tells me she can't take the responsibility of looking after me any longer. Women like her can never understand creatures like me,—and I don't want her to. She's a dear saint, and as true as steel,—not like your Mary Lysters! I could go on my knees to her. But she can't control or save me. Not even you could, William. You've tried your best, and in spite of you I'm going to perdition, and I can't stop myself.

"For, William, there's something broken forever between you and me. I know it was I who did the wrong, and that you had no choice but to leave me when you did. But yet you *did* leave me, though I implored you not. And I know very well that you don't love me as you used to—why should you?—and that you never can love me in the same way again. Every letter you write tells me that. And though I have deserved it all, I can't bear it. When I think of coming home to England, and how you would try to be

nice to me,—how good and dear and magnanimous you would be, and what a beast I should feel,—I want to drown myself and have done.

"It all seems to me so hopeless. It is my own nature,—the stuff out of which I am cut, that's all wrong. I may promise my breath away that I will be discreet and gentle and well-behaved, that I'll behave properly to people like Lady Parham, that I'll keep secrets, and not make absurd friendships with absurd people, that I'll try and keep out of debt, and so on. But what's the use? It's the *will* in me—the something that drives, or ought to drive—that won't work. And nobody ever taught me or showed me, that I can remember, till I met you. In Paris at the Place Vendôme, half the time I used to live with Maman and Papa, be hideously spoilt, dressed absurdly, eat off silver plate, and make myself sick with rich things,—and then for days together Maman would go out or away, forget all about me, and I used to storm the kitchen for food. She either neglected me or made a show of me; she was my worst enemy, and I hated and fought her,—till I went to the convent at ten. When I was fourteen Maman asked a doctor about me. He said I should probably go mad,—and at the convent they thought the same. Maman used to throw this at me when she was cross with me.

"Well, I don't repeat this to make you excuse me and think better of me,—it's all too late for that—but because I am such a puzzle to myself, and I try to explain things. I *did* love you, William,—I believe I do still,—but when I think of our living together again, my arms drop by my side, and I feel like a dead creature. Your life is too great a thing for me. Why should I spoil or hamper it? If you loved me, as you did once,—if you still thought *everything* worth while, then, if I had a spark of decency left, I might kill myself to free you, but I should never do—what I may do now. But, William, you'll forget me soon. You'll pass great laws, and make great speeches, and the years when I tormented you,—and all my wretched ways,—will seem such a small, small thing.

"Geoffrey says he loves me. And I think he does, though how long it will

last, or may be worth, no one can tell. As for me, I don't know whether I love him. I have no illusions about him. But there are moments when he absolutely holds me,—when my will is like wax in his hands. It is because, I think, of a certain grandness—*grandeur* seems too strong—in his character. It was always there; because no one could write such poems as his without it. But now it's more marked, though I don't know that it makes him a better man. He thinks it does; but we all deceive ourselves. At any rate he is often superb, and I feel that I could die, if not for him, at least with him. And he is not unlikely to die in some heroic way. He went out, as you know, as correspondent and to distribute relief, but lately he has been fighting for these people—of course he has!—and when he goes back he is to be one of their regular leaders. When he talks of it he is noble, transformed. It reminds me of Byron—his wicked life here—and then his death at Missolonghi. Geoffrey can do such base, cruel things,—and yet—

“But I haven't yet told you. He asks me to go with him, back to the fighting-lines in Upper Bosnia. There seems to be a great deal that women can do. I shall wear a nurse's uniform, and probably nurse at a little hospital he founded,—high up in one of the mountain valleys. I know this will almost make you laugh. You will think of me, not knowing how to put on a button without Blanche,—and wanting to be waited on every moment. But you'll see, there'll be nothing of that sort. I wonder whether it's hardship I've been thirsting for all my life?—even when I seemed such a selfish, luxurious little ape.

“At the same time, I think it will kill me,—and that would be the best end of all. To have some great heroic experience, and then—‘die upon the midnight with no pain! . . .’

“Oh, if I thought you'd care very, *very* much, I should have pain—horrible pain. But I know you won't. Politics have taken my place. Think of me sometimes, as I was when we were first married,—and of Harry—my little, little fellow!

“—Maman and I have had a ghastly scene. She came to scold me for my behavior—to say I was the talk of Venice—*she!* Of course I know what she means.

She thinks if I am divorced she will lose her allowance,—and she can't bear the thought of that, though Markham Warrington is quite rich. My heart just *boiled* within me. I told her it is the poison of her life that works in me,—and that whatever I do, *she* has no right to reproach me. Then she cried—and I was like ice—and at last she went. Warrington, good fellow, has written to me, and asked to see me. But what is the use?

“I know you'll leave me the £500 a year that was settled on me. It'll be so good for me to be poor—and dressed in serge—and trying to do something else with these useless hands than writing books that break your heart. . . I am giving away all my smart clothes. Blanche is going home. Oh, William, William!—I'm going to shut this, and it's like the good-by of death—a mean and ugly—*death*.

“... Later. They have just brought me a note from Danieli's. So Margaret did write to you, and your mother has come. Why did you send her, William? She doesn't love me—and I shall only stab and hurt her. Though I'll try not—for your sake.”

Two days later Ashe received, almost by the same post which brought him the letter from Kitty just quoted, the following letter from his mother:

“My dearest William,—I have seen Kitty. With some difficulty she consented to let me go and see her yesterday evening about nine o'clock.

“I arrived between six and seven, having travelled straight through without a break, except for an hour or two at Milan, and immediately on arriving I sent a note to Margaret French. She came in great distress, having just had a fresh scene with Kitty. Oh, my dear William, her report could not well be worse. Since she wrote to us Kitty seems to have thrown over all precautions. They used to meet in churches or galleries, and go out for long days in the gondola or a fishing-boat together, and Kitty would come home alone and lie on the sofa through the evening, almost without speaking or moving. But lately he comes in with her, and stays hours, reading to her, or holding her hand, or talking to

her in a low voice, and Margaret cannot stop it.

"Yet, she has done her best, poor girl. Knowing what we all knew last year, it filled her with terror when she first discovered that he was in Venice, and that they had met. But it was not till it had gone on about a week, with the strangest results on Kitty's spirits and nerves, that she felt she must interfere. She not only spoke to Kitty, but she spoke and wrote to him in a very firm, dignified way. Kitty took no notice,—only became very silent and secretive. And he treated poor Margaret with a kind of courteous irony which made her blood boil, and against which she could do nothing. She says that Kitty seems to her sometimes like a person moving in sleep,—only half conscious of what she is doing; and at others she is wildly excitable, irritable with everybody, and only calming down and becoming reasonable when this man appears.

"There is much talk in Venice. They seem to have been seen together by various London friends who knew—about the difficulties last year. And then of course everybody is aware that you are not here,—and the whole story of the book goes from mouth to mouth—and people say that a separation has been arranged—and so on. These are the kind of rumors that Margaret hears, especially from Mary Lyster, who is staying in this hotel with her father, and seems to have a good many friends here.

"Dearest William,—I have been lingering on these things because it is so hard to have to tell you what passed between me and Kitty. Oh! my dear son, take courage. Even now everything is not lost. Her conscience may awaken at the last moment, this bad man may abandon his pursuit of her, I may still succeed in bringing her back to you. But I am in terrible fear,—and I must tell you the whole truth.

"Kitty received me alone. The room was very dark,—only one lamp that gave a bad light,—so that I saw her very indistinctly. She was in black, and as far as I could see extremely pale and weary. And what struck me painfully was her haggard, careless look. All the little details of her dress and hair seemed so neglected. Blanche says she is far too irritable and

impatient in the mornings to let her hair be done as usual. She just rolls it into one big knot herself and puts a comb in it. She wears the simplest clothes and changes as little as possible. She says she is soon going to have done with all that kind of thing and she must get used to it. My own impression is that she is going through great agony of mind,—above all, that she is ill,—ill in body and soul.

"She told me quite calmly, however, that she had made up her mind to leave you; she said that she had written to you to tell you so. I asked her if it was because she had ceased to love you. After a pause, she said, 'No.' Was it because some one else had come between you? She threw up her head proudly, and said it was best to be quite plain and frank. She had met Geoffrey Cliffe again, and she meant henceforward to share his life. Then she went into the wildest dreams about going back with him to the Balkans, and nursing in a hospital, and dying—she hopes!—of hard work and privations. And all this in a torrent of words,—and her eyes blazing, with that look in them as though she saw nothing but the scenes of her own imagination. She talked of devotion—and of forgetting herself in other people. I could only tell her of course that all this sounded to me the most grotesque sophistry and perversion. She was forgetting her first duty, breaking her marriage vow, and tearing your life asunder. She shook her head, and said you would soon forget her. 'If he had loved me, he would never have left me!' she said, again and again, with a passion I shall never forget.

"Of course that made me very angry, and I described what the situation had been when you reached London,—Lord Parham's state of mind—and the consternation caused everywhere by the wretched book. I tried to make her understand what there was at stake,—the hopes of all who follow you in the House and the country—the great reforms of which you are the life and soul—your personal and political honor. I impressed on her the endless trouble and correspondence in which you had been involved,—and how meanwhile all your Home Office and cabinet work had to be carried on as usual, till it was decided

whether your resignation should be withdrawn or no. She listened with her head on her hands. I think with regard to the book she is most genuinely ashamed and miserable. And yet all the time there is this unreasonable, this monstrous feeling that you should not have left her!

"As to the scandalous references to private persons, she said that Madeleine Alcot had written to her about the country-house gossip. That wretched being Mr. Darrell seems also to have written to her, trying to save himself through her. And the only time I saw her laugh was when she spoke of having had a furious letter from Lady Grosville, about the references to Grosville Park. It was like the laugh of a mischievous, unhappy child.

"Then we came back to the main matter, and I implored her to let me take her home. First I gave her your letter. She read it, flushed up, and threw it away from her. 'He commands me!' she said, fiercely. 'But I am no one's chattel.' I replied that you had only summoned her back to her duty and her home, and I asked her if she could really mean to repay your unfailing love by bringing anguish and dishonor upon you? She sat dumb, and her stubbornness moved me so that I fear I lost my self-control and said more, much more—in denunciation of her conduct—than I had meant to do. She heard me out, and then she got up and looked at me very bitterly and strangely. I had never loved her, she said, and so I could not judge her. Always from the beginning I had thought her unfit to be your wife, and she had known it, and my dislike of her, especially during the past year, had made her hard and reckless. It had seemed no use trying. I just wanted her dead that you might marry a wife who would be a help and not a stumbling-block. Well, I should have my wish, for she would soon be as good as dead, both to you and to me.

"All this hurt me deeply, and I could not restrain myself from crying. I felt so helpless, and so doubtful whether I had not done more harm than good. Then she softened a little, and asked me to let her go to bed—she would think it all over and write to me in the morning. . . .

"So! my dear William, I can only pray

and wait. I am afraid there is but little hope, but God is merciful and strong. He may yet save us all.

"But whatever happens, remember that you have nothing to reproach yourself with—that you have done all that man could do. I should telegraph to you in the morning to say, 'Come,—at all hazards,'—but that I feel sure all will be settled to-morrow one way or the other. Either Kitty will start with me,—or she will go with Geoffrey Cliffe. You could do nothing—absolutely nothing. God help us! She seems to have some money, and she told me she counted on retaining her jointure."

On the night following her interview with Lady Tranmore, Kitty went from one restless, tormented dream into another, but towards morning she fell into one of a different kind. She dreamt she was in a country of great mountains. The peaks were snow-crowned, vast glaciers filled the chasms on their flanks, forests of pines clothed the lower sides of the hills, and the fields below were full of spring flowers. She saw a little Alpine village, and a church with an old and slender campanile. A plain stone building stood by—it seemed to be an inn of the old-fashioned sort, and she entered it. The dinner-table was ready in the low-roofed *salle-à-manger*, and as she sat down to eat, she saw that two other guests were at the same table. She glanced at them, and perceived that one was William, and the other her child Harry, grown older,—and transfigured. Instead of the dull and clouded look which had wrung her heart in the old days, against which she had striven, patiently and impatiently, in vain, the blue eyes were alive with mind and affection. It was as if the child beheld his mother for the first time, and she him. As he recognized her, he gave a cry of joy, waving one hand towards her, while with the other he touched his father on the arm. William raised his head. But when he saw his wife his face changed. He rose from his seat, and drawing the little boy into his arms, he walked away. Kitty saw them disappear into a long passage, indeterminate and dark. The child's face over his father's shoulder was turned in longing towards his mother, and as he

was carried away he stretched out his little hands to her in lamentation.

Kitty woke up bathed in tears. She sprang out of bed, and threw the window nearest to her open to the night. The winter night was mild, and a full moon sailed the southern sky. Not a sound on the water, not a light in the palaces; a city of ebony and silver, Venice slept in the moonlight. Kitty gathered a cloak and some shawls round her, and sank into a low chair, still crying and half-conscious. At his inn, some few hundred yards away, between her and the Piazzetta, was Geoffrey Cliffe waking too?—making his last preparations? She knew that all his stores were ready, and that he proposed to ship them and the twenty young fellows, Italians and Dalmatians, who were going with him to join the insurgents, that morning, by a boat leaving for Cattaro. He himself was to follow twenty-four hours later, and it was his firm and confident expectation that Kitty would go with him,—passing as his wife. And indeed Kitty's own arrangements were almost complete, her money in her purse, the clothes she meant to take with her packed in one small trunk, some of the Tranmore jewels which she had been recently wearing ready to be returned on the morrow to Lady Tranmore's keeping, other jewels, which she regarded as her own, together with the remainder of her clothes, put aside in order to be left in the custody of the landlady of the apartment, till Kitty should claim them again.

One more day,—which would probably see the departure of Margaret French; one more wrestle with Lady Tranmore and all the links with the old life would be torn away. A bare stripped soul, dependent henceforth on Geoffrey Cliffe for every crumb of happiness, treading in unknown paths, suffering unknown things, probing unknown passions and excitements—it was so she saw herself; not without that corroding double consciousness of the modern, that it was all very interesting, and as such to be forgiven and admired.

Notwithstanding what she had said to Ashe, she did believe—with a clinging and desperate faith—that Cliffe loved her. Had she really doubted it, her conduct would have been inexplicable, even to

herself, and he must have seemed a madman. What else could have induced him to burden himself with a woman on such an errand and at such a time? She had promised indeed to be his lieutenant and comrade,—and to return to Venice if her health should be unequal to the common task. But in spite of the sternness with which he put that task first—a sternness which was one of his chief attractions for Kitty,—she knew well that her coming threw a glamour round it which it had never yet possessed, that the passion she had aroused in him, and the triumph of binding her to his fate, possessed him—for the moment at any rate—heart and soul. He had the poet's resources too, and a mind wherewith to organize and govern. She shrank from him still, but she already envisaged the time when her being would sink into and fuse with his, and like two colliding stars they would flame together to one fiery death.

Thoughts like these ran in her mind. Yet all the time she saw the high mountains of her dream, the old inn, the receding face of her child on William's shoulder; and the tears ran down her cheeks. The letter from William that Lady Tranmore had given her lay on a table near. She took it up, and lit a candle to read it.

"Kitty—I bid you come home. I should have started for Venice an hour ago after reading Miss French's letter, but that honor and public duty keep me here. But mother is going, and I implore and command you, as your husband, to return with her. Oh, Kitty, have I ever failed you?—have I ever been hard with you?—that you should betray our love like this? Was I hard when we parted—a month ago? If I was, forgive me; I was sore pressed. Come home, you poor child, and you shall hear no reproaches from me. I think I have nearly succeeded in undoing your rash work. But what good will that be to me if you are to use my absence for that purpose to bring us both to ruin? Kitty, the grass is not yet green on our child's grave. I was at Haggart last Sunday, and I went over in the dusk to put some flowers upon it. I thought of you without a moment's bitterness, and prayed for us both, if such as I may pray. Then next morning came Miss French's letter. Kitty, have

you no heart—and no conscience? will you bring disgrace on that little grave?—will you dig between us the gulf which is irreparable, across which your hand and mine can never touch each other any more? I cannot and will not believe it. Come back to me—come back.”

She reread it with a melting heart,—with deep, shaking sobs. When she first glanced through it the word “command” had burnt into her proud sense; the rest passed almost unnoticed. Now the very strangeness in it as coming from William,—the strangeness of its grave and deep emotion, held and grappled with her.

Suddenly—some tension of the whole being seemed to give way. Her head sank back on the chair, she felt herself weak and trembling, yet happy as a soul new-born, into a world of light. Waking dreams passed through her brain in a feverish succession, reversing the dream of the night—images of peace, and goodness, and reunion.

Minutes—hours—passed. With the first light she got up feebly, found ink and paper and began to write.

From Lady Tranmore to William Ashe:

“Oh! my dearest William,—at last a gleam of hope.

“No letter this morning. I was in despair. Margaret reported that Kitty refused to see any one,—had locked her door, and was writing. Yet no letter came. I made an attempt to see Geoffrey Cliffe, who is staying at the ‘Germania,’ but he refused. He wrote me the most audacious letter to say that an interview could only be very painful, that he and Kitty must decide for themselves, that he was waiting every hour for a final word from Kitty. It rested with her, and with her only. Coercion in these matters was no longer possible, and he did not suppose that either you or I would attempt it.

“And now comes this blessed note,—a respite at least! ‘*I am going to Verona to-night with Blanche. Please let no one attempt to follow me. I wish to have two days alone—absolutely alone. Wait here. I will write. K.*’

“... Margaret French has just been here. She was almost hysterical with relief and joy,—and you know what a calm, self-controlled person she is. But

her dear round face has grown white, and her eyes behind her spectacles look as though she had not slept for nights. She says that Kitty will not see her. She sent her a note by Blanche to ask her to settle all the accounts, and told her that she should not say good-by,—it would be too agitating for them both. In two days she should hear. Meanwhile the maid Blanche is certainly going with Kitty; and the gondola is ordered for the Milan train this evening.

“2 P.M.—There is one thing that troubles me and I must confess it. I did not see that across Kitty’s letter in the corner was written, ‘Tell *nobody* about this letter.’ And Polly Lyster happened to be with me when it came. She has been *au courant* of the whole affair for the last fortnight; that is, as an onlooker. She and Kitty have only met once or twice since Mary reached Venice; but in one way or another she has been extraordinarily well informed. And, as I told you, she came to see me directly I arrived, and told me all she knew. You know her old friendship for us, William? She has many weaknesses, and of late I have thought her much changed, grown very hard and bitter. But she is always *very* loyal to you and me,—and I could not help betraying my feeling when Kitty’s note reached me. Mary came and put her arms round me, and I said to her: ‘Oh, Mary, thank God!—she’s broken with him! She’s going to Verona to-night on the way home!’ And she kissed me and seemed so glad. And I was very grateful to her for her sympathy, for I am beginning to feel my age, and this has been rather a strain. But I oughtn’t to have told her!—or anybody! I see of course what Kitty meant. It is incredible that Mary should breathe a word,—or if she did that it should reach that man. But I have just sent her a note to Danieli’s to warn her in the strongest way.

“Beloved son,—if indeed we save her,—we will be very good to her, you and I. We will remember her bringing up and her inheritance. I will be more loving—more like Christ. I hope He will forgive me for my harshness in the past. . . . My William!—I love you so. God be merciful to you and to your poor Kitty!”

"Will the Signora have her dinner outside or in the *salle-à-manger*?"

The question was addressed to Kitty by a little Italian waiter, belonging to the Albergo San Zeno at Verona, who stood bent before her, his white napkin under his arm.

"Out here, please,—and for my maid also."

The speaker moved wearily towards the low wall which bounded the foaming Adige, and looked across the river. Far away the Alps that look down on Garda glistened under the stars; the citadel on its hill, the houses across the river, were alive with lights; to the left the great medieval bridge rose, a dark ponderous mass, above the torrents of the Adige. Overhead, the little outside restaurant was roofed with twining vine-stems from which the leaves had fallen; colored lights twinkled among them and on the white tables underneath. The night was mild and still, and a veiled moon was just rising over the town of Juliet.

"Blanche!"

"Yes, my lady?"

"Bring a chair, Blanche, and come and sit by me."

The little maid did as she was told, and Kitty slipped her hand into hers with a long sigh.

"Are you very tired, my lady?"

"Yes,—but don't talk!"

The two sat silent, clinging to each other.

A step on the cobblestones disturbed them. Blanche looked up and saw a gentleman issuing from a lane which connected the narrow quay whereon stood the old Albergo San Zeno with one of the main streets of Verona.

There was a little cry from Kitty. The stranger paused,—looked—advanced. The little maid rose, half fierce, half frightened.

"Go, Blanche, go!" said Kitty, panting; "go back into the hotel."

"Not unless your ladyship wishes me to leave you," said the girl, firmly.

"Go at once!" Kitty repeated, with a peremptory gesture. She herself rose from her seat, and with one hand resting on the table, awaited the newcomer. Blanche looked at her, hesitated, and went.

Geoffrey Cliffe came to Kitty's side. As he approached her, his eyes fastened on the loveliness of her attitude, her fair head. In his own expression there was a visionary, fantastic joy; it was the look of the dreamer who, for once, finds in circumstance and the real, poetry adequate and overflowing.

"Kitty!—why did you do this?" he said to her, passionately, as he caught her hand.

Kitty snatched it away, trembling under his look. She began the answer she had devised while he was crossing the flagged quay towards her. But Cliffe paid no heed. He laid a hand on her shoulder, and she sank back powerless into her chair, as he bent over her.

"Cruel—cruel child, to play with me so! Did you mean to put me to a last test?—or did your hard little heart mis-give you at the last moment? I cross-examined your landlady,—I bribed the servants—the gondoliers.—Not a word! They were loyal—or you had paid them better. I went back to my hotel in black despair. Oh, you artist!—you plotter! Kitty,—you shall pay me this some day! And there—there on my table—all the time—lay your little crumpled note!"

"What note?" she gasped,— "what note?"

"Actress!" he said, with an amused laugh.

And cautiously, playfully, lest she should snatch it from him, he unfolded it before her.

Without signature and without date, the soiled half-sheet contained this message, written in Italian and in a disguised handwriting:

"Too many spectators. Come to Verona to-night. K."

Kitty looked at it, and then at the face beside her,—infused with a triumphant power and passion. She seemed to shrink upon herself, and her head fell back against one of the supports of the *pergola*. One of the blue lights from above fell with ghastly effect upon the delicate tilted face and closed eyes. Cliffe bent over her in a sharp alarm; and saw that she had fainted away.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

My Exile to Siberia

BY ISADOR LADOFF

YEARS ago I was one of the one hundred and twelve million subjects of the Czar of Russia—as a matter of fact, little better than a slave. A slave? Nay, worse than that, a slave of slaves. I was one of the thousands of political exiles that are buried alive in the arctic deserts of Eastern Siberia. Now I am a free citizen of the United States. What a marvellous transformation! Russia and the United States are antipodal. They belong not only to different hemispheres, but to different ages of history, culture, and civilization. Among all the nations of Christendom, Russia alone is governed by an absolute autocrat. The will of one man is the source of all law in Russia.

I was suspected by the government of the Czar of being one who wrote to outside newspapers against the Russian system of managing national affairs. I was accused and sentenced to exile in Siberia,—not by a jury of my peers, not by a regular or irregular court, not by an impartial or partial judge, but by the personal ukase or order of the Czar Alexander III.—that is, by the so-called administrative process. It took about a year to bring me to the place of my destination, a quarter of a degree beyond the arctic circle. I escaped after four years of death in life in Siberia.

“Does Mr. Ladoff live here?” asked a suspicious-looking man, entering the house of my parents one evening in August, 1884. “Yes, sir; my name is Ladoff,” replied I. “What do you wish?” The man coughed in obvious embarrassment, and vanished without making an answer. At the same moment a body of armed policemen and gendarmes surrounded the house. Gendarmes stationed themselves at the outer doors of the house, with swords in hands, allowing no one to enter or to go out. Half a dozen other gendarmes escorted their

captain and the assistants of the city attorney. The appearance of the captain was exceedingly military—his chest was magnificently developed, his long, silky mustache carefully curled, and his hair closely trimmed. The features of his handsome face were utterly expressionless and insignificant. His new uniform, and everything else about him, was neat, trim, and dashing. He was a typical Don Juan of the streets, and seemed to have just stepped out of the pages of a fashion journal.

“Excuse me, my dear sir,” said the captain to me, entering my room. “I have a very disagreeable duty to perform, as I have been ordered by my chief to make you a domiciliary visit. . . . I am sure I shall not find anything politically compromising, but there have been some suspicions directed against you. Will you kindly assist me in my task?” He smiled as he made this request, and began to search the house. This official visit took me as much by surprise as would a thunderbolt from a clear sky. My old father, suffering at that time from acute pneumonia, summoned up his last strength and arose from his bed. This silent, pale witness of the melancholy proceedings made the scene, if possible, more intensely painful. My poor mother lost her self-control entirely, and tried to persuade the captain of the gendarmes of my innocence. The gendarmes rummaged through all the belongings of my parents as well as of myself in the most unfeeling way. They paid especial attention to my books, letters, and papers. The assistant of the city attorney neither helped nor hindered the gendarmes in their work. He walked absent-mindedly through the rooms, as if the whole proceeding was none of his affair.

The gendarmes read carefully all my letters and papers and examined all my books thoroughly, but found very little compromising or suspicious from a po-

litical point of view. At the conclusion of the visit the captain showed me the written order of the chief of the gendarmes of the Livland district to arrest me.

"You see," said the captain to me, "I have strict orders, but if you acknowledge your crime, I will leave you unmolested, on condition that you go to Riga as a state's witness in the case against your former accomplices. Choose for yourself." I did not hesitate to make a total denial of all the charges preferred against me. My motives were simply these: First, I did not feel any remorse of conscience on account of my relations with the "free press," and did not want to play the part of hypocrite. Secondly, nothing could induce me to compromise any one politically. Thirdly, I did not put any faith in the assertions and promises of the captain.

My preparations were necessarily very short. It was late in the evening when I took leave of my parents and was thrown into the local dungeon. The gendarmes conducted me through a labyrinth of dark, low, narrow, and chilly passages to the so-called "Secret Corridor," where political offenders are usually incarcerated. The warden took me to a massive iron-clad door. His bunch of rusty keys rattled and clattered dismally as he opened the lock. I stepped into the cell. The door closed behind me with a harsh clang. Once more the bunch of keys rattled and clattered dismally, once more the lock turned; then the heavy steps of the warden died gradually away, and I was left alone. The deathlike silence of the prison at night; the deep Egyptian darkness; the damp, thick, pestilential air surrounding me; the filthiness of everything I touched in the room—all reminded me vividly of the grave. It took considerable time to accommodate my eyes to the dark sufficiently to get my bearings. The cell was nine feet long, seven feet wide, and about eleven feet high. But a faint light penetrated it through a little cleft near the ceiling. There was neither bed nor bench—nothing to lie or sit upon, except the slimy, filthy stone floor, until the warden brought in a bag of straw. The crumbling plaster covering the walls was ornamented with inscriptions, engraved by my unhappy predecessors. Lighting

a match, I proceeded to decipher them. One inscription made a deep impression upon my mind: "Do not deceive yourself with vain hopes. You will never regain your freedom."

The next morning two armed gendarmes took me to the railroad depot and placed me in an empty car. They watched me closely all the way. At some stations, where the train stopped an hour or more, they conducted me to separate rooms, where I found telegraphic messages had preceded me, designating me as a "political criminal," although there was no proof whatever of my guilt. On my arrival at Riga, the metropolis of the Livland district, I was at once brought before the chief of the gendarmes of the district, General Bets. He proved to be a very shrewd but exceedingly polite old gentleman of low stature. He invited me to take a chair, inquired how I had stood the journey, and offered me refreshments; I politely declined, being anxious to know of what crime I was accused and the general condition of affairs appertaining to my case. The general, eying me closely, sent the gendarmes out of the room and stated briefly what he knew about my alleged crime. He advised me to plead guilty at once. Said he: "The sailor Mensel, who recently brought you prohibited literature, has been captured, and is here in our local prison. He confessed everything, and told us all about you and your relations to the clandestine press. You see, Mr. Ladoff, there is no use denying facts. We know about your connections with the London press also. I have sent for Mensel, and expect him here every moment. Take a sheet of paper and write out a full declaration; otherwise you will only unnecessarily make things worse for yourself."

I accepted the proposition gladly. Now that I knew the actual condition of affairs, my way was clear before me. I wrote down quickly my deposition. I acknowledged everything that had been learned through the statements of Mensel, but was silent about everything else. The general followed me with great interest, looking over my shoulder as I wrote. Sometimes he interrupted with a question or remark to draw out a fuller explanation. At the same time he care-

fully examined all my confiscated papers in chronological order. He paid especial attention to my diaries, year after year. But when he came to my diary for the last year he hesitated a moment, and, to my utter surprise and delight, left it unexamined. I am inclined to think that a noble feeling induced him to leave my diary unopened. Be that as it may, I was saved much trouble by this act.

The room in which we were seemed to be the study of the general. It contained an excellent library, comprising the works of the leading European poets, thinkers, and scientists. After the conclusion of the examination the general said to me: "I see from your papers that you are interested in social, economical, and political problems. The government has no objection to that. It does object, however, to the carrying of certain ideas into the streets." He then declared me, till further orders, free from imprisonment, but under secret police surveillance. I signed an agreement not to leave town without notifying him. Such an act on the part of a Russian officer was extremely, exceptionally liberal.

The action of General Bets in my case was a rare exception. I was free, but surrounded by a host of spies, watching my every step. I was very careful not to give the gendarmes any pretext to molest me any more. From time to time I was summoned to appear before the general to give some replies or statements in my case.

Years passed. The general made me believe that my case would have no serious consequences. The time approached for me to serve as a soldier. I preferred the privileges and advantages of a volunteer to the chances of a common recruit, but my political untrustworthiness was in the way. I consulted the advice of the general, who kindly helped me to evade the law in this instance by his personal intervention. I served my few months as a volunteer, and came at last to the conclusion that my "crime" was entirely forgotten or ignored by the high authorities in St. Petersburg. How could I differently explain the four years of perfect silence? We are so ready to believe what we desire! I was often assured of my safety by the gen-

eral as we met on the street at the bathing resorts on the shore of the Baltic. "Do you think I could let you go around free if your case were considered a grave one by the authorities?" said he, time and again. I did not know whether the general was sincere, or whether he deceived me intentionally, but he treated me so well that I believed I was safe.

In May, 1886, I married and was happy. One cold January day I came later than usual from the chemical laboratory where I worked. Before I was through with my supper, a police officer rang the bell, came in, and invited me to appear before the local chief of police. Since I had complained to the chief of police a few days before on account of some trouble caused us by our landlord, I went, thinking this was the reason of the summons. My wife was nevertheless troubled by a vague presentiment of threatening disaster. The officer led me up a narrow, steep, and dark staircase to the dingy and filthy office of the police, located in the old City Hall. The scantily furnished room was full of supplicants, patiently awaiting the arrival of the chief.

I asked a lean and elderly Pole, acting as secretary of the police master, the cause of my summons. "You will find it out early enough," he replied, dryly, not deigning me even a look. Soon I was called into the private office of the police master. Without any preliminaries the latter read to me an official paper, the contents of which, in spite of my best endeavors, I could not grasp in their full meaning. I understood, however, that by personal ukase of the Czar I had been arrested and was to be sent into exile to Siberia. In my despair I could only ask the officer to let my wife know about my fate. This was promised; I was taken down into the basement, where the dungeon was located. After the usual questions as to my name, age, standing, business, religion, and so on, I was searched, and everything found on me, among them my wedding-ring and watch, was taken.

I will not relate how I spent the rest of that day and night. The next morning I was called to the office of the dungeon. My wife was there. What a meeting was that! She was soon to give birth to our first and only child. The thought

that she would be left alone and that I would perhaps never see my child was too much for her shattered nerves. She fainted.

The captain of the "étape" soldiers gave his command, and the party of prisoners to which I belonged was surrounded. We were counted and marched to the railroad station. There we were counted once more and placed in special cars. The thick iron bars in the windows, the armed sentinels in the car, the seemingly homogeneous gray mass of my fellow travellers—everything reminded me that I was a prisoner. I said "the seemingly homogeneous." On the contrary, after a short period of careful observation the prisoners proved to be a rather mottled body of people, belonging to different nationalities, different classes, and different occupations. Beside a gray veteran of the great army of professional criminals, who had spent nearly all his life in prisons, was sitting a young peasant whose only crime consisted in not having rendered his passport in due time. A little farther I noticed a degraded Polish nobleman, a picturesque Caucasian, a Tartar in his Oriental garb, a Polish Jew, a gipsy, and some individuals of doubtful extraction. They did not seem to be at all distressed by their fate. The force of habit and the change from the dead monotony of everyday prison life to the comparatively more diversified life of travel were the causes of their high spirits. They conversed constantly with each other, cracked jokes, and behaved themselves very much like ordinary travellers of the lower class of people. Only the ugly prison garments and the chains that fastened their hands and feet reminded me of their real conditions.

The prisoners did not carry any food, and from the start had to buy bread and herrings from the soldiers that guarded them, which they ate with the appetite of wolves. In spite of the strict prohibition, brandy was smuggled into the wagons by some of the guards, and in consequence there was a very lively time in the moving prison.

Our real pilgrimage, our weary march of two thousand miles, began at one of the ancient cities—Tomsk. Happily it

was spring—reviving spring in the virgin Siberian forest, or "taiga." The green meadows and blooming bushes, the transparent, quietly flowing waters of the mighty rivers, the balsamlike air, and the clear skies, all had the effect of making the plodding journey bearable—nay, sometimes even pleasant. One thing was undeniably tiresome—the little "moshka," or gray marsh-fly, which filled the air in myriads, and attacked both man and beast in a most bloodthirsty way. The pest of higher latitudes, the mosquito, is by far preferable.

The train of prisoners formed a dreary contrast to surrounding nature: on the one hand the azure of the sky, the emerald green of the vegetable world, the harmoniously variegated mosaic of the flowers, the silvery springs and brooks; on the other, the ugly, shapeless, gray capuches and clanking chains of miserable men, cruelly treated by fate, often deeply degraded, physically and morally crippled by unjust and unnatural conditions of life. The men marched in front of the train in an irregular crowd, raising clouds of dust, with their rude slippers and long capuches. Behind them followed rude wagons, crowded with the children and women of the party. The children and the women! More miserable beings than these poor creatures the vivid fancy of a Dante Alighieri could hardly create. The wagons loaded with the baggage of the prisoners closed the train. An armed body of soldiers surrounded all.

The train reminded me sometimes of a funeral procession. It moved very slowly, and very often stopped altogether, because of the irregular motion of the different parts of the train. Sometimes the cause was of a more serious nature, as the death of a sick child. The unhappy mothers expressed their grief by loud crying, while the men bore their affliction in morbid silence. The rest of the company showed no sympathy whatever. They were too much used to such scenes, or valued life too little. We had to average eighteen miles a day, walking two days in succession and resting the third.

I might describe a typical scene, which repeated itself nearly every second day with trifling variations. At the end of each day's travel we stopped at the im-

provised barracks called "étapes." These barracks are built all along the great Siberian road, usually at the farther end of a village, and surrounded by a wooden wall forming a yard. The captain in charge of the étape and his soldiers had their quarters in one of the buildings. As the party approached the étape, it was divided into rows, containing an equal number of prisoners, and counted. When the last row was finished and nobody found missing, the gates of the yard were opened and the prisoners rushed forward, pushing each other violently each trying to get ahead of the rest, some trampling their fellow sufferers under their feet, all acting as if the salvation of their souls depended upon their speedy entrance into the prison. The real cause of this haste was the lack of room in the étape and buildings. Every one was bent on securing for himself the *jus primæ occupandi* to one of the benches of the barracks. Woe to him who came too late, or had the misfortune to fall under the feet of the surging crowd!

My journey from Irkutsk, *viâ* Jakutsk and Verchojansk, to middle Kolymsk, the place of my final destination, was accomplished on reindeers and dogs, and lasted about three months. My life in exile in "Darkest Siberia," a quarter of a degree beyond the arctic circle, may serve as a subject of a separate paper. After four and a half years of "death in life" in the arctic wilderness of the least populated and most distant part of Eastern Siberia, I left Russia for good.

On my escape in 1891 from exile in the remotest part of arctic Siberia, and while on my way to the United States, I crossed clandestinely the Russo-Prussian frontier with a party of fugitive Poles, Jews, Germans, and other step-children of the "Little Father"—the Czar. I met the party on a bright August morning in the small town of Skudy in the province Minsk. The outward appearance of the exiles bore witness to their past sufferings, especially that of the women and children; but they were full of hope: it could be read in their pale and haggard faces, which seemed to me to express at the same time feelings of sadness and of joy, to mingle tears and smiles.

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In the crowd of small burghers, traders, and working-men I found three belonging to the higher class, so far as I could judge by their clothing and manners, and I hastened to make their acquaintance. One of them was the professor of natural science in the Riga high school (or gymnasium, as it is called in Russia); another, a Polish nobleman and landowner in the Witebsk government; the third, a contractor of Jewish extraction. They seemed at first glance to be so much unlike each other that one could hardly believe them all to have been born and reared in the same country. The German professor was of medium stature. His rosy-cheeked round face and bright blue eyes were in peculiar contrast with his short gray hair. The Pole was tall, and his pale physiognomy showed the traits peculiar to the descendants of old families. His gray eyes and almost colorless lips were witnesses to a life of privation, suffering, and strife. The contractor was a tall old man, with his back slightly bent. His open and fine features, peculiar to Oriental princes, and his deep, dark, exceedingly sad eyes could not fail to make a striking impression.

I joined the party at a small inn—a dirty, noisy place, full of people of questionable appearance and of all kinds. I and all the other emigrants were besieged with propositions from local "agents" "to lead us across the frontier safely." These smugglers paid especial attention to the professor, the landowner, the contractor, and myself, for obvious reasons. They suggested that we go separately from the crowd, but we wisely preferred to make our escape with the whole party. The competition between the local smugglers was so strong that they quarrelled among themselves, the quarrel resulting at last in hand-to-hand fighting. The bargaining of the agents with the party of emigrants lasted a whole day. The amount of money each emigrant had to pay to the smugglers for their services varied according to the number of the members of his family and the quantity of his baggage, but did not exceed five rubles (about three dollars).

At nine o'clock in the morning the luggage of the party was put upon the wagons and we left for the last village

on the frontier—Krettingen. We moved on very slowly, as if by stealth, through the barren country. In Krettingen we found another party of emigrants, that came on the previous day, but for some unknown reason could not pass the frontier the same night. Late in the evening of the next day about one hundred and fifty emigrants left Krettingen. We moved on still slower than before, not unlike a funeral procession. The smugglers seemed to grow more and more restless as we approached the frontier. Horsemen came and went in the darkness of the night, bringing or taking messages.

The sky was overcast, and it began to rain as we reached the last Russian settlement. The smugglers disappeared, leaving their wards in charge of a Lithuanian peasant, who acted as a guide. He was a robust young fellow, with a rich crown of flaxy, unkempt hair on his round head, was clad in a gray, broad cloak, and was barefooted. The guide ordered the party to proceed in a regular column, the men ahead, the women next, the children behind. We marched on alternately over marshes, across ditches, and through underbrush, over roads that had been washed by the rain. The clayey soil formed a slippery, sticky mass, clinging to the feet, and making progress a difficult task for the weary and excited travellers. The children, on the arms of their poor mothers, shivered with the cold. It was impossible to quiet them. In spite of all the endeavors of the wretched women, the shrill cry of the wretched babes sounded in the dead silence of the night.

The guide marched in the first line and tried to keep the party in military order, but in vain. Each constantly attempted to break from the line and get ahead of his fellow travellers, as if pursued by some evil spirit. The guide unceremoniously struck the too impatient refugees with his mighty fists, but it restrained them only for a moment. The fugitives kept running ahead of each other like a confused flock of sheep, as if their lives depended on gaining a few more steps. The tracks being narrow and hardly passable for five persons abreast, the mad throng assumed the aspect of a struggle for life. The violence seemed

hardly to be noticed by the fugitives, whose minds seemed altogether absorbed by one fixed idea—to gain as quickly as possible the coveted frontier and be beyond the reach of the Russian guard.

"Halt!" suddenly ordered the guide. We stopped and laid ourselves flat on the muddy soil. The guide kicked down those of the party that, in their unreasoning torpor, did not at once realize the full meaning of his command. In a moment all was quiet. Even the children and babes seemed to instinctively feel that danger was at hand, and were quiet for a moment. The sound of a horse's hoofs was distinctly heard, and soon a mounted sergeant of the Russian guard of the frontier appeared like a ghost on the scene.

"Good evening, fellows!" greeted the soldier, good-naturedly, and rode forward, paying no further attention to the refugees. He was obviously used to such encounters and preferred not to meddle in them. Was he paid by the smugglers, or was he too humane to attack unfortunate, unarmed fugitives? There was no time to solve such problems, and we marched on with renewed and vigorous energy. We were only a few steps from the frontier. The Prussian Krettingen was already dimly visible, and we silently congratulated ourselves.

But at the moment we prepared to take the last steps on the soil of the Czar, a thundering "Halt, you fellows, or I shall shoot!" made us arrest our steps. Before us was standing, as if sprung miraculously from the soil, a soldier from the Russian guard, holding a short rifle and ready to fire. To describe our feelings is almost impossible. We were petrified with despair. The guard alone preserved some presence of mind, as was shown by an attempt to run away. But the officer caught him by the collar.

"How much were you paid? Tell me quick and do not lie about it." "God forbid!" muttered the guide, well-nigh frightened to death; "only three rubles." And he crossed himself in testimony of the truthfulness of his assertion. The soldier pushed him away contemptuously, and the peasant took to his heels, heeded by no one.

"Each of you, you cursed —, has to pay me three rubles, and at once, or I

will summon the guards," said the soldier, still keeping the gun in readiness. The money was collected rapidly and handed to him. The sight of the heap of greasy paper money only increased the greediness of the faithful servant of the Czar. He asked for a collection of double the amount he had already received. This time the collection went on much more slowly. The emigrants were poor, and many a ruble was borrowed from a richer fellow sufferer in order to escape the clutches of the guard. After placing the money in his capacious pocket, the villain made preparation to shoot and alarm the rest of the guards. A woman with a baby on her arm, standing near, noticed it first. She fell on her knees, and covering the hands of the soldier with kisses and tears, asked him piteously: "Little Father, do not do it! Have mercy! Look at me! Look at the baby! We are harmless, unfortunate people!"

The guard pushed her rudely away and fired. In a moment we were surrounded by an armed force and driven back like cattle. Overnight we were placed in a barn. There was no place to sleep, none even to sit down; we had no protection from the cold, no protection from the rain that incessantly fell.

The next morning I was called before the chief of the guard. I appeared in his office covered with mud, as unkempt and dirty as a savage. The officer excused himself politely. "I am sorry the boys treated you as the rest," he said. "I did not know anything about the affair until now. The fools did not wake me up in the night. How did you get into this somewhat mixed society?"

I tried to explain my illegal way of crossing the frontier by business motives, and stated briefly the proceedings of the foregoing night, denouncing the conduct of his subordinate who took bribery. "The soldier cannot be punished for taking the bribe," replied the officer. "According to our law he has the right to keep the money if he only does his duty in spite of it, and he did so. You know," he added, "we soldiers do not make the laws; we obey them even if we do not approve."

The party was sent to Krettingen. The Polish nobleman, the professor, the

contractor, and myself were sent separately from the rest and quartered in a clean room connected with the local police station. We had clean beds, plenty of air, and good food. We enjoyed even the privilege of a walk in the company of a good-natured policeman. The other emigrants were locked up with common criminals in the filthy, dark, and cold local jail until the return of the chief of police from his vacation. The reason why my friends and I were treated so leniently was explained by the talkative police clerk. He said that we were supposed to be officers of the government, sent to investigate the condition of affairs on the frontier. It was not to our interest to deny it, so we tried to keep up appearances. The clerk was in the confidence of the chief of police, and at the same time our friend. He told us all about his chief and his talk with him about us. The worthy chief was perfectly willing to send the crowd of emigrants away after having taken from them as much money as possible, but he had some doubts about me and my friends.

The greed for money, however, overweighed all other considerations; the chief took our bribes and let us go free. The other emigrants, robbed of their last copeck, wretched and discouraged, dispersed in different directions. Very few of them had the courage and means to once more try their luck in crossing the frontier. Most of them tramped home with their destitute, sick wives and children, to their cold hearths, living during their journey on the contributions of charitable people. The professor, the Polish nobleman, the contractor, and I managed to bribe the commander of the custom-house and pass the frontier unmolested, lifting the iron chains that divide Russia from Prussia in broad daylight. It was my first and last bribe.

It was a strange feeling that overwhelmed me when I first stepped upon foreign soil. Nobody asked my name, age, religion, business, passport, or anything else. No policeman, gendarme, or other officer took notice of me. Behind me was Russia, with her corrupt and tyrannical government, with her prisons and her Siberia. Before me was the beautiful free world.

“An Amazing Belief”

BY MRS. HENRY DUDENEY

ALL the tiny fishing-village was saying—“if, supposing.”

The world was coming to an end this very night—the newspapers said so. They were simple people, the fisher-folk; simple and primitive, with strong, faithful emotions. They believed everything that the newspapers said—particularly the Sunday ones. They bound them up in their trustful hearts with the Bible.

The world comes to an end to-night. Yes—to-night! *If* it comes! *Supposing* it comes! They threw these two words—“if, supposing”—from one to the other. While the cheerful sun remained high in the July heavens, they threw them with a laugh—like golden balls. But when Night took its large, slow step across the agitated sea, they said—“if, supposing,” and set each word with a groan.

At dusk these neighbors gathered in the churchyard. They had a fixed idea that the judgment-day would be local; that it would make a particular pause at each village—as the circus did every year, on the last Monday in May, on its way from busy Dunchester. The churchyard was a fitting place in which to wait; there was a tincture of awfulness in it, and also one was near the dead—they were all deeply stirred by the valiance which the living feel for the helpless, majestic dead. Sometimes they stared at the graves, and sometimes they raised their startled eyes to the sky—for a sign.

It had been such a sweet, long summer day. In the minds of all was a vague feeling of injury, of regret, of impotent rebellion—because this fair old world was coming to its end.

At dusk, the air grew hotter; from time to time, thunder snarled in the mysterious distance. Far down, below the harsh cliffs, little waves came tearing in to shore—afraid. The country round looked flat and artificial in the lurid light, in the unnatural calm; it

looked like toy country. The only movement was the pink flap of little careless pinafores as children rolled about in their play. At every shout, a mother turned her head and looked yearningly over the churchyard wall. They were to be judged too—these innocents. God only knew what sins they had committed in their play.

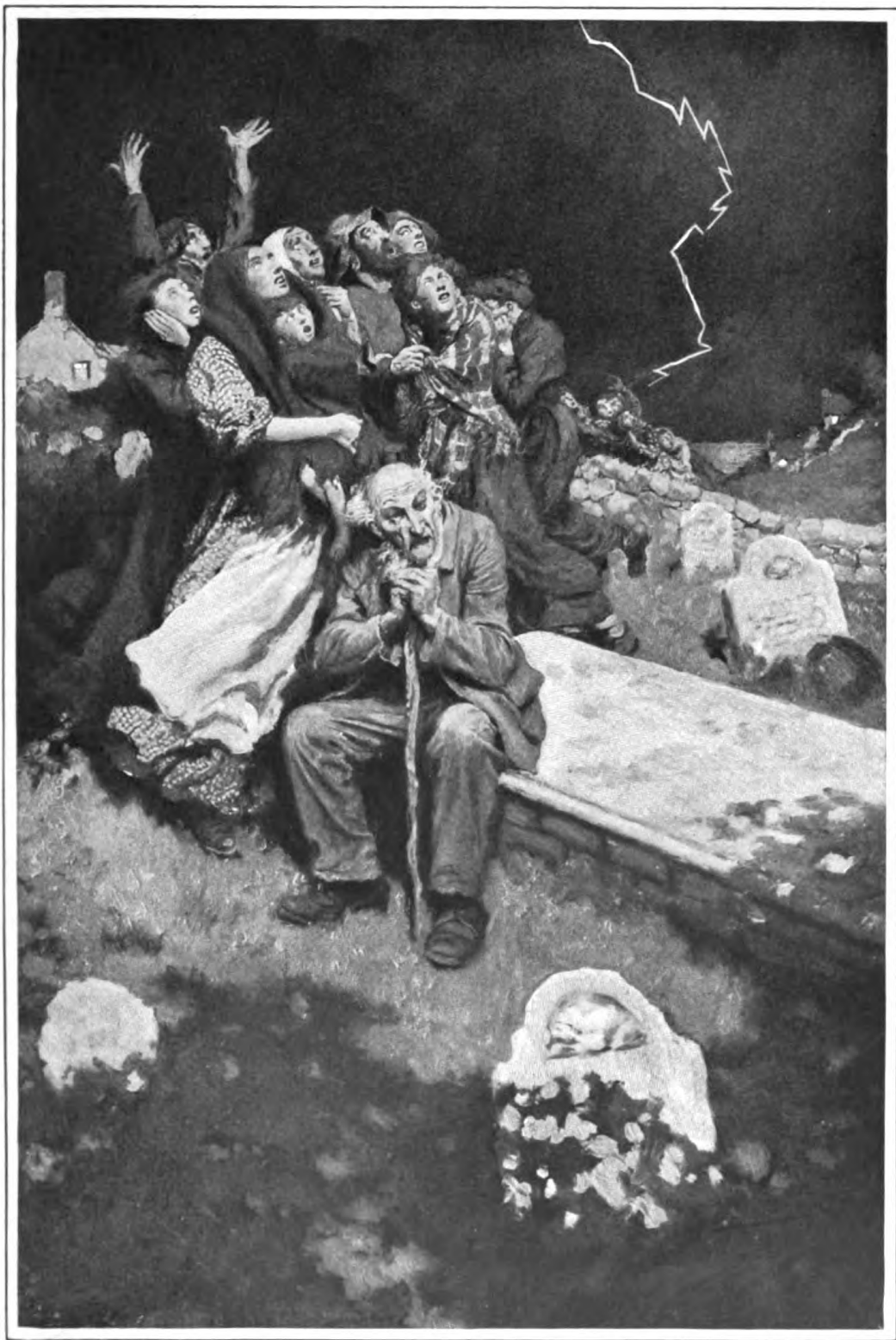
Sins! They were afraid. Sins! They came up close and shut out light. People remembered everything that the Bible had said about a last day. Each eye looked on its neighbors and saw no longer simple men and women, the accustomed forms of daily life, but sheep and goats, most grotesque. Sins! How would the balance be thrown, and would one be set on the right hand or on the left?

As night came nearer, mothers called their children in from play. They called harshly, snappishly, with that simulated anger which covers agonized tenderness. They gathered them in their arms and about their skirts as they stood staring at the violent sky. Those who were not mothers, who had been denied the gift most exquisite—blessing and curse together blended,—leaned against their husbands; or, failing a husband, against the firm shoulder of the man they loved best. No one made any concealment of preference to-night. It was the last night—of this life. The next life? Who knew?

One might now be quite natural, might drop the mask. Every glance exchanged became a confession.

Amos Hazeldean, the village ancient—a man born in Waterloo year,—occupied the place of honor. He sat on the flat, moss-grown slab of a seventeenth-century altar-tomb.

“If sure be the world *do* come to a end,” he said, “it ’ull be on account o’ they motor-cars. Every time a gent goes bouncin’ by, he draws the judgment nearer. It’s them motes what’s brought the end so unaccountable close. The



Half-tone plate engraved by G. F. Smith

THEY STOOD STARING AT THE VIOLENT SKY

Bible do tell as how, afore the last day, the people shall run about on the face of the earth and knowledge shall be increased."

"But some ses, Marster Hazeldean, as it's all on account of a comet off Beachy Head," faltered a matron.

Amos had a handful of gravel which he had scooped up from the side of the path. He kept casting stones on the graves and mumbling memories of those who slept there.

"This 'ere burying-ground 'ull hardly hold all the press o' people," he said, thoughtfully.

The neighbors huddled round him. He inspired confidence—because he did not care. He was old and cold. He dared to be jocular. He had lived so long, he felt nothing.

"I've never done no wrong act in all my life," he said, placably. "I'm ready for the end. But I would ha' liked my grandson Shallum to have his fling fust. He's a sight too mild-mannered, be Shallum. I left 'un a writin' hard in the parlor. I do hope as he'll step out afore it all begins."

"Here be Sarah Heath," said some one, craning a neck.

There was a movement of relief—at the prospect of a diversion. Anything was welcome that stirred this awful night.

The last night! As they stood and watched, the sky grew more violent—because the great sun was dying—a last death. Nevermore would this poor world be fairylike with dawning.

Sarah came running towards the lighthouse. She pushed it open; she seemed to tumble in. She appeared a neat figure in a servant's livery of neat black and white. She was parlor-maid up at the big house a mile away. Her white apron, the ghostly, fluttering streamers of her cap, threw an odd air of primness about this untidy assembly of blue-jerseyed fishermen and slatternly wives.

"I made up my mind as I'd die among neighbors," she panted.

"You bain't to die," Amos told her, with some irritation. "We be the quick as the Creed tells on. Them"—he flung his last stone at a green mound which boasted none—"be the dead."

Sarah's eyes leapt through the crowd.

They blazed with the piteous ardor of her search.

"Where's Caleb?" she cried, shrilly, at last. "Ain't none o' you had the mercy to fetch Caleb out o' his cottage?"

She looked round at the languid men, each one with a pipe, half smoked, hanging laxly between the fingers. She looked at Amos with his withered face.

"Theer ain't no call to worret about Caleb," he said, severely. "He be damned to everlastin', for certain sure. He be one o' they misfortinit ones as 'ull call on the hills to cover 'un. An' all your thought this night did orter be o' my grandson Shallum."

"Shallum?"

She repeated the name vaguely. She had forgotten. And yet Shallum had been doggedly courting her this two years past. He had courted her ever since Caleb, her first sweetheart, had been tried for his life, for the murder of a coast-guard'sman—and acquitted for lack of final evidence.

"Shallum?"

She put up one hand and pushed back her cap and her silly flaxen mop of curled hair. The suddenly bared brow lent her a quick look of age, of wildness, of ugliness. She wasn't comely any more.

One of the women shook her shoulder.

"You mind Shallum Hazeldean, the wheelwright? Why, here he be."

They made a path for Shallum to approach. He was a big fellow—unwieldily big for one so young. He wore on his head a paper cap, the mark of his trade, and all about him there hung the ugly smell of new wood.

There was something awful about Shallum the wheelwright this night—a terror larger even than the coming judgment. Something had shrivelled him, had set a blight on him. Even his grandfather, aged beyond all violent emotion, made a slow movement of amazement, threw a searching glance.

"Shallum!" said Sarah—remembering him when she saw him and breathing in a big, frightened way,—“I'm glad you've come."

"Shallum," said the grandfather in his slow, piping fashion, "hev you done writin', my lad?"

"Ay," returned the younger man, with a long shudder. "I'm done."

They could all see for themselves how white he was—the biggest coward who stood there. He drew the girl to him; he flung back his head and looked first at the strong tower of the church and then at the sky which had turned to blood. It was the blood of the sun.

"We'll be judged together, you an' me, Sarah," he said, hoarsely, speaking with an effort so acute that all the neighbors marvelled. "An' Him what opens the gurt book shall weigh all out—for an' agenst!"

"You've niver done nobody no ill, Shallum, my dear," quavered the grandfather, with something like scorn in his wicked old voice. "You be too mild-mannered—a sight too mild-mannered for a big chap. You be too gurt a scholar for sin. Pens an' ink, they chills a strong man's blood, as I've bin telled."

Shallum was dragging at the collar of his cotton shirt.

"The heat!" he gasped. "It chokes a man. Let me set my foot on a gravestone. All hell-fire creeps up through the ground."

He dropped along the altar-tomb, beside old Amos. He crouched far back on it, pushed back his dirty cap, and swung his feet like a child.

Sarah stared vaguely out towards the sea. Caleb lived in a cottage which clung at the edge of the cliff like a water-bird's bold nest. He lived in a cottage which was presided over by one crooked fir-tree. This could be seen from the churchyard. She let her yearning glance travel. The solitary plume of the fantastic tree gave her courage.

"Shallum," she said, in a voice that thrilled with command, "if sure be you *truly* loves me, goo an' fetch Caleb."

She let her arms fall wide apart; she spread her red hands. Exquisite softness became instilled into her face and voice. She stood among the gravestones—a symbol of eternal youth.

"No, no, let Caleb bide where he be,"—there came a growl of protesting voices. "He ain't fit to be judged side by side wi' we. There's blood on his hands."

Amos watched the girl's quivering lip and large nostrils. He gave a far-away senile smile at the sight of such passion. His frail old body quivered on his knob-

by ash stick, and his toothless mouth twisted with scorn.

"The judge an' jury let 'un off," he admitted—and they all listened with respect to the dictum of this man who went back to Waterloo year; "but if Caleb had bin innercent, he wouldn't fear to show his face among neighbors. Now, as you all knows, he don't offen set foot beyant the cottage."

"Shallum!" Sarah turned her back on heartless age. "If you truly loves me, goo an' fetch poor Caleb. Suffer me to stand hand in hand with him when the gurt Book opens."

She started to weep, and they were all sullenly angry with her for overloading this dramatic occasion. Wasn't it enough to know that the end approached, that the skies were already preparing to roll away forever? The skies! Yes—and the sweet green earth beneath one's foot. Did any one want to be bothered with sweethearts?

Shallum crawled up from the altar-tomb. He put out his hands appealingly, and Sarah took them—helping him to stand upon his feet.

He stood up. They saw him lift his feet, first one, then the other. The earth burned him.

"I'll fetch Caleb," he said, "if you'll kiss me first, my dear."

He turned a frightful face to his astonished neighbors. "It 'ull be the first she's ever give, for all our two years' walking out together," he said—and the women felt sorry for him, scornful of him and furious with this too chaste Sarah.

They were in deadly terror of all that the night was going to bring, but they still retained emotions for unfortunate love.

"It 'ull be the first kiss and the last," said Amos, nodding his head like a mandarin and leering. "Theer won't be no givin' in marriage, Shallum."

Sarah gave this wild lover her lips—gave them solemnly, readily. It was exchanged—the kiss. There was neither passion in it, tenderness, nor desire. It was a bribe on one side, relinquishment on the other. The red sky lighted it. The thunder, like a gun, announced it. The gray church, that had stood nigh on a thousand years, that had seen births

and deaths and bridals until it was weary, gave this kiss its blessing.

Shallum walked away, walked on tip-toe, lifting each leg grotesquely high. And yet for all his limping, his almost comic gait, there was something peculiarly horrible about Shallum as he walked. He carried a burden heavier than all the others. The neighbors, distracted by their own terrors, watched him go towards the sea, towards Caleb's lonely cottage with the crooked tree. And they asked themselves what had happened to Shallum the wheelwright.

Tragedy, horror, all the things that startle and shake humanity; all the terrors that one vaguely dreams of, yet never really knows,—these accompanied Shallum. He seemed to walk away in a crowd of strange and dreadful shapes. They gave dignity to him and impressiveness—yes, even to the rustic lurch of his big legs, to the absurd, slow, and gingerly lifting of his large feet.

Shallum went towards the sea. Directly he came in sight of water he hurried. Water was cool. Dives had called for water when he looked up to Paradise and saw the beggar in Abraham's bosom. When he came to Caleb's cottage with its crooked tree, he trembled. He looked on the faintly waving, sombre plumes of this old fir. It was a tradition with the villagers that it had long ago been blasted by the devil: they believed in the devil as a personage of tangible and mischievous works, and they blamed the fir-tree for Caleb's crime. If he had not lived in the shadow of the accursed tree he would never have murdered the coast-guardsmen.

Shallum paused. He leaned against the rough trunk. He put his arm round it and trembled all the more. He looked towards the fast-shut door of the cottage, beneath which was a thread of candle-light. He looked down at the palpitating waves—they were afraid; everything was afraid to-night, and small wonder. He looked up at the heavens—bereft forever of the sun.

This was a devil's tree. His arm curved round it. He quivered. A queer light played on his face.

"I've throwed in my lot wi' devils," he said, and then stumbled forward and tapped at the cottage door.

There was no answer and he walked in. Caleb was sitting by the hearth; one of those open hearths that look so gaunt in summer-time. His head was down and his hands were idle. All about him there hung the sad air of a solitary man, the touching misery of an outcast.

The cottage room was slovenly—a fisherman's lonely dwelling; the mere sleeping-place of a man whose true home was a boat. It was close, with a smell of fish and seaweed and wet sand—that alluring smell which piques the landsman and gives him a fierce longing for a fuller breath of it. Hearts turn to the fathomless sea. It is one of the unerring instincts.

Caleb was young; yellow-haired and brown-skinned. He had a face that Nature made for mirth, and Circumstance had cruelly branded with the mark of an outlaw. His expression did not fit him; it hung ill on him—like somebody else's coat. But to-night, as Shallum instantly saw, there was a strange new calm about him. He looked placid—almost joyous. Yet this was the judgment-night.

Shallum dropped down on a seaman's chest beneath the window. His head and his hands danced—with terror, with anticipation. He knew quite well what he had come for. His feet danced, as he constantly lifted and shifted them. He was like a great doll; a very clever mechanical doll that can do all sorts of things.

"Aren't you afeard, Caleb?" he asked at last, looking up cunningly at the other man's peaceful face, at the faint secure smile which hung on his lip. "It's judgment-night, to-night."

"Ay," returned Caleb, with a tremendous sigh. "So it be. I read up all the signs."

He doubled his brown fist, then struck it violently on a big open Bible that lay on the little table.

"Sarah Heath," continued Shallum, growing at every moment more ghastly, "she sent me to bring you into the churchyard. All the village be gathered there. You got to come an' be judged among neighbors, Caleb. It 'ull be more homely."

There was artful restraint in his voice. Neither his heart nor his brain ministered to his cautious lip. *This* was not

what he had come to say; no neighborly errand bounded his intentions at any quarter. Yet he had not quite made up his mind. If! Supposing! If—after all—the newspapers were wrong? Supposing this wasn't the dreadful judgment-night, after all?

Caleb shook his head.

"I'll bide where I be," he said, with much simplicity—with more of that odd anticipatory joy in his quiet voice.

As he spoke there suddenly came the most awful, the most sinister, clap of thunder. It shook the cottage. It made the two men jump to their feet and stare deep at each other.

When the world was quiet again and the frail house gave over quivering, Caleb pushed open the window. The beseeching murmur of the timid sea crept in and a broad flash of lightning lit up the two faces—one glowing at the prospect of restored innocence, the other frenzied for his soul.

"Look!" cried Caleb. "Look acrost the seas. In a little while the righteous God 'ull drop from heaven. I got the Bible open at the place."

He stopped to trace his broad thumb along a line, and then raising himself, threw up his wonderful eyes to the sky and struck his huge hard hands gleefully together.

"Ay, Shallum, it's judgment-night an' we'll all be there. The judge and jury what tried me, an' that poor coast-guardsmen chap, an' the man what murdered 'un. An' I'll git my rights back at last."

He was smiling. He showed his flashing teeth. Everything about him flashed—his eyes, his teeth, his vibrant happy voice. He looked young and boyish—in the mood to toss his cap and shout.

Shallum could only stare, as he sat and watched—holding his knees apart, gripping the tips of his toes on the damp, flagged floor. This was a transformed Caleb. This was not the man who, for two years, had gone sullenly among his neighbors, throwing neither word nor look.

"Caleb," he said, getting the word out with a shocking effort, because his tongue was so large; because it was dry, like the wood in his wheelwright's shop; because its root swelled and tried to throttle him.

"Caleb!"

There was a bolt of lightning, wriggling in jagged fire across the room, followed by crashing thunder that stopped him. And then came silence and darkness—only the sound of little waves and the pale light of one poor candle.

Shallum was now on his knees—the final attitude: of penitence, of utter despair.

"Caleb! I done it. I killed the coast-guardsmen."

There was silence. There was the heavy air of confession. The tiny cottage became a sacristy. The marvellous light of justice—well on the way—was stronger than before on Caleb. He stood smiling and joyous and innocent, his head flung back, one coarse hand uplifted.

Shallum blundered up from his knees. His big limbs were an outrage in the small room; he could no longer control them—he seemed to strike every corner. He rose up stiffly and fell on to the chest beneath the open window. He sat there panting, his mouth open, his tongue caught in his teeth.

He licked his dry white lip. He laughed. It was awful mirth; it fitted well with the awful night. He began to talk. He grew calmer. He settled himself. He experienced the pride of the confessed criminal, he indulged in the criminal's garrulity. His deed all at once seemed large, heroic—almost creditable—now that he had told it.

"Grandfather says I be too mild-mannered a man, but—but—I'll tell you how I done it, Caleb; I'll tell you why I done it. I got it all writ down at home, but you won't live to read the paper. We'll all be burned up like a rubbish-heap in autumn-time, afore so very long. I'll tell you jest how I—"

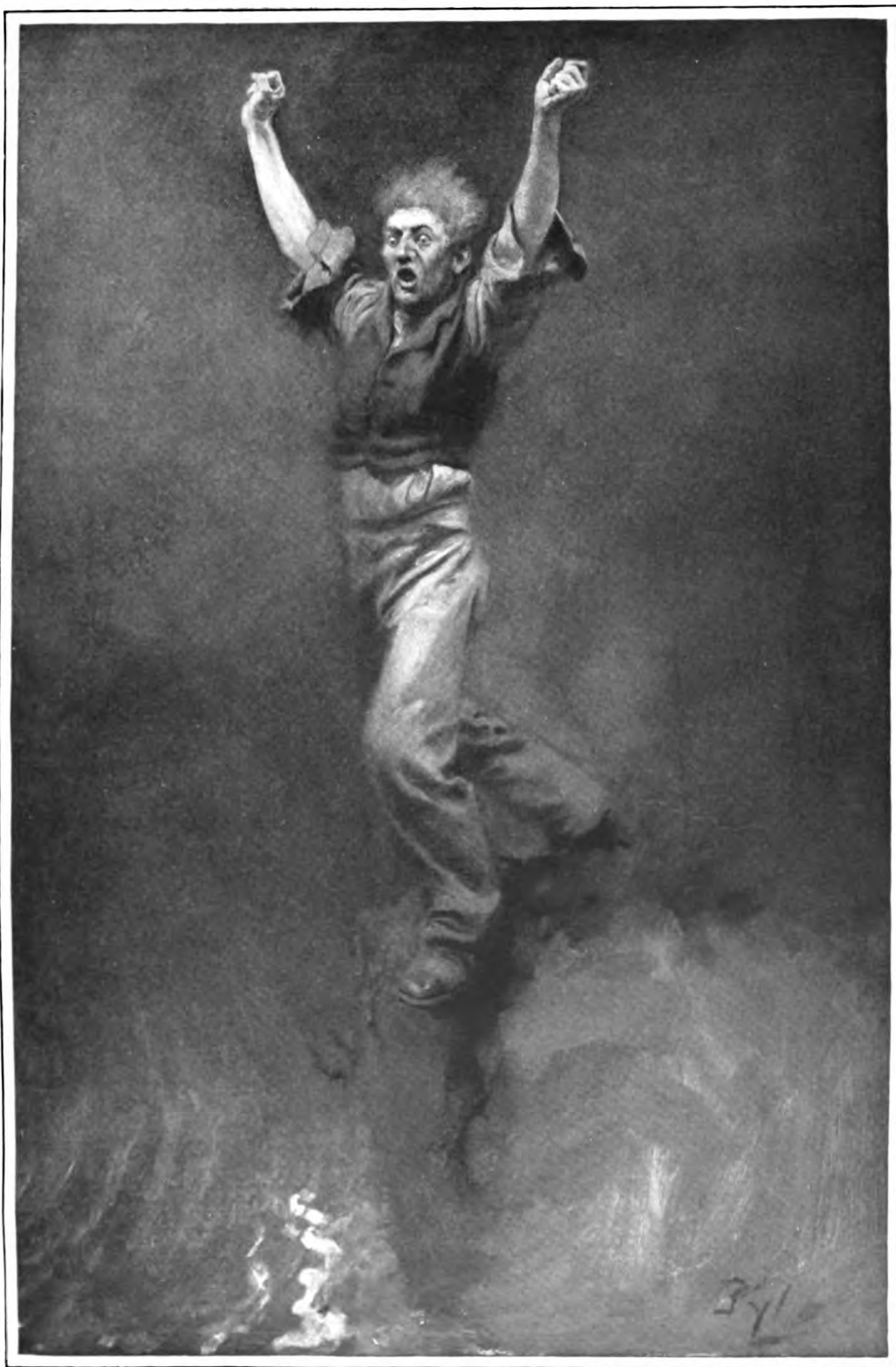
He broke off—listening, trembling.

There was the trip of light feet outside. The door began to open—slowly, timidly. Sarah showed herself; an odd enough figure—prim in her dress, wild in her face and gesture.

She ran to Caleb; never even seeing Shallum.

"See, dearie," she said, with a sob and a scream in her voice, "I'm come. I run all the way. I was so afeard as judgment 'ud overtake me."

Caleb was looking at her. He loved



WITH A CRY SHALLUM FLUNG UP HIS ARMS AND JUMPED

her. Yet to-night he was lifted above all crippling earthly affection. The rapt silence that saints wear covered him.

"You never done it, Caleb."

She lifted his fingers and savagely kissed them—just that ardent savagery which the mothers in the churchyard had shown towards their helpless children.

"There's no blood on 'em, Caleb, not one drop."

With her last word came the fearful thunder. It broke over the house. It seemed to crash and scrunch everything. It took up the round world like a paper shape.

Shallum, never looking at the other two, any more than they had looked at him, or even remembered that he sat there, dashed out at the door.

He rushed away—into the Nowhere; away from the righteous God.

Far down beneath the cliffs—white cliffs, peaked cliffs, all in different shapes like the varying features of dead men come to judgment—beneath the cliffs was

water. Water was cool. Water had been denied to Dives. With a cry, as the lightning died and left only tender summer mist and darkness, Shallum flung up his arms and jumped.

Morning came—trembling—across the sea. Night fled away—ashamed of its terrors, repenting itself of a hysterical outburst. There was nothing in the peaceful sky but blue patches and little singing birds. The triumphant sun arose. He laughed at the group in the graveyard.

And on the altar-tomb, leaning on his stick, was Amos—dead.

And on the sea was Shallum the wheelwright, playfully bobbing and dipping, his dreadful face upturned.

And across the cliffs came Caleb and Sarah. They stepped slowly towards the village, into the haunts of neighbors. Hand was lying deep in hand, lover-wise, and eyes were rapturously thrown upwards to the innocent skies.

The Wind

BY MARGARET LEE ASHLEY

THE Wind that made the meadows
dance

Came whistling through the glade,
And all the little birch-trees laughed

And twinkled in the shade;
He tossed a red leaf in my hair,

Caressed each slim young tree,
And left the garden all agog

With gay expectancy.

To-day the Wind came back again,—

He marched like men at war,
And dust and leaves and frightened
birds

Came hurrying before;
He tramped the meadows under foot,

He whipped the trees to shreds,
And oh, the havoc that he wrought
Among my garden beds!

Next time the Wind comes whistling by—

So airily polite—

I'll run and tell my lady trees

To bind their tresses tight;—

I'll send a warning to the brook,

I'll bid the rain-crow shout,

And every garden sentinel

Shall hang storm-signals out!

Profit-Sharing, Old and New

BY JOHN BATES CLARK, Ph.D., LL.D.

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THE labor problem is always with us, though not always in its present form, or in any single form. One element there is invariably in it,—namely, contention. It is a fight, a struggle of classes, whenever and wherever we find it; for it is based on an inherent opposition of interests. Once it was a struggle of slaves who wanted to be free against masters who wished to keep them in bondage; and in those days the militant character of the struggle was obvious enough. A volume entitled *The Ancient Lowly* recounts a long series of what it terms “strikes” in the ancient world, and they were armed revolts of slaves against their masters, often successful for a considerable time, though always crushed in the end. The middle ages had their labor problem, in which feudal serfs were substituted for slaves, and in which revolts were the only resource and melancholy failure the only outcome.

It is mainly rural labor that figures in these efforts to throw off bondage by means of literal weapons. Urban labor has its own story to tell; but in the middle ages it is not the story of a mere struggle of empty-handed labor against capital. It recounts rather a struggle of both labor and capital against feudal privilege. Freedom of the modern sort is an urban product; for at a time when the broad domain of the country was given over to feudal oppression freedom originated and thrived in the musty alleys of towns, and capitalist artisans secured it.

In the little shops whose owners worked with their own hands, with the aid of apprentices and journeymen, there began a movement for the emancipation not merely of labor in the modern sense, but of industry—of labor and capital vested in the same hands and living at peace with each other, but at war with those who held all industry in contempt. Productive business, commercial and

manufacturing, on the one hand, against feudalism on the other—such in the main was the alignment of the long-continued struggle of classes in the middle ages.

Not long ago it was the fashion among a certain class of those who looked down upon the contention of the laboring masses, from a point of view well removed from them, to claim that there is no real opposition of interest between employers and employees. It is not worth while arguing that there is such antagonism; but it is well worth while noticing wherein it lies and trying to find whether there is a way of removing it. It does not lie in the operation of production. Employers and employed alike need a large pile to divide. The larger the income of the business as a whole, the easier it is, other things being equal, for the worker to get a good stipend out of it. Rich general returns are for everybody's benefit, and when those are found who justify cutting down these returns by reducing the product that labor is allowed to turn out, one is more or less tempted to reflect on the quality of the brains as well as the ethics of those who advocate the policy. And yet even here we should be cautious. Give the walking delegate his due. In the interest of labor alone there is something to be said for him, so long as he contents himself with merely holding the work down to a rate of speed that will not wreck the nervous system of the worker. Beyond that point he can make no good case even for himself and his union. Whatever local and transient gain labor may make by artificially lengthening out its job is sacrificed in the end many times over by the blight that this policy puts on the industry. The inherent harmony of interests in making the work productive and the shop successful is the dominant feature in the case, and this

the workers will find out if they shall carry far the policy of paralyzing business for the sake of getting good wages out of it.

Now, of the various ways of bringing into the foreground this essential harmony of interest in production, the most efficient are those that make the workers' pay vary with the amount produced. A system of paying to labor a share of products accomplishes this in the fishing business. If you furnish a dory and I take it and go a-fishing, with the promise of receiving a half of the fish, I shall catch all that I can. The success of the whale-fishery of New England was dependent on the payment of the men on the share plan; and if there were a good way of doing the same thing in general industries, there would be harmony at least in one essential point, and it would show itself in the concurrent effort to make products large.

Over the division of products, however large they may be, there is a chance for antagonism. The seaman who got as a "lay" the one-hundred-and-fiftieth part of a cargo might conceivably organize his fellow seamen and strike for the one-hundredth part, but a fisherman would never be fooled into the policy of "ca' canny," of work-making and product-restricting. He and his mates would never chase a whale in the leisurely way in which one type of modern artisan does his work, and there could be, under the share system, no rule forbidding the capture of more than a certain number of whales in a month. What that system developed was the most eager desire to capture every whale that should come in sight, and to start at the earliest moment, with a hold full of oil, on the homeward voyage.

Can anything accomplish this in other industries? How much in this direction can profit-sharing do? Does it both remove the antagonism between masters and men and make their joint products large?

We once hoped that it might do both of these things, and that it might be adopted in enough cases to do them on a grand scale. Clearly the workman who gets a share of the proceeds of a business should not paralyze that business in order to make his income larger. Yet

in some instances such men went on strikes like others, and this fact is instructive. They took their chance of throwing overboard a claim to a small fraction of the profits in order to assert their claim to a higher rate of wages; and it thus appeared that the antagonism in the distribution of the proceeds of the business still continued.

In America experiments in profit-sharing had their halcyon days in the eighties of the last century. A few French examples widely advertised had made a profound impression, and their schemes of division were copied in many an American establishment. It was at this time that a report of the Bureau of Labor Statistics of the State of Massachusetts presented an array of facts that gave ground for hoping that this plan of organizing industry might be extended, carrying both prosperity and harmony as it went, till it should afford an almost Utopian solution of the labor problem. The workers in the profit-sharing establishments were getting a material bonus in addition to their wages, while the employers, as a rule, got about as large incomes as they had before. It was something conjured out of nothing and guided into pockets where it would not merely do the most good in a general way, by adding to the comforts of the laborers, but would be a permanent guaranty of peace and efficient production. Very strategic, as we believed, was the point in the system where these modest shares of profits appeared and did their harmonizing work.

Writing in 1889, Professor N. P. Gilman mentioned one hundred and thirty-seven establishments operating, in that year, on the profit-sharing plan—not a large fraction of the whole business of the country, but a very good-sized germ, if only it would act like a germ and multiply at the hoped-for rate. If, indeed, it would do no more than to grow slowly and surely, it would ultimately possess either the whole field or a satisfactory part of it; and why should it not grow? Good institutions, as a rule, have a way of surviving and suppressing poor ones. Unlike the bad coin, which, by Gresham's law, drives out the good coin, the bad institution vanishes in the face of the competition of the good one. It was

hoped in those years that profit-sharing would give to every concern that should adopt it a competing advantage over other concerns in the same business. There would be no "ca' canny" policy on the part of the workmen, no so-called "soldiering," and no opposition to good appliances; and the sales from the profit-sharing establishments would grow because these establishments could always be counted on to offer good articles at reasonable prices. There was a great future, as was believed, for mills and shops that should thus free themselves from the handicap caused by strife and by the cost-making and paralyzing policy of trade-unions.

The expected growth has not come. The promising germ has shrivelled instead of growing. On the list given by Professor Gilman are establishments that have since reverted to the old plan, and if we had ever really pinned our faith in the future to these undertakings, we should have reason to be discouraged indeed. Some reasons for this disappointing outcome are upon the surface, but the more fundamental ones are less obvious. It was feared at the outset that the plan would not be looked upon with favor by the workmen when the lean years should come, during which they would work hard and get no dividends. Moreover, such periods would breed distrust, and the suspicion would arise that profits had been earned and concealed. A case or two in which employers, after announcing a profit-sharing plan for the coming years, have put their earnings into costly machinery and declared no dividends, have reenforced this suspicion. Moreover, it is well known that relatively lean years are not abnormal; one may almost say that where competition is sharp, net profits are exceptional. At any rate such profits are usually temporary. They are vanishing quantities, coming in consequence of some special advantage in the way of production, and disappearing when competitors get the same advantage. A new and efficient machine may give to one man profits which stay for a time, but they dwindle to *nil* when other men get the same machine. Only under the shelter of favoring circumstances can net profits become permanent, and in the absence

of these special conditions those employers do well who manage every year to pay mere interest on their capital and the various running expenses of the business. Now and again they may do better than this, but competition forces their returns downward to the standard that yields no dividends in excess of interest on actual capital. If it were not for competition, indeed, the case would be otherwise; and what that means we shall see.

Two real advantages do certainly exist in favor of the profit-sharing plan. The men are disposed to make the most of their time instead of wasting it, and a superior class of men is usually attracted to the profit-sharing establishment. The first of these advantages might continue if this plan were to become universal, since men might everywhere work harder and avoid wastes; but the second advantage would be destroyed if the plan were to become general. If all the concerns should adopt profit-sharing, not every one could attract the superior men, for such men would have to be distributed, as now, among all the shops. Even in the best years of profit-sharing experiments misgivings were felt as to whether the special gains which a few concerns were making would continue when all were working on the same plan. Profits due to a good machine vanish, as we know, when every competitor has it, and there was good reason for thinking that gains which come by luring to one establishment an élite part of the working class would vanish when all competitors offered the same lure.

The fact is, however, that profit-sharing establishments never multiplied sufficiently to encounter this difficulty. Even when they were so few in number that they could have the full advantage of luring superior men to their shops, they ceased to multiply and began to dwindle in number. There must be some deep-acting influence to account for this. It may actually be said that the scheme of profit-sharing has been abandoned mainly because of the fact which gave it its greatest attraction in the public mind—the fact, namely, that it ran counter to the belligerent method and spirit of the time. It was intended as a peace-making measure, and it was thought

that, whatever it might do, it would stop the perennial fighting between employers and employed by putting the men where they would not wish to fight, however able to do so they might be. It might have put the men in this position and constituted them an army of peace if the dividends which they received were as important to them as their wages. The dividends were, however, relatively small and altogether uncertain.

An addition of ten per cent. to a year's wages is a very satisfactory bonus, but the strategy of vigorous trade-unions has often meant far more than this to their members. Working side by side on an unfinished building one might sometimes have seen union hod-carriers and non-union carriers of stone, and learn that the earnings of the union men, rated by the hour, were nearly double the earnings of the others. It was not necessary, however, to anticipate a doubling of wages by means of trade-unions, and the strikes and boycotts by which the unions made their demands effective; for, as compared with the five or ten per cent. bonus which profit-sharing might yield, many a trade-union could show a handsome surplus of gain. If men must choose between unionism, with all that it means, and profit-sharing, they would choose the former. Laboring-men must organize and must bring pressure to bear on employers if they expect to get a fair share of the fruits of industry. We call this fighting and recognize the danger that much actual fighting will occur. We deplore the waste which great strikes entail, and see that, as the quasi-war goes on, it brings paralysis of business.

A division of the fruits of industry between employers and employed has, however, to be made, and neither employers left to themselves nor men left to themselves will make that division on fair terms. Each of the parties in the transaction will use his best efforts to protect his interests in the division; and this means organization written large, including both workmen and employers, and putting them in an attitude of mutual opposition. The plan which the workman is forced to adopt, whether he likes it or not, is the plan of collective bargaining, and that plan, while not wholly inconsistent with profit-sharing, is in spirit

hostile to it, and makes it hard to secure peace at any easy price. If we should say to a body of workmen, "Give up your organizing and fighting, and take, in lieu of whatever you may so gain, a modest and uncertain bonus above your wages," would they be greatly moved to adopt the suggestion? Not if the abandonment of the fighting were an essential part of the plan. The right to organize and to strike would be more valued than such a prospect of dividends.

This, however, does not mean that a number of establishments may not live and thrive on the more peaceful plan. If the general rule of wages is well maintained, because in most establishments unionism is doing its work, a few profit-sharing establishments may offer their men the prevailing rate and dividends besides, and thus afford a net gain to the men. *This is solely because the general rate of pay is maintained by the men in the establishments that are working under the old system.* The men in the profit-sharing shops must rely on unionism to maintain that standard which fixes the rate of their own wages and thus determines the more important part of their incomes. Wages are the essential thing. Very disturbing is the usual process of sustaining them, and very unfavorable to the profit-sharing plan is the attitude in which the pending contentions place the workmen.

Must profit-sharing end thus, and must it content itself with a reduced remnant of the number of shops that once adopted it? Not if every system of dividing profits between employers and men comes under this designation, for a method of dividing gains on a grand scale has lately come into vogue. In its effects it is very unlike the system that originated in the *Maison Leclaire* and seemed to mean the beginning of a time of industrial peace. The new system is an outcome of warfare, and is in harmony with the spirit of the belligerent trade-union. It results, in fact, from the pressure that the strong union brings to bear on its employers to make them raise the prices of their goods, create profits and divide them with the workmen. "Give us more pay and charge it to the public" is the demand—an impossible demand in the old days, since

the success of it depends on the existence of monopoly. The plan of paying and charging to the public is practicable when goods are made by corporations big enough to control the prices which they will make the public pay. Under the old régime of many shops and sharp rivalry such a demand would have been senseless; for very far was any one employer from being able to tax the public at will. Not quite at will, certainly, can the monopoly of the present day tax the public, but within certain limits it can and does do this, and the aim of the trade-union is to make it divide gains on the best terms that the union can get.

Nowhere is the policy colored by philanthropy or relieved by the prospect of merging and harmonizing the opposing interests. Indeed, it affords one new motive for adopting that very warlike measure, the strike, for this sometimes brings gains to the business. It makes the product scarcer and dearer—witness the price of coal before the great strike and after it. In the days of competition paralyzing a man's business might ruin him, but in the days of monopoly doing this for a time means reducing the whole stock of some kind of goods, raising the price of it, and enabling a consolidated company to put a new charge on its customers. In a way the system makes allies of employers and workmen, for it unites them in a common effort to get something out of consumers' pockets. It favors the effort both parties are making to reduce competition, since it requires employers to keep off rivals for the sake of taxing the public, and it requires the workmen to exclude "scabs," and thus gather to themselves a large share of the proceeds of the tax. Organization, force, and mutual contention are to be seen everywhere, and the outcome of it is a dividing of spoils. It is grab-sharing, in which the amount of the booty is determined by the strength of the monopoly and the terms of the division by the power and adroitness of the contending parties, laborers and employers, within the establishment.

Is this the end? Can evolution carry us no farther and give us nothing better? That depends on our success in dealing with the general problem of monopoly. If we can solve that prob-

lem, we can forestall and prevent all plundering of the public and reduce the gains of great corporations to honest profits earned by economical and efficient production. If in the guise of high wages some of these legitimate profits shall make their way into the pockets of workmen, it will be the most assured and most extensive mode of profit-sharing that has ever been tried.

This does not preclude a revival of interest in profit-sharing of the old type, and it does not preclude a considerable extension of that system in the business world. Even more attainable is an amount of genuine cooperation secured by the purchase by employees of stock in the corporation which employs them. Under special safeguards and with the option of giving up at any time such shares as they may hold, workmen may come to own a part of the capital that is invested in the business in which they are working. In the remote future this may become the usual rule in great establishments; but no such beneficent and peace-making measure is likely to come into general favor unless it leaves to organized labor its ultimate privilege of striking.

The present chaotic state of things should be transient, the paralyzing uncertainty that now hangs over many kinds of business should be forever removed, and something far better than perpetual strikes and lockouts should determine the pay of labor. Not even in New Zealand and Australia have the possibilities of arbitration been fully tested, and there should be a perfecting of that measure in our country, which is in greatest need of it. The strike should become potential rather than actual, a resource to be held in reserve and seldom resorted to. There should be a method of accomplishing all that the strike tries to do without stopping production. With such things accomplished—with the general wages system lifted to a higher plane—the need of profit-sharing of the old type will, indeed, be somewhat less, but the chance for securing it will be better, and in several different forms we may see it extensively in operation. The gains of the great corporation of the future may be shared by its employees, and these gains themselves may not be tainted by injustice.

A Chariot of Fire

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS

WHEN the White Mountain express to Boston stopped at Beverly, it slowed up reluctantly, crashed off the baggage, and dashed on with the nervousness of a train that is unmercifully and unpardonably late.

It was a September night, and the channel of home-bound summer travel was clogged and heaving.

A middle-aged man—a plain fellow, who was one of the Beverly passengers—stood for a moment staring at the tracks. The danger-light from the rear of the onrushing train wavered before his eyes, and looked like a splash of blood that was slowly wiped out by the night. It was foggy, and the atmosphere clung like a sponge.

"No," he muttered, "it's the other way. Batty's the other way."

He turned, facing towards the branch road which carries the great current of North Shore life.

"How soon can I get to Gloucester?" he demanded of one who brushed against him heavily. He who answered proved to be of the baggage staff, and was at that moment skilfully combining a frown and a whistle behind a towering truck; from this two trunks and a dress-suit case threatened to tumble on a bull-terrier leashed to something invisible, and yelping in the darkness behind.

"Lord! This makes 'leven dogs, cats to burn, twenty-one baby-carriages, and a guinea-pig travellin' over this blamed road since yesterday— What's that? Gloucester?—6.45 to-morrow morning."

"Oh, but look here!" cried the plain passenger, "that won't do. I have got to get to Gloucester *to-night*."

"So's this bull-terrier," groaned the baggage-handler. "He got switched off without his folks—and I've got a pet lamb in the baggage-room bleatin' at the corporation since dinner-time. Some galoot forgot the crittur. There's a lost parrot settin' alongside that swears in

several foreign languages. I wish to Moses I could!"

The passenger experienced the dull surprise of one in acute calamity who wonders that another man can jest. He turned without remark, and went to the waiting-room; he limped a little, for he was slightly lame. The ticket-master was locking the door of the office, and looked sleepy and fagged.

"Where's the train to Gloucester?"

"Gone."

"'Tain't *gone*?"

"Gone half an hour ago."

The official pointed to the clock, on whose face an ominous expression seemed to rest, and whose hands marked the hour of half past twelve.

"But I have got to get to Gloucester!" answered the White Mountain passenger. "We had a naccident. We're late. I ain't much used to travellin'.—I supposed they'd wait for us. I tell you I've got to get there."

In his agitation he gripped the arm of the other, who threw the grasp off instinctively.

"You'll have to walk, then. You can't get anything now till the newspaper train."

"God!" gasped the belated passenger. "I've got a little boy. He's dying."

"Sho!" said the ticket-master. "That's too bad. Can you afford a team? You might *try* the stables. There's one or two around here."

The ticket-master locked the doors of the station and walked away, but did not go far. A humane uneasiness disturbed him, and he returned to see if he could be of any use to the afflicted passenger.

"I'll show you the way to the nearest," he began, kindly.

But the man had gone.

In the now dimly lighted town square he was, in fact, zigzagging about alone, with the loping gait of a lame man in a feverish hurry.

"There must be hosses," he muttered, "and places.—Why, yes. Here's one, first thing."

Into the livery-stable he entered so heavily that he seemed to fall in. His cheap straw hat was pushed back from his head; he was flushed, and his eyes were too bright; his hair, which was red and coarse, lay matted on his forehead.

"I want a team," he began, on a high, sharp key. "I've got to get to Gloucester. The train's gone."

A sleepy groom, who scowled at him, turned on a suspicious heel. "You're drunk. It's fourteen miles. It would cost you more'n you're worth."

"I've got a little boy," repeated the lame man. "He's dying."

The groom wheeled back. "That so? Why, that's a pity. I'd like to 'commodate you. See? I'm here alone—see? I darsen't go so far without orders. Boss is home and abed."

"He got hurt in a naccident," pleaded the father. "I come from up to Conway. I went to bury my uncle. They sent me a telegraph about my little boy. I ain't drunk. They sent me the telegraph. I've got to get home."

"I'll let you sleep here along of me," suggested the groom, "but I darsen't leave. I'm responsible to the boss. There's other places you might get one. I'll show you. See? I'd try 'em all if I was you."

But again the man was gone.

By the time that he had found another stable his manner had changed; he had become deprecating, servile. He entreated, he trembled; he flung his emergency at the feet of the watchman; he reiterated his phrase:

"I've got a little boy, if you please. He's dying. I've got to get to Gloucester—I live in Squam."

"I don't like to refuse you," protested the night-watchman, "but two of my horses are lame, and one is plumb used up carrying summer folks. I'm dreadful short. I haven't a team to my name I could put on the road to Gloucester. It's—why, to Squam it's seventeen miles—thirty-four the round trip. It would cost you—"

"I'll pay!" cried the lame man; "I'll pay. I ain't beggin'."

"I'm sorry I haven't got a horse,"

apologized the watchman. "It would cost you ten dollars if I had. But I hain't."

"Ten dollars?" The traveller echoed the words stupidly.

"I'm sorry; fact, I am," urged the watchman. "Won't you set 'n' rest a spell?"

But the visitor had vanished from the office.

Twenty minutes after, the door-bell of a home in the old residence portion of the town rang violently and pealed through the sleeping house.

It was a comfortable, not a new-fashioned, house, sometimes leased to summer citizens, and modernized in a measure for their convenience; one of the few of its kind within reach of the station, and by no means near.

When the master of the family had turned on all the burglar electricity and could get the screen up, he put his head out of the window, and so perceived on his door-step a huddled figure with a white, uplifted face.

A shaking voice came up:

"Sir? Be you a gentleman?"

"I hope so," went down the quiet reply. "But I can't remember that I was ever asked that question at this time of morning before."

"Be you a Christian?" insisted the voice from below.

"Sometimes—perhaps," went down the voice from above.

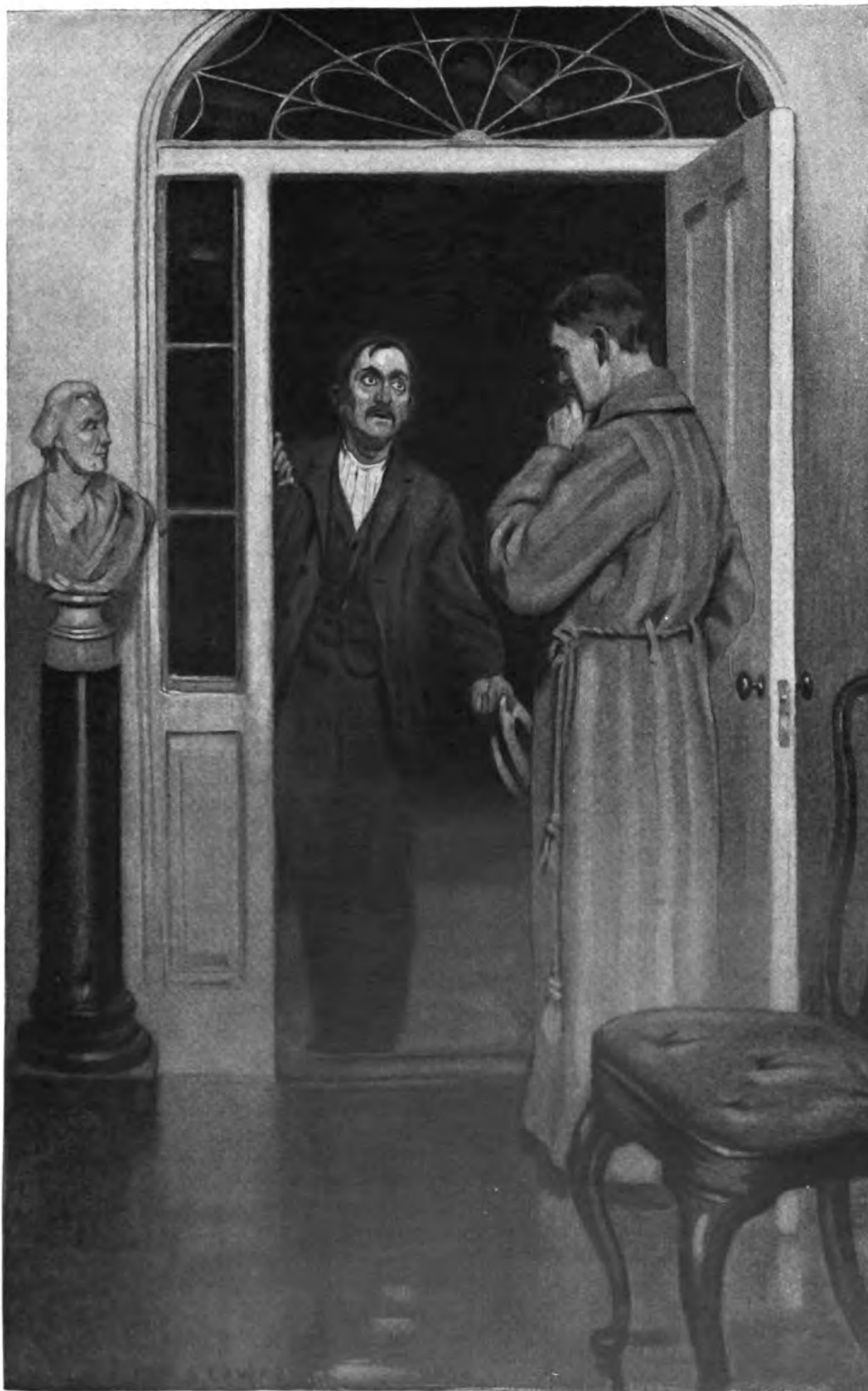
The voice from below came up: "Sir! Sir! I'm in great trouble. For the love of Christ, sir, come down, quick!"

"Why, of course," said the voice from above.

The man stood quite still when the great bolts of the door shot through their grooves. Against a background of electric brilliance he saw a gentleman in pajamas and bath-robe, with slippers as soft as a lady's on his white feet. The face of the gentleman was somewhat fixed and guarded; his features were carefully cut, behind their heavy coat of seaside tan.

"Well," he said, "that was a pretty solemn adjuration. What is it?"

"I want to get a team," stammered the figure on the steps. Suddenly, somehow, his courage had begun to falter.



"I'VE GOT TO GET TO GLOUCESTER, SIR"

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He felt the enormity of his intrusion. He came up against the mystery of social distinctions; his great human emergency seemed to be distanced by the little thing men call difference of class.

"You want—to get—a team?" repeated the gentleman; he spoke slowly, without irritation. "You have made a mistake. This is not a livery-stable."

"Livery-stable!" cried the intruder, with a swift and painful passion. "I've tried three! Fust one hadn't any boss. Next one hadn't any hoss. It was ten dollars if he had. Last one wanted 'leven dollars, pay in advance. I've got four dollars 'n' sixteen cents in my pocket. I've been up to Conway to bury my uncle. My folks sent me a telegraph. My little boy—he's had a naccident. My train was late. I've got to get to Gloucester, sir. So I thought," added the traveller, simply, "I'd ask one the neighbors. Neighbors is most gener'llly kind. Up our way they be. Sir—could you let me have a team to see my little boy before—in case—he dies?"

"Come inside a minute," replied the gentleman.

The words, which had begun shortly, ended softly. "Perfectly sober," he thought. His fingers stole to the button of a bell as the stranger stepped into the hall.

"Yes -- I'll send you over. What's your name?"

"Dryver, sir. Jacob Dryver."

"Where do you live?"

"Squam."

"Annisquam? That is several miles beyond Gloucester. Your trouble is too swift for horses. I have rung for my chauffeur. I'll send you in the automobile. Be so good as to step around to the stables, Mr. Dryver. I'll join you outside."

Now the voice of a sleepy child could be heard overhead; it seemed to be trying to say, "Popper! Popper!" A woman's figure drifted to the top of the padded stairs. The intruder caught a gleam of delicate white drapery floating with laces, closely gathered at the throat, and held with one ringed hand—as if it had been hastily thrown on. The door shut, and the bolts shot again. Jacob Dryver felt that he was at once trusted and distrustful; he could not have said why he

did not go to the stables, but sat down on the broad granite steps. His knees hung apart; his elbows dropped to them; his face fell into his hands.

The child above continued to call: "Popper! Popper!" Then the little voice trailed away.

"It's smaller 'n Batty," Jacob said.

When he lifted his head from his hands, up the curving avenue a steam-carriage was sweeping upon him. Its acetylene lanterns blazed like the eyes of some prehistoric thing; but this simple fellow knew nothing about prehistoric things. The lanterns reminded him of the living creatures that Ezekiel saw. Such imagination as he had was Biblically trained, and leaped from Ezekiel to Elijah easily.

"It's a chariot of fire," thought Jacob Dryver, "comin' for to carry me home."

As he gathered himself and went to meet the miracle, a dark figure, encased in rubber armor from foot to head, brought the carriage to a swift and artistic stop.

"Are you the shove-her?" asked Jacob, timidly.

"I am not the shove-her," replied the figure at the brake, "and I hope I sha'n't have to be. I am Mr. Chester. My chauffeur is not at home, I find. I shall drive you to Annisquam myself."

"You're takin' some trouble, sir," said Jacob, slowly. His head reeled. He felt that he was growing stupid under the whirlwind of events. He went down the long steps like a lame blind man. As he did so, the bolts of the door behind him leaped back again, and the lady ran down and slid into the carriage. The fog glittered on the laces of her white woollen garment. Her husband thought of it as a negligee; but Jacob called it a wrapper. She was a dainty lady, and fair to look upon; her hair lay in long, bright braids upon her shoulders; she had caught up an automobile coat and cap, which she flung across her arm. Dryver heard her say: "I shall be—a little anxious. After all, you know nothing about him. Mayn't I go?"

"And leave Bert? I don't think I would, Mary. I've told James to sit up and watch. Draw the big bolt on top, and keep the lights all on. If I have good luck, I shall be back in less than two hours. Good-by, Mary—dear."

The last word lingered with the caressing accent which only long-ried marriage love ever puts into it. The lips of the two met silently, and drooping, the lady melted away. Jacob Dryver found himself in the steam-carriage, speeding down the avenue to the silent street. He looked back once at the house. Every pane of glass was blazing, as if the building were on fire.

"You'll find it colder than you expect," observed Mr. Chester. "I brought along Thomas's coat. Put it on—and hold on. Never in one of these before, were you?"

"N-no, sir," chattered Jacob Dryver. "Thank you, sir. I n-never was."

He clung to the side of the seat desperately. In fact, he was very much frightened. But he would have gone under the heavy wheels before he would have owned it. Spinning through the deserted Beverly streets, the carriage took what seemed to him a startling pace.

"I'm going slowly till we get out of town," remarked Mr. Chester. "Once on the Manchester road, I'll let her out a bit."

Jacob made no reply. What had seemed to be fog drenched and drowned him now like driving rain. There had been no wind, but now the powers and principalities of the air were let loose. He gasped for breath, which was driven down his throat. That made him think of Batty, whom for the moment he had actually forgotten. When people died—they could not—Had Batty—by this time—it was so long—should he find that Batty—

"What ails your boy?" asked the half-invisible figure from the depths of its rubber armor.

"I had a telegraph," said Jacob, monotonously. "I never was away from home so far—I ain't used to travellin'. I supposed the train would wait for the accident. The telegraph said he was hurt bad. I got it just as the fun'ril was leavin' the house. I had to quit it, corpse 'n' all—for Batty. I ran all the way to the depot. I just got aboard, and here I be becalmed all night—and there is Batty.—His name is Batwing," added the father. "He was named after the uncle I went to bury. But we call him Batty."

"Any more children?" inquired Mr. Chester, in the cultivated, compassionate voice which at once attracted and estranged the breaking heart of Jacob Dryver.

"We haven't only Batty, sir," he choked.

The hand on the lever tightened; the throttle opened; the dark figure in the rubber coat bent, and its muscles turned to iron. The carriage began to rock and fly. It was now whirling out upon the silent, sleeping road that goes by the great houses of the North Shore.

"I'll let her out a little," said Mr. Chester, quietly. "Don't worry. We'll get there before you know it."

The carriage took on a considerable pace. Jacob's best straw hat flew off; but he did not mention it. His red hair stood endwise, all ways, on his head; his eyes started; his hands gripped—one at the rail, one at the knee of his companion. The wind raised by the motion of the car became a gale, and forced itself into his lungs. Jacob gasped,

"It's—on account—of Batty."

"I have a little boy of my own," observed Mr. Chester. Plainly thinking to divert the attention of the anguished father, he continued: "*He* had an accident this summer—he was hurt by a scythe; he slipped away from his nurse. He was pretty badly hurt. I was away—I hurried from Bar Harbor to get to him. I think I know how you feel."

"Did you have a telegraph, sir?" asked Dryver, rousing to the throb of the common human pulse.

"Yes, there was a telegram. But I was a good while getting it. I understand your position."

"Did he ever get over it—your little boy? Oh, I see; that was him I heard. 'Popper,' he says,—'Popper.'"

Above the whir of the steam-carriage, above the chatter of the exhaust, above the voice of the wind, the sound of a man's muffled groan came distinctly to the ear that was fine enough to hear it.

"Trust me," said Chester, gently. "I'll get you there. I'll get you to your boy."

The gentleman's face was almost as white now as Jacob Dryver's. The fog glistened upon his mustache, and made

him look a gray-haired man, as he emerged from gulfs of darkness and shot by widely scattered dim street lamps. Both men had acquired something of the same expression—the rude face and the finished one; both wore the solemn, elemental look of fatherhood. The heart of one repeated piteously,

"It's Batty."

But the other thought, "What if it were Bert?"

"I'll let her out a little more," repeated Chester. The carriage throbbed and rocked to the words.

"How do you like my machine?" he added, in a comfortable voice. He felt that the mercury of emotion had mounted too far. "Mrs. Chester has named her," he proceeded. "We call her Aurora."

"Hey?"

"We've named the machine Aurora, I said."

"'Roarer,' sir?"

"Oh, well. That will do—'Roarer,' if you like. That isn't bad. It's an improvement, perhaps. By the way, how did you happen on my place to-night? There are a good many nearer the station; you had quite a walk."

"I see a little pair o' reins an' bells in the grass alongside—such as little boys play horse with. We had one once for Batty, sir."

"Ah! Was that it? What's your business, Dryver? You haven't told me. Do you fish?"

"Winters, I make paving-stones. Summers, I raise vegetables," replied Jacob Dryver. "I'm a kind of a quarry-farmer. My woman she plants flowers for the summer folks, and Batty bunches 'em up and delivers 'em. Batty—he—God! My God! Mebbe there *ain't* any Batty—"

The sentence broke. In truth, it would have been hard to find its remnants in the sudden onset of sound made by the motion of the machine.

The car was freed now to the limit of her mighty strength. She took great leaps like those of a living heart that is overexcited. Powerfully, perfectly, without let or hindrance, without flaw or accident, the chariot of fire bounded through the night. A trail of steam like the tail of a comet followed her. The dark scenery of the guarded shore flew

by; Montserrat was behind; Prides was gone; the Farms blew past.

They were now well out upon the beautiful, silent Manchester road, where the woods, solemn at noonday, are something else than that at dead of night. The steam-carriage, flying through them, encountered no answering sign of life. Both men had ceased to speak. Awe fell upon them, as if in the presence of more than natural things. Once it seemed to Dryver as if he saw a boy running beside the machine—a little fellow, white, like a spirit, and, like a spirit, silent. Chester's hands had stiffened to the throttle; his face had the stern rigidity of those on whom life or human souls absolutely depend. Neither man spoke now aloud. To himself Jacob Dryver repeated:

"It's Batty. It's my Batty."

And Hurlburt Chester thought, "What if it were Bert?"

Now the great arms of the sea began to open visibly before them. The fog on their lips grew saltier, and they seemed to have entered the Cave of the Winds. Slender beach and sturdy headland slid by. West Manchester, Manchester, Magnolia, rushed past. In the Magnolia woods they lost the sea again; but the bell-buoy called from Normans Woe, and they could hear the moan of the whistling-buoy off Eastern Point. In the Cape Ann Light the fog-bell was tolling.

At the pace which the car was taking there was an element of danger in the situation which Jacob Dryver could not measure, since he feared safety ignorantly, and met peril with composure. Chester reduced the speed a little, and yet a little more, but pushed on steadily. Once Jacob spoke.

"I'll bet your shove-her couldn't drive like you do," he said, proudly.

Fresh Water Cove slipped by; Old Stage Fort was behind;—the Aurora bumped over the pavement of the Cut, and reeled through the rough and narrow streets of Gloucester. He of Beverly was familiar with the route, and asked no questions. The car, now tangled among electric tracks, swung around the angle from Main Street carefully, jarred across the railroad, and took the winding, dim road to Annisquam.

Bay View flew behind—the bridge—

the village—the pretty arcade known as Squam Willows. The carriage dashed into it and out of it as if it were a tunnel. Then Dryver gripped the other's arm and, without a word, pointed.

The car followed the guidance of his shaking finger, and, like a conscious creature, swung to a startling stop.

There were lights in the quarryman's cottage, and shadows stirred against drawn shades. Jacob Dryver tumbled out and ran. He did not speak, nor by a gesture thank his Beverly "neighbor." Chester slowly unbuttoned his rubber coat and got at his watch. The Aurora had covered the distance—in dark and fog, over seventeen miles—in fifty-six minutes. Now Jacob, dashing in, had left the door open, and Chester, as he put his watch back into its pocket, heard that which sent the blood driving through his arteries as the power had driven the pumps of the car. The sound that he heard was the fretful moan of a hurt child.

As he had admitted, he was a Christian—sometimes; and he said, "Oh, thank God!" with all his generous heart. Indeed, as he did so, he took off his heavy cap and bared his head.

Then he heard the sobbing of a shaken man close beside him.

"Sir! Oh, sir! The God of Everlastin' bless you, sir. Won't you come and look at him?"

Batty lay quietly; he had put his little fingers in his father's hand; he did not notice the stranger. The boy's mother, painfully poised on one elbow in the position that mothers take when they watch sick children, lay upon the other side of the bed. She was a large woman, with a plain, good face. She had on a polka-dotted, blue cotton wrapper, which nobody called a negligee. Her mute, maternal eyes went to the face of the visitor, and reverted to the child.

There was a physician in the room—a very young, to the trained eye an inexperienced, man. In fact, the medical situation was unpromising and complicated. It took Chester but a few moments to gauge it, and to perceive that his mission to this afflicted household had not ended with a lost night's sleep and an automobile record.

The local doctor, it seemed, was away from home when Batty's accident befell; the Gloucester surgeon was ill; some one had proposed the hospital, but the mother had the prejudices of her class. A neighbor had suggested this young man—a newcomer to the town—one of the flotsam practitioners who drift and disappear. Recommended upon the ground that he had successfully prescribed headache pills to a Swedish cook, this stranger had received into his unskilled hands the emergency of a dangerously wounded lad. The accident, in fact, was more serious than Chester had supposed. He had now been told that the child was crushed by a carriage steaming through Annisquam Willows the day before.

The boy, it was plain, was sorely hurt, and ignorant suffering lay at the mercy of ignorant treatment, in the hopeless and helpless subjection to medical etiquette which costs so many lives.

"Dryver," said Chester, quietly, "you need a surgeon here at once. Your physician is quite willing to consult with any one you may call." He shot one stern glance at the young doctor, who quavered a frightened assent. "I know a distinguished surgeon—he is a friend of mine; it was he who saved *my* boy in that accident I told you of, this summer. He is not far away; he is at a hotel on Eastern Point. I can have him here in twenty—well, say twenty-five minutes. Of course we must wait for him to dress."

The woman raised her head and stared upon the gentleman. One swift, brilliant gleam shot from her heavy eyes. She had read of angels in the Bible. She had noticed, indeed, that they were men angels. But she had never heard of one in a rubber touring-coat, drenched from head to foot with fog, spattered from foot to head with mud, and with a wedding-ring upon his fine hand.

Jacob Dryver began: "Sir! The God of Everlastin'—" but he sobbed so that he could not finish what he would have said. So Chester went out and watered the Aurora, opened the throttle, and started off again, and dashed through the rude streets of Gloucester to her summer shore.

Dawn was rose-gray over Eastern Point, and the tide had turned upon the



Half-tone plate engraved by W. H. Clark

THE FLOWERS IN THE FRONT YARD WERE KNEE-DEEP IN SNOW

harbor, when the "Roarer" curved up quietly to the piazza of the hotel.

It was rose-gray upon Annisquam, and the tide was rising up the river, when the great surgeon went into the little place where the lad lay fighting for his mangled life. There had been some delay in rousing the sleeper—it was a trip of six rough miles twice taken—and it was thirty-five minutes before his "merciless merciful" hands went to work upon the mortal need of the boy.

The child had been crushed across the hips and body, and only an experienced or only an eminent skill could have saved the little fellow.

In the blossoming day Jacob Dryver limped out and stood in the front yard among his wife's flowers that Batty "bunched up" and sold to summer people. He could not perceive the scent of the flowers—only that of the ether. His big boot caught in a sweet-pea vine and tore it. One of the famous carmine dahlias of Cape Ann seemed to turn its large face and gaze at him.

An old neighbor—a cross-eyed lobsterer, going to his traps—came by, cast a shrewd look, and asked how the boy was. Jacob did not reply to the lobsterer; he lifted his wet eyes to the sky; then they fell to a bed of blazing nasturtiums, which seemed to smoke before them. His lips tried to form the words which close like a strangling hand upon the throat of the poor in all the emergencies of life. Till he has answered this question a poor man may not love a woman or rear a child; he may not bury his dead or save his living.

"What will it cost?" asked Jacob Dryver. He looked piteously at the great surgeon, whose lips parted to speak. But Hurlburt Chester raised an impatient hand.

"That," he said, "is my affair."

It was broad, bright day when the Aurora came whirring home. Chester nodded to his wife at the window, but went directly to the stables. It was a little longer than she expected before he returned. She waited at the head of the stairs; then hurried half-way down to meet him. Her white robe was ungirdled and flowing; it fell apart—the

laces above from the laces below,—and the tired man's kiss fell upon her soft throat.

She was naturally a worrier in a sweet-natured way, but he had always been patient with her little weakness; some men are, with anxious women.

"No," he smiled, but rather feebly; "you've missed it again. The boy is saved. St. Clair's got hold of him. I'll talk presently, Mary,—not just now."

In fact, he would say no more till he had bathed and taken food. He looked so exhausted that she brought his breakfast to his bed, serving it with her own hands, and asking no questions at all; for, although she worried, she was wise. She sent for the baby, too,—a big baby, three years old,—and Chester enfolded the chin of the child in his slender brown hand silently.

Then he said: "Lock the door, Mary. I've something to tell you."

When she had drawn the brass bolt and returned, somewhat pale herself with wonder and alarm, to the side of the bed, her husband spoke abruptly:

"Mary, you've got to know it—may as well have it over. I found this pinned on the stable wall. It was the Aurora that ran over the—that—that poor little fellow."

His hand shook as he laid the piece of paper in her own. And while she read it he covered his face; for he was greatly overworn, and the strain which he had undergone seemed now to have leaped again with the spring of a creature that one supposes one has left lifeless behind.

Mrs. Chester read the writing and laid it down. It ran like this:

"Mr. Chester, Sir, Ime goin away while I can. It was me run over that boy while you was in town. I took Her out for a spin. I let Her out some racin with another one in the Willows an he got under Her someways. I see it in the papers so I was afraid of manslorter. Ime awful cut up about it so Ime goin to lite out while I can.

Your obedient servant,
THOMAS."

The eyes of the husband and wife met silently. She was the first to speak.

"Do they know?"

Chester shook his head.

"You'll tell them, of course?"

"I haven't made up my mind."

The baby was jabbering loudly on the bed—he was very noisy; it was not easy for her to hear what was said.

"I'm sure you ought to tell them!" she cried, passionately.

"Perhaps so. But I'd like to think it over."

A subtle terror slid over her face. "What can they do to you? I don't know about such things. Is there any—law?"

"Laws enough—laws in plenty. But I'm not answerable for the crimes of my chauffeur. It's only a question of damages."

The wife of the rich man drew a long breath. "Oh, if it's nothing but *money*!"

"Not that it would make any difference if they *could* touch me," he continued, with a proud motion of his tired head. "It's purely a question of feeling—it's a question of right within a right, Mary. It's to do what is *really* kind by these people—Why, Mary, if you could have seen it! From beginning to end it was the most beautiful, the most wonderful thing. Nothing of the kind ever happened to me before. Mary, if an angel from the throne of God had done it—they couldn't have felt—they couldn't have treated me—it was enough to make a fellow a better man the rest of his days. Why, it was worth *living* for, I tell you! . . . And now to let them know . . ."

Hurlburt Chester was very tired, as we say. He choked, and hid his pale face in his pillow. And his wife laid hers beside it and cried—as women do—without pretending that she didn't. But the baby laughed aloud. And then there drove through the father's mind the repeated phrase which followed the race of the "Roarer" all the way from Beverly to Annisquam:

"What if it were Bert?"

Chester's head whirled yet from the fatigue and jar of the trip, and the words seemed to take leaps through his brain as the car leaped when she was at the top of her great speed. So he kissed the child, and dashed a drop from his cheek quite openly—since only Mary saw.

A constraint unusual to their candid relations breathed like a fog between the husband and the wife; indeed, it did not

lift altogether as the autumn opened and closed.

Chester's visits to Annisquam (in which she once or twice accompanied him) were many and merciful; and the distinguished surgeon took the responsibility of the case till the boy was quite convalescent. The lad recovered slowly, but St. Clair promised that the cure would be complete.

The touching gratitude of Jacob Dryver amounted to an idealization such as the comfortable, undramatic life of Chester had never experienced. He seemed to swim in it as an imaginative person dreams of swimming in the air, tree-high above the heads of the crowd on the earth. The situation had become to him a fine intoxicant,—but it had its reactions, as intoxicants must.

September and October burned to ashes upon the North Shore. Fire of maple, flash of sumac, torch of elder, flare of ivy, faded into brown November, and the breakers off the Beverly coast took on the greens and blues of north-wind weather below the line of silver surf.

The Chesters closed "their own hired house" and moved to town. The Aurora remained in her stable, nor had she left it since the morning when she came wearily back from Annisquam.

His wife had noticed, but had not seemed to notice, that Chester rode no more that fall. She noted too, but did not seem to note, that he continued his visits to the injured lad after they had returned to the city.

On all the great holidays he made a point of going down—Thanksgiving, Christmas, and New-year's day. Mrs. Chester had wished to duplicate for the quarryman's boy the Christmas gifts of her own child (such had been her pretty fancy), but Batty was quite a lad—ten years old; and Bert, like a spoiled collie, was yet a baby, and likely to remain so for some time to come. So the mother contented herself, perforce, with less intimate remembrances. Once, when she had packed a box of miracles—toys and books, clothes and candy—she thrust it from her with a cry: "They would never touch these—if they knew! Hurlburt! Hurlburt! don't you think they ought to know?"

"Do what you think best, Mary," he

said, wearily. "I have never been able to decide that question. But you are free to do so if you prefer."

He regarded her with an expression that went to her heart. She flung herself into his arms and tried to kiss it away.

Now Mary Chester, as we have said, was a worrier, and the worrier never lets a subject go. As the winter set in, her mind closed about the matter which had troubled her, and it began to become unbearable, like a foreign substance in the flesh.

On a January afternoon—it was one of those dark days when the souls of people cloud over—she flung on her furs, and leaving a pencilled line to her husband saying what she had done, she took the train to Gloucester and a dreary electric car to Annisquam.

The flowers in the front yard were knee-deep in snow; but Batty sat in the window busy with a Sorrento wood-saw of her providing. He laughed outright when he saw her, and his mother flung open the door as if she had flung open her heart.

"Land!" she cried. "In all this snow!"

She finished tying a fresh white apron over her polka-dotted blue wrapper, and joyously led the lady in.

Batty was a freckled little fellow, with red hair like his father's; he had the pretty imperiousness of a sick and only child who has by all the sorceries contrived to escape petulance. When he had greeted the visitor, he ran back to his jig-saw. He was carving camwood, which stained his fingers crimson.

"I want to see you—alone," began Mrs. Chester, nervously. It had been one of Chester's pleasures to warm the entire house for the convalescent lad, and big coal fires were purring in Batty's bedroom and in the ten-foot "parlor," whither his mother conducted her guest. The doors were left open. The scent of the camwood came across, pungent and sickening. The fret of the jig-saw went on steadily.

"He's makin' a paper-cutter—for Mr. Chester," observed Batty's mother. "He made a watch-case last week—for Mr. Chester."

Mary Chester paled, and she plunged at once:

"There's something I've come to tell—I've *got* to tell you. I can't keep it to ourselves any longer. I have come to tell you how it happened—that Batty— We thought you'd rather not know—"

"Lord! my dear," said the quarryman's wife, "we've known it all the while."

The visitor's head swam. She laid it down upon her gloved hands on Mrs. Dryver's centre-table. This had a marble top, and felt as the quarries look in winter on Cape Ann. What were tears that they should warm it? The sound of the jig-saw grew uneven and stopped.

"Hush!" said the boy's mother. "Batty don't know; he's the only one that don't."

She tiptoed and shut the door.

"You never see Peter Trawl, did you? He's a neighbor—cross-eyed—sells lobsters—well, it was him picked Batty up to the Willows that day. So he seen the number runnin' away, an' so he told. We've known it from fust to last, my dear."

"And never spoke!" said Mary Chester. "And never spoke!"

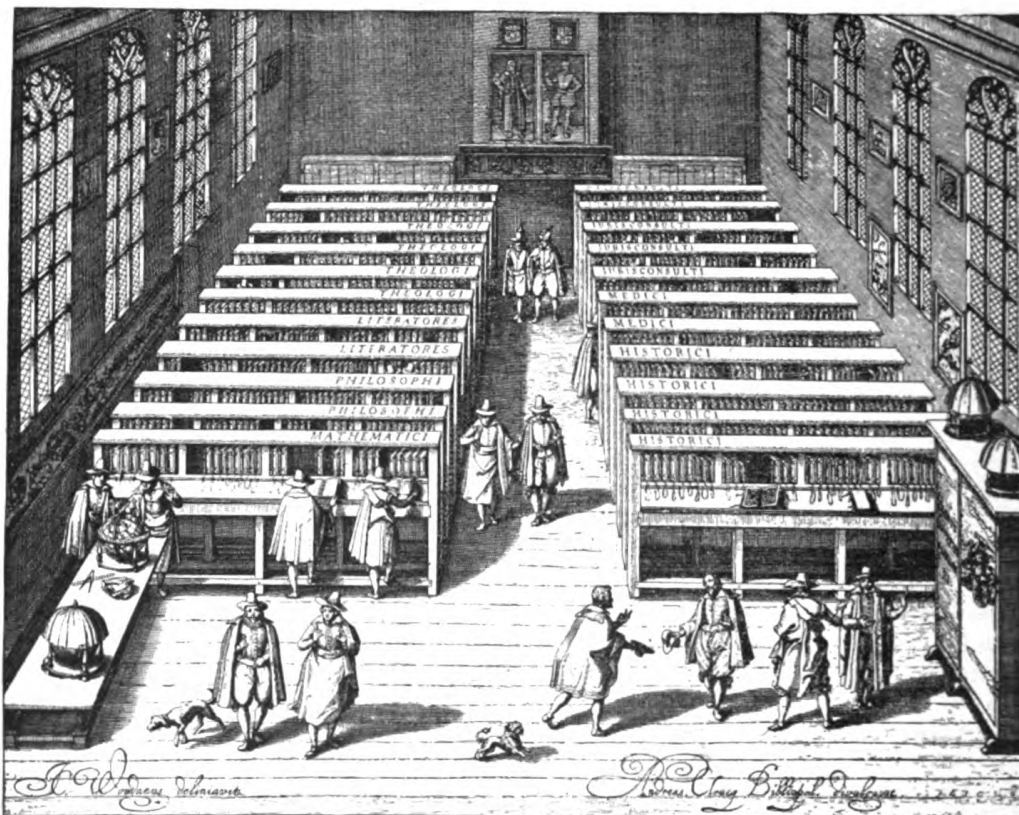
"What's the use of jabberin'?" asked Batty's mother. "We thought Mr. Chester 'd feel so bad," she added. "We thought he didn't know."

The worrier began to laugh, then cry; first this, then that; for her nerves gave way beneath her. She sat humbly in her rich furs before the quarryman's wife. She felt that these plain people had outdone her in nobility, as they had rivalled her in delicacy,—her, and Hurlburt, too.

"Oh, come and see my baby!" she cried. It was the only thing that occurred to her to say.

Now at that moment Batty gave a little yelp of ecstasy, threw down his jig-saw, and got to the front door. His father was there, stamping off the snow; and the lad's idol, his ideal, his man angel, stood upon the threshold,—nervous, for an angel, and with an anxious look.

But when the two men saw the women crying together upon the quarry-cold centre-table, they clasped hands, and said nothing at all.



INTERIOR OF THE LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF LEYDEN

From a print by Jan Cornelis Woudanus, dated 1610

The Medieval Library

BY ERNEST CUSHING RICHARDSON, *Ph.D.*

Librarian of Princeton University

THERE are few things which mark so vividly the contrast between matters medieval and modern as libraries: on the one hand manuscript, vellum books, chained to desks, in a cloister, for the use of a privileged few and administered by monks; on the other, hundreds of thousands of printed, paper books, freely given out from a modern building to whoever will use, and nine times out of ten given out by a woman.

The historical beginning of both medieval and modern libraries is to be found in a little cupboardful of service-books in the apse of the early Christian churches. Being for use in service, the

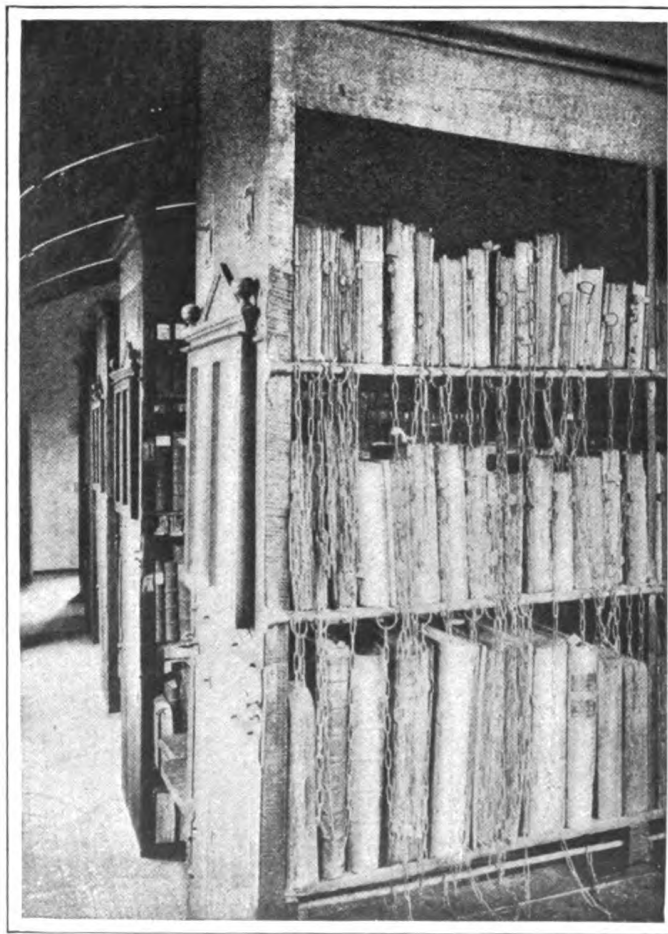
books were kept near the altar, and with them were kept such few other books as the church chanced to own. When there were too many for the space, the cupboard naturally developed into a little alcove between apse and sacristy, or a row of cupboards in the cloister just outside the church door, or sometimes even into a little detached building behind the apse. As the number of books grew and their use became more varied, some books were retained near the altar, others were removed to the neighborhood of the school or the quarters of the novices, others to the refectory for reading aloud to the monks during meal-time, and the

bulk of them to a specially prepared building, or rooms in the cloister, where they were in turn divided into circulating and reference collections. It came to pass, therefore, that a single cathedral or monastery often had as many as half a dozen distinct collections, located at various points in church and cloisters, each intended for a special use; and besides this, there were also, here and there in the cloisters, small reading-desks with one or two books on each for general reading. The whole institution was thus in some sort a library, and to think of the ecclesiastical library as a single collection in a single place is to miss one of its most characteristic features.

It is true that the ecclesiastical were not the only libraries of the middle ages, but while there were others, Mohammedan as well as Christian, royal, private, and university as well as religious, it is still true that these church and monastic libraries were, by virtue of number, quality, permanence, and especially of their dominating influence on library architecture and method, the true types of the period and the actual ancestors of the libraries of to-day.

Although the truly typical ecclesiastical library never, perhaps, existed complete in all its elements in any one place, some of the greater cathedrals and monasteries contained at one time or another nearly every feature, and a visitor to Durham or St. Gall, Vercelli or Monte Cassino, to-day, may with a little imagination realize all the various elements of the libraries of that time, say when toward the end of the thirteenth century the famous Humbert of Romans laid down the rules for the libraries of his Do-

minican convents. If some one accustomed to the free public library of to-day could be transported in the spirit to the time when convents were in their glory and visit some great monastery having all the elements of the library practice of the time, it would be an instructive experience. After a perfunctory visit of custom to the church under the guidance of the porter, he would be met at the entrance of the cloister by the hospitaler, whose duty it is to receive and escort all strangers. Welcomed in the guest-quarters and the wish to visit the libraries made known, the guest would be taken first, by punctilious etiquette, to visit the infirmary—to fulfil first the prime duty of “visiting the sick.” Here in a building a little apart from the church and from the cloisters, both great and small, he would find the feeble and ailing as well as the sick, and



A BOOKCASE IN THE CHAPTER LIBRARY, HEREFORD

would see those among them not too weak to enjoy reading having the use of books under privileges of use not granted to the able-bodied.

Passing from the infirmary around the outside to the church again, the hospitaler would point out the spot where, between the apse and the prior's house, the little separate library building stood before the new cloister was built on to provide, among other things, ampler accommodation for the overcrowded library. Entering the church, the visitor would be shown the arched closets, looking like shuttered windows cut into the wall of the apse on either side. One of these cupboards was the library of the church in the long-ago day of small things, when only a part of the church itself and very little of the convent had been built, but at this time it is used only for the sacred vessels. Then his guide would take him to the little alcove between altar and sacristy where the ponderous service-books are still kept, as they were

when first removed with the other books from the cupboard in the apse, and in the same wooden cupboards, presses, or "almeries." Only the service-books would be now here, the others having been long ago removed to various points.

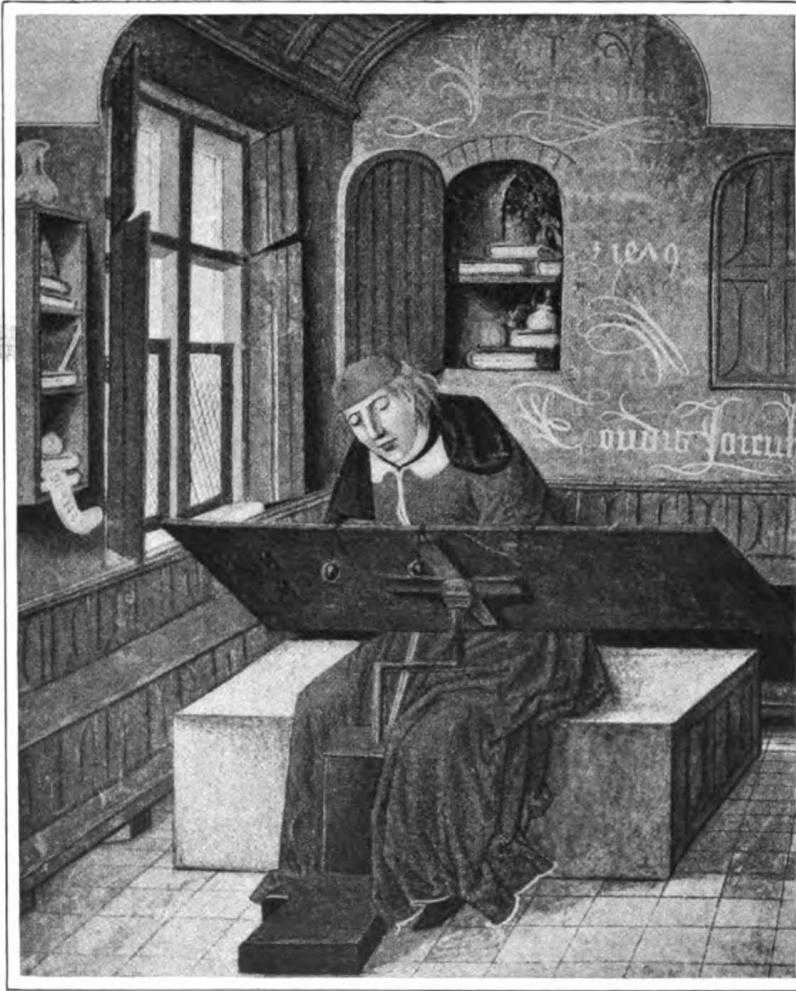
Passing to the cloisters, the visitor would find them fairly studded with collections of books. Beginning at the church door and extending along the side of the church is a long series of upright wooden presses, like those inside the church in substance (though of later pattern), and likewise filled with books. These cupboards are fastened to the stone wall, and at the same time held several inches away from it, for the sake of dryness, by iron clamps. Here books were kept in the first overflow from the church itself, before the little outside building was built, and here a large selection of the most used books were still kept when the remainder were moved to other quarters. In this convent, it being among the wealthiest, these cases, instead of be-

ing exposed to the weather as in many cloisters, would be protected from the elements by the glazing in of the arches along this walk of the cloister with triple windows in order to provide curious little private studies called carols. These diminutive closets are built three in each arch, one for each division of the window, each tiny study having its own desk and lattice door, through which a superior may note, if he desires, whether the reader is working or idling. The desk and seat leave barely enough space for a man and his book.

The hospitaler having timed the hour so as to reach the refectory while the monks are at their meal, the few monks who were reading before dinner would be leaving their carols and passing down the side corridors to the refectory on the opposite side of the court. Paus-



PART OF A BOOKCASE AT CESENA



A WRITER AT WORK

From a French translation of Valerius Maximus, written and illuminated in Flanders in 1479, for King Edward IV

ing a moment, the hospitaler would point out through a window of one of the carols the place where, not far from the entrance to the refectory, the books appointed to be read at meal-time are kept. Following the footsteps of the monks, they pass, on the way down the side of the quadrangle, several reading-desks, each having one or two books chained to it, and the hospitaler points out more of the same sort on the other side of the court, especially in front of the chapter-house. Lingerling to glance at the books of devotion and legends of the saints on these isolated desks scattered here and there for the greater convenience of the monks, they would find on reaching the refectory that the appointed reader for the week had already

begun reading to the monks at their meal. They themselves are perhaps to dine later in the guest apartments, and do not even enter the refectory, which is fortunate if the reader happens to have chosen for this occasion the rules of the order, since it is appointed that these shall not be read when strangers are present. The visitor, looking with some curiosity to see what books are selected for this meal-time reading, would find them chiefly sermons, saint-books, and the official literature of the order. Most of these would be pointed for chanting, for the books are generally intoned or chanted rather than read.

Passing into the second cloister, they would find the whole of one side occupied by the library building. The

entrance to the main library is by a winding staircase just at the angle where they pass into the second quadrangle from the first. Pausing here, the guide would point out the row of openings

as it is wide, is divided near one end into two unequal parts by an iron grille. The larger of these parts is filled with slightly sloping desks, having books

chained on them, and perhaps a row of books standing, backs inward, along the top, or even two or three rows above or below the shelf of the desk. The smaller part of the room is furnished with presses like those in church and cloister, containing on the one hand those books too precious for exposure in the reading-room, and on the other a circulating collection.

The desks with chained books in the larger division are arranged running continuously from side to side clear across the hall, save for an aisle in the centre and narrow passages along each wall of the room. Between the long rows is just space enough for the readers and no more, the back of each desk forming at the same time the back of the reader's seat of the next row, if they are arranged for sitting, and just about as



A WRITER WITH HIS DESK AND TABLE

From a MS of *Le Livre des Propriétés des Choses*, in the British Museum

into the writing-rooms, which occupy the whole ground floor of the library side of the quadrangle, some serving as special studies for those monks who are themselves composing books, and some as copying-rooms for the scribes who are multiplying books for the library by copying manuscripts borrowed from neighboring institutions.

Up the winding stair the visitor would find a noble hall occupying the whole of the upper story. Extending as it does above the cloister walk to the very garth, it is beautifully lighted both from the court and from the outside. The windows are large and almost continuous, and, the width not being over a dozen yards, the long narrow room is perfectly lighted. This room, three times as long, perhaps,

close if they are for standing. In this arrangement the visitor recognizes the embryo of the familiar modern stack system of arranging books, as he recognizes in the almeries or presses in the smaller portion of the room the predecessors of the modern wall bookcase.

At this point the visitor might find by appointment the librarian, who, thanks to this visit, would be apt to have had the coveted invitation to dine at the better-spread strangers' table, and would be quite content to postpone his thin meal at commons for a better one a little later. He would show the visitor the curious devices for fastening the rods to which the book-chains are attached by sliding rings, so that they may be securely fastened and yet the librarian

be able to change the selection from time to time. He would show them also his catalogue of the books,—titles arranged in a classified order, and so closely written that nearly two thousand works take scarcely twoscore folio pages. Then he would show how books are arranged on the desks in the same order, and explain the numbers marked on the backs or fronts or sides, according to the way they stand or lie upon the desks.

Finally the librarian would show them his treasures—a *Psalm* of the fourth century, its binding thickly incrustured with jewels and kept in a jewelled box; a *Gospel* written in silver letters on purple vellum, and a great folio missal with wonderful full-paged miniatures in blue and gold and every capital throughout of burnished gold.

Discussing these matters and other such things for some little time, they would find on descending again to the courtyard that the monks had finished their meal and scattered to various employments. On the way to the school library, at the diagonally opposite corner of this quadrangle, they would pass the open doors of the writing-rooms, and perhaps see copyists and authors bending over their desks, and in the one larger writing-room, eight or ten writing simultaneously copies of a work which is being dictated to them by a reader. The

presses for the school-books prove not unlike the other presses, but their contents differ in having many copies each of the text-books prescribed for the university degree—for the school is a true university, with its studies modelled on Paris or Bologna. This collection is near the door of the lecture-room, and looking in, they would see the students sitting cross-legged on the straw-strewn stone floor, some with vellum on knee writing, and others studying their text-books.

Returning to the north cloister, the visitor would be shown, opposite the treasury, a chest full of books for the novices, and, inside, the archive, where documents, charters, and the like are kept in chests such as have been in use for these purposes, already at this time, for three thousand years or more.

It being now time for their own din-



A CARMELITE IN HIS STUDY

From a MS. of *Le Miroir Historial* in the British Museum



INTERIOR OF THE LIBRARY OF SIXTUS IV.

From a photograph taken by Danesi, of a fresco in the Ospedale di Santo Spirito, Rome

ner, they would pass again through the walk of the carols—now after dinner every one occupied by a reader—to the guest-rooms once more, and at their meal the guest would doubtless inquire of the librarian and learn many curious things about his own library practice and the quaint customs of earlier librarians—things about buying and lending, gifts and thefts, cataloguing and classification, and such-like things of which librarians are apt to discourse when they have a sympathetic listener.

Such were, in broad outline, the medieval libraries as regards their physical appearance; and the details of the administration of these libraries were in many respects as quaint as the libraries themselves.

The librarian was sworn into office on the Holy Gospels, as became one whose duty it is to furnish to those who have need the "food" and "weapons" of the soul—for so they used to call books. "Books are the nourishment of the soul," says one abbot, speaking of the library of his convent; and another says, "As the armory is to the castle, so the library

is to a monastery." The very name librarian "*armarius*," derived as it is from the press, cupboard, or almerie, in which the books are kept, is precisely the modern word almoner;—as the almoner serves from his cupboard food and drink for the needy, so the librarian deals out books, which are the food and drink of the soul.

In the beginning the librarian was, curiously enough as it sounds at first, the precentor or choir-master, but the explanation of this is, in fact, simple enough: since the first books were the service-books kept in the apse-cupboard in the church, the precentor was naturally charged with their care, and when the collection grew by the addition of other books he kept charge until the growth made subdivision of labor necessary.

The ordinary duties of librarians are often laid down with great minuteness in the monastic rules; they differ greatly in detail but not much in essence from those of the modern; he must take charge of the books, "keep and know under their separate titles," frequently examine carefully to prevent damage from damp, dust,

mice, and "moth-worms," and repair them when damaged. He must lend books to the brethren, enter each loan carefully in his register, and see that a sufficient deposit is left for its return, or proper bond given.

For all these services the librarian received, besides the reward of a good conscience,—and if he were not vowed to poverty,—a modest stipend, sometimes as much as forty-three shillings and four pence, or even ten pounds and four yards of woollen cloth, yearly. One received "considerable landed possessions." On the other hand, the librarian was sometimes held financially liable for every book lost or damaged.

In spite of the small number of books and comparative infrequency of lending, the librarian's office was no sinecure. To begin with, funds were scanty, as a rule. It is true that some libraries were endowed. Sometimes they had by right the regular income from certain parishes; again it was the income from "two mills" (a very different matter, by the way, from the "two mills on a dollar" out of which State law allows the modern library to draw its usual scant "one-third of a mill"; these were real mills for grinding, not taxpayers, but grain). More often, however, the libraries had no fixed income from endowment. Sometimes they got regular funds from a capitation tax on monks or clergy, and in the universities they were allowed to charge so much per page for books loaned; but often in the monastic libraries there was no fixed source of income at all, and all money must be begged, as was of course the fact always in the mendicant orders, at least in their earlier days. In spite of this, however, they must have managed to get a good deal of money for the purchase of books, for so keen was the competition from purchase, especially by the begging orders, in the thirteenth century that an appeal was actually made to the Pope for relief, because, it was said, all the good books were bought up by the monks, and no layman had so much as a show at getting anything worth while.

The begging of books too, as well as of money for books, was a fruitful source of increase to these libraries, as is shown by the frequent records of gifts, many

very considerable ones, and peculiarly in the record of testamentary gifts. This source became specially valuable when, as in some orders, after the middle of the thirteenth century, such legacies were compulsory on members of the order. The monks, even though vowed to poverty, were allowed to gather libraries for their private use. In the case of the mendicant orders, they were expressly allowed to beg money of their friends for this purpose, and there is plenty of evidence that many of the monkish collectors were true bibliomaniacs, who, as a certain general of the Dominicans once said, "love books too much, especially rare and curious ones; they never have enough, and sometimes never read what they have. They have learned bookshelves and empty minds." However that may be, these collections by voluntary and compulsory bequest became a rich source of increase for the libraries.

The most characteristic source of increase was, however, neither purchase nor gift, but the writing and copying of books, done in the writing-rooms of the library. In those days of small things, original composition even was no slight source of growth. The passion for making many books belongs neither to Solomon's time nor to the age of the German university alone, and it belongs in large measure to the middle of the thirteenth century, when there was a production which can only be compared with the thesis output of the modern university. It was at this time that Humbert of Romans thought it necessary to curb the zeal of his preacher friars for this occupation with the dry remark, "There were twelve apostles and seventy-two disciples; very few of them wrote books."

But most characteristic of all sources of accession and the most curious of the librarian's duties was the work of the copying-rooms. In these rooms manuscripts, borrowed from other libraries, far and near, or from private persons, were copied for the library. Sometimes the books borrowed were received on condition that an extra copy should be returned with the book itself in payment for the loan. One shrewd fellow built up a considerable business on this basis.

It may have been owing to this, or, perhaps, to the need of producing several copies of the same work for use in the schools, or to supply—as in the standard works of devotion and books of legends—the popular demand among the monks, that the wholesale copying of manuscripts in the libraries sprang up. Sometimes ten or a dozen copies would be produced at once, either by having one person dictate to the rest or by separating the folded sheets from the binding and distributing among the monks, who each made several copies of the section of perhaps a dozen leaves assigned to him. After a time this work, begun at first only for the use of the library, developed into a regular business, and copies were sold to other libraries or to individuals, and this led, in the later middle ages, to precisely the result of all wholesale manufacture—the small plants were driven out of existence, because it was cheaper to purchase books than to keep up a *scriptorium* or copying department. Finally a few large libraries like St. Gall were doing a large publishing and binding business, and had almost a monopoly of the trade, until it went out of library into private hands, at which point it belongs to the history of the publishing trade. Under these conditions the librarian was, in fact, librarian-publisher, as in earlier days he had been precentor-librarian.

And in those days keeping the books, like getting them, was harder than now. Moth and rust still corrupt and thieves break through and steal, but in the unheated stone buildings of that time damp and insects were pests which have no parallel in steam-heated, fan-ventilated buildings; and even thieves must be less bold now than in those days, when a ponderous folio of half a hundredweight had to be chained to its desk. It is true that even in this day folios have been stolen, and that in considerable numbers, from one of our best-equipped libraries, but, after all, free access and the “open shelf” are characteristic of the library of to-day, while the chained book is characteristic of the medieval library. The medieval librarian had, however, still another protection against loss from theft, and one in which the modern librarian trusts as little as in chains. A well-

composed curse plainly written in a volume was then counted, and from the spirit of the time no doubt was, a great protection. The librarian who wrote in a book the pious wish “that he who should take it away from thence . . . should incur damnation with the traitor Judas, with Annas, Caiphas, and Pilate” no doubt took great comfort in the added security. One librarian, however, seems to have had some compunction about condemning even a book-thief to everlasting damnation, to wit, the librarian of Christ Church, Canterbury, who limits the power of his curse to this life: “May (he) incur in this life the malediction of Jesus Christ and of the most glorious Virgin, His Mother, and of blessed Thomas Martyr. Should, however, it please Christ, who is patron of Christ Church, may his soul be saved in the day of judgment.”

In the preparation of his books for use the librarian was accustomed to classify, catalogue, and number for location on the shelves in the order of classification. The typical classification was, first Biblical literature, then the church writers, and then secular writers. While the religious writings naturally exceed the others, as many as twenty per cent. of the books are often classical, and sometimes as many as fifty per cent. The catalogues usually followed the order of the books on the shelf, being practically what are known as shelf-lists now, but they were occasionally alphabetical.

One of the most remarkable of such enterprises is a cooperative catalogue of the books of 167 Franciscan monasteries, intended to guide students to the location of works not to be found in their own libraries, but which could be borrowed for them if needed. The book numbers were marked sometimes on the back, but more often on the front or end, since the books generally stood on the shelves back inward, for convenience of attaching the chains. In those libraries where books were not stood upon end at all, but lay flat on the desks, as was the case with all the earlier desks, the numbers were on the front side of the cover. In whatever method, desk or shelf was often marked with the corresponding number. In all these matters there is a curiously interesting variety in the

working out of details, showing the same human nature, the same problems, the same principles, and the same varying intelligence as to-day, but all clothed in a dress as unlike that of the twentieth century as steel armor is unlike khaki.

When it comes to the practical use of books, the same variety in detail is in evidence. The conditions of use were, to begin with, various. Most libraries had both the chained-book reference collection and a collection for lending. The chained books were like the strict reference collections to-day, but their chaining produced this interesting variation from modern custom, that, when many books were to be used at once, the reader had to go to the books instead of having the books brought to him. Some few libraries were purely for reference,—borrowing or lending, inside or outside the house, being forbidden. Sometimes books were loaned out of the library-room, but not out of the building. Peterhouse College at Cambridge provided that books not chained might be loaned within the college, but “no books so selected and distributed shall pass the night out of college.” In general, however, books were lent out, and a council at Paris in 1212 forbids the forbidding of loans, “seeing that such a loan is one of the chief works of mercy.”

Some of the details of the lending are picturesque enough. In calling for books one of the orders, which prescribes silence on its members, had a code of signs to be used in asking the librarian for books. The sign for the missal was the sign of the cross; for a book of offices, kissing the fingers; and for a secular book the direction was to scratch one's ear like a dog, because unbelievers are like dogs. The Benedictine rule gives minute directions for the annual distribution: first the librarian has the books brought out and laid on a carpet; then the brethren gather, each carrying in his hand the book borrowed the year before; then the librarian calls the roll, each returning the book as his name is called. If a borrower is conscious of not having read the book through, he must fall on his face, confess his faults, and pray for forgiveness. (In some communities the abbot examined the borrower to make sure, and if the monk

failed to pass, he had to take the same book out again.) The librarian then hands to each another book and charges it.

When books were loaned out of the building it was the universal custom to require a pledge or deposit, either of books of an equal value or of money. Another method was to require a legal indenture with witnesses, binding the borrower, his heirs, and his executors, either for all his estate, both real and personal, as in one Durham instance, or for a specific valuation—*e. g.*, “100 solidos.” One of the colleges provided that every book given out “shall have a high value set upon it when it is borrowed, in order that he that has it may be more fearful lest he lose it.” That some precaution was necessary is shown by the experience of Durham, which found it necessary to proceed at law against a bishop who had borrowed books and failed to return them. That the privilege of borrowing was much availed of is shown by the many duplicates that some of them had to have of popular books like Voragine's *Golden Legend*, and the further fact that many of these were fairly read to pieces, like any popular modern novel in a public library.

Books were loaned sometimes for only two weeks, sometimes for as long as two years. A common period among the monks was one year, but often the loan seems to have been for no stated time, save return on or before the day of the annual, or semiannual, auditing of books. At this time, if a borrower failed to return, he was subject to forfeiture of privilege or of bond.

Many and, if we may believe De Bury, much needed were the injunctions to carefulness on the part of borrowers or readers. They must not lend the books to any one else, must not leave them open when they go to their meals or to church, must take utmost pains “that they be not soiled by smoke, or dust, or dirt of any kind; for it is our wish that books, as being the perpetual food of our souls, should be most jealously guarded, and most carefully produced.” A Frankfort rule required that “students should be polite and modest in the library, avoid outcries and noise, and talk in Latin.”

On the whole, the monks performed well the library task of serving their own

generation; and the corresponding work of preserving the books for following generations they did too, in the main, well. It is true that Boccaccio found a sad state of things at Monte Cassino, with library unlocked, vines growing in at the windows, margins cut off of the manuscripts, and books and seats covered deep with dust. It is true that Poggio found a complete copy of Quintilian buried in rubbish and dust in a sort of dungeon at St. Gall, and other incomplete works of which no other manuscripts have ever been found. But if there had been no monks of St. Gall there would have been no fragments even of these works. To the monks is due the more part of what we knew of ancient literature. They kept and copied when no one else did. When Vandals and Vikings drove them from their monasteries, they left everything else, but loaded themselves down with their books. In later days it was not the monks' neglect but the vandalism of their persecutors which destroyed. At the English Reformation these iconoclasts cut out the illuminations, tore off the bindings for

their gold clasps and bosses, and used the books themselves as fuel, or, as Bale says, "some to scour their candlesticks, some to rub their boots; some they sold to the grocers, and some they sent over to their bookbinders, not in small number, but at times whole ships full." Bale knew a man who bought two libraries for eleven shillings, and the books served him for wrapping-paper for ten years or more. So it was among the Saracens—the treasures gathered by the religious were, "in order to conciliate the favor of theologians and other austere men," burned or thrown into wells by the fanatics. So again it was done by Savonarola, and also in the nineteenth century, at the suppression of the monasteries, many books were hidden away or destroyed by the dishonest agents of the state.

Add to vandalism the many destructive fires, from that of Constantinople down to that of Strasburg in the nineteenth century, and that of Turin in the twentieth, and the only wonder is that there are still existing no fewer than a million volumes from these same medieval libraries.

Ab Humo

BY FLORENCE EARLE COATES

THE seedling hidden in the sod
 Were ill content immured to stay;
 Slowly it upward makes its way
 And finds the light at last, thank God!

The most despised of mortal things—
 The worm devoid of hope or bliss,
 Discovers in the chrysalis
 Too narrow space for urgent wings.

These are my kindred of the clay:
 But as I struggle from the ground
 Such weakness in my strength is found,
 I seem less fortunate than they.

Yet though my progress be but slow,
 And failure oft obscure the past,
 I, too, victorious at last,
 Shall reach the longed-for light, I know!

An Ultimate Ambition

BY WILLIAM McMURTRIE SPEER

WHEN he was tired nights in the small college where he worked his way through, and often in vacation-times when he had temporary work away from home, he was in the habit of taking out his hopes and ambitions and wiping the dust off them, and rubbing them until they shone. That was the way the notion of going to New York became set. Those days he had ambitions and hopes aplenty. Then there was a girl: she lived in a bigger town next to his village; her people were a little finer than his. She had a pair of small diamond earrings which she wore to church—an almost sacrilegious thing to do. Neither of his sisters had diamond earrings, and they did not wear gloves except when it was cold. He had known her for some years; and she, with feminine intuition, felt that there was more to him. She decided that when she was quite sure that some of his ambitions were realized, at least to the extent of an engagement ring with three stones of different colors, she would wear the ring.

So he went to New York, and because he knew a great many things in books and wanted to make the world better and wiser he told the Editor of the Newspaper that he had an ambition to become a Journalist and Desired a Position on the Editorial Staff. That is the way they talk when they begin. It is to such as he that the editor in charge of city news pays \$10 a week, and car-fare on assignments over a mile from the office. In a year or two the reporters get more pay or they are discharged, depending greatly on their stomachs, heads, and legs, and somewhat more on their notions. That is the reason most reporters are country born. They have more digestion and legs and they are in earnest; and the penny public like earnestness, even in comedy. It is only the three-cent public and five-cent public who are well enough off to be cynical.

It was not what he had expected. Serious, sad-faced men who inhabited cubby-holes wrote the editorials, and he never heard or saw them doing anything except mournfully swearing into tubes at the composing-room. They never consulted him, although he knew many things, and could give them volume and page for his authorities. One of the older reporters looked after him in a way, and told him not to ask the editors questions, and to write plainly on one side of the paper, and to print proper names and be careful how he spelled them, and to leave out adjectives. "In twelve years every new reporter becomes an office-holder, copy-reader, or goes to pieces," the old reporter said. He had been a reporter fourteen years and he knew.

There were other things he learned. The men who worked there called it a "shop"; they wrote things, and what they wrote they called "stuff." They were paid by the foot, and ten "sticks" made a column. And although one stick was worth a dollar, ten sticks paid only \$8. So there was more money in writing a lot of short little things than in one big thing,—unless it was a political meeting in favor of the candidate the Editorial Page was for, and then the press-agent would have the speeches typewritten, and if the reporter could get a copy before the city editor did, he was paid at least half-price for it, and that was picking up money. He also learned that it was a trade, not a profession, and that he was not to say journalist, but newspaper man. He learned too that he was not to reform anything. All the reforming was to be done by the Editorial Page, and that depended on whether the Editorial Page's friends were in office or out.

All the time it took him to learn these things, and it was not as long as it was puzzling, the girl was thinking that he had become a great man, and she decided to marry him. So when the

routine promoted him from being paid by the week to being paid by the foot he saved his money. He did not drink, nor play cards, nor try to be wicked. By his next vacation-time he had enough to furnish a flat; then they were married.

They had not lived in the flat long when she wanted a whole house, and reporters who live in a whole house go to Brooklyn. It was not New York, but it was better than a flat. He could not get home to meals, but—she lived in a house. In the neighborhood where she lived people talked slightly of reporters. That is a way foolish people have. They think editors are great and powerful and reporters are not. The fact lies the other way, but it is only great politicians and speculators who have found that out, and they grow rich by utilizing it and keeping it to themselves. She did not know any better, and she wanted him to be an editor.

Now there is only one Editor on a newspaper, and it is not once a week that he writes anything. He is just The Editor. Editorial-writers write the editorials, and The Editor sometimes looks at them when they are set up in type on long proof-sheets, and makes blue pencil-marks on them. Editors do not put things in newspapers, but keep things out. With reporters paid by the foot and editorial-writers paid by the column, it takes several editors to keep things out of the papers. Except The Editor all these editors have adjectives before their names. First, there is the managing editor, who is boss of all the other editors, except The Editor; then the city editor, who is boss of the reporters; the night city editor and his assistants, to keep out things which the reporters write; the telegraph editor and his assistants, to keep out things which have been telegraphed; the cable editor, who does the same to cablegrams, only cablegrams cost so much that they have a better chance; and the night editor, who reads the proofs and cuts out things, until of all the stuff turned in only a fraction gets into the plates that go on the presses and print the newspaper. The wives and outside people in general refer to all assistants to editors as editors. To newspaper men there is only one Editor. The men who read copy are copy-

readers. They give up their eyesight and digestion to head off libel suits, to cut out superfluous words and phrases, and in the general effort to get the news, and only news that will sell the paper and pacify the business office.

That was what he became—"copy-reader." At ten minutes to six o'clock he came in and put his coat and hat in the closet he shared with three other copy-readers. At five minutes to six he filled his pipe and lit it, put on his spectacles and eye-shade, and sharpened his blue pencil. At six o'clock he began his work. Every head-line had to have so many letters and so many words. He did not have to count them, because he knew their number by instinct and habit. When the copy was read and headed he made it up into little bundles and sent it through a chute to the composing-room. At quarter to eleven he ate a sandwich and a piece of pie, and drank a small tin bucket of milk which the office-boy had brought in. Some copy-readers drank beer, but beer had a drowsy tendency, and drowsiness brings lack of care, and lack of care brings loss of one's job. At two o'clock he walked over to his closet, put on his coat and hat, said good night to the head office-boy—in newspaper offices the head office-boy is bald or gray-haired—and went over the bridge to Brooklyn.

In the course of time he had children. He saw them every week on his day off. Other days they were at school or at play when he awoke and asleep when he came home. His wife wore larger diamond earrings, and all the neighbors knew her husband was an editor. When the children grew up they needed clothes, and the house cost more to run, so he often took the "long wait." Instead of going home at two o'clock he stayed until 4.30. There might be a late fire, an assassination of a president or of an emperor, and a newspaper has to be prepared for anything. The long wait gave him ten dollars a week in addition to his regular salary. Then more and more frequently he would work on his night off—six dollars more. The children were well educated and well brought up.

He had to have recreation, and as his appetite was not so good any more, his supper was one sandwich and ice-water.

The rest of the fifteen minutes taken by copy-readers for supper he spent working out logarithms. When at college he had liked logarithms. There are all sorts of men with all kinds of tastes, and a newspaper office is the place to find them. There was another copy-reader who liked logarithms, and they had a ten-minute nightly contest to see which could carry the same formula to the highest degree before time was up.

By this time he was well over fifty. He was not old, but he seemed to be a little shrivelled. He thought from time to time, idly rather than bitterly, of the ambitions that were, the hopes that had dwindled to one. He did not think often, for that way, he knew, lay the insane asylum. There was an office-boy on the paper who hoped to be a reporter some day, and to the office-boy the copy-reader was the embodiment of all kindness and knowledge. One night the copy came in slowly, and the copy-reader was sitting

idle; that was worse than work, for then he thought things. He did not like to say what he had been thinking to the younger copy-readers, for they could not understand it. They had not been reading copy so long, and they could recall how it looked to see the sun rise and set, and what country sunshine was like. So he spoke to the boy.

"Boy," he said, "I was thinking that if I had an income of \$500 a year—I don't mean salary, but income, something that just came to me and that I did not have to work for—and if I had a house on an island in the tropics where it was always warm and there was water and sand and rocks and the sun shone all the time,—that every morning before sunrise I would get up and sit in a chair on the veranda (and the veranda ran all around the house), and as the sun moved around I would move the chair around, and I would just sit there in the sun all day and study the habits of ants."

My Garden

BY SHEILA M. MACDOUGALL

THERE is a garden in my soul,
A garden where I may not go,
Where all the day the sun shines fair
And only softest zephyrs blow.

The winding pathways cross the turf
Thro' sunshine to the restful shade,
Under the low-arched chestnut-trees
And elms, that throng the quiet glade.

Sometimes the gayest song-birds sing,
And roses scent the balmy air,
And I would give my hope of Heav'n
To enter and to linger there.

Out in the noisy street I fare,
With all its dust and hideous cries,
Lonely, and slaving at my task
As long as daylight fills the skies.

But sometimes for an hour I steal
And by the gate, beneath the stars,
I lean and long and look within,
And cool my forehead on the bars.

A Landscape by Wyant

WYANT is the poet of the Adirondack Mountains. The enjoyment of his pictures is like the delight which one finds in leisurely walking a mountain road that carries one along the wooded uplands, stopping now to watch the changing blue of the distant hills, or the cloud shadows that play across the intervals, now to observe the shafts of light that break through the trees overhead, or the shadows that lurk in the under-wood. In his canvases we find a record of those accidental glimpses of that grand, mysterious something we understand as Creation. And this record is always a personal one, for the personality of an artist determines the particular aspect of the subject chosen, as well as its treatment, since he works from within to express his own ideas.

Art is forever teaching us that beauty lies in a proper relation of things and their poetic suggestion, rather than in the things themselves. In working out a bit of Nature, Wyant ever saw the beauty of the larger whole with its hidden spiritual side. He felt the meaning of the mountain woodlands and tried to bring their appeal home to our daily lives. He knew that the meaning of art itself, rightly understood, is the life of all things and their relation to the great Creator. Accordingly an understanding and enjoyment of his pictures make for our higher development and spiritual betterment, ennobling all lives possessing a germ of beauty.

The woodland which Mr. Wolf has chosen to engrave is from the collection of Mr. George A. Hearn. While one of his largest canvases, it is one of those last finished, and was left in his studio by the artist at his death, a revelation of his highest powers.

W. STANTON HOWARD.



IN THE ADIRONDACKS

*Engraved on Wood by Henry Wolf from the Original Painting by
Alexander H. Wyant*

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE most suggestive portion of Mr. Louis Dyer's very interesting little book on *Machiavelli and the Modern State* is probably the closing chapter, which he gives to a study of Machiavelli's idea of morals. If one were writing now in the good old times, when Machiavelli was simply regarded as the most malevolent of mankind, it would be only too easy to say here that Machiavelli had no idea of morals, and end the matter with that handy witticism. But the effect of Mr. Dyer's whole essay is to put those good old times farther back, and to forbid one their ready privilege in the case of a man who long perplexed the philosophers and the philanthropists, as an angel of darkness, luridly inculcating civic treachery and cruelty in *The Prince*, whose ideal abominations he had studied in the evil life of Cæsar Borgia, and then was hardly less formidable when he came to be regarded as an angel of light, bent upon teaching liberty, equality, and fraternity, by painting with ironical admiration a typical tyrant in all his wickedness. The notion of the satanic Machiavelli held a long time, and it cannot be claimed that the notion of the satiric Machiavelli ever displaced it in the general mind. This was the pleasing if not too plausible hypothesis of certain Italians who could not imagine a good republican and a just man seriously praising usurpation and oppression, and who decided therefore that *The Prince* was a satire, very subtle and profound, but all the more delightful when you were in the joke of it.

Mr. Dyer is rather of the opinion, first luminously suggested by Macaulay, that Machiavelli was in earnest, but must not be judged as a political moralist of our time and race would be judged. He thinks that Machiavelli was in earnest, as none but an idealist can be, and he is the first to imagine him an idealist immersed in realities, who involuntarily transmutes the events under his eye into something like the visionary issues of reverie. The Machiavelli whom he depicts does not cease to be politically a republican and socially a just man because he

holds up an atrocious despot like Cæsar Borgia as a mirror for rulers. What Machiavelli beheld round him in Italy was a civic disorder in which there was oppression without statecraft, and revolt without patriotism. When a miscreant like Borgia appeared upon the scene and reduced both tyrants and rebels to an apparent quiescence, he might very well seem to such a dreamer the savior of society whom a certain sort of dreamers are always looking for. Machiavelli was no less honest when he honored the diabolical force of Cæsar Borgia than Carlyle was when at different times he extolled the strong man who destroys liberty in creating order. But Carlyle has only just ceased to be mistaken for a reformer, while it is still Machiavelli's hard fate to be so trammelled in his material that his name stands for whatever is most malevolent and perfidious in human nature.

At last, however, even the kindly majority, who have acceptations rather than opinions, and who believe such bad things of people with no more rancor than reason, may well revise, if they do not reject, their prepossessions in the light of Mr. Dyer's theory. He does Machiavelli the justice of recognizing that he was not only an upright man in private life, a good son, husband and father, but an admirable citizen, a faithful Catholic, and a zealous servant of the Republic, uncorrupted if not incorruptible. He ardently desired the good, not only of Florence, but of all Italy, and he believed that Italian unity was such a supreme good that every other good might be provisionally foregone for its sake. He admired Borgia because his wicked work seemed to make for unity as well as tranquillity, but he admired the Swiss republicans no less than the Italian despot, because he believed that he saw reflected in their personal valor and public spirit the antique virtue of the Romans as he had misread it out of Dante. But he was not, like Dante, an imperialist. He did not look forward to the reconstruction of the Italy they

both loved in a state bearing the image and superscription of Cæsar; his patriotism harked back to republican Rome, which his fancy rehabilitated in the likeness of the Swiss federation, and in this ideal of a strong, impersonal commonwealth, demanding and commanding every private sacrifice for the general good, he saw the vision of a potential if not an eventual Italian republic. Such a Machiavelli is an intelligible and by no means improbable figure, and is in some respects attractive as well. The very limitations of the man, as Mr. Dyer frankly yet delicately ascertains them, add to the charm of the figure, and the malevolent, the monstrous Machiavelli of tradition, whom one turned from with abhorrence, ends in becoming a lovable personality, a man full of ingenious and entertaining theory, whom one might be glad to have for one's companion and friend.

There is something very modern in such a Machiavelli; and in his willingness to difference private from public morality we recognize traits of contemporary citizenship, contemporary statesmanship which we find blended with too many amiable qualities to be visited with an indiscriminate condemnation. In fact, it might be said that Machiavelli simply defined and registered the principles which had governed republics as well as princes in all times, and precipitated the emotions if not the motives held in solution from the beginning in every patriotic breast. This is saying indirectly that no state has yet kept the conscience of a Christian and a gentleman, and certainly at times it looks as if every state had hitherto been habitually ruled by incentives of which all but the shabbier sort of private persons, not to specify cheats, robbers, and assassins, would be ashamed to own. The practices of states have been so bad, indeed, that the state itself, bad as it is, is ashamed to own them, and calls them by such decent names as destiny, diplomacy, hostility, strategy. Hardly any respectable person, even though a prince, will take a mean advantage of a weaker person, to deceive or plunder or oppress him. He will not covet his possessions to the extent of driving him

out of his house and home, or if he stays there, subjecting him to his will and caprice. Between man and man it is considered an unneighborly thing for one to reap what another has sown, to burn his barn, or steal his horse, and it is regarded as still worse form to cut his throat, either through frank self-interest, or from a mistaken ideal of self-devotion. These things have been so long regarded as immoral that laws have been enacted against them, and in many cases, perhaps most cases, the laws have been executed upon the offenders. But nations do analogous things with entire impunity, there being no statutes, in such case made and provided, and in spite of the spasmodic, or even frequently recurrent, impulses towards arbitration, there is no immediate hope of them. One does not dwell on these familiar phenomena as if they were fresh discoveries. One notes them because there seems to be some danger of late that the immorality of states, which is founded on greed and might, may infect the ideal if not the conduct of persons. All the friends of civilization should be on their guard against this, lest we should severally turn out as rapacious and unscrupulous as the political collectivities which we are respectively parts of.

Our most precious heritage from the past is the sense of individual responsibility, or to sum it in one word, of conscience, which came into the world, as we now have it, with Christianity. We may talk as we please about morality as the long result of time in human experience; and it is always possible that it has its root, as it has its flower, in the acts and thoughts of men; but it is useless to feign that it does not, sensibly or insensibly, refer itself to a belief in some life after this. A generation bred in that belief may lose its faith, and yet keep on in the strait and narrow path by the impulse given it; but the generation which follows, and which has no impulse of the kind from the past, will falter and fall out of the way. It may be a gross childishness, like being afraid in the dark, to feel that in moments of choice between right and wrong there is a power somewhere that will hold us to account for our choice, and in some other being will let our happiness

or suffering ensue from it. But without this feeling there can be no choice between right and wrong; without it there can be no right or wrong. In the lapse of time it does not matter what a man does in this case or that; it all comes to the same thing in the course of years; but in the lapse of eternity it has hitherto been supposed to be a different matter. If a man does not believe himself destined to a life beyond this, why should he vex himself here as to the effect of his actions? If he sees the effect, and it is disastrous to some other man, that is certainly disagreeable, and he may wish that he had acted differently. But without this ocular demonstration he can have no sense of the harm, which he does not know as sin, or even as evil. At the worst, it is simply a great pity, but he cannot cease to choose selfishly because of it, unless the sight of the suffering he has caused has made him lastingly sorry; and the sufferings of others seldom do that with any man. If, however, he has the standard of right and wrong, mystically delivered from that other world whither he shall repair to answer after death for the deeds done in this, he must, as he would rather be happy than miserable, choose unselfishly, for the unselfish thing is the only thing infallibly and invariably right to his spiritual consciousness, his conscience, and the only that can avail him hereafter.

Beauty may have its own excuse for being, but apparently right has no excuse save through the conscience that lives in man from his assurance of a life hereafter. If he has no soul, then there is neither sinning nor unsinning, there is really no right and no wrong, there is only a convention of morality which he may observe or not as he likes. The convention of morality is continually changing. Sometimes it is severe and sometimes it is lenient. Its state apparently depends not upon anything vital in it, but upon the degree of faith outside of it, upon the general acceptance or rejection of the standard of right and wrong mystically delivered from another world. Oddly enough, however, this lifeless, this merely formal, this altogether superficial and constantly fluctuant convention of morality has power upon the living faith from which it

exists, and it is to be carefully and anxiously guarded because that seems bound up with it. Men seem not so much to sin because they have lost their faith, as to lose their faith because they have sinned, and they do not so much lose their faith because they have themselves sinned with apparent impunity, as because they have seen others sinning with apparent impenitence as well as impunity, sinning freely, prosperously, triumphantly, exultantly. The wrong done by a whole community infects and depraves every member of it whose conscience does not force him to deny his share of the common iniquity, to disclaim its advantages as far as he may, and reject its pretensions to honor.

It was the misfortune of Machiavelli, as well as other philosophic observers of his time, that he fell a prey to the glamour of force, and imagined a final good from provisional evil. His delusion was so complete that, good man and good Catholic as he was, he censured Christianity for embodying the spirit of Christ, or, as Mr. Dyer says, "he argues that Christianity, with its life beyond, takes away men's fierceness," and he praised rather the pagan rites, which with what he calls their "bloody and ferocious sacrifice" of animals, "infected the spectators of it with the power of inspiring terror." But in his "protest against the Christian virtue of humility which he held accountable in a measure for the political paralysis of Italy, Spain, and France," Mr. Dyer notes that he was no worse than Dante himself, who "pointedly omitted" in the *Purgatorio* to class with the other Beatitudes that which declared, "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth." "By his silence," Mr. Dyer holds Dante "pledged to declare with Guicciardini and Machiavelli that the meek shall *not* inherit the earth—at least not in any sense which to them in their day seemed natural and congruous. Dante is therefore no better than Machiavelli in this, and perhaps," our author adds, "it is not in these days of partitions, hinterlands, spheres of influence, and newly assumed colonial responsibilities that either Englishmen or Americans would incline to be very strict with these three great Italians on the score of their

neglect of the cardinal virtue of Christian humility, or to arraign them as the defenders of a revived paganism."

Machiavelli, then, worshipping the ideal of a state become finally virtuous, no matter what means it has used to become sovereign, could very well be a modern patriot of familiar type: the sort of patriot who always sees in his country's aggrandizement a justification of her policy; and he would hardly find himself at odds with the methods of material development. It is one of the effects of the tendency to unite endeavor in the industrial world that both labor and capital have become incorporated and depersonalized. The union and the trust may have rendered each other inevitable, but in their fatal existence the sense of individual responsibility is lost. The acts of the several persons who compose them have become official acts, for which no one holds himself finally accountable to the eternal justice. Their members fancy that in this official quality they have juggled away the moral consequence of their deeds. But in reality they have only multiplied it in the ratio of their number; for there is morally no such thing as a corporate or official entity; whatever is done by all is done by each, so far as each is privy to the deed. This is what faith clearly sees, the faith that is based upon the assurance of a divinity ruling in the affairs of humanity.

But this faith may be lost not only through evil doing, but through the admiration of evil doing. Is this faith worth keeping? Is its mystical insight valuable to mankind? It seems almost blasphemous to ask such questions, in view of what religion has always claimed and still claims. Yet the actions of men in every guise in which they would escape the sense of individual accountability have constantly denied the pretensions of religion in the matter. So far as these actions are the test of the fact there has never been any such faith in the world, except with a comparatively few fanatics and martyrs. In Machiavelli's time the part of religion was taken by Savonarola, but Machiavelli, who could not believe that the meek

would or should inherit the earth, had at the best an ironical smile for Savonarola. In our own time comes a man who simply declares that Christ was in earnest, and the ironical smile of Machiavelli would be the least among the scorns put upon Tolstoy.

This does not mean that Machiavelli was supremely wicked when as a patriot he prized the strenuousness of Borgia above the righteousness of Savonarola; still less does it mean that those who deride Tolstoy are much worse than the people of Sodom and Gomorrah. It means no more than that by the long tacit or practical denial of Christianity in the economical and political affairs of men, faith has lapsed or is lapsing in the witnesses of worldly success, who necessarily become the worshippers of success when they see it nowhere accountable for its means. Industrial organization through both the union and the trust denies the personal conscience, to and from which faith exists, yet the corporate action of these, if evil, brings a measure of reproach to each of their members. Public opinion, founded upon faith, censures them severally in censuring them collectively; but there is apparently no public opinion which is more sovereign than the national collectivity. Patriotism, therefore, is the thing most to be questioned and dreaded, because it cannot, in the minds of its idolators, commit any errors or crimes; whatever it does is transmuted by the doing into wisdom and virtue. It has but one duty: success. In this view, which we should be the last to insist upon, it may be said that Machiavelli, with his worship of force that was to ultimate in virtue, through whatever means it would, was simply a man in advance of his time. He has suffered, as all the prophets have suffered, for anticipating his epoch. If now the world in realizing the patriotic ideals of antiquity has rounded the cycle back to paganism, Machiavelli would be quite at home in it. The worst that could happen him would be that he might be accused of not being a very original thinker, and people would wonder why he had ever been so much talked of. He would seem a rather belated Carlyle.

Editor's Study.

THERE is an evolution of human genius in quite the same sense that there is evolution in the natural world. Whatever we may regard as our natal inheritance, even our physical traits and temperament, and whatever arises spontaneously in heart and mind, not in any way the result of arbitrary volition, belongs to us as living beings, as denizens in the realm of universal life. We may, and we usually do, limit the term "genius" so as to exclude many entire fields of this spontaneous operation whereby man is one with Nature; we may confine it to the domain of art and literature, or, beyond this, relate it only to such superlative manifestations of the human mind and spirit as seem not to be within the range of ordinary human accomplishment—such, for example, as those which distinguished the career of La Pucelle; but, whatever we exclude, our application of the term never extends beyond the operations of creative life.

Our pride is associated with achievement which has merit because it is the result of conscious effort. No one can take credit to himself for the color of his eyes or any wholly native possession, least of all for those attributes of life which he has in common with the universe, since in that life all action is spontaneous,—doing itself, we may say, under simply permissive conditions. In nature there is no choice of conditions, no conscious adaptation of means to ends, and whatever fitness of things there may be—and indeed always there is the fitness, sure and inevitable,—it is an implication in the creative act itself, not the result of an outwardly imposed harmony. But man glories in those operations which depend upon his choice—which is something quite distinct from that instinctive or subliminal dilection which he has in common with Nature,—he, within a very large range, regulates conditions, imposing arbitrary selection upon plant and animal life, effecting in a single decade transformations which in the natural course would either never be produced at all or only within a long period of time. What in his own development he ac-

complishes through this conscious choice and conscious reaction against difficulty is summed up in what we know as human progress.

Experience is wholly human—the sum of conscious experimentation,—and cherished because it is human. The field of human fallibility, of every sort of accident, farcical and tragical, it is the field also of man's victory and progress. Consciousness itself is developed through its own adventure. In the ant, when its instinctive architecture is interrupted by some obstacle, there is a flash—like that from the breaking of an electric current, which simulates conscious intelligence to an extent sufficient for an adaptive effort; but in human action and reaction the infinite complexity of difficulty, and consequently of the broken currents, develops the constant luminosity of an infinitely complex consciousness.

It is a proud world, but with full justification of its pride, since the consummation of human progress presents phenomena of excellences and complementary defects to which there is nothing comparable or correspondent in the whole universe outside of man—where there is no improvement or betterment, no progress in the human sense, but only spontaneous evolution.

It is not surprising, then, that men should seek to divorce genius from any alliance with Nature, whose elements are so common and rudimentary and who has come to seem so alien and remote, and to associate it only with the progressive development of rational humanity. It has even been defined, as if to identify it with conscious effort, as "a capacity for taking infinite pains." It is indeed true that the capacity for taking infinite pains is one of the prerogatives of genius, whereby it becomes effective in its expression, and it is also true that every singular instance of genius is indelibly associated with some equally distinct era of human development affording the permissive conditions of its emergence in the form we know it by, as Homer is with the period following the Heroic age and Shakespeare with the Elizabethan era. But genius,

in its essential quality, whether we consider it as common to the race or as a singular emergence in the individual, and whatever the magnitude of its work, is as spontaneous in its operation as life itself, and is not to be confounded with any of the factors—mental, ethical, or institutional—of human progress. It is in partnership with human development only as Nature herself is.

Down to a comparatively recent period science and philosophy were chiefly occupied in tracing the resemblances between things, well content with a complete generalization or systematic classification. The conception of evolution came from the later stress laid upon the study of variation, leading in the opposite direction—that is, to a consideration of origins. It was a long and significant leap from Herschel's resolution of the nebulae of Orion to Huxley's exploration of protoplasm.

In the study of origins—not merely of species, but of any new specialization—a veil is withdrawn disclosing the creative life in Nature. Without this study it is possible for us to distinguish, in our own physiological and psychical operations, between actions which are determined by conscious volitions and processes that are spontaneous and wholly independent of the choice which involves an alternative. This spontaneity is characteristic of a natural operation. But the distinction is more convincingly impressed upon us in the study of plastic life, and especially in the study of the lower forms of life, where the consideration of environment and of structural processes in connection therewith is least prominent. Thus, in what, by a false discrimination, we call the organic world, protoplasm is the thinnest veil of an absolutely creative life.

Since the term "creative" is a *bête noire* to the scientist, as associated with misleading popular conceptions of creation itself, we do not object to substituting for it the term "genetic"—especially as the latter suggests etymologically not only a true conception of creation, but also the near kinship therewith of genius. Life, then, is genetic, in Nature and in man—always a new Becoming and, in the becoming, a genetic fitness, a harmony. Since *gen* is *ken* and *ken* is *kin*,

kinship, as St. Francis of Assisi divined it, is a universal implication of the harmony. To *ken* is to know, which is only the recognition of kinship as the very basis of all acquaintance. Herein is a consubstantiation transcending all limited conceptions of it.

In Nature, where there is nothing purely mechanical, even separation is genetic. *Pars* is etymologically bound up with *partus*—a birth, as it is shown to be in those living organisms where fission is reproduction. Otherness—Herbert Spencer's "heterogeneity"—genetic variation, is the first word of evolution.

We are not to look upon operations in what we call the inorganic world as unliving. If Haeckel's latest book, *The Wonders of Life*, represents an advanced stage in evolutionary interpretation, then the latest thought of science attributes not only life but a psychical quality to all matter. This thought completes the cycle of our recognitions.

The tendency to variation is something radical and essential in all life, wholly apart from the conditions of its development in individual integrations. What affects the individual in its environment is consonant and complementary, as in a conjugal partnership—"union in partition." With the increasing complexity, from a division which is at the same time multiplication, the creative specialization (which takes the place of "special creations") becomes a series of cumulative variations.

Thus we come to contemplate life as the power of endless beginnings, each of which is a new emergence, a surprise not to be calculated upon or surmised, as in a progressive series, from antecedent terms.

Such a view enables us to comprehend what is meant by the evolution of human genius—of that in man whereby he is one with Nature.

Such glimpses as we have of earliest man show those spontaneous variations in which environment counts for least and the inherent tendency is the predominant factor. Even in race-variation external conditions account for only accidental features. Genius itself, in this primitive period, appears as the quality of a race rather than as individual—of a race in intimate partnership with Nature, its faith and imagination working

together, creating natural symbols, vital conventions, and a rhythmic ritual—all in some way celebrating that mystical partnership. Art is unspecialized, save in the song and the dance, and even in these is inseparable from the Nature-cult; its rhythm is that of swift vibrations, as in the harmony of the movements in Nature. Moreover, these earliest conventions are vital, and the quickness of life in them, prompting swift vibrancy and a passionate fervor in color-selections, produces outwardly the effect at once of picturesqueness and of immutable stability in form—such a stability as we associate with the celestial mechanism.

These rhythmic forms in the first rituals and in the earliest æsthetic expression, though in conditions of immaturity, have thus, apparently, an obstinate tenacity, and flow from generation to generation in an inflexible current, like the unwritten Vedic Hymns. They assume a sacred character, resenting change as involving violation—even an omission or transposition seeming like an awful chasm or cataclysm in Nature, the breaking or confusion of a magical spell.

That remote period in the evolution of human genius, while it is the most plastic stage, has the regularity of recurrent motions and seasons which we see in Nature, and being, from vital rigor, so changeless in its routine, has an almost immeasurable duration, and in its traditional identity almost seems to repudiate the innate principle of variation, and to annul the significance of mortality.

But, after whatever length of time—sooner in the Indo-European races than in any other—the potent charm is broken by some renascence, and man awakens from this creative dream into his new and more distinctively human estate of culture. This first great awakening of any race is inevitable and spontaneous,—genetic, therefore, a new emergence, and, though the bursting into fulfilment of the race-destiny, is nevertheless a genuine surprise, not to be accounted for by any external or accidental circumstance, to whatever extent the ensuing course of development, in its specific features, may seem to be determined by such circumstances, which, after all, are to be considered permissive rather than determining conditions, since different races in the

same environment would evolve correspondently diverse characteristics.

Thereafter, the successive stages of evolution have no such deep lines of demarcation between them as those which separate them from that first long period of comparatively dormant consciousness—so dormant as to simulate instinct,—though each renascence is equally a surprise. It is possible, and, for lack of space, indeed necessary, to treat these subsequent stages in a general view, confining it to the Indo-European evolution, after the Hellenic type, which, besides being the most significant, is historically the first to command attention as associated with a continuous development from ancient beginnings to modern aspects of imaginative culture.

This continuous culture, first of all, impresses us as a combination of creative genius with progressive and adaptive intelligence. The bond between man and Nature is so far loosened as to give him the free play which comes from detachment, which, though it may be an illusion of freedom, serves for the independent specialization of art and science and social activities. Thus is gained also the permissive condition for the eminence of individual genius independently of the race instinct.

In this culture death comes to have its proper meaning, that which it has in Nature—more definitely breaking the identity of traditional and inviolate custom from one generation to another. Each generation becomes so distinct in its accomplishment, and so aware of its distinction, that art and literature have a special significance as its monumental record and its message to posterity.

Hellenism developed along the lines of genius. Unlike the more stagnant and statically amiable peoples of the East, the Greek lived an ideal life rather than one overweighted by systems of formal ethics. His humanism was a contradiction to the theocracy of the Hebrew. He was creative as distinguished from the Roman, who excelled in formative edification—in jurisprudence and administration. Thus in politics the several Greek States had no cohesion, and such pan-Hellenism as was ever realized was poetic or æsthetic rather than political.

Naturally, therefore, Hellenism adopted

Christianity, which was repellent to all Eastern peoples because of its free spirit. The development of Greek literature was in the direction of individual culture, and the essence of the gospel was the communion of the individual human with the divine spirit. This alliance of Hellenism with Christianity has dominated all European æsthetic and intellectual development, the history of which, through its whole course, is punctuated by eminences of individual genius.

The Hellenic aspiration, reenforced by this alliance, was toward ideals—of the Good, not as rectitude of the outward life, but as a new nativity of the heart into a true humanity,—of the Beautiful, as an equally native surprise,—of living Truth, as spontaneously disclosed.

What in previous pages of the Study we have called the Hellenic tentation is something quite distinct from experimentation as an empirical factor in human progress. It suggests choice, but it is dilection in the natural sense, spontaneous, though reflective, with no alternative in view such as distinguishes arbitrary volition. It belongs to the sensibility of contemplative genius, is the ground of imaginative interpretation, and is itself an issue of genetic evolution. It is at the same time quick and in an attitude of waiting as for life's own disclosure of its truth, whose wavelike lines it follows in a sure path, though one of indirection. It is as truly an attribute of the scientific as it is of the poetic imagination. Thus we have the "vision" as well as the "faculty" divine—the seers and interpreters as well as the artists and poets.

What we have said is, in brief, a suggestive summation of the evolution of genius, as to its character, during the period in which, after its first great awakening and its detachment from its closely intimate bond with Nature, it has run alongside and blended with the currents of human progress.

Up to a certain point in the maturing of civilization, genius in the beginnings of each era intimately blends with progress, contributing to institutional development mighty currents of its own vitality and poetic fervor, holding humanity back to Nature even in its assumed attitude of detachment therefrom, deep-rooted in

the earth while its branches ascend heavenward; and art is still subservient to Faith. Such eras long maintain their heroic enthusiasm, until the vital symbols and conventions become artificial in static crystallization, and the life sinks under the weight of its own fabric, waiting for some outward violence or some strong reaction from within for its new birth. The eras are clearly defined, and the variations of human genius in individual instances surprising and strongly marked.

But an epoch is ultimately reached—and it seems to be fully upon us—when reactions are incessant, the slightly marked pulses of a multitude of invisible currents. The tissues of civilization die and are reborn in the succession not of eras but of moments, and the miracle of renaissance passes without observation. Genius is diffused, not by its reversion to a race-instinct, but concurrently with culture itself; it is not a Vulcanic force lifting high individual peaks. The more even landscape of a garden full of every variety of beautiful flowers—from such as are wild and naive enough to have come from Eden to such as show the cherishing care and adaptive skill of an exquisite art—is levelled up to the wide and lofty plateau of a general culture.

We do not look upon this epoch as transitional, but as ultimate. If there are eras to come, distinguished by the striking features of those which are past, they must belong to an entirely new order of human development in the remote future. In the natural course of things another Dante is as impossible as another Michael Angelo, by which we mean that no such imposing figures await future generations in the development of poetry and art.

Such greatness as belongs to the best contemporary writing is not the objective magnitude of a separate and towering eminence; it is a near and intimate Presence, wearing no disguises, and natively familiar in its approaches. The distinction of such literature is its genuineness, its newness, and its wonderful variety. Though ultimate in the stage of its evolution, it is not so in its instances, the variation of which will be limitlessly multiplied in the future, with ever new and innumerable surprises.

EDITOR'S DRAWER

The Screen Door

BY GEORGE T. WESTON

AFTER the dinner things had all been washed and put away; and after we had helped Alicia fold the table-cloth (starting at opposite ends of the room and gradually approaching each other as the table-cloth became folded, until at last we met and gave Alicia her customary good one); and after Alicia's dear little brown holland apron (with the pockets) had been rolled and placed in the top drawer of the cupboard in our butler's pantry; and after Alicia had run up-stairs for a minute to put herself to rights (as Alicia always calls it); and after she had come down again, all sweet and cool and rosy,—then it was that we took our accustomed seats in our cozy little sitting-room, while the faithful Fido trotted in behind us (as he invariably does), and stretched himself on the rug with the importance of a dog who knows that he is about to become a subject of conversation.

"Good old Fido!" cried Alicia, and "Good old Fido!" we loyally echoed, filling our pipe and looking at the fine old dog with approval and approbation.

Whereupon we heard a noise in our butler's pantry, as though a cautious cat had just jumped upon the floor from an elevation, and a moment later Peter the cat (who had stayed behind to assure himself that the meat had been safely put away) came run-

ning into the sitting-room and seated himself underneath the little round centre-table, and there began to wash himself, meanwhile seeming to be impatient for the conversation to continue (Peter dearly loving to listen to a bit of conversation and always running in whenever he hears us speaking to Alicia).

"Good old Fido!" cried Alicia again (after a silence, during which Peter had stopped in his toilet with a bit of his tongue out and had regarded us with sly looks from the corner of his eye), and "Good old Fido!" we again repeated (while Peter took up his toilet with a gratified air).

Fido sighed most grievously, and, wrinkling his nose, he glared at a hovering fly with a look of such intense irritation that we looked at Alicia with some alarm.

"It's the flies!" explained Alicia, and, "George!" she cried, "we just ought to have a screen door on our back porch!"

Silently we lit our pipe and silently we puffed away, saying nothing, but looking extremely wise.

And, "Oh, George!" cried Alicia, "what do you think? Gracious! I nearly forgot to tell you!"

We looked smiling and receptive.

"That funny woman across the street is engaged!" cried Alicia. "Think of that!"

"Not to the insurance agent?"



I GAVE ALICIA HER CUSTOMARY GOOD ONE

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we cried back, taking our pipe from our mouth in order to look properly thunder-struck.

"Yes!" declared Alicia. "And you should have seen her to-day! You should just have seen her! If you had only seen the playful way she swept her front piazza and the coyness of her when she watered her flowers! Why, George, that woman's forty-five if she's a day! Mrs. Scott thinks she's fifty!"

"Ah!" we comfortably remarked.

"Yes! Mrs. Scott was in to-day and told me all about it! The Scotts have a screen door, too," concluded Alicia, thoughtfully; and then, "The folks next door had a carpenter there all day to-day," she remarked.

"What do they want a carpenter for?" we indignantly cried.

"That's what I'd like to know!" cried Alicia, in answering indignation. "And, George, you should have seen the condescending way they looked up at our windows while he was there! And when he'd put it up, you should have heard them running in and out and banging it!"

"Banging it?" we exclaimed. "Banging it?"

"Oh, awfully!" cried Alicia. "Just because we haven't got one, you know!"

"Banging what?" we asked, speaking in a tone of some slight complaint.

"Their new screen door, of course," replied Alicia, quite surprised, and, "Poor old

Fido!" she added, turning to the old prince and patting his head.

Whereupon Fido sighed, snapped at a fly, and sighed again.

"The dear old dog!" cried Alicia. "Did the flies bother him then?"

And Fido emitted a series of sighs, so remarkable, so eloquent, so almost human that it must have surprised the magnificent old fellow himself, for he glanced at the listening Peter with a proud look, and Peter looked back at him in envious astonishment.

"I suppose," we offered,—"I suppose those doors do keep out the flies."

Alicia at once ran for the telephone-book, and, returning, looked at us intently.

"Shall I, George?" she asked.

"And," we further offered (with the least touch of bitterness), "those folks next door—"

"I've got the book, George!" cried Alicia.

"See! Here's the book!"

"Poor old Fido!" we murmured.

And, "Shall I?" breathed Alicia. "George, shall I telephone the carpenter?"

And (as Fido sighed once more) we weakly let Alicia have her own way again (even according to the invariable rule).

The next evening, as we turned the corner of our street and whistled for Fido, the dear old dog came rushing towards us and seized the paper so spiritedly and trotted

along in front of us with such a contented aspect that it did us good to see it: and when we marched into the dining-room shortly afterwards, Fido ran ahead of us with his tail so triumphantly wagging and his general manner so alert and cheerful, and when he stood up and begged his expression was so bright and gay, that we threw him nearly all our meat (in convenient little bits), all of which Fido cleverly caught, as though this kind of work were nothing but a pleasure to him.

While we were eating our cottage pudding, and after Fido had stood up for the last time (to make sure that there was no more meat left on the table), he



A DISTANT BANG WAS HEARD IN THE KITCHEN

briskly trotted out of the dining-room, and a moment later we heard a banging noise in the kitchen.

"Oh!" we cried (with a spoonful of cottage pudding suspended in the air),—"Oh! did the carpenter put the screen door up to-day?"

Alicia nodded with delight.

"And you should have seen Fido!" she cried. "George, there never was such a dog! He can open the screen door all by himself just by pushing his nose against it! He's been in and out all day long!"

"And can he get back in all by himself?" we asked, smiling in admiration of the old prince.

"No; I have to let him back in," and as a complaining voice sounded from our back porch, "There!" exclaimed Alicia, "he wants to come in now!" and immediately Alicia ran to let him in, and then ran back again, followed by Fido, whose proud demeanor was really nothing less than puffed conceit.

And thereupon we fed the ingenious Fido with cake (while Peter had his saucer of milk), until the last bit of cake had disappeared. Whereupon Fido, with a knowing look at us, disappeared for the second time, and almost simultaneously we heard the screen door bang again.

"Isn't he a dear old dog!" cried Alicia. "Listen, George! He wants to come in!" And dutifully we went and opened the screen door for him, and in Fido trotted, so jocularly and with such a waggish abandon that it almost amounted to downright dissipation.

Three times the screen door banged while Alicia was washing the dishes, and three times Fido had to be let back in (at Fido's special request). The third time Alicia opened the door for him (we feeling tired from our previous exertions).

"And now you lie down and behave yourself, sir!" cried Alicia to Fido, the ingenious dog. "Look at Peter! See how quiet and good he is!"

And if ever a cat looked virtuous it was our cleanly Peter, sitting in his chair and interrupting his toilet only long enough to look reprovingly at the abashed Fido, as Fido dutifully and sedately trotted behind us into the sitting-room.

"Well," said Alicia, beginning the evening news as we filled our pipe,—“Well, the carpenter came first thing this morning—just after you went—and the folks next door—”

A distant bang was heard in the kitchen, and was at once followed by the noise of our Fido hurling a haughty challenge to the spotted dog that lives down in the Hollow.

—“and the folks next door were wild!” continued Alicia (pretending not to hear the martial Fido). “George, they were wild! And when the grown-up daughter came out she said something to her mother on their front piazza and they both laughed, you know how, and—Listen!” And Alicia held up a warning finger. “It’s Fido!” she murmured, pathetically, her dear little face all



"HE'S GONE UP-STAIRS!" CRIED ALICIA

filled with woe. "But I'll fix him!" she cried, after a pause,—“I'll fix him!” and out she ran.

"Well?" we asked a few minutes later as Alicia returned, followed by Fido, who stretched himself upon his rug and peacefully dozed, "did you fix him?"

"I fastened the screen door open!" cried Alicia, wrinkling her dear little forehead, "and now he just won't go out!"

On the hearth-rug Fido sighed luxuriously and stretched himself anew.

"Listen!" whispered Alicia again, as she was about to resume her sprightly narrative.

From our butler's pantry came the guarded noise that Peter makes when surreptitiously eating stolen meat, and on the moment we all dashed after him.

"Shut the screen door, George!" cried Alicia (in the pantry). "Shut the screen door so he can't get out!" she shouted (in the dining-room); and, "Oh dear!" she added (in the hall).

"What's the matter?" we inquired, as the screen door banged shut.

"He's gone up-stairs!" cried Alicia. "George, come, and carry the light!"

And there we were: Peter good-naturedly

dodging in and out of the rooms up-stairs, and Alicia running after him with the grimmest determination, while we carried the light and (whenever Alicia couldn't see it) treated ourself to a large smile of joy and felicitation.

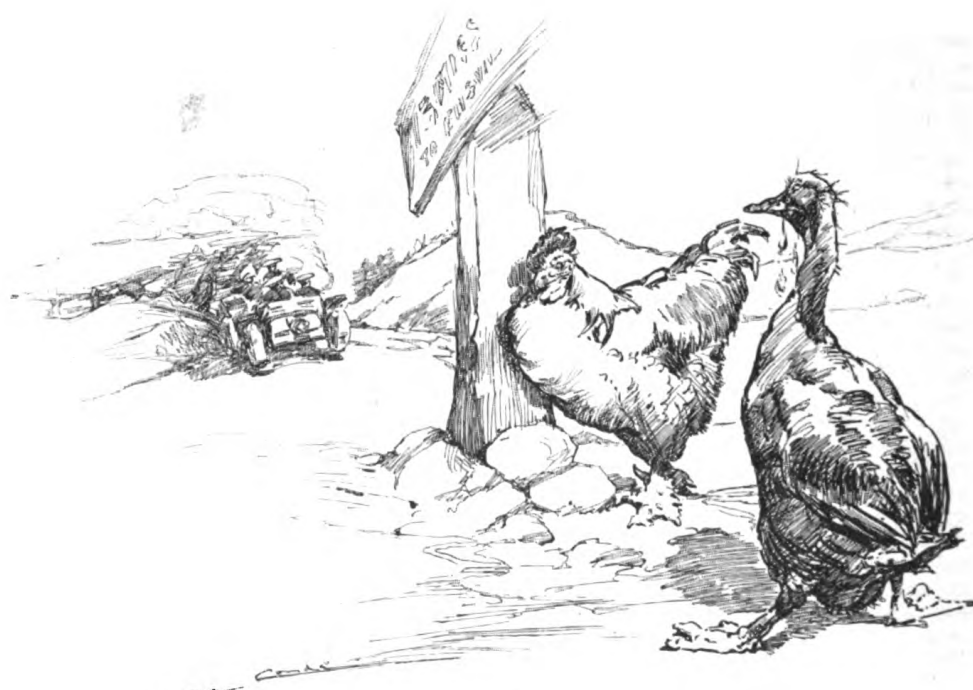
"What's that?" we asked, as the screen door banged down-stairs.

"It's Fido going out!" gasped Alicia.

"And what's that?" we insisted.

"He wants to come back in again!" gasped Alicia.

And there we were once more. The louder Fido cried to be let back in, the louder we laughed; and the louder we laughed, the louder Alicia laughed (limply throwing herself in her little wicker rocker that graces our bow-window in the hall up-stairs); and the louder Alicia laughed, the louder Peter purred as he rubbed his back against Alicia's chair—Peter, the virtuous cat, so quiet and good—Peter, thrilling with all the sweet joys of digestion and filled with a feeling of peace and good will to all mankind!"



A Reminder

THE ROOSTER. "*Just listen to that automobile horn.*"

THE GANDER. "*I love that noise. It is the kind that mother used to make.*"

City Roofs

BY ABBIE FARWELL BROWN

UPON the roofs and chimney-pots
The silver Moon looks down,
As she goes sailing through the sky
Above the sleeping town.

It is a funny world she sees,
Spread out so flat and still;
I think she cannot even know
I live upon a Hill!

Hollow and hill alike to her
Seem level as a park;

She only sees that fields are green,
But city roofs are dark.

The chimney-pots are black with soot,
The roofs are cold and bare,
And yet they hide such lovely things
Beneath them here and there!

My pretty room, my sleeping toys,
If she could only see,
The Moon would know how very blest
A city roof may be!

Some Consolations

By Barry Pain

I

NOW it happened that the philosopher, taking his walks abroad, was confronted by a young man of a morose and sullen aspect.

"It would seem," said the philosopher, "that something has occurred to annoy you."

"Yes," said the young man; "the season of the year annoys me. I hate cold, I loathe the winter, and the weather we are having now is peculiarly filthy. Therefore I do well to be angry."

"Not so, my dear young friend," said the philosopher, gently. "Far from it. For all depends upon the way in which it is regarded. Live in the future. All during the winter count each day as bringing you nearer to summer, and so winter itself shall have its charm for you."

"Good idea," said the young man. "Always look forward. But what am I to do in the summer?"

"Sorry I can't stop," said the philosopher.

II

As the philosopher went on his way, an old man in a state of rags and misery, starved and destitute, asked an alms of him.

"I will give you," said the philosopher, "that which is far better. What is money? Money is the cause for envy and lying and covetousness and cruelty. If you would be happy in this world, avoid great wealth."

"I have done so," said the beggar. "I thought perhaps you would have noticed it."

"I did," said the philosopher. "And I respected you for it. It is for that reason that I have given you freely of my store of wisdom, more precious than all the gold of the Indies."

"Thank you very much," said the beggar. "I will remember it. In the mean time I am in a most desperate state of inanition. I am conscious that if I do not procure food within a few hours I shall collapse and die. Therefore give me food."

"What is food," said the philosopher, "but money in another form? Believe me, my friend, that poverty is no bar to happiness, but that they can never be happy who palter with the truth."

With these words the philosopher turned sadly away. He had gone but a few paces when the moiety of a brick flew through the air and knocked his hat off. He perceived that this missile had been thrown by the beggar.

"To-day," he said to himself, "I am not being well received."

III

Yet it was not in his kindly heart to refuse consolation. When he saw by a dark pool of the river the girl who sat and wept, his genial interest in the affairs of other people was ever present with him. He touched her on the shoulder and said,

"Tell me, girl, why do you weep?"

"Look at me," she said, "and you may guess the reason why."

The philosopher noticed that she was a remarkably plain girl.

"Looks," he said, with his usual facility, "are not everything."

"Aren't they?" she said. "I didn't know. Zoe, my sister, is the most beautiful thing God ever made, and she has a far happier time than I have. Every now and then I come here and see my face reflected in the pool. It is a torture that I inflict on myself. Then I weep, though tears are useless, for this is one of the things that cannot be changed. Nay, tears are worse than useless, for the plainest woman in the world looks none the better for swollen eyes and a red nose."

"Indeed," said the philosopher, "you act very wrongly. Why should we torture ourselves, when our destinies alone give us all the tortures which we require? Make then a vow that you will never again see your face mirrored in the water. So will you forget what troubles you. Remember, too, that the really wise think but little of outward seeming, and look rather at the beauty of the soul. Mayhap there are men well worthy of the love of women who would pass by your sister Zoe without a thought, if in wisdom and in the tender qualities of the heart you surpassed her. Cultivate these and be happy."

"Thank you so much," said the girl. "I am sure that a great deal that you say is very true."

"Come," said the philosopher to himself: "I am doing a little better."

IV

Then as he went on his way he met Zoe, the sister, and she was indeed the most beautiful thing that God had ever made. She came up to him at once.

"Pardon me, master, but I have heard much of your wisdom. Teach me your philosophy."

"Never mind that," he stammered.

"Why not?" she asked, laughingly.

He caught hold of her two hands and drew her close to him and kissed her on the mouth.

Not Eve

BOBBY'S big sister of seven years, thrilled with the success of her attempt to teach Bobby Sunday-school lore, decided to make him "show-off" after the first lesson.

"Tell mother, Bob, who was the first man."

"Adam!" was the quick response.

"And who was the first woman?"

Bobby was stumped. He rolled his eyes. He looked sad. But he was not the kind to desert a sinking ship. His expression suddenly changed, and, with "Eureka" written all over his face, the answer came:

"Madam!"

R. H. W.

The Last Straw

BY WILLIAM ARNOLD JACOBS

THE stout man with the florid complexion brought the front legs of his chair down upon the porch floor with a thump. "I'm thirsty again," he said, glancing sidewise at his two companions.

"Wherein you differ from a camel," remarked the young college man. "A camel can go nine days without drinking."

The thin, wiry, bronzed old gentleman sitting between them nodded approvingly. "Very true," said he; "very true. Your statement concerning the camel is perfectly correct. Did I ever tell you gentlemen of the adventure that I had with a camel while in Arabia?"

"Is it a story?" inquired the young man.

"Well—yes," assented the old gentleman, with some show of reluctance. "It is a story—if you care to hear it."

The stout man seemed disgusted and disappointed, but he repressed his emotions. "By all means," he said, resignedly. "By all means let us hear the story."

The old gentleman devoted a few silent seconds to mental preparation, and then began:

"El Daffa, where I spent the fall of 1887, is situated in western Arabia, about one hundred and twenty-five miles north of the Imarieh Mountains. It is such a quiet, dirty, comfortable little town that I was loath to leave it; but my orders, when they came, were imperative.

"These orders arrived on the 5th of December, in a message from Major Murphy, the commander of our expedition. The message was brief, consisting of only these ten words: '*I am waiting for you at Hofhoof. Come at once.*' MURPHY."

"If you look at the map of Arabia you will see that Hofhoof lies just over the Turkish border, and is exactly four hundred and seventy miles due east from El Daffa. Now four hundred and seventy miles by camel is a full six days' journey. So I had no time to waste.

"Before nightfall of that same day I had purchased a camel—a fleet-footed Arabian beast of the variety known as Nomanieh. By midnight I had my few belongings packed upon him. And at three o'clock in the morning, an hour before day-break, I was ready to mount the beast and set out on my journey to Hofhoof.

"The camel knelt while I clambered up on to his back, and then with a groan arose unsteadily to his feet. Guiding him by means of the strong halter with which he was furnished, I rode him around to the town fountain and let him drink. This was an act of folly that I soon had occasion to repent. But I was not then as well acquainted with camels as I am now.

"After he had taken a long, refreshing, uninterrupted three minutes' drink, in which operation he consumed thirty-five

pints of water, I turned his head eastward, and away we went.

"We had been three-quarters of an hour on our journey when I discovered what a gigantic blunder I had made in letting the camel have that drink. The discovery came about quite naturally. Believing that it would be advisable to adjust the baggage, I had decided to make a brief halt. I therefore grasped the halter-strap firmly in my right hand, and pulled it with all my might, giving at the same time the customary signal to stop. The camel paid no attention. I pulled with both hands, but to no effect; the camel still sped on. I said, 'Whoa!' but he misunderstood me. Sarcastically, I said, 'Get up!' and he did. After fifteen minutes of unceasing efforts I suddenly desisted, as there flashed across me a full realization of my predicament. The camel had had a drink, and was consequently good for nine days. Now in view of the fact that we should reach Hofhoof in only six days, the situation was, to say the least, unpleasant. But I could do nothing, and so resigned myself.

"Six times the night closed down over us, and six times more the red sun burned his track across the sky. And then, on the 12th of December, at half past four in the morning, we came in sight of Hofhoof.

"The ancient walls of the city, silhouetted against the eastern glow, loomed up before us black and ghostly. As we neared the walls I tried again to check the camel; but I might as well have tried to check the wind; he bounced right straight along. Murphy was standing outside the city's gates as we flew past; and I shall never forget the look of astonishment and anger that flitted across his face as he realized that I was not going to stop. He ordered me to halt. But how could I halt without the camel? It was a high camel; it had no fire-escape, and there I was.

"Murphy was amazed. Commands failed him, and he began to swear at me. He was afraid that I couldn't hear him, so he paid five beggars a centime apiece to help him. And they did help him. As long as I was within ear-shot I could hear them. They cursed and derided me, mocked and reviled my ancestors, blasted my past, and hung a pall over my future.

"The camel had now still three days to go. So I planned to ride around in a large circle that at the end of three days would bring us back again to the city. The plan was a success. On the 15th of December, early in the morning, we arrived a second time before the gates of Hofhoof.

"This time the camel halted obediently, and knelt to let me dismount. Murphy, upon hearing my explanation, apologized for swearing at me, and made the beggars give him back his centimes."



Hospitality

MR. BEAR. "Put on the kettle, Isabel. I brought a friend home for dinner."

The Tale of Bill the Sailor-Man

BY G. A. ENGLAND

OH, 'twas a Sailor-man named Bill
Had longings for Low Latitudes;
His friends predicted for him ill,
With trite and trying platitudes;
But Bill, determined to be bold,
Chartered the good ship *Leopold*,
And thus he stowed her spacious hold:

A leg of lamb, a slice of ham.
And fifty-nine cheese sandwiches,
An apple pie, a quart of rye,
For to rejoice that land which is
Abaft the Southern Hemisphere
And keep its natives in good cheer.

In course of time, to suit my rhyme,
Bill reached the South Extremity
Of Baffins Bay. "Ahoy! Belay!"
Cried he, and eke "Ahem! I see
A lovely Southern Queen approaching,
Whose *modiste* certainly needs coaching!"

Her costume was a "peau de noir,"
With trimmings quite *au naturel*;
And yet Bill saw, with proper awe,
She was a Queen, and highly swell;
Wherefore he madly dashed his mizzen,
And landing, asked her to be his'n!

And they were one! The setting sun
Beheld their union quite completed;
Beneath a tree, in dignity,
The Royal Queen at table seated,
Admired Bill's taste with eager haste,
Till of the wedding banquet there
Was nothing left but feet and hair;
(And hair, you know, tastes extra horrid,
Especially in climates torrid),
So there was nothing fit to eat
Save feet,
The which our Royal Queen declined
Par politesse, when she had dined.

And she mourns still her lover Bill,
With grievings gastronomical:
"So good, so true, so *tender*, too!
Oh, may my astronomical
Divinities waft quickly to me
Another such to win and woo me! . . .

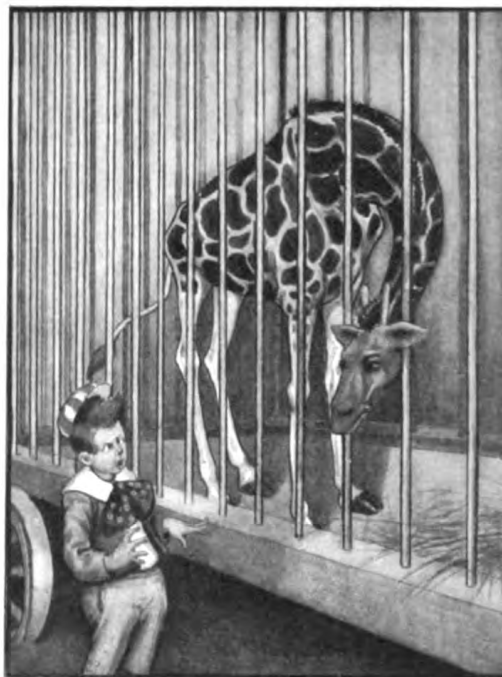
The moral wise in no wise lose,
Ye Maidens plump or tall or slender!
Regarding Lovers, when you chews,
Choose ye a man both good and—
tender!

Two Points of View



I

"*I CAN'T see why that spotted calf
Should be down there," said Jim.
"I'll just get down and go inside,
And have a look at him."*



II

"*Oh, gracious me, what a mistake!
I see no spotted calf.
It must have been, instead, I think,
This great big tall giraffe."*

Cookin' Things

BY BURGESS JOHNSON

WHEN my mother's cookin' things
You bet I never wait
To put away my ball er gun,—
I drop 'em where they are an' run
Fer fear I'll be too late.
The most exciting kind o' game
Er toy, er story-book,
I let 'em go, an' never mind.
The very minute that I find
My mother's goin' to cook.

When my mother's cookin' things,
Then you jus' oughter smell
The spices an' the sweets an' such,—
My mouth gets waterin' so much
I almost have to yell!
She opens up the oven door
Sometimes, to take a look,
An' then I jab 'em while they're hot,
To see if they are done er not,—
When mother lets me cook.

When my mother's cookin' things,
P'raps it's pies to bake,
Er doughnuts bobbin' up an' down
In boilin' grease till they are brown,
Er p'raps it's johnny-cake.
Whatever kind of thing it is,
I always like to hook
The biggest piece of dough I can
An' bake it in a patty-pan,
When me an' mother cook.

When my mother's cookin' things,
It pays you if you wait
An' eat 'em hot, right off the tin,—
It's twice as good as anythin'
Could be, et off a plate!
An' I guess *you'd* find out fer sure
That I was not mistook
In any single thin' I've said,
If you could taste the gingerbread
I've helped my mother cook.



Illustration for "Carlotta"

See page 99

THE CROWN-PRINCE KARL, DEAD BY HIS OWN HAND

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No. DCLX

Magnetic Storms and the Sun

BY E. WALTER MAUNDER, F.R.A.S.

Superintendent of the Solar Department, Royal Observatory, Greenwich, England

AT the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, between the old buildings, plain and sombre, erected in the days of Flamsteed, Bradley, and Airy, and the handsome structure which the present Astronomer Royal, Sir William Christie, has built at the southern extremity of the observatory ground, stands a small white wooden building, cruciform in shape. This is the "Magnet House," or magnetic observatory, set up in the year 1838 for the continuous registration of the movements of the magnetic needle. For not only is it the case, as every seaman knows, that a magnet does not point precisely towards the true north, but such a magnet, when freely suspended, changes from time to time the direction in which it points. These changes are ordinarily very slight, but their registration has proved fertile in bringing to light a number of interesting relationships.

Entering the Magnet House at Greenwich, the visitor finds that the entire building forms but a single room, bare and unfurnished, except for two or three deal tables, upon which sheets of sensitive paper are spread out to dry after development, fixing, and washing. Of these sheets, those with which we are at present concerned show only a couple of irregular black lines running the length of the paper,—these lines being the "traces" of the movements of two of the "magnetic needles."

The needles themselves are not in this room, since the changes of temperature here are too great; but in a cellar below the room a much more even temperature is secured, and here in the darkness the needles are set up. In twofold darkness, for not only is the cellar itself dark, but the needles are contained, each, in a double box, and thus further screened from light and currents of air.

The "needles" themselves are very unlike what we generally understand by such a term. They are rectangular steel bars, two feet long, one and a half inches broad, and a quarter of an inch thick, and each is suspended by a skein of silk six feet in length. Such a "needle," when mounted so as to show the magnetic direction—technically, a "declination magnet,"—changes its position very slightly during the twenty-four hours. There is a very small swing towards the west during the midday hours from about eight or nine o'clock in the morning to two o'clock in the afternoon, and a still more gentle movement back again during the remaining hours of the twenty-four. The average amount of the movement is so slight that the end of the two-foot bar only travels the thirtieth part of an inch in the twenty-four hours under ordinary circumstances. This "daily range," therefore, is of no consequence to the seaman, for it only covers about the one-hundredth part of the distance between

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the "North" and "North by West" points on a compass-card; or, to put it in degrees, about the seventh or eighth part of a single degree.

Small though this daily swing is, a very simple arrangement enables it to be registered with great precision. A mirror is attached to the magnet, and the light from a gas flame is reflected from the mirror to a cylinder, more than eleven feet away, covered by a sheet of photographic paper. The cylinder is turned by clockwork, so that if the magnet, and therefore the mirror, remained without movement, the spot of light falling on the cylinder would trace a straight black line all round it. Any movement of the magnet would produce an irregularity of the trace—upward or downward, as the case might be.

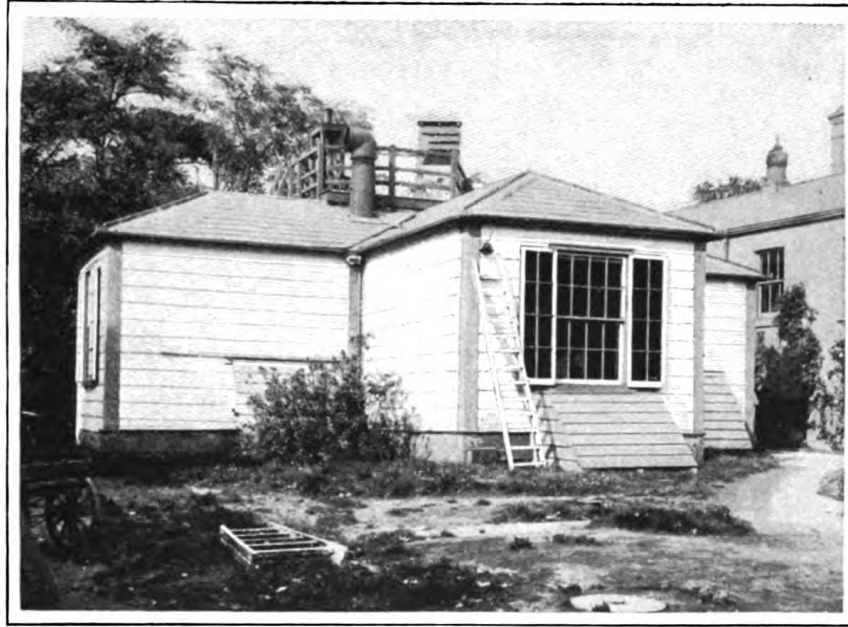
The ordinary daily swing of the declination magnet as registered on the photographic sheets at Greenwich is about two-thirds of an inch; the distance of the registration cylinder from the magnet magnifying the movement more than twenty times. By the means of this magnification it is easy to ascertain that the amount of this daily swing is far from being a fixed quantity. It is greatest in the summer months, least in the winter. But it is subject to a yet further change, which is evidently connected in some way with the changes which are taking place on the sun; for in years when there are many spots on the sun the average daily range is greatest in extent, while in years of no spots, or of only few, the average daily range is smallest.

This daily movement of the magnetic needle, and these and other small changes in its amount, are of interest only to the regular students of terrestrial magnetism, but occasionally the whole magnetic system of the earth becomes deranged at a moment's notice, and the consequences are apparent to everybody. Every means of communication that depends directly or indirectly upon electricity is thrown for a short time out of gear: the great submarine cables, linking continent to continent, refuse to carry their ordinary messages; operators at the telegraph instruments receive shocks, sometimes severe; the signal-bells on lines of railway are rung by no hu-

man agency; the telephone system is interrupted in places; and occasionally it has been found impossible to run the electric trams. Such a "magnetic storm" was experienced on October 31, 1903, when at six o'clock in the morning, Greenwich time, a violent electric spasm affected the entire planet.

Such commotions are rightly called "disturbances," for they are violent interruptions and alterations of the ordinary movements of the magnetic needle. The mean amount of the daily range of the "declination magnet" at Greenwich is, as mentioned above, between the seventh and the eighth part of a degree. In the great magnetic storm of October 31, 1903, just alluded to, the needle moved over an arc which was fifteen times as great as this, and its oscillations, instead of taking twenty-four hours to complete, were sometimes as rapid as fifteen to twenty in the hour; a behavior totally unlike its ordinary small and slow movement.

It was noticed long ago that not a few of the most intense magnetic storms took place when there were unusually large spots upon the sun. My own first experience of such a coincidence was in the month of April, 1882, when I found on a photograph of the sun which I had taken a very much larger spot than I had ever seen before. When it reached the centre of the disc, a great magnetic storm broke out. Nor was this all, for before the spot had passed away a second great spot was seen, and when this reached the centre there was another storm. In November of the same year a still larger spot appeared, and as it approached the centre of the disc the magnets were more disturbed than they had been for many years, and there was a most remarkable aurora. Ten years later, in February, 1892, a still greater sun-spot appeared, and there was another great magnetic storm. On this occasion I made a comparison of the chief storms and sun-spots for a period of eleven years; a comparison which brought out a number of other coincidences. From this date I have never doubted that there was a connection, real, direct, and intimate, between the appearance of these great sun-spots and our terrestrial magnetic storms.



THE "MAGNET HOUSE" OF THE ROYAL OBSERVATORY, GREENWICH

But there was something to be said on the other side: there were several cases in which large spots had been seen without the slightest disturbance of the magnets; there were a few cases in which a magnetic disturbance had occurred when there were absolutely no spots. The events of the autumn of 1903 drew especial attention to these difficulties. Early in October there was a very large sun-spot, the largest for more than five years, and simultaneously there was a marked magnetic disturbance, the largest in the same period. Here was a remarkable coincidence. On October 31 there was a second coincidence between a large sun-spot and a great magnetic storm. But there was also a discrepancy. For, of the two sun-spots, the earlier was the larger, being three times the area of the second; whilst of the two magnetic storms, the earlier was of no very special intensity, but the later was that great storm already alluded to, and was much the most intense that we had experienced in thirty years.

The great storm set me again upon the work of comparing our registers of sun-spots and of magnetic storms, and again the same difficulty presented itself. There were many coincidences, some of them most striking; but, on the other

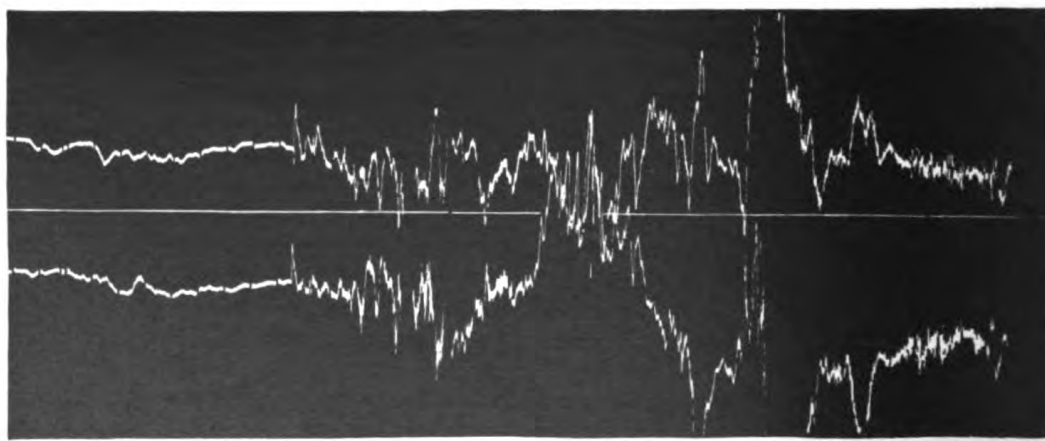
hand, the discrepancies were by no means few. Sometimes a large spot would be seen and the magnets would not answer by the feeblest quiver; sometimes the magnets would be disturbed when the sun's surface was absolutely blank of spots. So the inquiry went on for many months, until a very simple relationship caught my attention and proved the key to the mystery. The explanation is indeed so simple that at first sight it seems incredible that it should not have been discovered long ago.

There is a well-known story told by the American writer Edgar Allan Poe, of an unscrupulous French politician who purloined a document of immense political importance. His enemies knew that he had it, and knew that its value to him lay in his power to produce it in public at any moment he pleased. They therefore used every possible effort to discover where it was; the entire detective police of Paris was employed on the business, every square inch of his house examined over and over again; the politician himself searched; and no trace of it was found. Where was it? Stuck in the very front of a letter-rack in his public office, into which any one could go at all times of the day, but overlooked because there was no attempt made to hide it.

So with the connection between these magnetic disturbances and the solar activity. Immense calculations were carried through by many able men of science, and the secret remained undiscovered, though it lay on the very surface. Indeed, the solution of this particular problem was becoming more and more completely buried under these computations. The observations themselves were already to be numbered by the million. To do anything with them, and especially to effect the condensation absolutely necessary for publication, it seemed essential to take averages and means, to represent irregular traces by formulæ and mathematical expressions; in short, to get away from the actual observations themselves, and to replace them by numbers which it was hoped and intended should convey in brief all that there was of significance in the original magnetic movements. And this work, almost infinitely laborious, has not been without its results. In particular, the two relations mentioned at the beginning of this paper have been clearly brought out, viz., that the "daily range" is greatest in summer and least in winter; greatest in years of many sun-spots, and least in years of few.

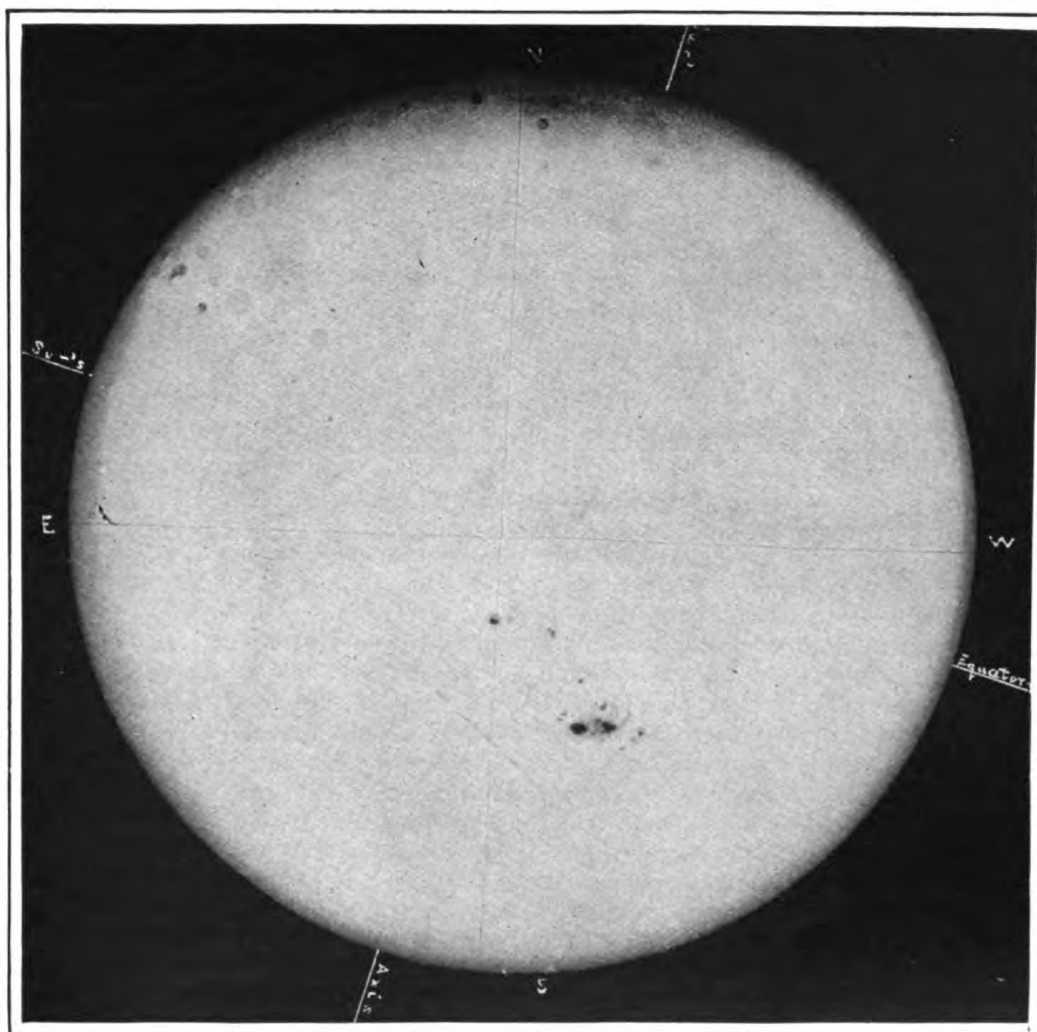
But to give the mean positions of a magnet for each hour of the day, for each day of the month, for each month of the year, for each year of the solar cycle; to give its average range of movement; to

combine and recombine these means—is not to give the observations themselves. And in particular, the "disturbances" are not shown thus, and indeed are often purposely excluded from many of these averages, just because they are disturbances and are abnormal and irregular. It was, therefore, a most important step in a necessary direction when the present Astronomer Royal, Sir William Christie, in the first year of his office, commenced the publication in the annual volume of "Greenwich Observations" of something in addition to all the tables of reduced values that had been usual previously; namely, a full description of all irregular movements of the magnets, and an actual reproduction of the "traces" in those instances in which the movements were too complex to lend themselves to description. These notes and traces were thus published in order to give the completest information possible on magnetic disturbances, "affording thereby, it was hoped, facilities for making comparison with solar phenomena." This hope was fulfilled. It was in the course of an examination of these reproductions of the actual "traces" of magnetic disturbances for the purpose of comparing them with sun-spots that I noticed four disturbances towards the end of the year 1886, and four in the middle of the following year, which succeeded each other at almost equal intervals of time; the interval being, on the average, about



PHOTOGRAPHIC REGISTER OF THE GREAT MAGNETIC STORM OF FEBRUARY 13, 1892

The upper line is the register of the "Declination" Magnet; the lower, of the "Horizontal Force" Magnet. The first part of the register shows the ordinary slight movements of the needles; the storm begins suddenly with a characteristic sharp movement



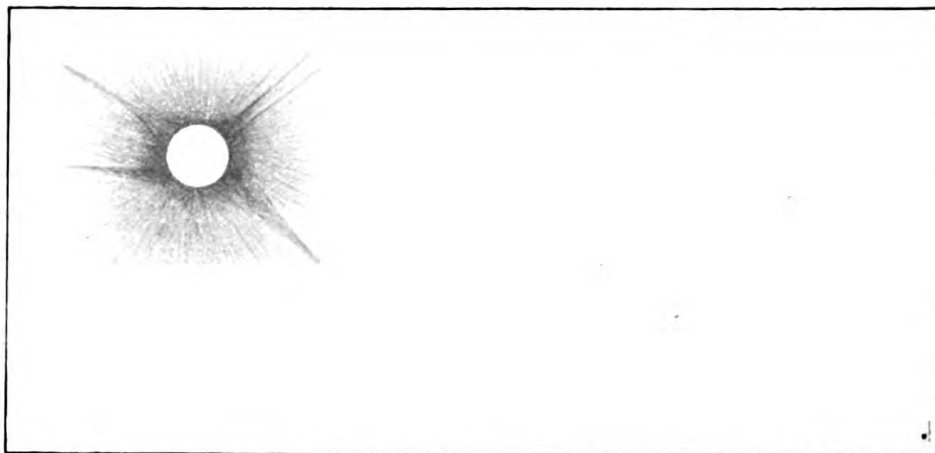
PHOTOGRAPH OF THE SUN TAKEN AT THE ROYAL OBSERVATORY, GREENWICH, FEBRUARY 13, 1892

twenty-seven days eight hours,—just the interval which it takes, on the average, for a sun-spot to pass from the centre of the sun's disc round to that centre a second time.

The sun actually turns round upon its axis once in about twenty-five days nine hours; but, as the earth is travelling round the sun at the same time, and in the same direction, it is nearly two days longer before the same marking will again reach the centre of the disc as we see it. So that twenty-seven days and a few hours is the time in which the sun appears to us to rotate.

When this had been once perceived it was an obvious thing to calculate what were the meridians of the sun on the

centre of its disc at the time when all the magnetic disturbances shown in the plates of the Greenwich volumes—that is, for the past two-and-twenty years—had their beginnings. Directly this was done, it was found that they ran, to a large extent, in short sets. Sometimes one particular meridian, sometimes another, would be on the sun's centre when the disturbances began. Sometimes the intervals between the different disturbances would be twenty-seven days, sometimes the intervals would be two, three, or four times as long. The sets, therefore, would sometimes be intermittent; but whether or no this was the case, the magnetic disturbances tended to recur, not at indifferent times, but just when



THE TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE SUN OF JANUARY 22, 1898

From a photograph taken by Mrs. Maunder at Talni, India, showing the long rays of the corona. (The small object in the lower right-hand corner is the planet Venus)

one or other of a few special meridians returned to the centre of the sun's disc.

This discovery is a very simple one; very easy to make when any one hit the right method; very easy to prove and test. But the consequences are great. First of all it settles the question as to whether the cause of our magnetic disturbances is or is not in the sun. It clearly must be there, and must be located, not in the surface as a whole, but in certain definite regions of it; for it is as these definite regions return to certain positions that the disturbances take place. Even more important is the next result: the action coming from the sun and affecting our magnets does not radiate like light and heat equally in all directions. If it were so, it would make no great difference whether the region from which the action came was near the centre of the disc or near its circumference. We should not find, as we do, that the disturbances took place when certain definite meridians came to the centre. We can only explain this circumstance by supposing that the action is directed; that it travels to us in a defined and restricted stream.

This removes a most serious difficulty which had been widely felt whenever it was sought to refer the cause of these disturbances to the sun. For if the sun was conceived as a great magnet sending out magnetic waves in all directions, and our terrestrial magnetic storms were

supposed to be the result of a sudden increase in the sun's magnetic radiation, then that increase must be on an altogether incredible scale. The inference, therefore, from these newly recognized facts is that the sun's action in these magnetic storms is not a magnetic radiation at all, but that in some way a stream proceeding from the sun and overtaking the earth effects a release of terrestrial magnetic energy, as a spark may set free the disruptive forces in a store of gunpowder. The solar action will be indeed the cause of the storm, but it will be so not as supplying the forces put forth in it, but as giving them the opportunity to reveal themselves.

It is not merely an inference from this new relation that stream lines are thrown off from the sun. They have been both seen and photographed. That the sun does exercise a repellent influence under certain conditions has long been evident from the phenomena presented by the tails of comets. It is not less clear from the forms characteristic of the corona that such a repellent action is also at work in its own immediate surroundings. For my own part, I began to recognize this in 1886, when I observed the total solar eclipse of August in that year, in the island of Carriacou. But I gained the full recognition of it in studying the photographs taken in India of the eclipse of January, 1898. On the beautiful negatives, giving a solar diameter

of four inches, taken by Sir William Christie at Sahdol, the chief petal-like wings of the corona are seen to be built up by successive waves of coronal matter rising arch above arch from the sun. On some very small photographs taken by Mrs. Maunder at Talni, the apex of these arches is seen to be driven out from the sun in a long, slender, rodlike ray, which in one case is to be traced for a distance of over six millions of miles. We are not yet in a position to assert that these particular long slender streams are identical in nature with the stream lines indicated by the magnetic disturbances as conveying the solar influence, but they must resemble them in general form.

It is a strange and bizarre conception of the sun to which we are thus led. If we could get to some station whence we could look down upon the plane of the earth's orbit as an aeronaut may upon an extended campaign; if we could see the sun's appendages at the same time as himself—we should see his globe not only encircled with the rose-tinted chromosphere and prominences; not only would the corona stretch out its fantastic and plumelike jets, but on many sides long straight streamers would shoot off to an indefinite distance. These, being continually supplied from below, would appear to rotate as rapidly as the sun's surface itself, and would sweep round the entire circuit of the orbit of the earth in about twenty-five days. Many of these streamers would no doubt pass above or below the earth when they overtook it; others might strike it full, or

graze it. These streamers would rise or subside as the areas emitting them were active or not; but supposing one continued in play for an entire year, it would overtake the earth thirteen or fourteen times, though an actual encounter might only occur occasionally.

Thus the difficulty which once seemed so serious, that we often have large sun-spots without any answering storm, is easily explained: the stream line in such a case has missed the earth. The reverse difficulty, that we sometimes have magnetic storms when there are no spots, finds its explanation in what appears to be the fact that one of these active regions may continue to emit its stream line after its sun-spot activity has ceased to be visible.

It is a strange story which the dull, inflexible-looking bars swinging in the cellar of the Greenwich Magnet House have told us. Carefully shut off from the sun's light, secluded as far as possible from his heat, they have, by their slow, slight tremors, revealed us his action in whirling off long slender streamers across 93,000,000 of miles. They have shown us the presence on his surface of regions already differentiated from the rest by their power of giving off such streams, and they at least hint that these differences of condition may last for considerable periods of time. The secret which the sun kept so long was a very open one, lying on the surface, easy to read, but its significance is as great as its simplicity, nor can we guess as yet where its import will end.

House-Cleaning

BY MARGARET LEE ASHLEY

I HEARD a robin yesterday,
And in the dusty lumber-rooms
Where summer hopes were flung aside,
I opened all the windows wide.

Warm rain and honest winds deride
My hoard of doubting; busy brooms
Have swept the winter's dust away:—
I heard a robin yesterday!

A Little Pioneer

BY PHILIP VERRILL MIGHELS

ON the autumn day when Nick McKey came driving the bi-monthly stage, full four days late, into Poco del Oro mining-camp, with a wee small child, hardly three years of age, on the seat up top beside his dusty knee, the trials, tribulations, and perplexities of the insignificant community were instantly augmented,—for the new-come little pilgrim was a girl.

McKey approached the town in the late afternoon, when the toilers were nearly all come down from their hillside mining-holes and the major portion of the camp's inhabitants had focussed in and about the grocery-post-office-saloon.

They took a quick, sharp look at a sight such as never had been seen in the camp before—the dusty Nick with a dusty little blue-clad figure at his side, as the four dusty horses and the dusty coach came toiling up the final climb of the highway to halt at length in their midst. And the tiny passenger was as smiling and winning a bit of innocent, delighted femininity as any one could desire.

"Well," said a voice, "I'll be damned!"

"Civilization!" yelled another. "Hur-ray fer McKey, a-fetchin' us civilization!"

"Whoa!" commanded the driver, kicking on his brake. "Shut up, you Grigg; you're scarin' the team. What's eatin' you, man? This ain't nuthin' but that there William Scott's little gal, come by reg'lar express, accordin' to orders."

"Scott's little— Oh!" said a small, bearded man at the wheel of the stage. "Why, Nick, I'd clean forgot. He sent to have her come, of course; he told me all about it, Nick; but, say—poor Scott!—he died a week ago, and natchelly you knowed nothin' about it."

An inarticulate chorus of murmurs in the crowd made the silence that followed peculiarly intense.

"Dead?" repeated McKey at last. "I've fetched her here, all alone in the

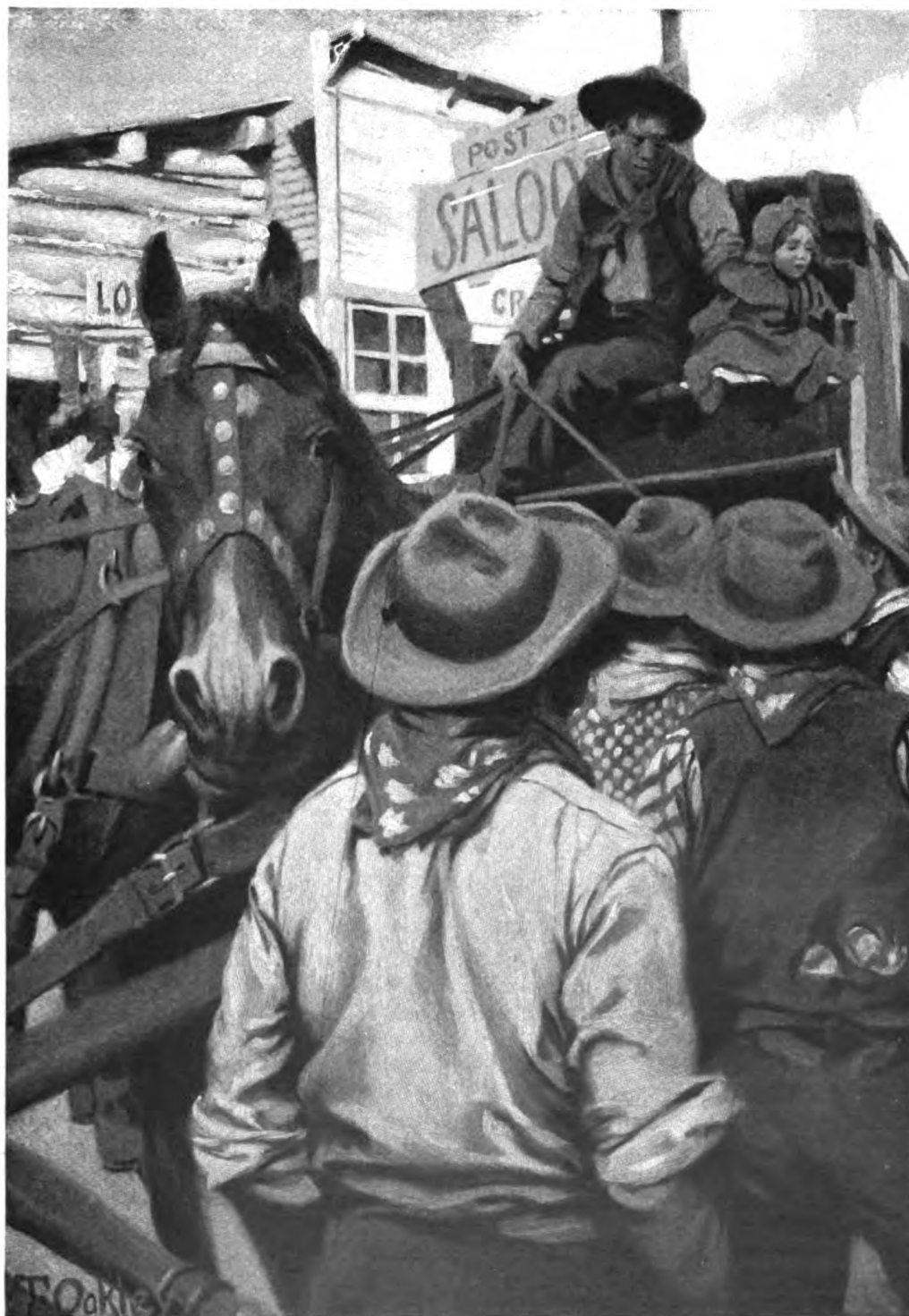
world, and the little gal's father is dead! Scott? Then he wasn't as strong as he looked."

"He was thin as a pick," imparted the small man, speaking with suppressed emotion. "It was pluck made him look kind of strong. . . . By gingerbread! Nick, I wonder what we're goin' for to do?"

"'Bout what?" inquired a teamster. "He's buried, Tom, best we could on the money. What more can we do?"

"I was thinkin' of this here little express passenger," answered Tom; "the little gal, arrove here all alone."

Those of the men who were not already gazing at the child on the seat above their heads now directed their attention to her unanimously. From such a broadside of masculine glances as she now found herself receiving the little thing shrank a trifle against the arm of McKey, whom she seemed to regard as an institution of security and trust. Despite her slight confusion, however, she smiled upon every kindly-looking person in the group. And what a wonderful bright-brown pair of eyes they were from which she smiled!—roguish, challenging, trustful, unafraid, and lustrous as jewels newly fashioned. Her two little chubby hands were busily twisting the hem of her dusty blue dress, her two chubby legs were straight out before her, the worn little shoes projecting over the edge of the cushion. On her head she wore a faded brown woollen hood, beneath the edge of which the brightest and lightest old-gold curl of hair was prettily waiting to dance. Alone in the mountains with all these men, she seemed as happy and as friendly as if her one possible baby-wish had been granted at once by the goddess of chance. That she could not know of her losses and her plight, could not comprehend the talk of the men who blurted out the truth, was, as a matter of fact, the one touch of mercy so far vouchsafed her helpless babyhood.



Half-tone plate engraved by W. H. Clark

SHE SMILED UPON EVERY KINDLY-LOOKING PERSON IN THE GROUP

"Kind of a bully little gal," ventured one of the miners.

"Of course she's a bully little gal," replied the bearded Tom Devoe. "But, Scott bein' gone—"

"That's it," interrupted the driver from his seat. "Scott bein' gone, who's a-goin' to take the kid and pay? There's two hundred dollars express charges for bringin' her in from that Utah camp, for it's near three hundred miles of stagin', and her sent forward by fast express, and 'handle with care' told every driver, special. Did Scott leave the money, Tom, for to pay the company's charges?"

"He didn't leave money enough to pay for all we done to make the funeral look like the genuine article," imparted Devoe. "I don't know why he sent for the pore little gal, except I guess there was nothin' else to do; and of course he didn't reckon on cashin' in his stack so sudden. You see, he never had no luck, anyhow. Him and his pretty young wife struck out from down in Ohio, four years ago, for to emigrant acrost the plains and git to the mines with a load of things to sell and make a stake—and they jest about had a hell of a time, accordin' to some ways of thinkin'."

"Don't be swearin' before the little gal," cautioned the driver, who had "cussed" his team over forty miles of mountain ruggedness. "Go kind of decent,—anyways for a starter. With a boy kid everybody knows it's diff'rent. That's all, Tom; go on with your rat-killin'."

"Scuse me," answered Tom. "Well, as I was sayin', first Scott got sick, then his wife was kind of ailin', and up and had a little gal baby out on the plains. Then—"

"This here little gal?" interrupted Grigg. "Little Civilization?"

"Yep—same child. Then after that they lost two horses in the fordin', and some of their freight was burned at night by Injuns, and some was traded off for hay and grub, and a lot went to square off the doctor when the baby come along,—and Scott said they'd 'a' bin mighty glad to trade it all for her; and it took them near three years, after that, to git to a camp in Utah, and that's where they quit a-goin' for a while, till Scott got promise of a job out here in the Poco d'Oro mines, and—"

"Rottonest 'pology for mines I ever see," interpolated a listener.

"Well, I don't know," answered Tom. "Point is, Scott come on, leavin' his wife and little gal behind, fer safety and fam'ly comfort, over to that Utah camp—and it pretty soon no good to stay in, after the strike at Thunder River; and then he's gittin' news that Mrs. Scott was sick, and later she was dead, and the baby took by strangers. So Scott he sent to have her come, and here she is."

"Yes—and two hundred dollars express charges, c. o. d.," added McKey. "And who's a-goin' to pungle up the same?"

There were many "ahems" to break an otherwise impressive silence.

"Well, I don't see how you can take her back—no place to take her," ventured Devoe. "Too pretty to take back, anyhow. I'd hate to see you takin' the little thing away," and he looked at the child with a species of hunger in his eyes. "I ain't jest got the money," Tom confessed. "If there's anybody else—" and he looked about in the knot of men, only to find the attention of each one suddenly engrossed with something personal.

Unfortunately, Poco del Oro had been more or less of a false alarm. Its wealth was still to be uncovered. Its first excitement had been dead a year, and many of its early population had departed. There was not a single family of man, wife, and children in the place. There was one good young woman remaining—Mistress Nancy Dunn, the daughter of Dunn who hauled in wood from the habitable world,—and she had said her nay to the marriage proposal of nearly every man in town. To little Tom Devoe she had answered thus no less than thrice, on the last occasion lending a species of emphasis to her decision by dashing a bucketful of water in her suitor's face,—with water at ten cents a gallon.

Tom was reflectively dwelling on Nancy's charms, despite his recent discouragements. He even saw new glimmerings of hope as he gazed fondly up at Scott's little gal, smiling in coyness down upon him.

"Well—Nick—if only I could borrow the money, why, perhaps—" he faltered, and again he left his sentence in the air.

"Borry? Haw!" said a voice, and a few men guffawed.

"What's her name?" inquired a spectator.

"Nancy," answered Tom, in his passing abstraction.

"Haw!" repeated that raucous voice.

"We know 'bout that old game; but I mean the little gal's," explained the interrogator. "What's the little gal's name?"

"Her folks," said Devoe, "they named her Prairie, fer where she was born. She's a regular little pioneer; and I'd hate to see her took away from here."

"Cash down, or return the shipment—them's the orders on all the c. o. d.'s," observed the driver, once again. "I ain't been drivin' long, perhaps, but I know the rules—sometimes. So, Tom, if you want to keep the little passenger—"

"I'd like to see her stay, first rate," said Tom, whose hunger for children was growing apace. "There's no place to take her if you fetch her back. . . . Say, Nick, couldn't you leave her on thirty days' trial? Regular thing for every express to leave things on trial. You see, you could leave little Prairie that way, and after thirty days—why, either we'd pay the two hundred, or— We'd know more about things than we know jest now, dead sure. You see, Nick, it ain't like as if 'twas a boy. You never can tell about gals. But you jest leave her with me on thirty days' trial, for fun."

Nick scratched the back of his head.

"It sounds like it might be 'cordin' to some of the rules I've heard," said he. "I know I've heard 'bout sech an arrangement somewheres or other; but, Tom, I'd have to ask Barney to ask ole Pete to ask young Tomkins to ask the company's agent, down to the end of Stetson's run."

"All right," Tom agreed. "You can leave her with me on that understandin'."

The tiny passenger, sitting all this while at the driver's side, was duly removed from the seat. She stuck like a bur to McKey's dusty coat and had to be taken off with care. Nevertheless, as a bur will stick impartially to the very next garment presenting an opportunity, she adhered to the faded green of Devoe's old vest with ready cheer and friendliness, looking back at the driver without a reproach from her newly acquired situation.

A subtle ecstasy spread throughout

Tom Devoe's being as he felt the warm little burden on his arm; and away to his nine-by-eleven shack he trudged, in an atmosphere of ownership and triumph.

The time for men to become solicitous concerning the management of property is the moment in which some other individual acquires the property in question. There were six worthy citizens of Poco del Oro whose growing anxiety over the rearing of little Prairie Scott became so acute, that very first evening of the tiny girl's arrival, that a visit to her newest home became absolutely imperative. They moved on the cabin in a body.

The shack was half a dugout, half a structure, the front elevation being fashioned of barrel-staves, cleverly lapped and securely hammered to a framework of beams. It possessed a window with a broken glass, and a solid maple door, brought straight from New York by way of San Francisco and the isthmus, and sold to build a house around in any known style of the art. A dim red light was shown in the window as the men came boldly to the place. Just at the moment of their arrival a fearful din and clatter within the cabin abruptly assaulted the silence.

"There!" said the muffled voice of Tom. "Ain't you busy?"

The men went in. Little Prairie was there. She had just succeeded in dragging down a large collection of pots and pans, all of them laden with rich, greasy soot. For herself, she was generously daubed with black from head to foot, particularly as to hands and face.

Tom was looking at her helplessly. He seemed relieved at beholding the number and size of his visitors.

"Darn'dest little kid I ever saw," said he. "She's burned up one of my boots already, and spoiled my dress-up pants, and broke my gun. Awful healthy little kid—awful ambitious and willin'. . . . But she sort of likes old Tom."

The little object of his summary appeared to comprehend that something was due to Tom by way of establishing her compensating virtues. She came towards him enthusiastically and threw her arms about his knees.

"Baby—yoves—ole—Tom," she an-

nounced, in broken accents of sincerity. "Baby—do—yove—ole—Tom."

Tom caught her up, and she clutched his beard in both her sooty hands, and smiled in his eyes bewitchingly.

"It's lucky your house is pretty strong," remarked one of the visiting contingent. "I kin see you're goin' to raise her up deestructive."

"You can't begin readin' her nice gentle stories a minute too soon," added another. "Have you got the *Bunion's Progress*, by a feller named Mr. Christian?"

"Readin'?" said the camp's profoundest pessimist, scornfully. "What she wants is work. Leave her chop the wood; that 'll gentle her down."

"Say! do you think this child is another of them dead-from-workin' wives of your'n?" demanded Devoe, indignantly. "If you fellers came here to pesterfy and try to run the show, why, you're jest a mite too late, boys. Savvy? I reckon this here cat-hop kind of elects me general sup'intendent."

Civilization Grigg was one of the visitors. He stood there in rapture, gazing on the child, his nature yearning for a small caress, such as Tom was now receiving.

"We only come to offer a few kind and useful suggestions," he now explained. "That's all."

"You can leave out the kind ones," Tom replied. "I never heard no 'kind' suggestions yet that wasn't ground pretty sharp on two or three edges."

"Biggest lot of cheek I ever see," grumbled the pessimist. "If it gits any bigger it 'll crowd the mountains off the camp."

"Well, don't you hang around and git made uncomfortable when it happens," answered Devoe. "How about that, little honey?"

"Baby—do—yove—ole—Tom," the tot repeated, smearing his neck with a sooty essence of her growing affection as she gave him an enviable hug.

Those of the men who had not discovered seats upon arriving now sat in the bunk at the end of the room. Four of the half-dozen visitors were desperately seining their minds to net some small remark that would sound as if they really knew a baby from a grindstone.

"Well—'hem!" said Billy Partridge, the smallest man in town,—"the only thing I thought of, Tom, was the climate. Are you dead-certain sure this climate is just exactly right to raise up a girl youngster into?"

"Certain!" said Tom, with ready conviction. "Climate is generally pretty decent anywheres till it gits sort of sp'iled by too many people cussin' at it, night and day. But there ain't men or wimmin enough in all Nevady yet to swear this climate sour."

"I ain't seen a baby for so long, I couldn't tell laughin' from cryin'," confessed big Dan White. "I used to know how to hold one, Tom, and maybe I ain't forgot." He came towards little Prairie tentatively. "Want to take an assay of me?" he inquired, and he held forth his arms invitingly.

The youngster looked at him gravely, then snuggled coyly up to Tom and smiled like a born coquette.

"Guess not," decided Dan; but no sooner were his arms again at his side than Prairie made overtures to lure him back. He took her, somewhat clumsily, and yet with a knowledge of the business. Then, when he had her, he knew not what to say.

"You're doin' pretty fancy, Miss Scott," he informed her presently, and carried her over to the window.

Tom commenced to restore a semblance of order in the cabin.

"A woman ain't never so young she can't raise hell in about two minutes," he observed, as a generalization, and sagely he added, "That's one of the reasons we like 'em."

"Bad sign when a gal kid takes too sudden to strangers," grumbled the pessimist. "When I was a child—"

"You never was no child," interrupted Devoe. "You was born so old you was already gittin' fermented."

Dan White had thought of another bit of information to impart to little Prairie.

"Miss Scott, this weather is gen'ral throughout the United States and Canady," said he; "raw, with westerly wind."

"Yes, and that reminds me, I've got to cut up some wearin' apparel and make her a warm woollen dress," said the practical Tom, who thereupon produced scissors, needles, thread, a sailmaker's

"palm," in lieu of a thimble, and the faded magenta garment he had in his mind to convert to brand-new usefulness. "I long ago found out," he concluded, "that charity often begins at the tail of a shirt that's worn out higher up."

He now had White place the youngster on the floor while he "sized her up" for the dress that was to be. She started away, when the measuring was finished, to make her fiftieth tour of the cabin.

"Regular born prospector," Tom observed, as he watched her going. "Never saw her equal in the world. Samples everything in sight in about two bats of your eye."

The small "pioneer" stumbled flat across some obstruction on the floor, but was not in the least disconcerted. She stood on her head and feet for a moment, regaining her perpendicular in youngster fashion, and finding that one of her shoes was holding down a soft, dark something that she wanted, she stood there solidly and pulled at the object with all her sturdy might. It presently tore, and so came up about her chubby leg, her foot having cleaved through the substance. Encased as it were in this ring that would not release her knee, she approached her foster-father laboriously.

"Tate it off," she requested. "Tom, tate it off."

"What is it, then?" said the busy Tom. "Why—it must be somebody's hat!"

The pessimist snatched it, somewhat excitedly. "Mine—and plumb ruined forever!" he said. "Stay here? me?—in your shack, with such a child as that? Not for a million in gold! A terrible, devastatin' scourge!" and out of the cabin, in anger, he went, and slammed the door behind him.

But the others, when they finally departed from the shack, went forth with a quieter spirit.

"You mark my word, the wonderful men was all of 'em little," said Partridge. "There was little old Bony Napoleon, and now here's Tom Devoc."

No corner of the earth is so remote that a man may forever escape a visit from desperation. Even Tom Devoc was receiving marked attentions from this brother-in-fact of common worry.

It was not in the matter of sewing, cooking, or amusing that Tom found his resources lacking; it all lay in something ascribable to things feminine that troubles seemed to hover over the cabin. Tom had made the dress, and made it well. He had a skill as fine as a woman's with his scissors and his threads, and he had the loving wish that prompts domestic energy. He had made little stockings and a "nightie," warm as toast. He was making little leather boots, already painted brilliant red, and as crude in construction as they were gaudy in decoration; and other things he had in process of planning; nevertheless there were family cares that baffled his "motherly" possibilities.

For the fourth time he sought Miss Nancy's presence. She had heard all about the thirty-day trial of the child, and the look on the face of her suitor when he came was a sign she read with ease. The "trial" was growing intense.

"You ain't been around to see the little pioneer," said he, by way of approaching his subject. "I kind of expected you'd sort of float around."

"I ain't lost no double-orphan children," said Nancy, "and they ain't no great curiosity."

"They are when they've got a single man for a father and mother," answered Tom. "And she'd be a curiosity anyhow, you bet! She's wonderful healthy and willin'. You really ought to see her, jest for fun."

"It's more fun guessin' what you come here for to-night," she said, and her eyes were snappily bright.

Tom wriggled on his chair uneasily. He knew her guessing of old.

"Well, then—'hem!" he faltered, coloring yet more red beneath his florid complexion,—“are you—goin' for to say you'll up and do it, Nancy?—hey?"

"No, I ain't goin' to up and do it, nor down and do it, neither," she told him, with decision. "I told you so before."

"Yes, but this time you git a chance to be a mother right from the jump," he argued, soberly. "Ain't that something?"

"No, it ain't. No second-hand mother for me," she said. "I reckon I'll be the mother of my own bawlin' kids when I start."

"She ain't a great one to cry," Tom

hastened to impart. "I'll guarantee to git up nights and walk her if she cries. Come on, Nancy, be a real nice gal and say you will. Your father's perfectly willin'."

"Didn't I say no?" she demanded. "My father, hey? Because he can't git away with my little sack of money he'd let me marry any decent man in camp, and then sit down and wait to see if my lovely husband could git those three hundred dollars. No, sir, I won't, I won't, I won't, and that's where the story says F-i-n-i-s—with the h left off every time. So you might as well go home and forget you came."

"If you'd seen the little gal you'd answer different," said Devoe, persistently. "Hadn't you better see her first?"

"I've seen her, don't you worry," answered Miss Dunn. "What do you think I am? And don't I know that seven days have gone already, and only twenty-three more is left of your thirty, and you thought you'd marry me and git my money to pay them two hundred dollars, c. o. d., at the end of the time? I said I won't, and now you git, Tom Devoe, for I ain't got time to hear you talk no more."

"All right," said Tom; "but you're 'way off your boundaries concernin' your money. I never had no idea in the world of askin' you to pay up the charges."

This was the truth. He had well-nigh forgotten that thirty-day condition and the price still due for retaining little Prairie. He went away from Nancy's with a large new collection of worries.

It was raining and blowing together that night, but he seemed to be oblivious of everything. A warm little stove in his heart was glowing cheerily so soon as he came to his house.

And inside the place big Dan White had the baby on his knee.

"Miss Scott," he said, as Tom entered, "this storm is gen'ral throughout the United States and Canady."

The following week there was snow on the ground, and little Miss Scott, not a whit less busy for the chill, got lost for an hour in the nearest drift, and nearly froze her tiny feet. She developed a cold and a croupy-sounding cough that frightened poor Tom half to death.

It was when that tiny cold was two days old and Prairie was ill and listless and weak, no longer blithesomely "destructive," but needing such a tender love and care as only a woman may bestow, that Tom's desperation reached its culminating-point. He feared the little pioneer was perhaps already dying; and then the man was suddenly prepared for any deed of daring.

"My poor little gal has got to have a mother," he declared. "It ain't been fair; it ain't been right; and now it's gone too far. She's goin' to have whatever there is in this here Poco d'Oro camp, if it takes a gun to clinch the point."

He strapped on a mighty revolver, full of lead and dirty black powder, and marched him straight to the home of Nancy Dunn.

"We're goin' to git married—right now," said he, "so, Nancy—put on your duds."

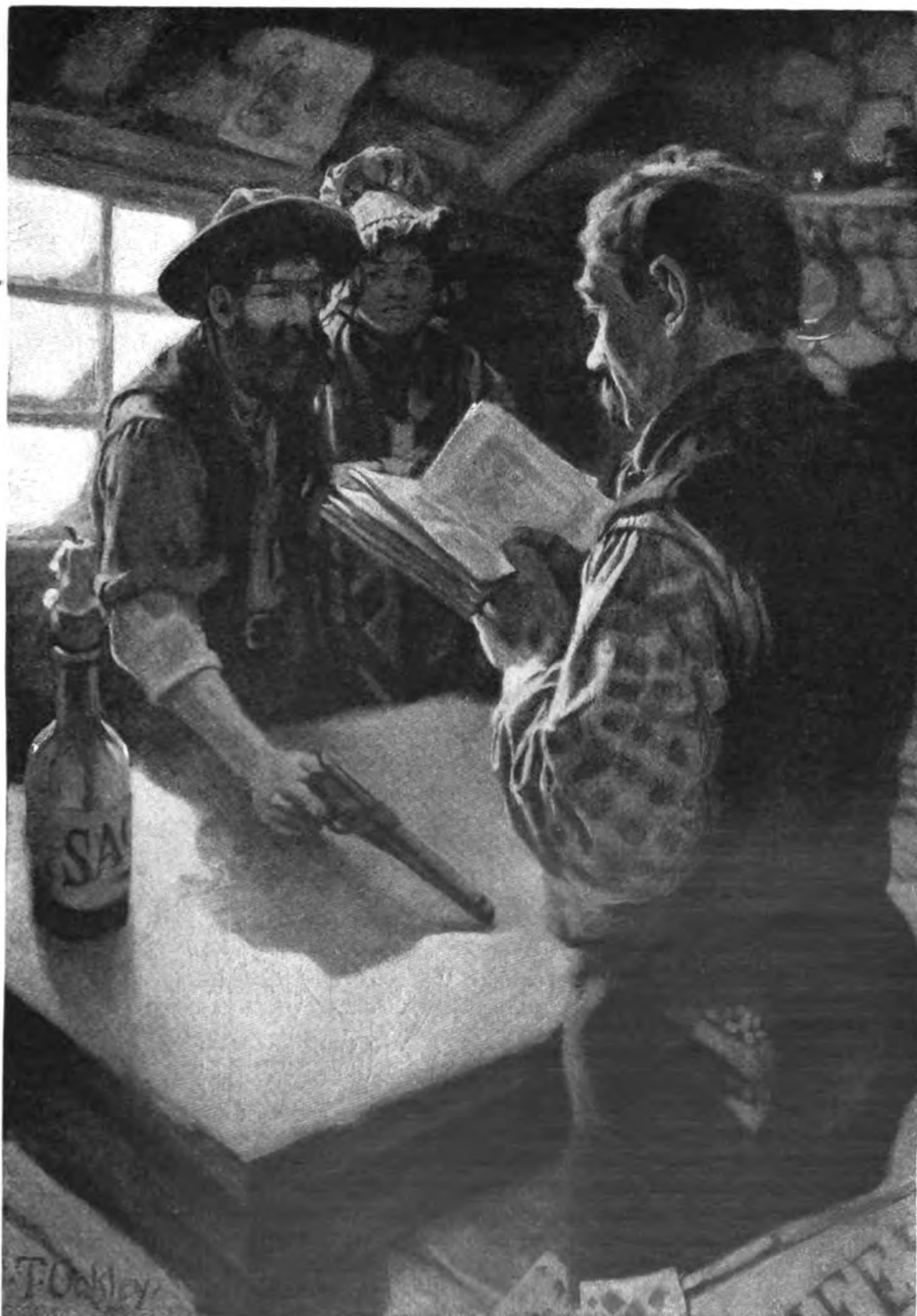
Miss Dunn was tremendously amazed. She was also a little alarmed.

"Why—you, Tom Devoe—you're crazy!" she stammered. "Why, what do you—mean? You know I—said I wouldn't, and—"

"Yep! I know what you said," he interrupted, drawing his gun with a shaking hand, "but you're goin' to change your mind, and change it quick. That pore little motherless child, she's goin' to have a woman for to love. She's goin' to have some proper care. She's goin' to have a decent show to live and grow up proper—savvy that? And you are the one decent girl in the camp, and you and me is a-goin' to go and git married—that's the game. You put on your hat, or come along without, for we're goin' right now to Justice Knapp."

Nancy had long been accustomed to pistols, but never before had she seen one in this awful threatening aspect, its bullets so terribly obvious, its muzzle so blankly centred on her face. She looked at it nervously, then at the eyes behind it—the two eyes grown desperate and marked with signs of worry.

She feared the man more than the weapon—and she feared those bullets horribly. She put on her bonnet, shaking in fright all the while. Her impulse was to cry, but all her crying faculties



Half-tone plate engraved by J. H. Grimley

BRIEFLY AND PROMPTLY THE TIME-HONORED FORMULA WAS PRONOUNCED

were shrinking down in terror. As one no longer consulted by her own volition, she went from the door.

"I ain't a-goin' to hold this gun on you constant," Tom informed her, indulgently, trembling himself, "but don't you try no shenanigan, not for a minute!"

In silence they wended their way to the home of the justice of the peace. Briefly and promptly, despite Miss Nancy's reluctance, the old-fashioned, time-honored formula for making a unit out of two warring individuals was pronounced, after which, still awed and paralyzed with fear, the new-made wife was led quietly away.

Convoyed by her armed and sinister husband, Nancy went with him quite to his shack. But she took not so much as a look at little Prairie, lying in a blanket before the open fire, engrossed as she was in watching Tom. No sooner had he laid off his huge revolver than she pounced upon it and threw it out of the window, where it disappeared in a drift of snow. Then ensued a brief, sharp *dénouement*, after which the door was wrenched wildly open and out ran the bride, leaving Tom, bewildered and dazed, sitting on the floor, with just a ragged piece of calico in his hand as a souvenir of a quick divorce.

That night all the story was old in the camp; and big Dan White, when he came to Tom's, saw signs of resignation to a life of single blessedness depicted large upon the homely countenance of the whilom groom.

"Have you heerd from Nancy this evenin'?" he said. "How was she at last accounts?"

"Pursuin' the even terror of her ways," said Tom, "jest about the same as before."

"Well," reflected Dan, "you can take a horse to the crick, Tom, of course—"

"I know," said Tom; "I know all about that part which says you can't make him drink—and, Dan, if the horse is a *mare*—she'll prob'ly throw you down and run away into the bargain."

Miss Prairie Scott was only half-way her "healthy and willin'" little self, after five long days of cold and fever and masculine care, and Tom was attempting to lighten her life with tales of her

"mother's" shocking conduct, when the dark wing of fate was suddenly over the cabin, obscuring all the light.

The bimonthly stage was once more in town, and with it had come a harsh decree. The mighty express corporation had forwarded a quick decision in the case of Tom's small pioneer. The two hundred dollars "charges" for her transportation as an express parcel must be paid without another day's delay, or the child must be immediately taken away and delivered to the company's agent, three hundred miles towards the east.

Devoe heard the "sentence" like one in a trance. He had put off the thought of the whole affair till his full thirty days should be counted. He was dazed thus to find himself obliged to face the crisis prematurely. The driver now come was a man unknown to Tom or any of his friends. But, for that matter, friendship could hardly have availed to alter the company's attitude of relentlessness.

"I'll try to hustle the money," said Devoe. "I couldn't let the baby go. Why, man, she'd die. She couldn't make a trip like that such weather as this, and her jest pickin' up a little after bein' pretty sick. I couldn't leave her go."

As a matter of fact, he was suddenly sick throughout his entire system. It was one worry more than he could readily bear. His own little hoard contained exactly thirty-five dollars; and how many friends could he count on here in this poor little worked-out camp, where he and others were hanging on from sheer force of habit and hope?

He thought of defiance, of thrusting a pistol in the driver's face and bidding him run for his life. He thought of flight, with the child in his arms, across the hills to a western town. The huge barrier of mountains, now white with snow and chill with icy blasts, rose before him, silent, forbidding.

Of all the six worthy citizens who had taken an interest sufficient to cause them to visit the small pioneer, there were only four who could lend assistance in raising a fund to defray those appalling charges. Civilization Grigg, who builded with mud, had fifteen dollars in all the world. He gave the entire sum. Billy Partridge could spare but an even five. The pessimist, masking his feeling behind a growl,

came along with eight silver dollars; and big Dan White gave all he would have for a month, and it counted twenty-two. The total amount in the fund was eighty-five dollars. It lacked just one hundred and fifteen dollars of being sufficient—and resources thoroughly exhausted.

Tom, Dan, Partridge—even the pessimist—all the worried clan spent the remainder of the day attempting to bribe the driver to take their all and leave the child in camp. He was harder than iron, in a quiet, decent way of unanswerable logic that left the group at the cabin baffled and hopeless.

"I'll come here and git her in the morning," he said, and the long, cold night descended on the camp.

The morning came, and with it no solution. Out of a flawless sky the sun was shining on a world of mountains dazzling white in the snow. The wheels of the swiftly approaching stage made creaking notes as crisp as those of a violin. The men inside the cabin heard the sound with dread.

Out in his shirt-sleeves went Devoe, his eyes dull red from sleeplessness. Beside him stood his friends.

"Shaw," he said to the driver, "the little gal's inside the shack—and that's where she ought to be left, or God Almighty's made a big mistake. God Almighty, I say. He gave this little kid to me, as sure as He ever done anything good on earth. He knowed she didn't have a decent friend in all this country, and He gave her to me to care for. You couldn't take her off, and maybe see her die; you ain't got the heart for to do it. Here's all the money we kin raise—it's eighty-five dollars, and nearly half the charges. Take that and ask the company if they can't let off a little kid for less than the whole two hundred. If she hadn't come by express, the stage fare wouldn't 'a' bin more than fifty dollars."

"Devoe," replied the driver, "don't talk this all over again. I hate to tell you no a thousand times. And I've got to make a start."

Tom looked weak and pale. His mind

refused to conjure up another word of argument.

"She'll have to be wrapped real warm," he said, and as one hard hit and no longer able to think or resist he turned towards the house.

The pessimist growled at the driver in accents of biting sarcasm as vain as they were unique.

When Tom came out of the house, with the child on his arm, she was lovingly patting his cheek.

"Baby—*do*—yove—ole—Tom," she said, in her honest little coo.

The man's knees nearly gave way beneath him.

"I can't let her go—I can't give her up," he said to them all. "Boys—I'm goin' to pay my fare and go along. I'll work for her hard—I'll work off the charges—I'll git her all for my own—and some day maybe we'll come back. I'll—"

He paused, and the baby lifted her pretty little head to listen to something in the passing breath of frost. It came from the rear of the cabin, a brisk creak, creak on the snow.

Then suddenly, running in breathless haste, from around the corner of the shack came Nancy Dunn, her hair brownly flying in the crystal air, her eyes ablaze with eagerness.

"Here," she panted at the driver—"here's your two hundred dollars—here it is! Take it—take it—you can't—you can't have—the baby!"

For a moment there was absolute silence.

"Well—now—how's this?" inquired the startled driver. "Who are you?"

"I'm Tom's—I'm Mrs. Devoe," she said. "I'm his wife—and I've just come home." Her cheeks unfurled a rich and wholesome damask blush that made her positively handsome. She turned to Tom and took little Prairie in her arms.

When he got his chance, big Dan White held the baby again on his knee. "Miss Scott," he said, "this sunshine is gen'ral throughout the United States and Canady."



HARBY, LINCOLNSHIRE, WHERE ELEANOR DIED

Queen Eleanor's Funeral March

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER

ALL the chroniclers are agreed that the boy-and-girl marriage of Edward I. of England and Eleanor of Castile worked out into a love-match that had no break in it until, thirty-six years later, the younger of those young lovers died. When the break came, Edward wrote "in great anguish of mind" to the Abbot of Cluny that "God in his pleasure has called away our most serene consort Eleanor . . . whom, living, we cherished tenderly; whom, dead, we do not cease to love." And to this day remain standing three of the twelve crosses with which that sorrowing lover marked the resting-places of his dead Queen's bier, on her funeral march from Lincoln to Westminster, to witness—with the tomb that he raised for her in the Abbey—that that six-hundred-year-old love-story is true.

Great reasons of state lay at the root

of the wedding of the little Prince of England, only fifteen years old, and the little Princess of Castile. Eleanor was the daughter of King Ferdinand the Saint by his second wife, Joan of Ponthieu; and a minor gain to England by the marriage was that Ponthieu, her heritage from her mother, fell in to the English crown. But the major gain to England—by which for a time the dread of Spanish invasion was allayed, and by which was stopped short the giving of Spanish aid to the rebellious Gascons—was the establishment of firmly friendly relations with Eleanor's half-brother, Alfonso X. of Castile: the greatest of all the kings—unless the Moor-conquering Ferdinand be excepted—who ever have ruled in Spain. In a way, El Sabio—the Wise One—as that King justly was called, is ruling in Spain still, and he also may be said to be ruling in our own State of

Louisiana: his famous code, *Las Siete Partidas*, being to this day the base of Spanish and of Louisiana law.

In the year 1253 Henry III., Edward's father, proposed the alliance to Alfonso; in the ensuing year the marriage treaty was signed; in the early summer of 1254 Edward sailed—accompanied by his mother, Eleanor of Provence, and by his uncle, Boniface, Archbishop of Canterbury—to join his father in Gascony; in August, still accompanied by his mother, he went on to Burgos, where they were received with great honor and where Edward was knighted by King Alfonso; and in October the two little people were married at the monastery of Las Huelgas.

The authoritative modern historians of Edward's reign, I am glad to say, are at one with the much less authoritative chroniclers in holding that that wedding of state ended in a wedding of love. And they equally are at one, I add regretfully, in ignoring or in denying the famous poison-sucking story—dwelt on delightedly by so many of the chroniclers as a proof of Queen Eleanor's devotion to her husband—that the ingenious Weever (1631) sums with a glowing terseness in these words: "Eleanor . . . went with him into the Holy Land, in which voyage her husband was stabbed with a poisoned dagger by a Sarazen, the rankled wound thereof was judged incurable by his Physicians, yet shee daily and nightly sucked out the ranke poison, and so by adventuring her owne, saved her husband's life."

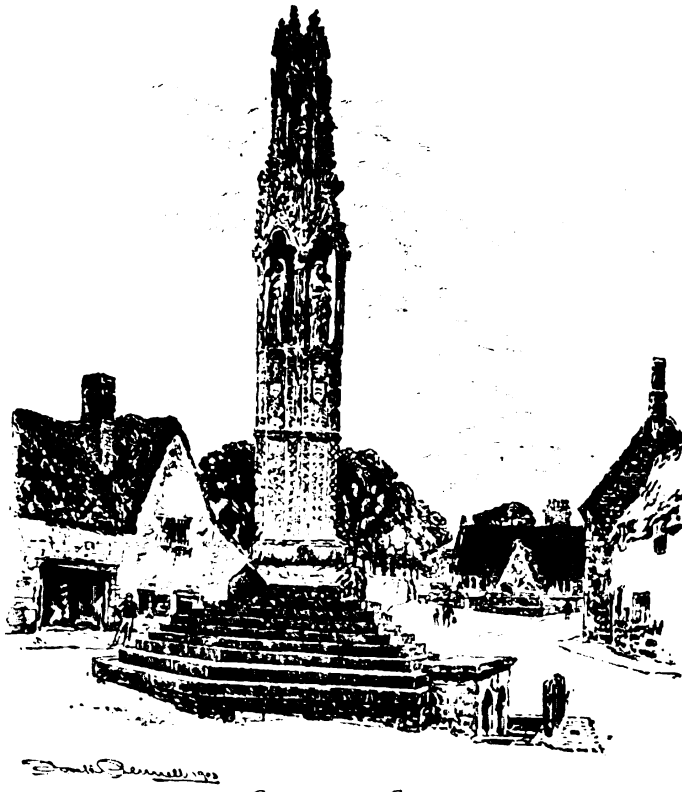
Much against my own inclination—which ever is toward believing in what ought to be true because it is appropriate—I must admit that the historians are right in treating this pretty story as a bit of pure romance. It was not applied to Eleanor and Edward—it had its start with a mythical royal couple long before their time—until the middle of the fifteenth century: when it was told by the learned Sancius de Arevalo (d. 1470) in his "*Compendiosa historia hispanica*" in illustration of the conjugal virtues of his countrywomen. From that source Camden took it bodily into his "*Britannia*" (1586) and so gave it the place in English legend that it ever since has held. The Venetian chronicler Sanuto,

who returned from the Holy Land only thirty years after the attempt to assassinate Edward was made, merely tells that the wound inflicted by the poisoned dagger was cured "with difficulty"; and Walter de Hemingburgh (d. 1347), going more fully into the matter, gives what reasonably may be accepted as the unromantic truth: That an English surgeon was bold enough and skilful enough—advising first the King that at the cost of great pain he could be cured, and to this the King consenting—to cut away the mortified flesh from about the poisoned wound, and so to save Edward's life.

But Hemingburgh adds a pretty touch which proves—as well, I think, as it would be proved were the poison-sucking story true—the Queen's great love for her husband. When the cruel surgeon-work was to begin, "they were faine," he writes, "by strong hand to carry her out, least she should have tranced and swounded away, and so disturbe them; telling her in plaine tearmes, better she weep for a time, than all the kingdome of England for his losse." And so, "weeping and wailing," they led her forth.

In their statements of what they were pleased to call facts—in general, as in this particular instance—the chroniclers had a wandering way with them. No one of them made an accurate record of all the matters connected with Queen Eleanor's death; and, because of a too-easy disposition on the part of some quite respectable modern historians to follow their misleading lead, many of their errors still currently survive. Thus are preserved the fictions that in the year of the Queen's death Edward was marching against the Scots; that the Queen, following after him, fell ill and died at Grantham; that the King, getting news of her illness while he was on the Scottish border, abandoned his war-ring and hastened back to her; but, for all his haste, was not in time to be with her when she died.

All of these capital errors, along with others of less importance, are found in various reputable histories written within the past half-century: and this in spite of the fact that the Rev. Joseph Hunter more than sixty years ago cleared up



GEDDINGTON CROSS

the whole matter—by a minutely careful collation of the several chroniclers with each other, and with the state records—and embodied the result of his researches in a paper, "On the Death of Eleanor of Castile, Consort of Edward the First, and the Honours paid to her Memory," that he read before the Society of Antiquaries in the year 1841.

On that closely analytic monograph my own little essay mainly rests. To the essential facts contained in it I have added some apposite bits picked up in my browsings among the old chroniclers: whose delightful turns of phrase (as delightful as their twistings of truth are exasperating) give to all that they tell of their own knowledge a vivid zest. And I farther have added the results of my own observations: made in the course of a lovingly-undertaken pilgrimage from Harby, where Queen Eleanor died, down the line of the crosses raised to her memory by her lover-husband, to the Abbey church at Westminster where she lies entombed.

During the year 1290, so far from making a campaign against the Scots, Ed-

ward was not at any time nearer to the Scottish border than the Peak of Derbyshire. This fact is established by the complete Itinerary of his reign (compiled, for the use of the Record Commission, from the accounts of the royal household and from the testing clauses of royal writs), that traces the King's movements with precision; and that also, though with less precision, traces the movements of the Queen.

Edward spent the greater part of the month of August in Northamptonshire; and late in that month—when a messenger was paid for carrying a joint letter from the King and Queen to the Earl of Gloucester—Eleanor certainly was

with him. The next entry relating to the Queen in the household accounts is under date of October 18th,—when a payment of thirteen shillings and sixpence was made to Henry de Montepessulano, in Lincoln, for syrups and other medicines bought for her use. In that interval she was taken to Hardeby, now known as Harby; and as writs were tested by the King at Hardeby on the 11th of September, it is probable that she was taken thither on that or the preceding day.

It is reasonable to suppose that she was carried to that quiet place to ease her from the noise and the bustle of the court. Assuredly, she found there a quiet that edged upon desolation. The Hardeby of those days was a hamlet of a few houses grouped about a squat little spireless church and the manor-house in which the Queen lay: all standing on the verge of a great tract of lonely moorland, half marsh, bordering upon the Lincolnshire fens. That marsh-country was the last to which the sick Queen should have been taken; but small heed was given to such matters in those times—and the place had the merit of being within easy

riding distance of Clipston, whither the King was to come a little later; and within seven miles from Lincoln, whence medicines and other things needful for her use could be brought.

The Harby of to-day is a trimly-ordered village of warm red brick houses, and the marshy moor has become well-drained farm-land. The squat little old church—that had in it for more than two centuries an Eleanor chantry—is gone, and in its place is a seemingly new church; niched in the front of which—to the great credit of those who placed it there—is a new-made statue of the Queen. The manor-house is gone too. According to the tradition of the village, it stood on the site of the present rectory; and this tradition is borne out by the fact that the rectory site once was enclosed by a moat of which some portions still remain. The remnants of the moat, and the Queen's statue, are the only links now existing between Harby's modest present and the one heroic moment of its far spent past.

When Eleanor was taken thither the manor was in the Westons; and a connection between that family and the Queen is found in the fact that one of her personal attendants was a Sir John Weston: who is named in the household accounts as the bearer of a gift of one hundred shillings that she sent that summer (from Northampton) to "William le Brun, lying sick at Melchburn." That was a characteristic benefaction. Her habit ever was to help those who were in trouble, and it won for her great love. Holinshed, almost following the words of Walsingham, wrote: "She was a godlie and modest Princess, full of pitie . . . readie to releeve everie man's greefe that sustained wrong, and make them freends that were at discord, so far as in her laie."

When the Queen sent Sir John Weston with her bounty to the sick man at Melchburn, her own death sickness—that came upon her so softly that none of the chroniclers has recorded the beginning of it—must have had her in its first light hold. Her disease was a slow fever—"medicæ febris igniculo contrabascens," Wykes writes—that gradually wasted her away. So long did her illness last that there was time for news of it to go to

Spain, and for a doctor to be sent to her from her own country: a physician from the court of Aragon to whom, the accounts note, she gave "a silver goblet"—and who, possibly, was the "Magister Leopardus, fisticus Reginæ" to whom she left a legacy of twenty marks.

That the King went his own ways while the Queen was in this ailing state is not surprising. To have her "poorly" for so long a time no doubt got on his nerves. Taking it that way would be altogether manlike: only women have the sort of strength that holds out against such wearying long-continued strain. After that day in September when, as I believe, he left her at Hardeby, the Itinerary shows that for a while he went wandering about the country according to the queer kingly customs of his time: stopping here and there for a night or two at different abbeys or priories; spending three days in his own "palace" at Clipston; and for a fortnight going off on a hunting expedition in the Peak country of Derbyshire—where (as is shown by a charge in the wardrobe accounts) he broke sporting rules by killing a deer in the water, and made gift of six shillings and eightpence to Robert-at-Hall of Wyrardeston for fetching his quarry to land.

It would be unfair to blame him for taking the refreshment of that pleasant greenwood fortnight. No doubt news of the Queen constantly was brought to him; and that it was not bad news is proved by the fact that he continued his roving and did not go to her—as he did go when bad news came later on. And like enough she sent him cheering messages—quaintly phrased in stilted language—of which the equivalents in our speech and time would be that he mustn't bother about her, and that she was doing nicely in the care of the kind Westons, and that she was so glad that he was off hunting because he certainly would be the better for the change! In such circumstances, messages of such sort began to fly about the world long before the time of Queen Eleanor; and they are like to keep on flying about the world until the end of it—since unselfishness bids fair to remain always the dominant quality in women's hearts.

But whether she did or did not so seek

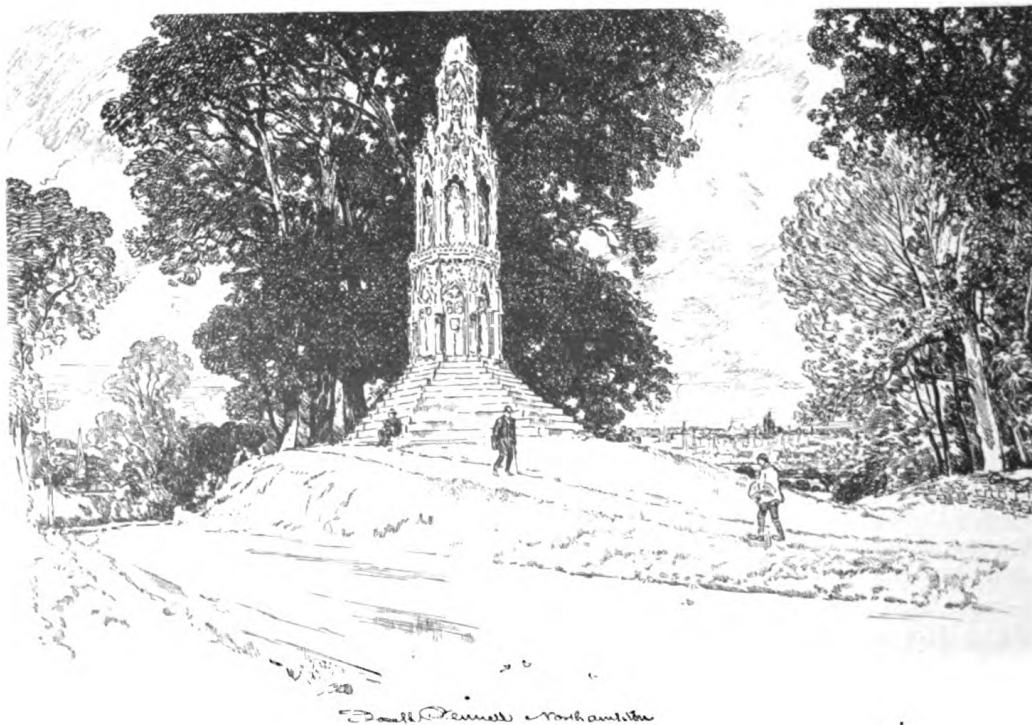
to make her long illness less wearying to her husband, I am for sending sorrowing sympathy back across the centuries to that poor dying Queen: lying through the bleak gloom of the autumn days, and through the chill blackness of the autumn nights, in the lonely manor-house on the edge of the desolate moorland; hearing only the little noises—far-away bird-notes, the soft rippling of the wind-swept heather—that made deeper the moor's deep silence; growing each day a little weaker as the fever wasted her; in lingering dread—and toward the last, when the Spanish doctor came, knowing surely—that things must be very wrong with her; and all the while longing and longing for the soothing restfulness and the tender comforting that would come to her could she but be held even for a single moment close in her husband's arms.

I do not think that I am going too far in my fancyings. Clothes and customs change with the passing ages, but the human hearts within them remain much the same—and women are women, even though they be queens.

His hunting expedition ended, King Edward came to Clipston—a village,

seventeen miles westward of Hardeby, in the heart of Sherwood Forest—to meet the Parliament that he had summoned to assemble there; and, so far as the Itinerary shows, he stayed on continuously at Clipston—in his own “palace,” of which a scanty remnant known now as “King John's palace” still may be seen—until the middle of November. Perhaps, now and then, he rode across country to Hardeby of an afternoon; and got back to his kinging business so early the next morning that the Itinerary—based on his official acts—makes no note of his absence for his wife's comforting. With all my heart I hope that he did—and it certainly was little to his credit if he did not—go upon those rides.

About the 13th of November, seemingly, a call to go to the Queen came to him: but evidently not an urgent call—because he spent nearly a week in making the little journey that he could have made easily, on even a slow-going horse, in three hours. As the testing of writs shows, he left Clipston on the 13th or 14th; spent several days at Laxton; made another halt at Marnham; and did not come to Hardeby until the 19th or 20th. But from the 20th of November until



NORTHAMPTON CROSS



Joseph R. R. 1860

WALTHAM CROSS

the 28th—when the Queen died—writs were tested at Hardeby: and so we know certainly that through those last days of her life Eleanor had her husband near her, and that he was near her at the end.

The date of the Queen's death is given variously (as was to be expected of them) by the chroniclers. Matthew of Westminster and the Annalist of Dunstable wrote November 27th; Wykes (who told that she died at Grantham) and Stowe wrote November 28th; Holinshed wrote "St. Andrew's even"; Walsingham and Trivet (quite impossibly) wrote December 10th. The King's letter (already cited) to the Abbot of Cluny tells that she died on the 4th of the calends of December—i. e. November 28th—and that is the most authoritative record of them all. Two circumstances indicate that she died in the evening. First, her anniversary was celebrated on the Eve of the Feast of St. Andrew: which would include, if the ecclesiastical day be reckoned from evening to evening, the evening of November 28th, and so would bring the date

of the celebration into line with the date named by the King. Second, writs were tested at Hardeby on the 28th, as though the public business went on as usual through the morning of that day. Then follows a break of three days (November 29—December 1) during which no writs were tested: showing that through that time the public business was at a stand.

From these several facts flows the conclusion that Queen Eleanor died on the 28th of November, and that she died in the waning of the day. I wish that some astronomer would take the trouble to calculate how the tides were running in the Lincoln marshes on that six-hundred-years past afternoon: and so range her death with or against the English coast-wise belief that souls go out with the outgoing tide.

The Queen's body was embalmed—probably in Lincoln—and laid "in a coffin filled with spices." Her heart was reserved for burial in the church, built in great part by her bounty, of the Friars Predicant—the Black Friars—in London. What else was removed was buried in the

Angel Choir of Lincoln Minster, beneath an altar-tomb on which was her effigy in metal gilt. Both of these sepulchres have been violated. Black Friars was granted by Edward VI. to Sir Thomas Cawarden, "Master of the King's Revels"; and by that outrageous person the church was pulled down. Somewhere in the dust of London is the dust of the Queen's heart. The monument in Lincoln Minster was destroyed in Round-head times.

Happily, this last has been raised again. In the year 1891 the late Mr. Joseph Ruston, of truly blessed memory, caused it to be re-created—following the careful description of it placed on record by Bishop Sanderson, and exactly copying the effigy on the tomb in Westminster Abbey—and so gave back to the Angel Choir the memorial that the vandal Puritans destroyed. The tomb stands beneath the resplendent east window—too deeply in shadow for the delicately wrought statue to be seen satisfyingly—and above it, in that "most beautiful presbytery in England," the musician angels in the spandrels of the triforium, and the tiny Imp of Lincoln, again keep steadfastly their long-broken guard.

From Lincoln on the morning of December 4th (a date fixed by the fact that writs were tested at Lincoln on the 3d, and at Casterton on the 4th) Queen Eleanor's funeral procession started on its march southward to Westminster—in the dreariest season of the English year.

They are days to die of, those bleak days of December in England. Faint light comes late. Thick darkness comes early. Cold rains out of the north fall with a sullen energy. Often there is sleet or snow. That I might come the closer to the spirit of my work, my own journey over that same course was made on foot at that same trist season; as close to the very days of the funeral as I could cut my time to fit the sailing of the Christmas ship that was to take me home. I had all that I wanted of evil weather—and as I put the sodden miles behind me, and felt the nip of the cold wind and the shiver of the cold rain and the gloom of the leaden sky, I had a keenly realizing sense of the wofulness of that dismal funeral march.

From Lincoln to London the distance is one hundred and thirty-two miles. The distance traversed by the funeral procession—that wandered from the direct way in order that each night the Queen's body might lie in a fitting resting-place—was more than one hundred and sixty miles. By the crosses which later were set up to mark the several halting-points, the general course followed is established; and for more than half the distance it is possible to fix precisely the roads over which the procession came. From Lincoln, by Grantham, to Stamford, it certainly followed the Roman road known as Erming Street—of which the greater part, though little used, still exists. From Stony Stratford, through Dunstable, to Saint Albans, it equally certainly followed the Roman road (earlier a British trackway) known as Watling Street—still a main highway, of which the southern end bustles into London as the Edgeware Road and stops in a clutter of omnibuses at the Marble Arch. The route from Stamford, through Geddington and Northampton, to Stony Stratford, cannot be fixed. In that section of the march cross-country minor roads were followed; and the existence off from the direct route—as at Oundle and Wellingborough—of important religious houses at which the noon halt might be made, opens the possibility that the procession went roundabout rather than by the shortest way.

For a long while I puzzled greatly over this geographical tangle—and ended by giving it up in despair. From Stamford to Stony Stratford—excepting a four-mile walk across soggy fields in a pouring rain from the railway station to Geddington, and thence to Kettering in a friendly cart—I made my pilgrimage most anachronistically by train. Between Saint Albans and Waltham the march must have been mainly along forest tracks—nearly the whole of this region being thickly wooded then. Quite possibly, for a considerable part of the distance, the track was followed (a few miles of it still are extant to the eastward of Potter's Bar) that marked the Hertfordshire-Middlesex county line. From Waltham to Westminster the route again is certain: Straight down the highway on the western side of the Lea,

through Tottenham and Stoke Newington and past Shoreditch, to West Cheap, in the heart of the City; and thence, the next day, to Cherring and Westminster along the Strand.

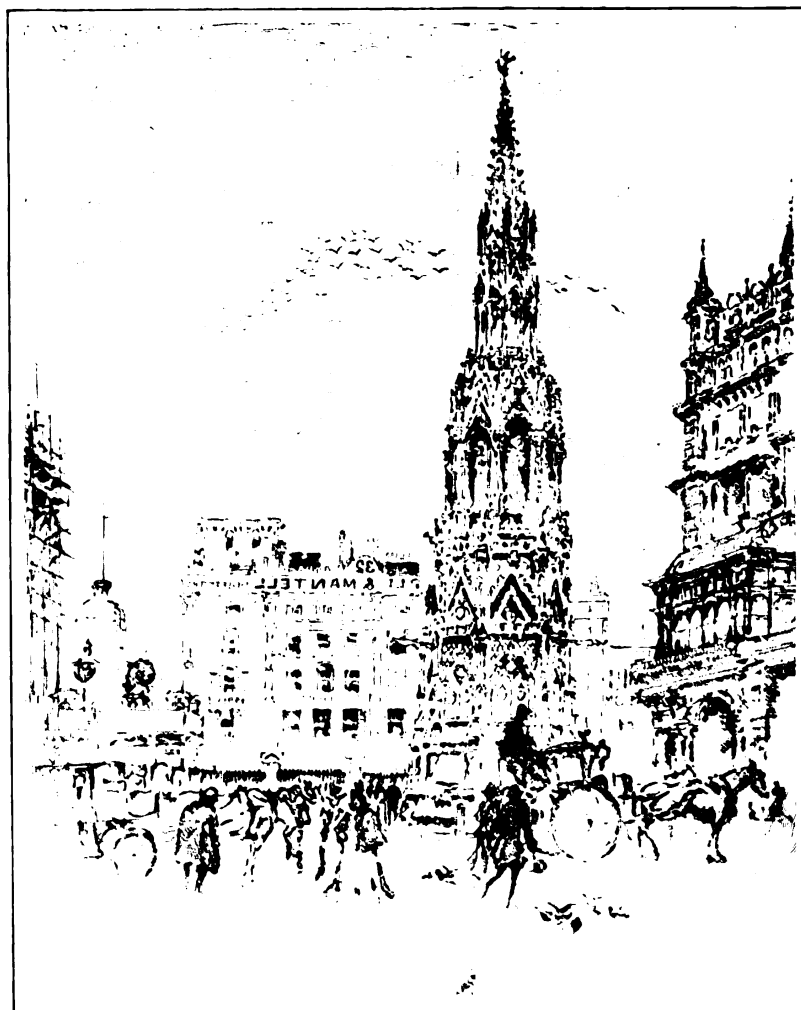
Brief records survive of two of the halts made by the funeral company at great religious houses; so very brief that they serve to whet a curiosity that they are far from satisfying. In the *Annals of Dunstable* it is told that the Queen's body rested for one night in the church of the famous Priory; and that there was given to the house two rich cloths of *baudekyn*—a stuff woven of silk and gold—and fourscore pounds of wax and more; and that when the procession went onward the herse—the framework of wood, covered with black cloth, on which the coffin rested—was left standing, “*in medio fori*,” until the Chancellor and other dignitaries came later to Dunstable and marked the spot on which was to be erected the memorial cross. *Walsingham* records that when the procession approached Saint Albans the whole company from the Abbey, “*solemniter re-vestitus in capis*,” went forth to meet it as far as the church of Saint Michael at the entrance to the town; and thence escorted the body to the Abbey church and placed it before the high altar: where it remained until the morning, while divine offices were celebrated and holy vigils were kept the whole night long.

It is only a light sketch in outline that the chroniclers have left for us; but no great amount of imagination is required to fill it in strongly with color and with sombre life. Some day, I hope, a great painter will make a picture of it all: The bier with its gold-embroidered pall of purple velvet; the sorrowful King riding alone behind it; in his wake the mounted nobles; the armed foot-soldiers, and the valets and servants in sad-colored liveries, closing the rear. With these, the gorgeously robed abbot or prior; his attendant ecclesiastics in their rich vestments; the lines of black-frocked monks; the cluster of wondering townsfolk; all grouped before the high-arched open doorway of a church—hazily alight within from the blaze of candles on the far-off altar—with the carved stonework of the façade rising in the background in a shadowy mass. The whole lighted—in

those short days the marches must have ended after nightfall—by the glare of great flaring torches: casting flickering gleams on the gold embroidery of the pall and of the churchmen's vestments; setting aglint the sword-hilts of the nobles and the steel trappings of the men-at-arms; casting into sharp contrast the monks' pale faces and the ruddy faces of the townsfolk and of the King's attendants; and most strongly glowing on the sad set face of the desolate King.

From Saint Albans—whence the funeral company went eastward to Waltham Abbey—the King rode on direct to town: as appears from the fact that writs were tested at Saint Albans and at London on the same day, December 13th; and from *Walsingham's* statement that when the procession drew near to London the King rode forth to meet it. I can imagine that he got away thankfully—and all the more thankfully because of his love for his dead Queen. His heart must have been near to breaking as he went onward in the black winter weather through the nine days of that nightmare march. For the moment he would be almost cheerful—as he broke away from the gloom of it all, and from the foot-pace progress, and spurred on toward Barnet down the London road.

The *détour* by Waltham seems to have been due to mixed considerations of religious sentiment and of practical convenience. In those days Waltham Abbey—built, before he came into and so quickly went out of his kingdom, by that Harold who was the last of the Saxon Kings—was nearly in the same rank with Westminster Abbey as a religious house; and was superior to Westminster in that the miracle-working Waltham Holy Cross was there enshrined. Manifestly, it was fitting that the Queen's body should lie for a night in that very holy place; and the King must have the more approved of her lying there because the Rood of Waltham had been especially venerated by his great namesake, Edward the Confessor, for whom avowedly he had a peculiar reverence. On the practical side there was equally good reason for the halt. The dignity of the funeral procession, and the convenience of the crowds which would assemble to witness



CHARING CROSS, LONDON

it, required that it should enter London by daylight. Coming from Waltham, fourteen miles, that would be possible. Coming from Saint Albans, twenty-two miles, it would not be possible—the distance being too great to be covered in a short winter's day.

When the funeral train at last reached London—seemingly on December 14th—it was received with a majestic state. Walsingham tells that when the Queen's body was come near to the city the King rode forth to meet it, and that riding with him were the great prelates and other dignified clergy and the whole of his nobility. Throngs of sorrowing townsfolk crowded the streets to do the dead Queen reverence, "there never having been a royal consort of England who had so won the people's love." Properly

moralizing, the chroniclers fitly contrast the sadness of this outpouring of the citizens in sorrow, to meet her dead body, with the joy of the glad greeting that they had given her, thirty-five years earlier, on her first entry into London as a bride.

The fact that a memorial cross was set up in West Cheap—where Wood Street enters the Cheapside of to-day—proves that the halt that night was made in the heart of the city, and points to the probability that the body lay in Saint Paul's. The presumption is reasonable (the records are silent) that it was taken the next day to Westminster; and that it rested before the high altar of the Abbey church until it was entombed.

The burial in Westminster Abbey—and in the most revered spot in the

Abbey, the chapel of King Edward the Confessor—took place on December 17th. That much we know certainly: and we know very little more. The chroniclers—characteristically reticent where we most want them to be enlightening—give few words to what must have been a solemnly splendid ceremony; and one of them, Thomas Wykes—characteristically garrulous where discreetly he might have been reticent—dwells on the jarring fact that the Primate (being at points just then with the Abbot of Westminster) refused to enter the Abbey, and that the chief officiating ecclesiastical dignitary was the Bishop of Lincoln. Walsingham tells shortly that the rites were performed with great magnificence—“*cum summâ omnium reverentiâ et honore*”—and so leaves his readers to fill in from their own imaginations the details of the sombrely superb service that was held there in the majestic Abbey church, the King and his great nobles and his people all sorrowing together, in the gloom of that six-hundred-years-gone December day.

But, at least, the chroniclers have told enough to make clear that Queen Eleanor's stately funeral march came fittingly to a stately end.

King Edward was not content with having given to his dead Queen Eleanor funeral honors great beyond all precedent in English history. Out of his strong and tender love for her came his resolve to create religious foundations, and to erect substantial monuments, which should serve to advance her welfare in heaven and at the same time should keep alive on earth sweet memory of her in men's hearts.

An approximately complete record of this memorial work exists in the Accounts of the Commission—primarily appointed to administer the Queen's estate under her will—to which was confided its execution or its oversight. As they exist, some terms are lacking, the Accounts run from the Michaelmas Term of the year 1291 to the Hilary term of the year 1294, inclusive; and within that period an expenditure of £6237 2s. 10½*d.* is accounted for. That is a prodigiously great sum for those times—it would be equally prodigious in its equivalent in these times

—and yet it certainly falls materially short of the total expenditure that the King ordered to be made. Love values are not convertible into money values: but this great outlay by the King to do honor to his wife's memory does, in a way, measure the greatness of his love for her; and in still larger terms when we recall the fact that lack of money was among the most serious of the difficulties which beset him throughout his reign.

Primarily, provision was made for the perpetual celebration on the anniversary of the Queen's death—in the Abbey church at Westminster, probably in the Black Friars church, and in chantries founded in the church at Hardeby and in the chapel at Elynton—of masses in her memory and for the repose of her soul. That provision was of obligation. Care for the welfare of souls gone out through death into immortality was a cardinal necessity that could not be evaded in those times. The Accounts show that large sums were set aside for maintaining the memorial services. Dugdale, going into detail, tells of the great endowment—of lands and houses yielding a yearly revenue of more than two hundred pounds—that Westminster Abbey received from the King; and describes the very splendid services which, in consideration of that endowment, were to be celebrated there annually in perpetuity.

From his account it appears that on the eve of the anniversary the Abbot, the Prior, and the Convent, being duly invested, were to assemble in the choir; that one hundred wax candles, weighing twelve pounds each, were to be lighted about the Queen's tomb; that all the bells, both great and small, were to be rung; and that the whole assemblage was to sing solemnly for her soul's sake. On the anniversary proper, mass was to be celebrated at the high altar by the Abbot or the Prior—or by a more eminent prelate, could one be obtained—and each monk was to say a private mass . . . for her soul and for the souls of all the faithfully deceased; and on that day a penny dole was to be given to sevenscore poor people present at the services. It was farther provided that thirty of the wax candles were to remain about the tomb all the year round, to be lighted upon the great festivals of the Church and upon the

coming thither of persons of distinction; and, finally, that two wax tapers were to be kept burning upon the tomb, day and night, "always."

Those tapers upon Queen Eleanor's tomb did not burn "always"; but they did burn on continuously for close upon two hundred and fifty years. In the Pynson edition (1516) of Fabian we read: "In this xx yere [of Edward I.] . . . vpon the euyne of Seynt Andrewe, on the xxix day of Novembre, dyed quene Elyanore the Kynges wyfe, and was buryed at Westmynster, in the Chapell of Seynt Edward, at ye fete of Henry the thirde, where she hath ij wexe tapers brennyng vpon her tombe, both daye and nyght, whiche so hath cōtynned syne the day of her buryinge to this present daye." From the next succeeding edition of Fabian (1542) mention of the burning tapers is omitted. In the interval, the great wind of the Reformation had quenched forever the faint flaming of those love-charged little fires. In that same tempest were wrecked all of the religious ceremonies instituted by King Edward in his Queen's honor and for her soul's comforting. When England became Protestant the services in the chantries and in the churches, which were to keep green her memory temporally and to safeguard her welfare eternally, were at an end.

The Reformation, of course, was a political and a religious necessity; but there is room for lamenting that in the course of it so much had to go that in loving faith was meant to stand lastingly for faithful love. Very earnestly do I wish that Queen Eleanor's two little tapers might have burned on through it; and might still be burning, there upon her tomb. Yet I must admit that I have scant right to urge this plea on the score of sentiment. In a neighboring kingdom, about the time that those little love-lights were extinguished, my own ancestors—being of "the Religion"—were helping vigorously to put out candles of the same sort; and had I been of their period I certainly should have taken a hand with them in that useful work that went so ill in France.

Being a wise man—his right was as good as was Alfonso's to the title of El

Sabio—Edward did not trust only to monuments based in human institutions to preserve his Eleanor's memory. Consciously or unconsciously recognizing the fact that men's hearts (though on occasion harder) are less steadfast than stone, he raised to her those other monuments which in part still endure: her tombs in Lincoln Minster, in the Blackfriars church, and in Westminster Abbey; and the twelve crosses which marked the beginning, the ten halting-places, and the end of her funeral march.

It is supposed, and reasonably, that the prototypes of the Eleanor crosses were the crosses set up twenty years earlier (1270) in honor of Saint Louis of France. The body of that King was carried from Paris to Saint-Denis on a bier borne on men's shoulders; and each spot where the bier was set down, while the bearers rested, was marked later with a cross. Edward spent some time in Paris in the year 1273, on his way homeward from Palestine, and certainly must have seen those then new memorials of his crusading comrade; and Eleanor probably saw them also—when she came with Edward to France to take possession of her county of Ponthieu, and while the great treaty-making was in progress—in the year 1279. Conceivably, that tender-hearted Queen said some tender words about the crosses which lingered in her husband's memory; and were recalled when the occasion came to mark in a like manner her own funeral way. Assuredly—from whatever source it was drawn—Edward's thought of the crosses was not an afterthought. As is told generally by the chroniclers, and specifically by the *Annalist of Dunstable*, the sites for them at the several halting-places were set before, or very shortly after, the procession had gone on.

Essentially, the crosses were embodiments of religious sentiment directed by human love. They were to serve as memorials of the Queen; but their higher purpose was to win the prayers of faithful wayfarers for the welfare of her soul. "Orate pro animâ" was carved on every one of them; and they were made commandingly beautiful, and were set in conspicuous places—usually at an important cross-way—to the end that many should heed, and should answer to, that call.

The Annals of Dunstable record that when the site for the cross had been marked out, by the Chancellor, the ground was sprinkled with holy water by the Prior: a beginning which implies a formal consecration when the structure was complete. Like ceremonies undoubtedly were observed in the case of all the crosses. They therefore were, in the strictest sense, religious edifices—their selves consecrated, and standing upon consecrated ground—set up to win prayers for the safe rest in heaven of the Queen's soul. And that, precisely, was the reason why the Puritans cast them down. It was because they represented "a papistical superstition"—not because they were monuments to a Queen with whom even the Puritans could find no fault—that three-fourths of them were destroyed. The marvel is that any of them were suffered to survive. I hope that sometimes, even now, at the foot of one of the three remaining crosses a prayer is said for the soul of that good Princess by those who hold to the faith in which she lived and died.

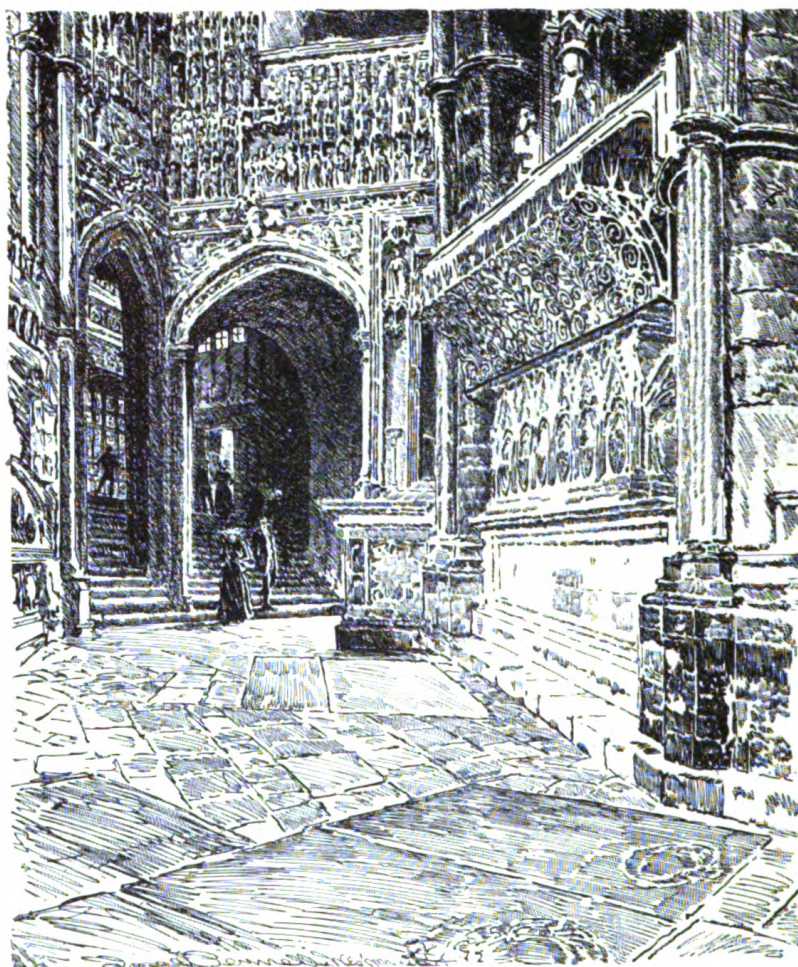
The records vary a little as to the number of the crosses and the places where they were set up. Stowe omits Lincoln, Stamford, and Geddington. Camden omits Woburn and West Cheap. The Accounts (incomplete) omit Grantham, Stamford, and Geddington. On the other hand, none of these names a site on which a cross either has not traditionally stood or does not actually stand. Piecing the various authorities together, we get this list: Lincoln, Grantham, Stamford, Geddington (existing), Northampton (existing), Stony Stratford, Woburn, Dunstable, Saint Albans, Waltham (existing), West Cheap, Charing (re-built)—twelve in all.

From the Accounts we know that the architects employed were Richard de Stowe, who built the cross at Lincoln; John de Bello, also called de Battle and de Battaile, who built the crosses at Northampton, Stony Stratford, Woburn, Dunstable, and Saint Albans; Dymenge de Legeri, also called Nicholas Dymenge de Reyns, who built the cross at Waltham; Michael de Canterbury, who built the cross at West Cheap; Richard de Crundale, who began, and Roger de Crundale, who finished, the cross at Cherring-

ham, Stamford, and Geddington, not included in the incomplete Accounts, were designed by one or another of these men.

Two general conditions obviously were imposed upon the architects: that on all the crosses, set in canopied niches, should stand statues of the Queen; and that on all of them the scheme of decoration should include her armorial bearings—the arms of Castile and Leon, borne quarterly on one shield, of Ponthieu, and of England. Beyond those limitations they seem to have been left free to make and to work out their designs in their own way. As we know certainly from the crosses which survive, that way was a very beautiful way: so beautiful that it still stands as a model for all work of a like nature—because it never has been surpassed. In each case the scheme of treatment was modified—if we may judge by the remaining crosses—by the site. The Northampton cross, set where two roads intersect at right angles, is octagonal; the Waltham cross, set where three roads meet, is hexagonal; the Geddington cross, also set where three roads meet, is triangular; and each of these—as Mr. Pennell's beautiful drawings show—is a realization of ideal excellence. To the Geddington cross—the most elegantly graceful of the three, and also the best preserved in that it has been least restored—no drawing can do full justice. It is of three stories, standing on a calvary of eight steps. The lower story is triangular, and each of its panelled sides swells out in an entrancingly delicate curve. The second story also is triangular, but is turned one-third around—bringing its points to the centres of the sides of the lower part. The third story is a hexagon surmounted by a triangle ending in three pointed finials; above which, originally, was a correspondingly carved cross. And the whole is of so subtle an exquisiteness that the full charm of it is felt only when that charm comes straight to the eye from the perfectly worked stone.

The statues of the Queen set upon the several crosses seem all to have been the work of the same hands. The charges for them in the Accounts name as their makers William de Ireland and Alexander le Imaginator—who in one entry is



QUEEN ELEANOR'S TOMB, WESTMINSTER ABBEY

styled Alexander de Abyngdon, a pretty plain proof that he was an Englishman. The price uniformly paid for them was five marks. Practically, those of them which survive are identical; and I believe them to be portraits. They represent a mature woman, but not old, still beautiful in face and in form and in dignity of pose. The face—of those which best have withstood the withering of six centuries—has the gentle beauty, the sweetness of expression, which the chroniclers tell us were found in the face of Queen Eleanor; and with this is a certain look of naturalness, of reality, that—as it seems to me—only a portrait would have. Yet the face is not so far unlike the face of Torell's statue on the tomb in Westminster Abbey as to preclude the possibility that the several sculptors worked in different ways from the same original.

The placing of the crosses seems to have been governed by a desire to set them—always as near as might be to the church in which the body had lain—where they would be passed by the greatest number of wayfarers; and so where they would win the greatest number of prayers for the good of the Queen's soul. The Northampton cross—nearly two miles from the town, close to where once was the great De la Pré Abbey—stands at the intersection of two important highways. The Geddington cross stands at the end of the little village—within a stone's cast of the church in which the body rested, and near to where was the King's "palace" wherein the funeral company was lodged—close to the old bridge (*circa* 1250) across the tiny Ise; which bridge assured a flow of travellers along the three roads meeting

there. Moreover, from beneath the cross wells up a living spring whence was drawn, and whence is drawn to-day, the water-supply of the village; and I am persuaded that it was no accident which placed this cross where every day, and many times every day, the villagers would come to the foot of it—and could be counted upon in that old faithful time to answer to its call for prayers. The Waltham cross—a mile west of the Abbey—stands on what was in the time of Edward I., and what is in the time of Edward VII., one of the main-travelled roads of England. Close beside it is a monument of another sort but of the same period: the ancient Four Swans Inn, that sheltered—as its landlord tells with a justifiable pride—a part of the funeral company on that December night of long ago.

Only two of the crosses which have been cast down—whereof one has been raised again—need be mentioned here. The West Cheap cross stood in what was, and is, the very heart of London. It was rebuilt at least twice, besides suffering a series of direful mutilations and more direful “restorations”; and finally was destroyed May 2, 1643—on which day Evelyn noted in his diary that he had seen “the furious and zealous people demolish that stately cross in Cheapside.” The cross at Cherring, the most magnificent of all the crosses, stood—until it was thrown down by order of the Puritan Parliament in the year 1647—on another main-travelled way: the road from London to Westminster, at its point of intersection with a road coming from the northwest—close to where the statue of Charles I. stands in what now is the southwestern corner of Trafalgar Square. Near to that site, forty years ago, the modern cross was erected: after designs, following the original, by Edward Middleton Barry—a part of whose early school-life (the fact seems to me to be relevant) was passed at Walthamstow, and who therefore was familiar with at least one of the Eleanor crosses from the time that he was a little boy. Barry also was the architect (in succession to his father, Sir Charles Barry, who designed the Charing Cross railway station) of the Charing Cross hotel: and it is in front of that prosaic building, in the courtyard

of the railway station—of all places in the world!—that the new cross stands.

Never was a monument more incongruously placed than is the Eleanor cross at the Charing of to-day. Close about its base, ever, is a clustering huddle of hansom cabs; all around it, ever, are the rush and bustle of one of the busiest railway stations in England; beside it, ever, is the steadfast roar of traffic on the Strand. And to my mind, precisely because of these incongruous surroundings, it is the most impressive monument in all London: being, so stationed, at once a bond between the earlier and the later English ages, and a characteristically English note of sentiment in a place where sentiment would seem least likely to be found. Only in England—peopled by a race to some degree outwardly practical, but intensely sentimental at core—could a railway-station yard be chosen as the site of that beautiful cross: which stands for a superseded national faith, and for a royal love that went out in death six hundred years ago.

Queen Eleanor's tombs, as her crosses, have suffered wreck. Only one of them—but that the chief one—still stands. With the razing of the Black Friars church her tomb, and her heart with it, went back to the unconsecrate dust from which they came. In Lincoln Minster a monument to her memory has been set up again in the Angel Choir; but it is empty, and is but a beautiful reproduction of the beautiful original that was cast down in the Commonwealth times. Very happily, the one tomb which has escaped the hammers of destruction, that in the Confessor's Chapel in Westminster Abbey, is the one most precious: wherein still rest intact the ashes of the body of that gentle Queen.

When Eleanor died, the Confessor's Chapel—built by her husband's father, Henry III.—still was new. Save for Henry's tomb, at the foot of which she was laid, all of the intercolumnar spaces—now filled with so august a company—were empty. The monument raised to her, an altar-tomb built of Purbeck marble, shows a breaking away from Italian traditions. It is distinctly English and Gothic in design. On its inner, Chapel side, is a panelling bearing the arms of



RECUMBENT FIGURE ON THE TOMB OF QUEEN ELEANOR, WESTMINSTER ABBEY

Castile and Leon, Ponthieu, and England. Its outer, Ambulatory, side is most delicately wrought stonework surmounted by a finely-worked iron grille. Upon the tomb rests a life-size recumbent female figure, cast in metal that originally was coated heavily with gold. Over all is a plain perpendicular canopy: that replaces the original very rich canopy (probably destroyed when the chantry of Henry V. was erected) designed by Thomas de Hokynton and decorated by Walter of Durham (some traces of whose work survive on the Ambulatory side of the monument), the most skilful painter of his time.

The Accounts give the names of the master workmen who together built the tomb, and record most of the payments to them. The beautiful marble-work was done by the same Richard de Crundale who began the building of the cross at Cherring. There is an entry of ten pounds paid to him "on account." The grille was made by Thomas de Leighton, who received thirteen pounds for it. The "metal for the Queen's image" was bought of William Sprott and John de Ware, who were paid at different times

fifty pounds and fifty marks. For the gilding of the statue, 476 Flemish florins were bought at two shillings and sixpence apiece; and 68 florins more were bought later. What "Master William Torell, goldsmith and citizen of London" was paid for the statue is not clear. He was making at the same time the statue of Henry III., and the two accounts are confused. There is a record of one payment to him of fifty pounds, and of two others which aggregate ninety marks.

Torell probably was the designer of the monument as a whole; and by him, certainly, "the Queen's image" was modelled and cast. The figure is clad in a close vest, over which is an open robe. Loosely clasping the strings of this robe, the left hand rests upon the breast. The right hand is so placed as to hold, and probably did hold, a sceptre—that rested in the groove that may be seen between the forefinger and the thumb—but the only remaining insignia of royalty is the circlet, ornamented with trefoils, about the head. Around the verge of the metal base on which the figure rests (partly hidden by the later-built Henry V. chantry) in lettering of a singular grace, is

this Norman-French inscription: "Ici gist Alianor jadis Reyne de Engleterre femme al Rey Edeward, Fiz le Rey Henri e fyllle al Rey de Espagne e Contasse de Puntiff del alme de li Dieu pur sa pité eyt merci. Amen." ("Here lies Eleanor, sometime Queen of England, wife to King Edward, son of King Henry, daughter of the King of Spain, and Countess of Ponthieu, on whose soul God in his pity have mercy. Amen.")

Words would give a very faint conception of the beauty of this monument, and a still fainter conception of the exceeding beauty of the figure that is its chief part. Fortunately, any attempt on my part at description in words is unnecessary. In Mr. Pennell's wholly perfect drawings is reproduced not merely the material substance of Torell's work, but its very soul. The drawing of the statue—I write this very considerably—is the most beautiful and the most satisfying drawing of that serenely noble figure that ever has been made.

With some show of reason, because of the youthfulness of the face, the conjecture has been advanced that the statue is an ideal figure of a queen rather than a portrait of Queen Eleanor. The matter is not one that admits of argument; nor, if it did, have I any desire to argue it. Yet I do, with submission, cherish the happy fancy that in this sweet and gentle

and beautiful face—as in the beautiful faces of the statues by William de Ireland and the Imaginator on the crosses—something akin to a portrait of that gentle and sweet and beautiful Queen has been preserved. Assuredly, the expression that all of those sculptors have given to Eleanor's face—a blending of grace and dignity and modesty and loving-kindness and piety—is in keeping with the character given to the Queen herself by Walsingham: "Fuerat nempe mulier pia, modesta, misericors, Anglicorum amatrix omnium."

Almost five hundred and fifty years went by in England before those words of Walsingham's again could be applied, wholly without reservation, to an English Queen. And more than six full centuries went by before another Queen of England, dying, was so greatly honored because she was so greatly loved.

Not until that later Queen, being dead, came—as a sea-queen should come—on her royal yacht down through the lines of her battle-ships, to the booming of their minute-guns; and so passed onward—as the queen of a fighting race should pass—drawn on a gun-carriage through the silent sorrowing millions lining the streets of her capital city, has there been given to a Queen of England so royal a funeral as Edward gave to his dead Eleanor.

At the Sign of the Spade

BY JOHN VANCE CHENEY

O N and on, in sun and shade,
Footing over flat and grade,
King and beggar, foe and friend,
Come, at last, to the journey's end;
Stop man and maid
At the Sign of the Spade.

Sage or zany, slave or blade,
Drab or lady, the rôle is played;
Over grass and under sun
Past one hostel trudges none:
Stop man and maid
At the Sign of the Spade.

Musicians of the Word

BY BEATRIX DEMAREST LLOYD

I WAS an old man, grown gray and, alas! not rich in the service of Euterpe, when first I saw Stanwix Lucien,—and saw him, too, under the most flattering circumstances. For he came to me one day in my garden of contentment with all the simple solemnity of a religious pilgrim at a shrine. I am afraid—hard as it is to confess—that he was disappointed in me, ordinary mortal that I was, sitting on a green-painted bench among my tangled courts of color, clad in the most every-day garb imaginable, topped with a large black felt hat. It may be that I do his sense of humor an injustice when I suggest that he had expected to find a heroic figure dressed in a toga and chaplet and embowered in an Alma-Tadema setting, but I remember distinctly the crestfallen droop of his face when he, at a distance, came to the obvious conclusion that I was the poet and not the gardener. I take considerable pleasure in recalling, however, that I regained my pedestal before we had sat together very long,—discussing many things, but especially perhaps his poetry. I use the word advisedly.

He had brought me, under cover of a letter from a beloved friend, a little packet of papers, which was produced with tremulous humility. Of course he was not the first neophyte who had approached me for criticism and advice, and one would have said that an old man whose vanity has learned the world-lesson would not have been too much carried away by the self-seeking homage of another. But there was something in his very speechlessness at intervals unlike the tribute I had ever before received, and there was that about his talking that marked him as a man from whom such attention was worth my kindling.

When, on my requesting it, he quite naturally and without self-conscious preface read me two or three of the shorter poems, I knew at once! It was real-

ly poetry. Famous for criticism as well as for creation—I state the fact without affectation, as a man nearing the end of his work may be permitted,—I heard the unmistakable ringing of the gold within the lines. I felt, moreover, the thrill that only the discovery of such gold can give to me. My hand trembled a little as I held it toward him for the page itself.

I read the stanzas myself then, and found that they were even better without his too modest rendering. He gave me another, at my silent appeal, and then another and so another. I was thinking of nothing then but of what I read, but, as I look back upon it now, the scene seems a pretty one: the old-fashioned riotously tinted garden, the benignant sunlight, the simple little house quite near our bench with its added load of blossoms, and the old and the young musicians of the word side by side, one anxious, earnest, waiting, the other relaxed, satisfied, and withal more moved by the writing than he could understand.

I don't suppose I realized then quite how anxious he was. I don't think the idea ever entered my mind that any one who had read the poems could have the slightest doubt of their quality, but I had not of course in that taken into account the person who had written them. Certainly if I had realized his suspense I should not have kept him waiting until I had read so many of them, for it took me a considerable time, reading them carefully. It was when I finished the last one I was then to read and put out my hand for another that I was recalled by having it withheld. Looking up, I met his broad gray eyes fixed upon me with a kind of torment in their depths.

"Can you tell me—a little—what you think—just from those?" he asked me.

I looked away from him with a sigh of repletion, my hands mechanically pushing the little stack of paper into a

uniform block. "You are a poet," said I, embracing all things in the verdict.

"You—you think—"

"It is good," I affirmed, turning my eyes to the leaves of the Tree of Life that he had placed in my hands. "It is exceptionally, amazingly good. Didn't you know it? Didn't you know it was—well, the real thing?"

"How could I?" he fairly stammered at me. "You really like them? You really believe in me?"

"I do," said I, taking up one of the pages. "I wish I didn't so clearly see that they are quite as good as anything I have ever done myself,—even with my matured technique."

He merely gasped.

"I mean it, Lucien," I said. "When you are as old as I you will be so much the greater that you will look back upon your pilgrimage to the shrine of a lesser god—"

"Stop, stop!" he cried, springing up. He stood above me, looking down, his whole face working with his emotion. "I can't bear it; indeed I can't. It's too overwhelming; you are giving me too much! I can't bear it."

He went to the wall of the garden, and leaned upon it with his back to me. I sat for a while looking at the straight young—ridiculously young—body, the weight of its goodly head upon clasped hands, presumably staring out across the world he was to conquer. Then I picked up some of the unread pages, and went on with my feast. I was roused after some time from my absorption by his speaking to me. He had come back, master of himself again, and he resumed his place beside me.

"You will forgive me for that brusqueness," he said. "I can't apologize for the emotion; you can see for yourself! I don't want you to think I believe you when you say they are as good as yours, or anything of the kind, but that you think I have any spark of the fire in me, that you should praise what I have done, that you should encourage me, why, it's like—like nothing else in all the world." He looked down at his familiar manuscript, which I still held, as if it had become something strange and rare. "I can't believe it. I've always dreamed of coming to you—you don't mind my talk-

ing about it?—and of just seeing you, hearing you talk, and going away with a proud recollection for the telling to my grandchildren. Then I added, timidly, the idea of having you read one of my verses, and of your saying that it showed earnest effort, or something like that. And so gradually the dream has gone on, becoming more selfish and more elaborate, until I actually thought of you as encouraging me to try again—to peg away, you know. But you found me so unprepared for anything remotely approaching the faintest word of your praise, that it quite took the man out of me. I can't even now adjust myself to what you say."

I led him away from the blinding glare of his new glorious knowledge of himself by asking homespun questions about him—where he lived, what he did, what he had done, what he was going to do. He was an American, he needlessly told me, born in New York and educated at Yale—I think it was Yale. He had come over to London to see me,—by all the gods! And finding it much cheaper to live there than in his birthplace, had decided to remain, provided he could find some means of livelihood. After all, he was just at the beginning—he had for a few years been tutoring a son of Gordon Wells, the millionaire portrait-painter,—and why couldn't he begin as well in one place as another? I gathered gently that his means were hardly to be considered. He undoubtedly had to bake his own bread and churn his own butter, but when that was done for the day, he said, he could have a few delicious hours in which to "invite his soul."

It was all so practical, our further talk, that it rather swallowed his emotion, but I could see underneath the commonplace of our intercourse—for I strove deliberately to keep his feet upon the earth—the soul's excitement boiling up in him and nearly choking his none too steady voice. He went away at last with a sudden horror-stricken look at his watch, though I was never more sincere than in urging him to remain.

I carried about with me for many days the sense of exhilaration that his verse had given me,—much, I suppose, as a recluse of an astronomer would exult in the breaking of his loneliness

by the advent of a new star of the first magnitude.

Shortly afterward he wrote me. After a most discouraging struggle he had secured a reportership on one of the dailies, and would have been out before did not his duties eat up all the hours except when he lay, fagged, in bed. He managed, he told me, to keep at his own work, fairly snatching moments, going to Olympus in an electric tram, and would have, he hoped, something worth showing me soon.

When he did come, about three weeks later, I presented my idea to him. The verses ought to appear. Of course personally I could not put myself in the position of urging them upon a publisher, nor would it be just to the verses. But I could give him a letter, a bare introduction, but one which would secure him a prompt and serious hearing. He seemed quite appalled by the idea of actually getting about the thing, quite as much surprised as he had been to find himself in my garden, but we talked it over reasonably, and it ended in my writing the letter.

I should not say it ended, for it was naturally a mere beginning. The verses were accepted and modestly put forth in a brown volume much more substantial in bulk than the usual meagre first effort. The poems were well received. They were not of a nature to begin in a tempest and end in a teapot, but they did achieve a dignified quiet appreciation from those readers who still "had time for poetry."

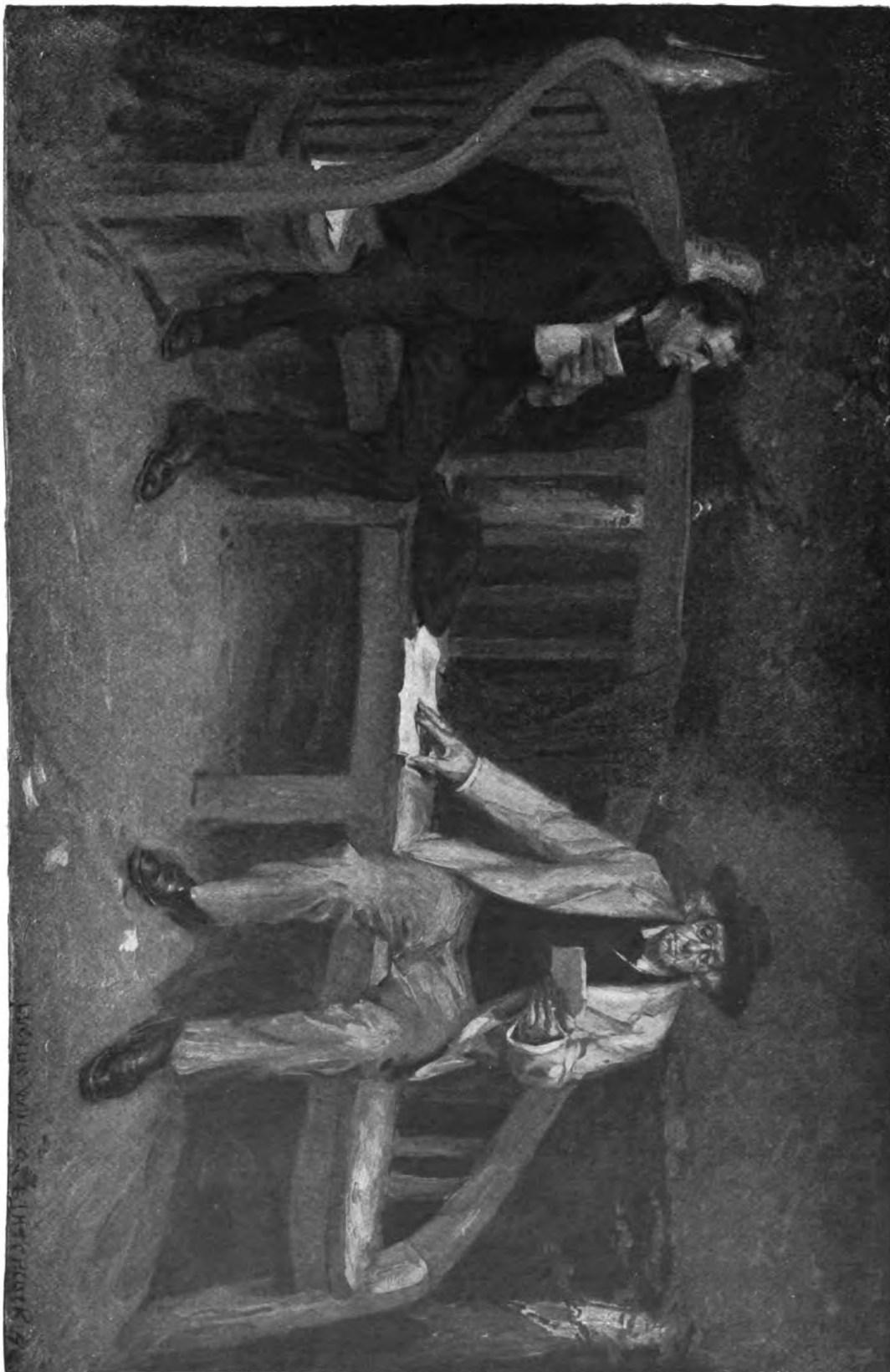
I shall never forget how he looked as he came into my dining-room one evening while I was at my solitary dinner, with the very first of the edition in his hands for me. I was proud of every page of the book. I was proud of the simple little dedication that stood in my name "by courteous permission." I had had delights over my own first volume, but about this one I felt quite as keenly, though differently. He stayed only an instant, being then on his way, poor soul, to ask the Hon. Maude Alman for what specific reasons she intended to divorce her husband, and after he had gone with a groaning sigh, I sat myself down again to enjoy my unique pleasure.

I sat with the book before me for a

long time, dreaming a very pretty dream about the lad. I saw him reaching the plain he might so naturally occupy, a plain but scantily populated by a few radiant souls, and rejoiced quite humbly to think that a little of myself he would carry with him to the gods. For though I had never since the first day in the garden referred to it in any way, seeing that it hurt him so, I did not disguise from myself the fact that here was a greater man than I, in proportion to his years. And that with all my hard work and recognition and success, when he was not as old as I he would have achieved vastly more. Perhaps if we had been more of an age I should have been jealous of his greater power; though I have seen that in the practice of this art of ours, more than in any of the others, there is less jealousy and more sincere interest in the achievements of fellow artists. But as it was, for whatever reason it might be, I cared as much for his success as for my own, for my heart had gone out to the lad and I cherished him. It might not indeed be my least claim upon the leniency of the hereafter that "I had been friends with Lucien."

He came to see me at regrettably far intervals, for his work did grind him unquestionably, and his hours being in an unnatural relation to everything else in the machinery of life, it was very hard to arrange any communication with more rational beings. But usually when he came he had something to show me, and it was almost always very fine. He had the most extraordinary fearlessness without any affectation of idiosyncrasy, the most refreshing colors and ease of line. The most remarkable thing about him, to my mind—for I had discovered it in every other beginner whose work I had been shown,—was that he never mimicked the peculiarities of other writers. He neither formed his style, as the grim phrase goes, upon a model, nor had he taken to imitations of the many, but had gone straight "into his own" as any crown prince. I said to myself that if ever a man had been given a heartful of the divine fire, it was Lucien. I knew it then, and I know it now.

When ten years had been added to my threescore since that time, I had won during that decade laurels for my own



.. I KNEW AT ONCE! IT WAS REALLY POETRY..

head, but my hair is too white now to wear the green leaves without a sad suggestion that they have fallen upon an unnatural winter, and I would rather have seen them girding the brows of young dear Lucien,—not quite so young now, to be sure, but quite as dear. He had so little time of his own in the days of toiling for a mere living that his output was very scant, though he had said, shortly after his going on the daily, that the verses boiled up in his mind so feverishly he sometimes had a fear he would write them out involuntarily instead of the "story" he was expected to turn in. He promised himself that he would work on the day of rest that came to him somewhere about the middle of the week, but he rarely found the strength of will to "look his pen in the face," as he whimsically confessed to me, after his abuse of it during the six days of his labor. He used to talk with me about his dream of having money enough to devote himself wholly to his neglected muse; and listening, I planned a hope of smoothing out his path of true love. I hesitated long over the proposition that I finally made him, not being quite sure in my own mind whether it was best that I should in this case do the natural thing; but when I did, he put it aside in a queer little constricted silence that showed me how impossible it was for him to accept it. And yet I can think of nothing that would have made me happier than to have had him an inmate of my house, the son I had never known; to have thought that the little home whose walls had harbored many a winged thought should, when I darkened its doors no more, continue the abode of harmony. He could have been happy there, too, with time to sun his spirit as was its God-designed purpose. But there, in the way of it, stood his impossible pride and all that accumulation of the exaggerated importance of possession and division of property which the world has stumbled on for so long.

Instead of this he was struggling along—in fact he had struggled along so far that our first day in the garden seemed very remote indeed—and was being sent hither and yon to ask impertinent questions of folk irascible, com-
plaisant, or reticent, and was learning

the true "hash-it-up" style of the newspaper grind. Naturally enough, he went beyond this stage to one slightly more self-respecting after a while, but it was long, for his aptitude for journalistic work was not marked and did not win promotion easily. In reality he held his reportership only by an infallible faithfulness, and not at all from any natural gifts in that insufferable field of activity.

There were frequent blue Mondays for us in those ten years, when we realized how much of the precious sand was trickling away and how rapidly, and of course we had times of rejoicing when some stanzas of his would appear, well illumined and "featured," and when it would seem that he had his other life more masterfully in hand and could arrange his time to include the work I wanted him, so passionately, to do. But the dark days predominated, not so much at the beginning naturally as towards the later years, and finally, when the tenth year was completed, I realized that in the past two he had done practically nothing.

He had grown nervous and somewhat irritable, for even though I saw him usually at his best, I could see the traces and the promise of both. It made my heart sore to see this change coming over him, and to know that it had its source in the unnaturally cramped life he was living, and I was almost at the point of taking him bodily away for a rest, when the news came. His father had died suddenly of apoplexy at his office, and it was suggested that Lucien come over at once and settle up what business affairs might be in need of arrangement. By the terms of his father's will he received sufficient property to yield him about four hundred pounds a year. He was quite smitten by his father's death, although they had never been very near together at any time of their lives, and was rather in too bad a mental condition anyway to realize that his long-worked-for, long-prayed-for bread-money had come to him at last.

I saw him only the once when he came to tell me before he sailed, and he said, in the quick jerky way that had become habitual to him against all nature, that he would write me often and come back soon. I was glad to have him go, knowing how utterly he needed the let-up in

uncongenial work and the travel, and glad more than all of the little income. My rejoicing quite overcame any sorrow I might have felt for the death of one near him, for I knew that while Lucien was loyally stricken at heart by his loss, still the father had not played a very great part in his life, nor had been at any time very much in sympathy with the boy's ambition and genius. That I should be lonely without him, even without the mere knowledge that he was somewhere about London, which was all I sometimes had had for weeks, was perfectly certain, and yet on the whole I saw him depart with a cheerful heart.

I dreamed many dreams for him in those days, when I had seen him at last released from bondage. Surely I could make him come to me now, and what verses would not be woven in the tangled blooming garden?—both now and after I had “passed the door of Darkness through.” I had much time for dreaming, for though I had predicted that his absence would exceed his estimate of it, I had not expected it to lengthen as it did. To be sure, my own work—I had a wish to die plying my art—kept me fairly oblivious to the demarch of the days; and then, too, after the first odd months of it had gone by, in that unbelievable way things have, it began to seem quite natural that he should be gone.

What brought me up with a practical jerk at the end of three years was the statement of a friend that he had seen Stanwix Lucien on Piccadilly the other day, and the subsequent question, didn't I think he was looking badly? I wasted no time in nursing my injured friendship, but knowing that under no ordinary circumstances would he have treated me so shabbily, I wrote him a note to his old lodgings, asking him why he had not been in to see me.

He came shortly after, and he was “looking badly.” I was in the garden, as on the first day, and when he entered my little domain I scarcely knew him. It might possibly be attributed to my eyes having grown old along with me, but they were still vigorous enough to see that he approached me with an inexplicable reluctance. The irritability and nervousness seemed to be quite wanting,

but they had been replaced by a weariness and an apathy that brought disquiet to my heart. He greeted me as a man new-risen from a sick-bed might greet his morning nurse, listlessly, and yet when he sank down beside me on the green-painted bench I could see a spot in his temple twitching with the effort he made to set his jaws in anything like repose.

“I had to send for you!” I said, with as little reproach as I could not prevent slipping into my voice.

He put out his hand upon my own as it lay on my knee, and I bore its pressure, for I saw it helped him. There were, I was shocked to see, actual tears in his eyes, and in a man's shame I withdrew my short glance and looked at the hand that lay on mine. In Heaven's name, what could be the matter?

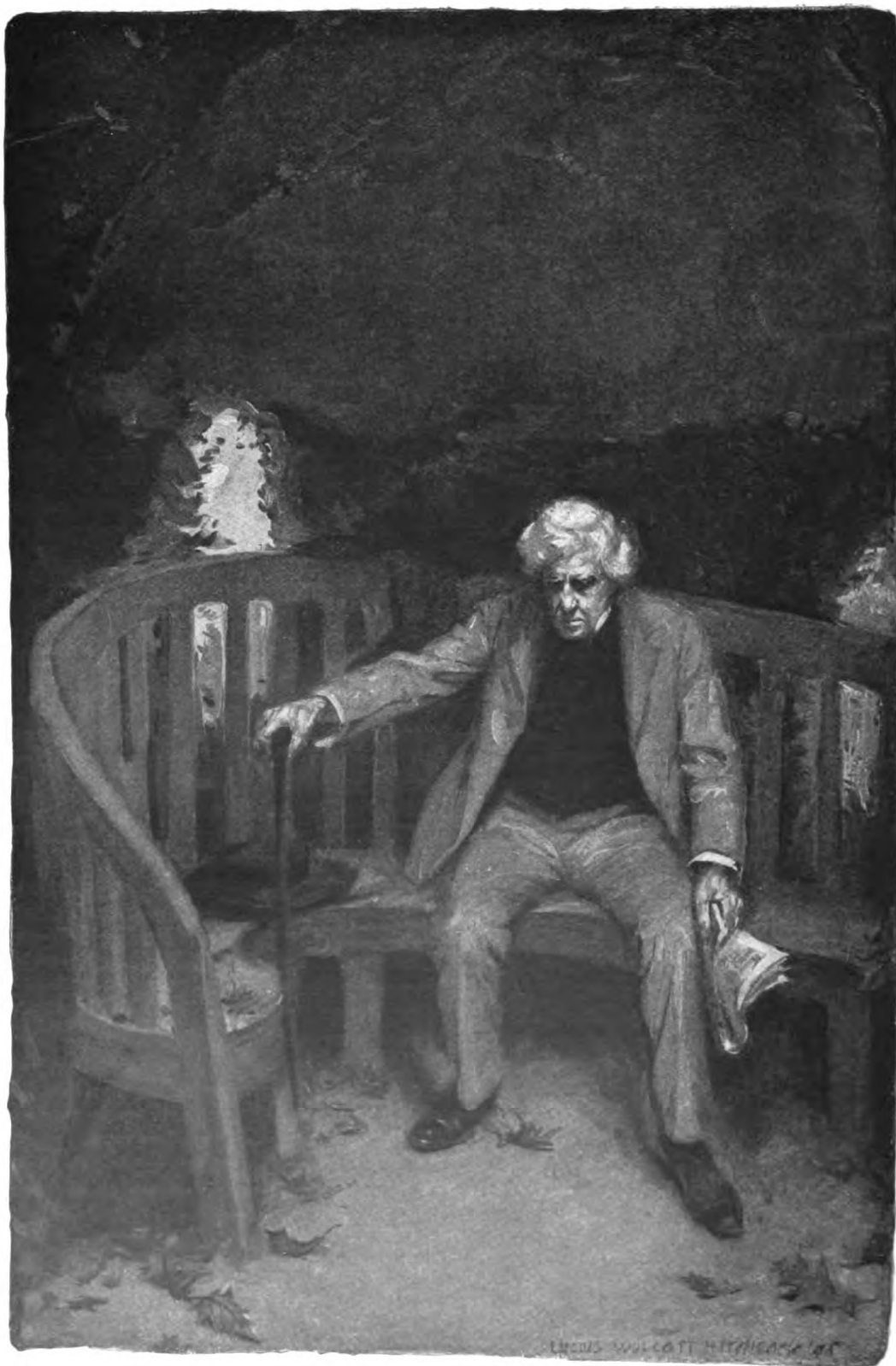
I resolved to be at least as natural as we can in the face of our centuries of misproduction. “Something is troubling you, Lucien?”

I could hear his breath drawn with a deep pressure as if he had held it heretofore. “Something is troubling me, Master,” he said, quite gently. The phrase sounded trivial, as if the man were suffering writers' cramp or literary remorse, but when both he and I knew so well how great the something was and must be, it did as well as another.

Then he took his hand away, put both desperately into his pockets, and ground his heels into the pretty gravel. “I must, of course, tell you. I have been looking forward to the day when I must tell you. I need not say that I have walked the floor at night trying to hush the thought that I must tell you. But that doesn't make it any easier now.”

I didn't press him to hurry on, as much for my own sake as for his. I felt a numb chill creeping upon me, as if the day were colder than it was. In faith, the scene was not very much as it had been the day of our meeting; the myriad flowers of my garden had turned to dust, and the tangle of their bones was a dull brown; the ground was hard, showing spots of white, and the sun shone with an oblique indifferent ray. Before his coming the cold had been a crisp stimulus,—it became now a marrow-chilling disease.

“I should be glad to tell you gently, to



THE HEART OF AN OLD MAN WAS CONTENT

wrap my meaning in a blanket of words, —but I don't know how."

"Tell me directly, then," said I. "I will try to bear the plain speaking."

There was then a pause—the kind of a pause that, in accumulating, merely adds its weight to the words that follow.

"They have ground it out of me," he said.

I felt the earth give miserably beneath my feet. "Ground it out—" I echoed, mechanically.

He did not answer me in words. With a hand that trembled quite as much—for, ah, such different causes—as it had on the first day that I saw him, he drew out from his pocket a few fluttering slips of paper. I had so often put forth my own old hand to receive these evidences of his communion with the stars that quite instinctively I reached for the packet. He leaned forward, his eyes grinding the landscape as I read.

When I put the pages down he lifted his hand forbiddingly. "You know—you can't deny that you know—they are quite too utterly beyond all hope."

I read them over again. I looked up. I looked back at them. I looked away.

"How hard I have tried to find the fountain sealed, how I have haunted the place where it used to fling its sparkling fronds high into the sunlight, how I have panted on a clue to its unmarked hiding, how I have flung myself down disappointed in that wilderness and steeped in its chill misery for days and years,—I need not tell you. All trace of the spring is gone. I have given up the search."

"But," I protested, "the fountain must be bubbling underneath."

He got to his feet and moved about with the impatience of a man in pain. "What you used to call it was a better word," he said—"fire. You can't make any blunders in the finding that! There isn't even any smoke about me now!" His short laugh was grim and hard to bear. "The spark has been ground out beneath the heel of my necessity, don't you see? I am all black and cold and dead. I sold my brains for my daily pottage,—you see it. I know it."

He reached for the poor papers that I held, and looked at them.

"I labored with my whole soul on these," he said, wincing. "At least I

produced good proof for you that what I say is true."

He slowly tore the pages into tiny morsels and let them flutter scattering to the ground. Then he came nearer, hesitated, and sat down by me again. "I'm not all selfish in my suffering, Master. Good Heaven, do you suppose I would have walked the streets of London these six weeks unable to force myself to come to tell you this, just for a puny vanity? I knew what it would mean to you. I have known every dream you have dreamed for me, of my carrying on your song-labor; I have heard every hope you uttered in your heart. And quite apart from the way it has tortured me—ah, Domine, I have lost my soul!—has been the agony of realizing what disappointment it was going to be to you. Try to forgive me—can you?—for being a failure. The fire is dead in me, Master. My spirit is like a blackened and deserted hearth."

He bent forward with arms upon his knees, his head hanging above the clasping and unclasping hands. We sat so, I don't know how long. A miserable numbness seemed to have sealed my lips. If he had risen in those moments and gone away through the little gate in the high wall, I know I should not have put out my hand to stay him.

"Lucien," said I, finally, "will you come to me now? As matters stand with you, you can do it without any temporizing with that arch-pride of yours. You are simply in need of a little care, a little mental nursing, a little cultivation. Won't you let me tend you for a while?"

He was silent, and I thought it best for the moment not to tax his voice.

"My treatment will be very simple and quite harmless, I assure you," I went on, trying to lighten the gloom that clung to us. "In the first place, you shall not be allowed to set pencil to paper. In the second, you shall eat and walk and sit in the sun, and a little every day you may read. Very soon I shall find green shoots above the ground. There, Lucien,—will you not trust to my husbandry?"

"To face a second failure?"

"Give me time," said I, with a confidence I was far from feeling. "I am no Hindu adept that I can produce a forest as you would a handkerchief. All I ask,

as the advertisements say, is a chance to convince you. Come, man, come! You aren't going to make me believe a few years of hard work have crushed out your genius: it isn't reasonable."

He leaned back, though without any erectness. "You read the verses," he said.

My hope was flimsy enough even to my own touch without the crushing demolition of his blow. I was silenced. I was utterly miserable.

"Dear Master," said Lucien, quite gently, "I can't talk about your goodness to me. I once dreamed of singing your praise so that every man should be compelled to stop and listen to the song and know of you. But that dream is over. I couldn't stay here with you. It would be quite beyond my endurance. I feel every moment the withering anguish of a man at the grave of all that the world was to him. You suffer too. I can see it,—I can most poignantly feel it. No—I must go away. I shall creep about the world looking for the thing I lost. It wakes me strangely in the night sometimes, the feeling that I could almost find it, and even when that passes, the thought that sometime I might wake with the power of speech upon my mouth watches the dark with me. If ever—if ever—my God, the very words are a too cruel joy—if ever it should be so, I think I could make you hear me call to you."

"Lucien," said I, but he stopped me. He had quite suddenly risen to his feet with a sound that was like a sob. "I can't bear it any longer! I'll come back!" he said.

In my loneliness after he had gone, I gathered up the fragments of the papers he had torn.

The world was curiously empty after this day. I had been solitary all my life, but now the very life was gone too. I never deceived myself, thank Heaven, with the thought that he would come back, and so at least was spared that gradual torture. But I found myself actually amazed at the return of spring, actually incredulous of the daffodils. I was too old for new seasons.

The rest—there is so little more—is well known. Led by his morbid fancy, he had gone back to the Juggernaut that had so mercilessly maimed him, and had

accompanied one of the older men, a war correspondent, to the very scene of action. I heard of it and wondered. I would not believe him to be seeking death, nor could I believe he sought to forget his quest. I used to dream of hearing his call, as he had promised,—but that is the story of myself.

When I did hear it, it had shaken the whole world of our race as well. Even the most stolid of us was moved to the very bones by the tremendous power and the appalling setting of the thing. He had been with the army for many weeks, witnessing the hardships and the unbelievable degradations, the enforced brutality and the businesslike inhumanity. He had seen the horror of burning homes, of half-butchered cattle, of husbandless women standing homeless in the midst of their appealing children, had heard their silence and their curses, had heard the mingled mighty sobbing of a battle-field, had smelled the smell of hell in the blood and dust and powder-smoke. He had suffered wounds and pain, hunger and thirst, fatigue and sickness. He had known the delirium of fever and the waste of deliberate death.

It was with the greatest battle of the war raging about him that he died, with his face to a sky that had long ceased to be heaven. Beneath its same leaden rain, thousands were falling, dying, killing, and being killed. The roar and the scream of the frantic earth were about him, and the stench of murderous death that stalks unpunished for the argument of kings.

And it was there, mere fraction of the immensity of death, that he clenched his numb hand upon his pencil, and sent out his promised cry to all the world, his never-to-be-forgotten "Protest," those lines familiar to us all beginning:

Blood of Abel, blood of Christ,—brother,
god, was it for this—

Never finished, that never should have been finished, they struck like a clarion across the mirrored turmoil of our hearts.

Fulfilled was his allotted labor, and he needed no future days. And in a neglected garden the heart of an old man was content, for with his message and his life upon his lips, Lucien was one with the Immortals.

The Territorial Expansion of the United States

BY JOHN BASSETT MOORE, LL.D.

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AS conventionalized in the annual messages of Presidents to Congress, the American people are distinguished chiefly by their peaceful disposition and their freedom from territorial ambitions. Nevertheless, in spite of these quiet propensities, it has fallen to their lot, since they forcibly achieved their independence, to have had four foreign wars, three general and one limited, and the greatest civil war in history, and to have acquired a territorial domain almost five times as great as the respectable endowment with which they began their national career. In reality, to the founders of the American republic the question of territorial expansion did not present itself as a matter of speculation, or even of choice. There was not a single European power having possessions in America that did not lay claim to more territory than it had effectively occupied, nor was there a single one whose claims were not contested by some other power; and these contests were interwoven with the monopolistic struggle then in progress for colonial commerce and navigation. The Spaniards and the Portuguese, the English and the French, the Swedes and the Dutch, contended with one another in Europe as well as in America for empire on the American continents. Their colonists knew no rule of life but that of conflict; and they regarded the extension of their boundaries as a measure of self-defence rather than of aggression. We have seen that, by the treaty of alliance with France of 1778, the remaining British possessions in North America, if they should be wrested from the mother country, were to be "confederated with or dependent upon" the United States; and in harmony with this stipulation, provision was

made in the Articles of Confederation (Art. XI.) for the full admission of Canada into the Union. No other colony was to be so admitted without the consent of nine States; and unless they consented, the colony, if seized, was to remain in a "dependent" position. With the independence of the United States, a new force entered into the territorial contests in America, but it did not stay their course. On the north of the new republic lay the possessions of Great Britain; on the west, the possessions of France; on the south, the possessions of Spain. With all these powers there were questions of boundary, while the colonial restrictions in commerce and in navigation were as so many withes fettering the limbs of the young giant.

It was in order to obtain relief from such conditions that the United States acquired Louisiana. To the inhabitants of the West the Mississippi River was, as Madison once declared, the Hudson, the Delaware, the Potomac, and all the navigable rivers of the Atlantic States formed into one stream. During the dark hours of the American Revolution the Continental Congress seemed to be ready to yield to Spain, in return for her alliance, the exclusive right to navigate the Mississippi; but fortunately this was not done. After the reestablishment of peace, Spain continued to maintain her exclusive claims. But the opposition to them in the United States steadily grew stronger and louder; and at length, on October 27, 1795, encompassed by many perils in her foreign relations, Spain conceded to the United States the free navigation of the Mississippi, together with the privilege of depositing merchandise at New Orleans and thence exporting it without payment of duty.

The incalculable advantage of this arrangement was daily growing more manifest, when, early in 1801, rumors began to prevail that Spain had ceded both Louisiana and the Floridas to France. As a neighbor, Spain, because of the internal weakness of her government and the consequent unaggressiveness of her foreign policy, was not feared; but an apprehension had from the first been exhibited by the United States as to the possibility of being hemmed in by colonies of England and of France. If the rumored cession should prove to be true, the arrangement with Spain with regard to the Mississippi was threatened with extinction. Jefferson was therefore hardly extravagant when he declared that the cession of Louisiana and the Floridas by Spain to France would completely reverse all the political relations of the United States, and would render France, as the possessor of New Orleans, "our natural and habitual enemy."

The treaty of cession was, in fact, signed at San Ildefonso on October 1, 1800; but it was not published, and even its existence was officially denied. It did not embrace the Floridas, but included the whole of the vast domain then known as Louisiana. The administration at Washington, though in the dark as to what had actually been done, felt the necessity of action. It desired, if possible, to prevent the transfer of the territory; or, if this could not be accomplished, to obtain from France the Floridas, if they were included in the cession, or at least West Florida, so as to give the United States a continuous stretch of territory on the eastern bank of the Mississippi. With these objects in view, Jefferson appointed Robert R. Livingston as minister to France. Livingston set out on his mission early in October, 1801. On his arrival in Paris, he soon became convinced that the cession of Louisiana, if not of the Floridas, had been concluded; and he hinted to Talleyrand, who was then Minister of Foreign Affairs, that Louisiana might be transferred to the United States in payment of debts due by France to American citizens. Talleyrand replied, "None but spendthrifts satisfy their debts by selling their lands," and then, after a pause, blandly added, "But it is not ours to

give." Livingston was not deceived by this evasion. On the contrary, he endeavored to obtain, by appeal to the First Consul himself, Napoleon, the cession, not of the whole, but of a part, of Louisiana, or at any rate an assurance that the transfer of the territory by Spain to France would not be permitted to disturb the arrangement as to the use of the Mississippi. On February 11, 1802, Talleyrand informed Livingston that he had been instructed by the First Consul to give the most positive assurance on this subject; but it had barely been given when a report reached Washington that the Spanish intendant at New Orleans had suspended the right of deposit. It was soon learned that the suspension was not authorized by the Spanish government, but the act of the intendant gave rise to energetic discussion in Congress. A resolution was adopted by the House declaring that the stipulated rights of the United States in the Mississippi would be inviolably maintained, while a resolution was offered in the Senate to authorize the President to take forcible possession of such places as might be necessary to secure their full enjoyment. The state of public feeling was such that every branch of the government felt obliged to take measures not only to preserve existing rights, but also, if possible, to enlarge and safeguard them. With this end in view, James Monroe was joined with Livingston in an extraordinary commission to treat with France, and with Charles Pinckney in a like commission to treat, if necessary, with Spain. The specific objects of the mission, as defined in the instructions given by Madison, as Secretary of State, on March 2, 1803, were the cession to the United States of the island of New Orleans and the Floridas.

Meanwhile Livingston had, if possible, redoubled his exertions. His favorite plan was to obtain from France the cession of the island of New Orleans and all that part of Louisiana lying northward of the Arkansas River; and he also urged the cession of West Florida, if France had obtained it from Spain. On Monday, the 11th of April, he held with Talleyrand a memorable and startling interview. Livingston was expatiating upon the subject of New Orleans, when

Talleyrand quietly inquired whether the United States desired "the whole of Louisiana." Livingston answered that their wishes extended only to New Orleans and the Floridas, though policy dictated that France should also cede the country above the river Arkansas; but Talleyrand observed that if they gave New Orleans the rest would be of little value, and asked what the United States would "give for the whole." Livingston suggested the sum of 20,000,000 francs, provided the claims of American citizens were paid. Talleyrand declared the offer too low, but disclaimed having spoken of the matter by authority. In reality Napoleon had, on the preceding day, announced to two of his ministers his final resolution. The expedition to Santo Domingo had miserably failed; colonial enterprises appeared to be no longer practicable; war with England was at hand; and it seemed wiser to sell colonies than go down with them in disaster. In this predicament Napoleon decided to sell to the United States not only New Orleans, but the whole of Louisiana, and only a few hours before the interview between Talleyrand and Livingston was held, had instructed Barbé-Marbois, his Minister of Finance, to negotiate the sale.

Monroe arrived in Paris on the 12th of April. On the next day, Marbois informed Livingston that Napoleon had authorized him to say that if the Americans would give 100,000,000 francs and pay their own claims, they might "take the whole country." Noting Livingston's surprise at the price, Marbois eventually suggested that the United States should pay to France the sum of 60,000,000 francs, and assume the claims of its own citizens to the amount of 20,000,000 more. Livingston declared that it was in vain to ask a thing so greatly beyond their means, but promised to consult with Monroe. The American plenipotentiaries were thus confronted with a momentous question, concerning which in its full extent their instructions did not authorize them to treat; but, properly interpreting the purposes of their government and the spirit of their countrymen, they promptly and boldly assumed the responsibility. They accepted Marbois's terms, excessive as they at first seemed, and took the whole province.

Speaking in a prophetic strain, Livingston, when he had affixed his name to the treaty of cession, exclaimed: "We have lived long, but this is the noblest work of our lives. . . . To-day the United States take their place among the powers of the first rank. . . . The instrument we have signed will cause no tears to flow. It will prepare centuries of happiness for innumerable generations of the human race." Time has verified Livingston's prevision. The purchase of Louisiana has contributed more than any other territorial acquisition to make the United States what it is to-day.

Though the whole of Louisiana was ceded, its limits were undefined. The province was retroceded by Spain to France in 1800 "with the same extent that it now has in the hands of Spain, and that it had when France possessed it," and by the treaty of April 30, 1803, the territory was ceded to the United States "in the same manner," but the boundaries had never been precisely determined. Talleyrand declared that the most eastern boundary was the river Iberville, while Livingston and Monroe assured their government that the cession extended to the river Perdido, and therefore embraced a large part of West Florida. Acting upon this assurance, Congress authorized the President in his discretion to erect "the bay and river Mobile" and the adjacent territory into a customs district; but Spain strongly protested, and the execution of the measure was held in suspense. In the summer of 1810, however, a revolution took place in West Florida. Baton Rouge was seized; the independence of the province was declared; and an application was made for its admission into the Union. The President repulsed this application, but occupied the territory, as far as the river Pearl, as part of the Louisiana Purchase. The country lying between that stream and the Perdido was permitted still to remain in the possession of Spain.

On January 3, 1811, President Madison, incited by the political situation in America as well as in Europe, sent to Congress a secret message, in which he recommended that the Executive be authorized to take temporary possession of any part of the Floridas, in certain

contingencies. As to West Florida, Congress had already clothed the Executive with extensive powers; but as East Florida unquestionably still belonged to Spain, Congress authorized the President to occupy all or any part of the country, either under arrangements with the local authorities or in case a foreign government should attempt to seize it. Under this act, East Florida was taken possession of all the way from Fernandina to St. Augustine; but the manner in which it was done was disapproved by the government at Washington, and in May, 1813, the country was finally evacuated by the American forces. During the war of 1812 West Florida was the scene of hostilities between the British and the American forces, and in 1817 and 1818 it was the theatre of the famous Seminole war. Meanwhile the government of the United States was endeavoring to obtain from Spain the entire relinquishment of her provinces. The negotiations, which were conducted on the part of the United States by John Quincy Adams, were brought to a close by the treaty of February 22, 1819, by which Spain ceded to the United States not only the Floridas, but also all the Spanish titles north of the forty-second parallel of north latitude from the source of the Arkansas River to the Pacific Ocean. In return, the United States agreed to pay the claims of its citizens against Spain to an amount not exceeding \$5,000,000, and to indemnify the Spanish inhabitants of the Floridas for injuries suffered at the hands of American forces, besides granting to Spanish commerce in the ceded territories, for the term of twelve years, exceptional privileges.

While the United States retained under the treaty of 1819 all the territory to the eastward that it claimed as part of Louisiana, it relinquished by the same treaty its claim to the imperial domain called Texas, a province long in dispute between France and Spain, and after 1803 between Spain and the United States. Only a brief time, however, elapsed when efforts began to be made to recover Texas, either in whole or in part. Two such attempts were made during the Presidency of John Quincy Adams, in 1825 and 1827. The effort was renewed by President Jackson in

1829, and again in 1833. In August, 1835, the American minister in Mexico was directed to persevere in the task, and also to offer half a million dollars for the bay of San Francisco and certain adjacent territory as a resort for American vessels in the Pacific. On March 2, 1836, the people of Texas, through a convention of delegates, declared their independence. In the following year President Van Buren repelled an overture for annexation. The independence of Texas was, however, acknowledged, not only by the United States, but also by France and Great Britain; and treaties were made with Texas by all those powers. On April 12, 1844, a treaty of annexation was concluded at Washington. This treaty having failed in the Senate, Congress, by a joint resolution approved March 1, 1845, took action looking to the admission of Texas into the Union as a State. The terms offered in the resolution were accepted by Texas, and by a joint resolution of Congress approved December 29, 1845, the admission was formally accomplished.

Six months after the annexation of Texas, the long dispute as to the Oregon territory was brought to a close. This territory was bounded, according to the claim of the United States, by the forty-second parallel of north latitude on the south, by the line of $54^{\circ} 40'$ on the north, and by the Rocky or Stony Mountains on the east. It embraced, roughly speaking, an area of 600,000 square miles. The claim of the United States was founded upon the discovery by Captain Robert Gray, of the American ship *Columbia*, in 1792, of the River of the West, which he named from his ship the *Columbia River*; the exploration of the main branch of that river by Lewis and Clarke; the establishment of the fur-trading settlement of Astoria by John Jacob Astor in 1811, and its restoration to the United States under the Treaty of Ghent; and finally, the acquisition in 1819 of all the territorial rights of Spain on the Pacific above 42° of north latitude. By the Democratic national platform of 1844 the title of the United States to the whole of Oregon was declared to be "clear and unquestionable." This declaration was popularly interpreted to mean "fifty-four-forty or fight"; but on June 15, 1846,

under the shadow of the Mexican war, the dispute was terminated by a nearly equal division of the territory along the forty-ninth parallel of north latitude.

This title had barely been assured when, as the result of the war with Mexico, the United States, by the treaty signed on its behalf by Nicholas P. Trist, in defiance of instructions, at Guadalupe Hidalgo, on February 2, 1848, came into possession of California and New Mexico. In consideration of these cessions the United States paid to Mexico \$15,000,000, and assumed the payment of claims of American citizens against Mexico to an amount not exceeding \$3,250,000. The acquisitions thus made were enlarged by the convention of December 30, 1853, by which Mexico, for the sum of \$10,000,000, released the United States from liability on account of certain stipulations of the treaty of 1848 and ceded the Mesilla Valley.

By the treaty signed at Washington on March 30, 1867, the Emperor of Russia, in consideration of the sum of \$7,200,000, conveyed to the United States all his "territory and dominion" in America. Many strange conjectures have been made as to the motives of this transaction. It has been suggested that it was merely a cover for the reimbursement to Russia of the expenses of her "friendly naval demonstration" during the American civil war. This explanation may be placed in the category of the grotesque. Robert J. Walker has been given as authority for the statement that the Emperor Nicholas was ready to give Alaska to the United States during the Crimean war if the United States would, in spite of the treaty of 1846, reassert its claim to the whole of Oregon. In reality, the territory was of comparatively small value to Russia, who had for years leased an important part of the coast to the Hudson's Bay Company. In the hands of the United States its potential value was obviously greater.

The acquisition of the Hawaiian Islands, under the joint resolution of Congress of July 7, 1898, marked the natural consummation of the special relations that had long subsisted between the United States and that island group. As early as 1853 the United States, while William L. Marcy was Secretary of

State, sought to annex the islands. A treaty of annexation was negotiated, but as its form was unacceptable to the United States it was put aside for a treaty of reciprocity. This treaty failed to receive the approval of the Senate, but the agitation for annexation or reciprocity continued; and at length, on January 30, 1875, a reciprocity treaty was concluded by which the islands were virtually placed under an American protectorate. This treaty was renewed in 1887, the United States then acquiring the right to establish a naval station in the harbor of Pearl River. On February 14, 1893, a treaty of annexation was signed at Washington, but on the change of administration it was withdrawn from the Senate. Another treaty of annexation, signed on June 16, 1897, was still before the Senate when the joint resolution was passed by which the acquisition was definitely accomplished.

The war with Spain opened a new vista. Even the remotest of the Spanish possessions in the West Indies fell within the conception of America, but the Spanish possessions in the Far East lay beyond the accustomed range of American political thought. For some weeks after the destruction of the Spanish fleet at Manila the views of the United States seemed scarcely to extend beyond the possible acquisition of a naval station in the Philippines for strategic purposes. The desire for a naval station, however, soon grew into the desire for an island—perhaps the island of Luzon. When news came of the capture of Manila by the American forces, with some American casualties, the desire for the whole group received a marked impulse. In his instructions to the American peace commissioners at Paris, President McKinley said that the United States would not be content with "less than" the island of Luzon. More than two months elapsed before instructions were given to take the whole group; and even then, as the records show, the American commissioners were divided on the question. For my own part, I venture to express the opinion that the problem was simplified by taking all the islands. Though the group is vast in extent, it is physically continuous, and if a considerable part of it had been re-

tained by Spain, the dangers attendant upon native revolt and discontent would have been incalculably increased. The acquisition of Porto Rico and other Spanish islands in the West Indies provoked no division of opinion.

There is no incident in the history of the United States that better prepares us to understand the acquisition of the Philippines than the course of the government towards the Samoan Islands. As early as 1853, if not earlier, the United States was represented at Apia by a commercial agent; but the islands and their affairs attracted little attention till 1872, when the great chief of the bay of Pago-Pago (pronounced Pango-Pango), in the island of Tutuila, desirous of obtaining the protection of the United States, granted to the government the exclusive privilege of establishing a naval station in that harbor. A special agent, named Steinberger, was then despatched to Samoa, and, after making a report, he was sent back to convey to the chiefs a letter from President Grant and some presents. Subsequently he set up, on his own responsibility, a government in the islands and administered it. But as ruler of Samoa he fell into difficulties, and, with the concurrence of the American consul, was deported on a British man-of-war. On January 16, 1878, a treaty between the United States and Samoa was concluded at Washington, by which the privileges of the United States in the harbor of Pago-Pago were confirmed, and by which it was provided that, if differences shall arise between the Samoan government and any other government in amity with the United States, the latter will "employ its good offices for the purpose of adjusting those differences upon a satisfactory and solid foundation." It was under this clause that the conference, which was held in Washington in June and July, 1887, between Mr. Bayard, as Secretary of State, and the British and German ministers, on Samoan affairs, was brought about. The conference failed to produce an agreement. Germany intervened in the islands, and became involved in hostilities with a part of the natives. Steps were taken to protect American interests, and the relations between the United States and Germany had become de-

cidedly strained, when, on the invitation of Prince Bismarck, the sessions of the conference were resumed at Berlin. They resulted in the treaty of June 14, 1889, by which the islands were placed under the joint protection and administration of the three powers. The cumbersome system of tripartite government thus established signally failed; and at length, by a treaty between the three powers, concluded on December 2, 1899, Tutuila and the adjacent islands, east of longitude 171° west of Greenwich, passed under the jurisdiction of the United States, while Upolu and Savaii, and other islands west of that meridian, were left to Germany. The significance of the Samoan incident lies, however, not in the mere division of territory, but in the disposition shown by the United States, long before the acquisition of the Philippines, to have a voice in determining the fate of a remote island group in which American commercial interests were so slight as to be scarcely appreciable.

Besides the annexations already described, the United States has acquired or assumed jurisdiction over many islands in various parts of the world. In 1850 the cession was obtained from Great Britain of Horseshoe Reef, in Lake Erie, for the purposes of a lighthouse. In 1867, Brooks or Midway Islands, lying 1100 miles west of Honolulu, were formally occupied by the commander of the U.S.S. *Lackawanna*. In like manner the atoll called Wake Island, lying in latitude 19° 17' 50" north and longitude 166° 31' east, was taken possession of in 1899 by the commander of the U.S.S. *Bennington*. But the greatest extension of jurisdiction over detached islands or groups of islands has taken place under the Guano Islands Act of August 18, 1856. By this act, where an American citizen discovers a deposit of guano on an island, rock, or key not within the jurisdiction of any other government, and takes peaceable possession and gives a certain bond, the President may, at his discretion, treat the territory as "appertaining to the United States." Under this statute more than eighty islands lying in various parts of the Atlantic and the Pacific have been brought within American jurisdiction.

A Maker of Images

BY VAN TASSEL SUTPHEN

"A WOMAN can disappoint (when she chooses) as easily and as subtly as once she enchanted."

Neville looked at Massey quizzically. "This is a dark saying," he observed, with irrepressible irony. "But doubtless you speak as one having authority; you have had your experiences."

"Call me an idealist—that's the worst that can be said."

"Let us compromise on a maker of images. Proceed to justify yourself."

"I can state the case at least. The normally constituted man doesn't get far along in life without a serious encounter with the feminine principle. There may be one woman and there may be half a dozen in succession."

"The philandering instinct."

"Not at all. I am dealing with the sober, the logical interest—the atom seeking its affinity. The inflection of a voice and we stop to listen; a footprint in the sand and we turn aside to look."

"Love at first sight."

"There is no phenomenon more rare. But as the Belgian mystic proclaims: we are warned at the first glance."

"A warning—not necessarily an invitation."

"I make no distinction. On the highway of existence it is always the *passing* crowd, the face-to-face attitude. We exchange glances with a stranger and nods with an acquaintance; we may even stop, for an instant, to press the hand of a friend. But there is only one out of all that innumerable company who turns aside to walk with us."

"One! You mean one after another."

"My engagement to Althea Hale will be announced at Easter," said the elder man a little stiffly. "Of course it's a secret until then."

George Neville threw away his half-burned cigarette and, with infinite deliberation, selected a fresh one from his case.

"I thought this was a hypothetical inquiry?" he said at length.

"Don't misunderstand me. I am a happy man, a very happy man. Only there are times when one must wonder—the reasonable assurance, you know."

"There's one admirably simple test. Ask yourself if you can possibly live without her. You may have to, but is it possible?"

"Rather sweeping."

"I don't think so. Indeed, I've had to apply it to my own case; yes, and within the last minute and a half. You see, I've been in love with Althea myself—ever since I can remember."

"Oh, I say!" and Eustace Massey flushed redly.

"I wanted to explain why my felicitations were somewhat belated. I had to find my bearings, as it were."

"Yes," assented Massey, absently; he had not looked for anything like this, and he had a sincere liking for the young fellow. It was a curious confidence to receive.

"You're not going my way?" said Massey, rising; the silence had become uncomfortably extended.

"Well, hardly," answered Neville, smiling gallantly. "Give Althea my best wishes and say that I'll write."

"Yes, of course. Good night."

Massey left the club and walked down the street. "Is that really the test?" he kept saying to himself. "To live without her—is it possible?" He stood still and looked up at the stars—the immemorial attitude of the seeker after a sign. But none was vouchsafed. He walked on for a dozen blocks, then pulled up sharply. "Why, it's the Fennimore!" he exclaimed.

Massey found himself standing in front of the building where he had his studio. Yes, and it was after nine o'clock, and Althea would be wondering at his non-appearance. He hailed a passing hansom and told the driver to hurry.



"NOW I'LL EXPLAIN," BEGAN MASSEY, CHEERFULLY

He found Althea alone in the library; she was sitting in front of the fire placidly reading.

"I am so sorry to be late," said Massey, coming forward impetuously. "What could you have thought of me?"

Miss Hale glanced up at the clock in unaffected surprise. "Why, so you are," she assented. "It is nearly half after nine."

Massey frowned; she had disappointed him again.

"Half past nine," continued Miss Hale, meditatively. "It is late, isn't it?"

Massey boiled over. "I might have stayed away altogether," he said, pointedly. "Perhaps better so."

Althea received this outburst with a large tolerance that made Massey feel cheap. "There's such a thing as confidence," she observed gently. "A certain absolute, unquestioning trust that permits no cloud, upon its horizon even."

"Forgive me," said Massey, humbly; and the lady, after a proper interval, was graciously pleased to do so.

"I apologize; and yet I'm not altogether sorry," went on Massey. "Without the momentary misunderstanding I shouldn't have caught this new glimpse of you. Half-lights reveal subtle beauties that are lost in the full dazzle of sunshine."

"The artist spoke there," retorted Miss Hale, smiling.

They sat in silence for a few moments; the friendly *rapproch* had been reestablished without undue effort, and the reflection was a pleasingly comfortable one. How well they understood one another!

"Now I'll explain," began Massey, cheerfully. "I was dining at the club and the conversation prolonged itself unseasonably. I had a cynic on my hands—an open scoffer. Well, you know how much these things mean to me."

"This is interesting; go on."

"It's hardly worth while rehearsing the argument, and I don't know that I could do it. But it amounted to this: I was accused of being a maker of images—an idealist."

"You didn't deny it?"

"Certainly not. But I was put to some trouble to defend my position. My friend is an uncompromising realist, and grants nothing whatever to the imagination."

"Poor man!"

"Of course. Now my contention is that we manufacture our own realities. If it wasn't for that blessed accomplishment how could half the women live with the men they marry?"

Miss Hale looked up quickly. "Do you mean to assert that they are wilfully blind to the truth?" she asked. "Or merely deceived?"

"Neither. The soul, being the primary truth, likens all else to itself. This is absolute verity, the only one that really exists."

"Yes," assented Althea, not in the least sure that she understood. "Well, and did you arrive at any conclusion?"

"Oh, the discussion was hot enough; we jumped into it double-fisted. But I'm afraid that Neville is incorrigible."

"Do you mean George Neville?"

"Yes; and, by the way, he sent his congratulations; I couldn't help telling him."

"He is an old friend; I am very fond of George."

"Quite right; he's a nice boy. But I don't like his philosophy of life."

"All the perspective eliminated."

"Precisely. Now flatness in a picture is bad enough; in a person—"

"Intolerable."

"Just to think! I could never have fallen in love with you."

"Yet I am Althea Hale—nobody else."

"You are Althea; I am satisfied."

"Of course, it's possible," said Miss Hale, hesitatingly. "There might be a real me back of the woman you think you know. And the same with you."

Eustace Massey laughed. "I'm beginning to think," he said, "that I have made a fatal mistake. I have aroused your curiosity; is that it? Are you really anxious to see the secondary personality that lurks behind my eminently respectable and exquisitely laundered shirt-front?"

"Indeed I am. It sounds highly interesting."

"Something on this order?" He cleared his throat and began grandiloquently:

"Astronomy tells us that the moon has its dark side, a portion of its circumference ever unvisited by the light of the sun and upon which the eye of man has never rested."

"The parallel holds good in human life. Back of the outward faith and practice of each one of us lies an undiscovered country of whose very existence we may be unaware.

"But here the allegory fails. For while the moon's blank quarter is assuredly a void, cold and dead, the unknown region of our inner selves is alive, terribly alive. They are strange creatures who inhabit these waste places of the soul; denied the light of day, they gain access to the larger world only through the unguarded portals of sleep, riding forth upon the monstrous shape of dreams. Here, too, skulks the Hinterman, hideous replica of the real man. Sometimes he is the real man, and then it needs only the unsuspected magic of a word, a look, to call him forth."

"Sounds rather booky; is it your own?"

"Well, a paraphrase of a single sentence from Bazan: 'Come with me into the dark zone of a human soul.' Will you do me the honor, mademoiselle?"

"I'm not quite sure. How am I to find my way about in this 'dark zone' of yours, let alone seeing anything?"

"Well, what can I do to explain?" demanded Massey. "I might tell you, for example, that I am bad tempered; must I go and break something to prove it?"

"Certainly not that tanagra figurine," she retorted. "I'll wait for the unconscious revelation of the real Mr. Eustace Massey. I wonder how I shall like him?"

"And I, the real Miss Althea Hale."

Miss Hale started slightly. "No," she said, frowning.

"Oh, I say, now; it's only fair play."

"Women don't play fair. At least that is our reputation."

Massey laughed. "Then hide yourself if you can; I'm only giving warning that the game has begun. By the way, Althea, you remember that you are coming to-morrow for your first sitting."

"Yes, at ten. I have asked Aunt Josephine to call for me."

"I hope I'm going to do something really worth while in that portrait," said Massey, meditatively. "It's great to have an inspiration actually embodied."

"Merci, monsieur."

"Call it the 'Betrothed,' you know. The woman as the artist, who is also her lover, sees her. I can send it to the

Spring Exhibition, for our announcement will be out by then."

"Is he thinking of me or of his art?" flashed through Althea's mind. But she instantly dismissed the disquieting reflection. "I'll come looking the character to the best of my ability," she said.

Soon after this Massey took his leave. Althea sat a little longer than usual at her dressing-table that night; her head ached and Agathe's light touch on her hair was delightfully soothing. Well, really, and, taking the purely impersonal view of him, there were few nicer men than Eustace Massey. He was so amiable and clever, and then he could always be trusted to say and do the right thing—an accomplishment which women appreciate in a man at its highest possible value. He was unselfish, too—he would surely make her happy. Yes, she was satisfied with her decision—entirely so.

Miss Hale rose and dismissed the maid. That must have been an interesting discussion—Massey so clever and Neville so dead in earnest. And George was going to write her a note of congratulation. "I wonder what he will say?" she murmured, sleepily.

Massey, walking homeward in company with a long black cigar, felt at peace with himself and the world. "Well, if we're both idealists," he concluded, comfortably, "it's odds on that we get along. One thing certain, she shall never learn the truth from me."

The sittings began, and the painting of the portrait went forward famously. Massey was a rapid worker when in the mood and Althea was his subject—Althea in the character of his betrothed. How could he fail, on the wings of that thought, to reach the heights? As a matter of fact, Massey found himself painting with a freedom and mastery that astonished him; it would be, unquestionably, a triumph.

But Althea felt aggrieved; Massey would not allow her even a glimpse at the rapidly growing picture. "Not until it is finished," he said, decidedly. "You see, I'm working out my conception of you—the real Althea."

The real Althea! He had said that once before, and she had flinched at the words in this same unaccountable way.



Half-tone plate engraved by H. Leinroth

"THERE IT IS—THE 'BETROTHED,'" SAID MASSEY

"What is the matter?" asked Massey. "Do you feel that draught?" Taking her answer for granted, he went and closed the window.

"The real Althea," he went on. "The one I see underneath—the veritable woman. But it's a delicate process and I won't have the ethical balance disturbed. You might get frightened if you saw the truth, before I had got it all out. You might run back and escape me, and then we'd have to begin all over again. Wait for the private view, my dear."

It was odd that Neville had never written. Yet when the letter finally came Althea saw that the fortnight's delay had been due to the chance of a misdirection. It was a nice letter and it pleased her; she passed the note over to Massey.

"What is it?" he asked.

"George's letter."

"Oh, yes." He laid down his brushes and glanced it through.

"That's very decent of Neville, I must say. Of course I know that he has always been in love with you, although you never told me."

"George Neville!"

"But—but—" stammered Massey. "Do you mean to tell me that you *didn't*—"

"How do you know?"

"It doesn't matter—"

"Tell me."

"Well, then, he said so himself."

Althea was silent, and Massey scowled at the innocent canvas-stretcher before him. "I don't see how you ever got that out of me," he declared, gloomily. "I don't like to think that I've been betraying my sex. Men, you know, have a feeling about this sort of thing."

"You couldn't help yourself," said Althea, generously.

Massey's brow cleared, and he started out of the room to get a tube of rose-madder. "It's all right," he called back. "As between us, I mean; we have the right to know."

Althea did not hear him. It seemed as though some tremendous sledge-hammer were at work smashing down the artificial barriers behind which she had lived so long, and the noise of the repeated blows covered up all other sounds. Then, suddenly, there was silence, except for a voice that called—continually,

insistently; she listened and rose as though to obey.

"You must be tired of that constrained position," said Massey, reentering. "Take a turn round the room." He looked at his watch. "Time to stop anyway, if you want to get to that luncheon. We'll try it again to-morrow."

The portrait was virtually finished; this was to be the final sitting. Aunt Josephine, paragon of chaperons, slumbered peacefully in a secluded corner, and Massey stood at his easel, now putting in a tentative touch, and again walking away to judge of its value. Althea, enthroned in a high-backed bishop's chair, listened absently to Massey's inconsequential talk and answered only in monosyllables. For a whole week now she had stood face to face with another Althea Hale, and she was just beginning to realize that the newcomer was the stronger of the two; she would have to yield. Could it be possible that Massey had noticed nothing? Althea looked at him and trembled.

Massey laid down brush and mahlstick and rubbed his hands together contemplatively. "I've got it," he announced.

Althea drew a deep breath. "Is it finished?" she asked.

"As much as it ever will be. In art, as in other things, one can never be wholly satisfied, but this time I've come nearer to it than ever before. Yes, this is you, the real Althea Hale. Dearest!" He stepped forward and would have kissed her, but she slipped quickly out of the chair and eluded him. "Let me see it," she demanded. Then with sudden revulsion, "No, I'd rather not."

Massey regarded her wonderingly. "Althea!" he said.

"Oh, you don't understand!" she cried, passionately.

That, as he thought, gave him a clue.

"But I do," he answered, gently. "I know what you mean. The picture shall not go to the Exhibition; it would be a desecration."

"It isn't that." A flood of color surcharged her forehead and her eyes filled.

"Well, what do you mean?" Massey was thoroughly puzzled now, and his anger was rising in him. "You *shall* see," he said, and tried to draw her for-

ward. Then came a knock at the outside door.

"Oh, is it you, George? Come in." Massey held himself gallantly; he could even smile as he welcomed him.

"Hope I haven't interrupted the sitting," said Neville, a trifle awkwardly; the tension of the situation had instantly communicated itself.

"Not at all," answered Massey. "The picture is done, and I want your opinion."

Neville glanced over at Althea. "What do you think?" he asked.

"She hasn't seen it yet," put in Massey, quickly. "There it is—the 'Bethrothed.'" His voice rang out defiantly.

Neville looked and remained silent. Althea felt the blood pounding in her temples; then she took her courage in both hands and went forward.

"It is not me," she said. "It—it couldn't be." Neville regarded her steadfastly.

"It is not me," she repeated. Slowly she raised her eyes until they met his. The woman in her grew afraid, but a yet stronger instinct kept her look unfaltering; she could hold nothing back—nothing. Massey had remained standing at his painting-table; mechanically, he took up a saucer of India ink and began moistening it with water.

The continuing silence had become unendurable; a horrible misgiving seized the girl. "Tell me," she whispered, fiercely. "The picture—is it—" Her voice failed. Massey, mixing his ink with methodical precision, stopped and listened.

"It is not you," said Neville; he took both her hands in his and held them firmly. Massey, turning his back upon them, took up a broad, flat brush and dabbled its bristles in the hollow of his palm.

"Now then, Althea," said Massey, and his voice was cool and even. "This one look. I insist upon it."

Althea turned. Across the face of the portrait lay a broad smear of India ink, yet wet and glistening. "Oh!" she cried, and burst into tears.

"There is nothing to regret," said Massey, gently. "Better that than to have spoiled your life."

"But the picture, too. Oh, Eustace!"

A queer little smile crept into the corners of Massey's mouth. "It wasn't fit, after all, for Exhibition," he said. "I had succeeded too well. It wasn't you, but it was she—the woman. I couldn't let any one else see that. George!" He held out his hand and Neville grasped it.

Mrs. Enderby awoke with a start. But nobody had noticed, as she reflected with guilty satisfaction. "Why, is that you, Mr. Neville?" she called out, cheerfully. "Just in time for tea—that is, if Mr. Massey intends to give us any."

"I was about to ring the bell," said Massey.

A month later the three met near the Monument. Massey turned and they walked for a block or two in company.

"I'm going to Norway to sketch and loaf," announced Massey, presently. "Sailing Saturday by the Cunarder."

"I am so glad," said Althea, promptly. "What splendid inspirations you will capture."

"They're to be found everywhere," replied Massey, smiling. "It's only a question of keeping one's eyes open. Still, in pastures new—"

A tall, slim girl in gray, with Russian violets at her breast, turned the corner and almost collided with the little party; the book that she had been carrying fell to the ground. Massey returned it with a bow; he followed her with his eyes as she ascended the steps of an adjoining house.

"Polly Hennon lives there, doesn't she?" asked Neville, as they walked on.

"Yes," said Massey, thoughtfully.

At the next corner Massey pulled up short. "I think I'll run back and say good-by to Polly," he said. "I may not have another chance before Saturday." He looked straight at Althea.

"Give Polly my love," said Althea, and not a muscle in her face moved. They shook hands cordially and parted.

"Poor old Massey!" commented Neville, with the arrogant compassion of a happy lover. "He's hopeless—a maker of images to the end."

But Althea's eyes were misty. "There are always plenty of iconoclasts," she said, softly.

The Temple of Susinak

RESULTS OF THE LATEST EXCAVATIONS AT SUSA

BY JACQUES DE MORGAN

Honorary Director-General of the Antiquities of Egypt, General Delegate in Persia of the Ministry of Public Instruction of France

ABOUT the tenth millennium B.C. Lower Chaldea presented a very different aspect from that which it offers to-day. The sea ran far up into the country watered by the two rivers; to the south its waves beat against the Arabian hills, to the north against the shores of Sinjar, and to the east against the foot of the mountains now called the Pushti-Kuh and the Baktyaris.

All the streams which in modern times unite to form the Shat-el-Arab then flowed into the sea by separate mouths, prolonging their estuaries into long points in the shallow sea, and forming about them by their alluvial deposits a veritable archipelago of muddy islands.

What is now the Susiana was then a gulf, into which flowed three great rivers, the Kerkha, the Ab è Diz, and the Karun. A line of rocky islands, now the hills of Ahwaz, separated this gulf from the open sea.

Forests of tamarind, willow, and oleander grew on the banks of these rivers. The low hills and moorland were surrounded by immense stretches of reeds, as tall as trees. Besides woods and pools of stagnant water, vast meadows covered the marshy plains with their velvet. Wheat, barley, and oats found their cradle in this earthly paradise; for when God created man, He provided him with food in the very spot in which He placed him. The earthly Paradise was, it is said, none other than the land of the two rivers.

Who were the first men who trod the soil of Chaldea and Elam? We cannot tell, for from the quaternary epoch the Arabian deserts have been inhabited.*

*I have found paleozoic implements in the desert between Deir el Zor and Palmyra.

Tradition cannot enlighten us on this point. It comes to us through the Semites alone, and for the Semites all that did not relate to their chosen race simply did not exist. Has it not always been so when a conquering race lived in contact with the conquered? The sons of Adam wedded the "daughters of men"—that is to say, they married the women of an ethnic group which had no rights of citizenship in the eyes of the Hebrews.

It was these men, these non-Semites, who lived in Chaldea and in the Susiana at the time when the rivers won these lands from the sea. Those of Chaldea disappeared before the conquests of the Semites, and by degrees became absorbed into their masters. Those of Elam lasted for thousands of years as a political entity, as they have maintained an ethnic unity down to our own day.

Fishing, hunting, agriculture, and cattle-raising formed the occupations of these primitive peoples, living in agglomerations in districts with natural frontiers, separated from each other by swamps and rivers. This disposition of the land exercised an influence on the first social organisms, and was the origin of feudalism.

In this rich land, with mild winters and burning summers, fish and game abounded. But the inhabitants lived in fear of the lion, the tiger, and the bear, so they grouped themselves in villages, and we still find the remains of these primitive hamlets in the numberless mounds covered with hand-wrought silex.

In the course of centuries agriculture and cattle-breeding came to displace fishing and the chase, the villages became stationary, the rights of property were regulated by custom, the gods saw their

first temples arise, and the chiefs became kings.

It was with these kings that history begins, but at the period when we come to know them they are no longer independent. The Semitic conquest, when it enslaved Elam, made feudatories of its chiefs, who were entitled Patesis—hereditary sacerdotal princes of the countries in which their ancestors had been sovereign.

Susa, the great city of Elam, which after two thousand years of struggle the Semite Assurbanipal was so proud to conquer—Susa began as the most modest of villages.

The remains of its origin are enclosed in the base of the tell of its acropolis. Mixed débris, of cut silex and bits of broken pottery, a few yards in thickness, marks the place of the first settlement.

Little by little this primitive town emerged from its obscurity, walls of earth surrounded it, houses grew in number, and there arose the first temple of Susinak, the great god of Susa, patron of the city which bore his name.

The original sanctuary soon disappeared. Built of fragile materials, it was destroyed by fire, by tempests, or by war, and the buildings which replaced it met with the same fate. There was not a patesi, not a king of Susa, who did not repair or add to this temple. But each one, when he raised it from its ruins, took care to preserve the names of his pious predecessors, and to place in the new building the statues, the steles, and the ornaments of former ages.

In Chaldea, as in the Susiana, stone is absolutely lacking. Buildings were and still are constructed of brick. The important ones were of baked brick, those less valuable were of brick dried in the sun, and often the walls are simply faced with baked bricks, while the interior is of sun-dried bricks or of earth beaten hard.

The Elamite architect began by constructing a platform composed of two or three superposed layers of brick, the top one forming the pavement of the building. The walls rest on this platform, without foundations.

The bricks vary in size according to the period. They are square, and generally measure about thirty centimetres a

side by six in thickness. They often bear on the edge an inscription written by hand recalling the name of the king who made the building and that of his father, or some other indication of relationship with the preceding kings. Often also this king declares that he is only the restorer of the temple, the original construction of which was due to an earlier king, whose name and sometimes whose ancestry he gives.

This type of inscription is purely Susian, for in Chaldea the bricks are marked on the face with a stamp reproducing the inscription.

For mortar the Susians never used either lime or plaster, although gypsum was very abundant in the country. Sometimes, though very rarely, they used bitumen, springs of which exist three days' caravan journey northwest of Susa, but in general they used clay in joining their materials together.

It will be readily understood that such constructions must quickly have fallen into disrepair, and that with each reign fresh building must have been necessary. The bricks found in the temple of Susinak alone would furnish a complete list of the Elamite kings. But sanctuaries were very numerous at Susa, each divinity possessing his own, and the materials of these little temples confirm by their inscriptions the knowledge gained from the temple of the great god.

In the Chaldeo-Elamite countries not only did the temple play a religious rôle, but it had great importance from the administrative standpoint. In it were preserved the archives relating to land, private contracts, historic records, and the spoils of conquered peoples. The priest was at the same time scrivener, notary, and treasurer; he presided over the king's granaries, and probably also administered justice in cases of minor importance.

Each town or village possessed its temple, and often also its sanctuaries; but one of them excelled the others in importance because it was consecrated to the principal god, the patron of the place.

The Susian constructions have come down to us in such bad condition that in spite of all our care it has thus far been impossible to trace the plan of a temple, and consequently we cannot tell



BUILDING-BRICK WITH THE NAME OF KUK-NACHUR—ABOUT 2100 B.C.

Inscription: —“ To Susinak, his King Kuk-Nachur, great Sukkal, Sukkal of Elam, Sukkal of Sippar and of Susa, son of a sister of Chilkhakha, a Koukounnoum * in brick for the safety of his life has constructed ”

* We do not yet know what was this koukounnoum, which the King constructed in the temple of the great god.

how it was arranged. Moreover, we have never found the remains of a royal palace, and the royal residence is never mentioned in the inscriptions. It existed, nevertheless, for Assurbanipal boasts that he “entered the palace of the kings of Susa and sat down there with pride.” I am inclined to believe that the palace was only an annex to the temple, and did not constitute a separate building.

At Sirpurla (Telloh) in Chaldea we know the palace of the Patesi Gudea, but it must be observed that Chaldea was a Semitic country, and that the Semites frequently tell us of the palaces of their princes, while in Elam, a country with very different customs, no royal dwelling is ever mentioned. One of the characteristics of the Semitic race is precisely the materialism of its tastes; and if in the history of its divers branches we find occasional periods of unselfishness, they are of short duration, and quickly give place to the natural instincts of selfish enjoyment.

The observations which I have made on temples in general were necessary because this subject has never heretofore been treated of save in particular cases, and the reader would naturally know nothing of the special works in which he could find information.



Photographed by the author

SOUTHERN EXTERIOR WALL OF THE TEMPLE OF SUSINAK
Probably contemporary with the King Shilhak-in Susinak—about the twelfth century B.C.

The temple of Susinak stood in the centre of the tell of Susa called "Of the Acropolis," nearer the western edge than the eastern slope. By its position it dominated the valley of the Kerkha and the plain which stretches in the direc-

building was raised above the other buildings in the city. This wall, which was composed entirely of baked bricks, contained materials of all epochs, from that of the patesis to that of Shilhak-in-Susinak. Its construction was very irregular and showed a great number of projections due to the successive reparations which had been made upon it.

In the interior of the building, or rather on the pavement, we found fragments of wall without special direction, showing reconstruction at different periods. Farther on was a section of wall covered on the outside with varnished bricks of a blue color, and farther on yet was a column of bricks each of which was marked with the name of the King Shutruk-Nankhundi, but the construction of which was certainly later than the time of that prince.

This column stood alone, but in its neighborhood we found a great number of bricks coming from other columns which had been entirely destroyed.

It was in this disordered mass that we found the numerous monuments with which the temple had formerly been ornamented—the spoils of Chaldea brought back about 2280 B.C. by the Elamite King Kudur-Nankhundi the elder, among which was the statue of the goddess Nana, and those which various kings of Susa, and more particularly Shutruk-Nankhundi (about 1200 B.C.), brought back from their expeditions into Babylonia.

Upon the sack of the city by Assurbani-pal about 640 B.C. the greater part of these treasures was carried off into the country of Assur; but the Assyrians neglected everything which had no purchasable value or did not flatter their pride. The steles, most of the statues, the juridical documents, were thrown down, broken, and left in the rubbish, and the temple was set on fire. Its prostrate walls revealed only a heap of ruins,



BRICK COLUMN IN THE TEMPLE OF SUSINAK
The bricks bear the name of the King Shutruk-Nankhundi—twelfth century B.C.

tion of Chaldea, and adjoined the rampart of the city.

The ruins of the temple of Susinak, which for several years have formed the object of the labors of the Delegation in Persia of the Ministry of Public Instruction of France, have their principal pavements situated about 6.50 metres below the surface of the tell, and about 28 metres above the level of the plain.

All the halls were not on a level; many of them were lower than the principal chamber. As for the dimensions of the sanctuary and its annexes, it is impossible to estimate them, for most of the walls are wholly razed, and there remain only the pavements of brick on which they rested.

The exterior wall on the south was visible for about 25 metres. It descended about a metre and a half below the principal pavement, which showed that this



COUCHANT LION IN WHITE MARBLE, TEMPLE OF SUSINAK
Anterior to the eleventh century B.C., of very primitive workmanship. Length, 1.30 metres

beneath which the pavement alone had been left intact.

Assurbanipal, in his triumphal inscriptions at Nineveh, enumerated the spoils which he brought back from the Elamite capital. "I opened their treasures," he says. "I took the gold and silver, their wealth, all the riches which the first king of Elam and the kings who followed him had collected, and on which no enemy had ever yet laid a hand. I seized them as a spoil. Bars of gold and silver, treasures and riches from the land of the Sumirs and of the Akkads [Chaldeans], all that the kings had collected and brought back to the land of Elam—precious metals, bronze, splendid and rare jewels, rich garments from the royal treasury, the king's armor, the furniture of his palace, all that it contained. I carried off all the gods and the goddesses, with their wealth, their

treasures, their rich appointments, thirty-two statues of kings in silver, in gold, in bronze, and in marble from the city of Susa and other cities. I broke the bulls and the winged lions which stood guard over the temples."

Although the king of Nineveh boasts of having carried off "even the very dust of the kingdom of Elam," he was far from having taken everything. The men and beasts of burden were laden down, and departed bending under the load of their spoils. But the soldiers threw down a great number of objects useless to them or too heavy to be carried off, and it is these bits of wreckage, disdained by the victors, which we find to-day, in which we read the history of a vanished kingdom, and with which our museums are proud to enrich themselves.

It was in the ruins of the temple of Susinak that we found



ARCHAIC BAS-RELIEF IN WHITE LIMESTONE, BEARING
A PROTO-ELAMITE INSCRIPTION
Temple of Susinak—Epoch of Karibu-cha-Susinak, Patesi
of Susa, about 3000 B.C.



PORTION OF A TABLE OF OFFERINGS (?)

On the left an inscription in proto-Elamite characters, and on the right a Semitic inscription, with the name "Kari-bu-in-Susinak"—temple of Susinak, about 3000 B.C.

in 1902 that famous stele in diorite bearing in full the code of the laws of King Hammurabi (about 2000 B.C.), an original text contemporary with the sovereign who promulgated it, and anterior by many centuries to Moses; the triumphal stele of Naram Sin (about 3750 B.C.); the obelisk of Manichtusu, one of the oldest juridical documents known; the bronze statue of the Queen Napir-Asu, wife of King Untak-Gal (about 1200 B.C.); the collection of Kudur-rus, or title-deeds to landed property, of the Coscan epoch; bronze gates, a bas-relief in the same metal with the name of King Shilhak-in-Susinak, steles, statues, lions in stone and enamel, a marble basin, and a thousand things which it would be wearisome to enumerate.

We have examined only a small part of the ruins of this temple, yet already our publications number eight volumes, and the halls of the Museum of the Louvre devoted to the results of our labors are crowded. The future has many surprises in store, for the treasures accumulated during centuries by the kings of Elam could never have been carried away at a single sack.

The pavements alone were intact, as I have said, and we took them apart methodically, noting the slightest peculiarity in their construction. This still virgin soil afforded us important discoveries.

When this platform of bricks was laid, before the walls of the temple began to arise, the Susians made it the occasion for a great ceremony. From all parts of the kingdom crowds of the faithful had come to be present at the consecration of the spot upon which was to arise the statue of the great god Susinak, patron of Susa, protector of Elam, defender of the non-Semite peoples. The king, the court, the chief men of the kingdom, and the priests took part in what we would call to-day the laying of the corner-stone.

Everywhere beneath the pavement are found calcined bones and broken vases, relics of sacrifices and libations. Moreover, every one wished to show his piety towards the god by leaving in the foundation of his temple something of value. These offerings are grouped only at a few points under the floor of the edifice.

Here, on a square of enamelled bricks, rest beneath the surface of the pavement the gifts which I attribute to the king. In another place are heaped pell-mell the most different ex-votos certainly cast down by the crowd. Elsewhere, in niches of brick prepared for the purpose, are the ancient witnesses of the founding of the first temple,* carefully collected and

* Statuettes, canephores, and tablets with the name of Dungi (26 centuries B.C.).

religiously replaced under the foundations of the sanctuary.

It would be impossible to give in a short account the list of all these ex-votos; I will speak only of the principal ones.

The offerings of the king were found, as I have said, apart, placed on a square of enamelled bricks grown green with time, but which had been originally of a turquoise blue. They consisted of a statuette of solid gold, a statuette of silver, a stone sceptre surmounted by a lion's head in gold, of a dove in lapis-lazuli decorated with golden nails, and a few ingots of gold, electrum, and an alloy of gold and brass.

No inscription accompanied this offering, which, until we have more light on the subject, I shall attribute to the king. As for the objects which compose it, they are either archaic or copies of models which date back to the ancient times of Elam, some forty centuries before our era.

The custom of copying ancient models was prevalent in Chaldea. The presence of filigree-work on the lion's head which tips the sceptre would lead me to believe that this object at least does not date back farther than the fifteenth century B.C. Pieces of jewelry of great antiquity seem, moreover, to have been highly prized. We find them frequently mixed in with other objects contemporary with the offering.

The ex-votos left by the faithful of the commonalty are far more numerous than those of the offering of which I have just spoken. Among them are pendants of gold, silver, and bronze representing the sun, emblem of the god Sin; seals, cylinders, some of them going back to the most remote ages; rings, large and small, of gold and silver, of the great antiquity of which there can be no doubt, in spite of the fineness of their workmanship; small figures of animals in silver and in hard stone; votive instruments in bronze; maces in stone, one of which bears the name of Dungi; statuettes of bronze, the dates of which cannot be precisely determined; leaves of gold and silver covered with inscriptions; fragments of metal, and ingots of gold, silver, and brass. About two thousand objects were thrown pell-mell under the pavement at

the same spot. They were mingled with calcined bones, cinders, fragments of vases, and a great quantity of leaves of bronze, cut into shapes, the remains of



KUDURRU, OR TITLE-DEED TO LANDED PROPERTY
Bearing the name of the Cosean King of Babylonia,
Marduk-bal-Iddin—1129-1117 B.C.

the palms and bouquets which had figured in the ceremony.

We have thus far explored only a very small part of the temple of Susinak. The researches are being continued, and will certainly bring to light new stores of ex-votos, for we have already found four different deposits in the portion which we have examined.



TABLET OF UNBAKED CLAY
Inscriptions in proto-Elamite characters. Anterior to
3000 B.C.

These finds are of great interest, for they include objects which were in use in the twelfth century B.C., some very ancient, others contemporary with the foundation of the temple. Some of them can be dated, thanks to the inscriptions which they bear, but for most of them



STATUETTE OF SOLID GOLD
Showing a priest carrying a kid.
Of archaic workmanship. Royal
(?) offering in the temple of
Susinak

the comparative antiquity remains uncertain, because the faithful, while offering the jewels which they wore, also left in the soil amulets of much earlier date to which they attached a great value. Such finds show how great was the religious feeling of the Elamites, what confidence they had in their great god, and how much they counted on his protection. As we found these offerings, we felt how much each one had it at heart to manifest his devotion by leaving what was most precious to him—jewels, arms, cylinders of their ancestors, ingots of

precious metals, and a hundred fragments placed there not as objects of art, but for the value of the metals of which they are composed.

The jewels of gold and silver which we now possess are the first of those countries and those ages which have come down to our day. In this they present a great interest. Unfortunately, it is not possible to assign a precise date to each of them. As the cylinders and the seals which form a part of the finds belong to all periods from the fortieth or fiftieth century B.C. down to the date of the foundation, so it is with the jewels. There are some of every age. The rings of filigree-work and the sceptre with the lion's head seem to be more recent than the statuettes of gold and silver, which have a frankly archaic appearance, but one cannot be sure of this appreciation. Have we not been surprised by finding rings which, if their origin had not been certain, would be attributed by the most acute connoisseurs to the Greek or Etruscan epochs?

Before my discoveries at Dashur, we knew nothing of Egyptian jewelry. The opening of the tombs of the princes of the twelfth dynasty was a revelation. It is the same now as regards Elam; but while in the case of Dashur we were dealing with objects of ascertained age,



HEAD OF SCEPTRE IN GOLD

Carved and ornamented with filigree-work. Of archaic workmanship. Royal (?) offering in temple of Susinak



RING DECORATED WITH FILIGREE-WORK
From the temple of Susinak

here we can only fix a minimum limit to the antiquity, and this limit is the twelfth century B.C.

I will not enter into the details of the dynasties which contributed to the construction and the embellishment of the temple of the great god Susinak. A list of the kings would be tedious, but it seems worth while to retrace the broad outlines of their history.

The most ancient inscriptions show us Elam as already a feudatory of the Semites of Chaldea. Sargon the elder, Narâm-Sin (*circ.* 3750 B.C.), and their successors were real emperors in the sense of the word as applied to Charlemagne or Louis le Débonnaire. They were the suzerains of a numerous and powerful feudality, the separate parts of which were governed by patesis or sacerdotal princes.

This method of government, under the rule of the Semites, lasted at least fifteen centuries. Then, the Elamites having learned to make war, and the Semites being lulled in a fancied security, the sceptre changed hands and passed from the kings of Chaldea to those of Elam.

About 2280 B.C. Kudur-Nankhundi the elder overthrew the Chaldean supremacy and substituted his own authority. Not only did the Elamite nation regain its independence, but it came to rule over the race which had been its master.

The empire remained in the hands of the kings of Susa for about two centuries and a half, but then

the Chaldean fiefs freed themselves, and from this time resulted the creation of two kingdoms independent of each other, that of Elam and that of Chaldea, of which Hammurabi (*circ.* 2050 B.C.) was the first king.

Neither Elam nor Chaldea was contented with this new state of affairs. The memory of the great empires haunted the minds of the kings of both countries, one wishing to re-

establish the empire of Kudur-Nankhundi, the other that of Narâm-Sin. From this interminable wars resulted, until a third power, Assyria, intervened, when the former adversaries united against a common foe. The beginning of the first millennium before our era witnessed these events.

The plains of the Euphrates and the Tigris were at first the battlefield on which the Chaldeo-Elamite forces strove against the Assyrians, but by degrees these districts were conquered, and Babylon became the base of the armies of Nineveh.

Elam, deprived of her allies, but defended by the nature of the country, struggled for four centuries longer, and would perhaps have saved her independence if internal strife had not paralyzed her power of defence. During the last century of her existence usurpations and assassinations followed fast upon each other, so that when Assurbanipal made



THE SUN; EMBLEM OF THE GOD SIN
Elamite bronze, anterior to twelfth century B.C. From the temple of Susinak



MEDALLION IN REPOUSSE GOLD
Anterior to twelfth century B.C. From the temple of Susinak



SERPENT'S HEAD IN SILVER-GILT

Life size. Anterior to twelfth century B.C. From the temple of Susinak

the last invasion of Elam (*circ.* 640 B.C.) he found no one behind the walls of the great city of Susa to defend it.

With the termination of its political life, Elam was divided into two provinces.

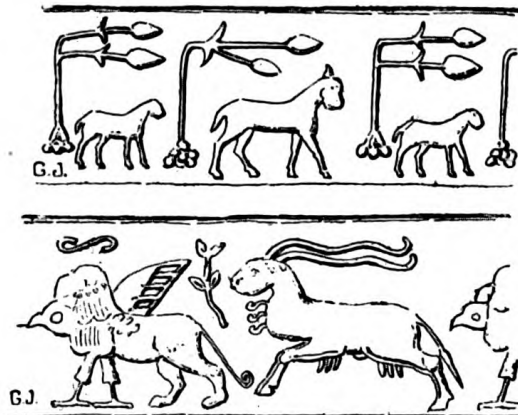
One of them, the Susiana, was subject to the kingdom of Babylon, which had been reconstructed after the fall of Nineveh. The other was seized by the advancing Aryans, and became the starting-point of the conquests of the Persian Cyrus.



OX-HEAD IN LAPIS-LAZULI, MOUNTED IN GOLD

Anterior to the twelfth century B.C. From the temple of Susinak

The Achæmenian Persians were overthrown in their turn by Alexander the Great, but Elam never recovered its independence. After its ruin by the king of Assur in 640 B.C. its rôle in history was finished.



DEVELOPMENT OF ARCHAIC CYLINDERS

About the thirtieth century B.C. Life size

In a century the old world had completely changed its appearance. Elam, Nineveh, and Babylon had fallen; the kingdom of the Pharaohs itself was tottering to its fall. The knell of the old



FIGURE BEARING A DOVE
Bronze statuette, life size. Archaic type

monarchies had sounded, and it was reserved for Greece to lead the way in the march of civilization. Twenty-three centuries have passed since then, and we still live in the same era. We shall continue to live in it until the day when the Orient, educated and civilized by Europe, shall reestablish the Asiatic supremacy, that eternal movement of the pendulum the breadth of which grows with the growth of civilization.

A Chronicle of Siloam

BY ANNE O'HAGAN

BURKE'S chair was tilted against the blistered, scaling front of Locker's Lakeside Resort, the unkempt inn, derelict of some old tide of travel, which incongruously fronted the exquisite fairy-tinted June evening. His gaze, overlooking the narrow scrubby patch of yard and the narrow littered stretch of beach, swept the lake and its high wooded shores. At the head of the cove toward which his regard was finally directed the smoke curled lazily from the staring new shanty of the tunnel-construction gang of which he was a member—the ugly presage of Siloam's coming connection with the world. He took note of it all; he had a taste for fresh scenes, and a mind which never foreboded him monotony in even the quietest.

"So ye don't do as well as ye think ye should, Mr. Locker?" he said, politely, to the proprietor of the Lakeside Resort, who, morosely chewing tobacco and eying the lake with an air of sullen resentment, bore him company.

"I ain't had a decent season since the Year of the Drownin'." The stored animosity of an æon seemed to explode in Mr. Locker's reply.

"The Year o' the Great Wind I've heard tell of," said the Irishman, "an' the Year o' the Black Blight. But the Year o' the Drownin'—"

"Never heard of the drownin'!" Mr. Locker's contempt was almost incredulity. "It's sixteen years past now. 'Dessa was a little thing; I'd just married her ma. Mrs. Locker was a widow lady—"

"Oh!" said Burke, casually; "with a little money of her own?"

"Nothin' like what it was reported to be," gloomed Mr. Locker. "But I remember it was sixteen years ago, for we was just married an' 'Dessa was six—just old enough to sell pop-corn balls kind of cunnin'. That's her polin' out now."

Burke's eyes followed the direction of the innkeeper's nod, and he saw a girl,

erect in the bow of a rowboat, using an oar to push into the great, glistening, mother-of-pearl shell of the lake. She seemed tall as she stood, and the faded pink of her frock repeated the tender hues of the sunset clouds. Tendrils of dark hair blew lightly about her face, and in all her look and bearing there was something indescribably of the sweet and vigorous spring, the tranquil evening, and the hills. Her stepfather watched her for a second, and then took up his joyful reminiscences again.

"That was a good summer," he said. "This was the only place on the lake, you see, where any one could stay, and of course every one wanted to be on the spot. The reporters boarded here an' the detectives an' the divers, an' some of her people. Of a Sunday you'd have thought it was circus-day over to Millers-town to see the line of buggies an' carryalls. I sold them all suthin', pop-corn or drinks—I carried a license then. It was before they raised on them—"

"But, man alive, the drownin'!" cried Burke. "What's all this got to do with the drownin'?"

"Oh, a pair of swell lovers went out an' drowneded theirselves or suthin'." Mr. Locker dismissed the tragedy with discerning brevity. "They drives over here from Hillsdale, thirty miles in the hills, an' goes out rowin', an' by an' by there's an empty boat upset on the lake.—Siloam's never had such a rush of trade in its history. Over seven hundred I cleared in three weeks an' three days."

Burke looked at him as one looks at a specimen of a new genus.

"An' ye've been hopin' for more suicides ever since?"

"Well," Locker apologized, "if suicides has to be— An' I never had no other luck. Why, I was cheated out of that seven hundred in no time!"

"Ye don't tell me! Green goods, was it, or gold brick?"

A dull red seemed slowly to curdle with the yellow upon Mr. Locker's cheeks.

"It's nothin' to you which," he snapped.

"Not a bloody cent's worth of diffidence does it make to me, me boy; ye're right there," agreed Burke, light-heartedly. "But I'm a man, as the captain I was orderly to used often to be sayin', an' nothin' human lies outside the circle of me intrists."

"You was in the army, then?" Locker looked with a new attention at the big, well-knit figure, its modeling visible beneath the workman's denims; at the ruddy face, with the blue eyes two wells of bright light in it; at the mustache sweeping tawnily across the smiling mouth. "What war was it?"

Burke laughed, and the hills seemed to echo to the mellow sound of his mirth.

"The last of the onplisintnesses we was engaged in," he replied. "I was a bit too young for the one before, bein' less than a year old when it began, an' an ocean rollin' at that time between me an' the Stars an' Sthripes."

"If you was too young for the civil war," protested Locker, "you was old enough when the Spanish war broke out to stay at home an' mind your own business. Why, you must have been—"

"Thirty-eight. I was. But I hadn't been like you, Locker, me boy. I hadn't any business me subordinates couldn't attend to; I hadn't any family to mourn me loss. I've been somethin' of a rollin' stone, to speak truth. Well, as the captain used to be sayin', variety's the spice of life."

"Spice of life!" Locker spoke with virtuous severity. "It takes a good deal more than spice to keep life going. To my mind, you'd have done better for yourself stickin' to some one job. If you had, you mightn't have been tunnelin' through the mountain up here. You might—"

"I might have been sittin' in affloence on the piazza of me own road-house, cursin' because I was too poor to pay for a liquor license an' too onpopular to be allowed to sell without one. Oh yes, Locker, I might have been king of Bonifaces in the smilin' valley of Siloam instead of makin' a road to help the natives out of said smilin' valley—if I'd

only had the privilege of yer teachin' in early life."

He laughed again the ringing laugh that seemed to fill the chinks between the hills with joyousness.

"No offence, Locker, me boy," he added.

"If none was meant," growled Locker, struggling between outraged pride and a fear of the burly scoffer.

"Divil a bit. I'm peace-maker-in-chief to the gang, an' for why would I come quarrellin' with you, then? Sure, the little engineer-boy that's bossin' the job, he counts on me to step up whenever the dagos get to jabberin' what might be onplisint if ye could understand it, an' make them a plain English joke. The Irish I asks out behind the lines—it's tactics from the army—an' Foley, I mind of the day I laid him across me knee at Tampa."

"Foley?"

"Neil Foley, no other." Burke dearly loved an audience. "He was one of them kids ye'd be leavin' the country's defence to. He was in me company—a swaggerin', tall lath of a boy, with nerves like a jack-rabbit's from cigarette-smokin'. He was forever demandin' to meet the foe—an' ye should have heard him sayin' the litany when it lightened bad. He gave away I can't tell ye how many buttons to girls at the stations on our way to the front. Well, I gave him a pipe, an' I'm makin' a man of him. He's been partner of mine since the war. I'm Minto to his Telimachus, as the captain used to say.—Well, Mr. Locker, if ye'll give me a glass of ginger ale, I'll be steppin' on back. It 'll soon be dark. Oughtn't your daughter—your stepdaughter—to be gettin' in soon?"

"'Dessa's fishin' for pickerel for to-morrow's breakfast," said Locker, indifferently, as he shambled in to the bar.

"'Dessa? It's a name I don't remember hearin' before."

"Her name is uncommon," broke in a pleased voice. In the door between the dingy, fly-specked bar and the dining-room a foolish, faded woman stood. She simpered at Burke, and looked nervously at Locker, but his surly silence did not seem to forbid talk, and she chattered on. "I seen it in a geography-book—Odessa—an' I named her it. If I'd had

another girl, I was goin' to name her Palmyra. That was another name in the same book. It's handsome too, I think."

"Very, an' most unusual," Burke assured her. Then he made his adieus, hoping with a big-lunged laugh that some romantic tragedy might soon again fill Locker's depleted coffers.

As he strode through the dusk toward the spot where the giant tools were already scarring the smooth bosom of the earth, the thought of the girl living in the tottering house back there with her mean-spirited stepfather and that vapid, timorous creature, her mother, stirred in him the easy kindliness that had been his lifelong adornment and misfortune.

"I might marry her to Neil," he reflected. "She stood up in the boat like a fine, strong creature. She'd not be one of yer whining, giggling sort. An' the boy's a soft, good-hearted omadhoon; he'd be kind an' easy with her, which I'm thinkin' her yellow old stepfather isn't. Maybe Neil 'd settle down up here—'twas too much Eighth Avenoo was ruinin' him in the city. Sure, Adam was a farmer, an' Neil must inherit a kind of sense with the earth. An' she would know a good deal. It would make a man of the boy. An' there'd always be a place by the fire for Old Man Burke when his travels brought him this way now an' again.—I've never had a look at Australy yet."

He sighed with ready sympathy for Old Man Burke. It was all the pity in the world, he told himself, that no one had ever helped him to a wife and a fireside as he proposed to help Neil Foley.

"It's better off I'd have been with a wife an'— No, no. Not me, the rover. It would have been a black day for the woman, that when she married me."

"So you've come back at last?" called a sulky voice as Burke pushed open the shanty door. Neil Foley sat at the table, reading a smudgily illustrated pink weekly in the smoky lamplight. Some of the men had already turned into their bunks along the side of the room. Some played a greasy pack of cards at the end of the rough table. One, on a stool by the stove, labored dolorously with a mouth-organ. They all brightened as Burke came in.

"Yes," he answered Neil. "I've been

takin' the lay of the land. To-morrow I'll show it to you."

The next evening he introduced Neil to Locker's Lakeside Resort, and for a time his plans seemed to him to prosper. Neil was young—younger than any one else in the gang—and he had youth's egotistic fondness for youth. No vicious appetite owned him yet, and since ginger pop might be drunk to an accompaniment of talk and laughter, ginger pop sufficed to quench his thirst. Burke, "chaperon-in' the affair like the general's lady at a review," as he said, was greatly pleased. Every evening he accompanied Neil to his superintended wooing; every evening his store of recollection and observation filled up the long conversational pauses on the piazza of the Resort. He half feared that Neil was not good enough for the girl. But then—with an easy lapse into comforting sex tradition—what good woman was not too good for any man? And Neil was no worse than another!

"She's a likely young woman, that girl of Locker's," he ventured one day when the simple idyl had been progressing nearly two months. It was noon, and the men were loafing under the roadside shade.

"She ain't got much style, though," objected Neil, on whom Arcady was beginning to pall.

"Sthyle? An' whin did ye set up to be a judge of sthyle?" Burke spoke with an exaggerated brogue.

"Oh, I've seen a woman or two," vaunted the boy.

"You've never seen one that could hold a candle to this one." He tried to speak like a mere connoisseur in women's looks, but a personal heat crept into his tones.

"Haven't, haven't I? Say! was you to the Tim Lahay Association ball last winter?"

"What would I be doin' at a ball? Am I a child or a fool?"

"Well, you missed seein' a stylish young lady, that is all. Miss Gerty Schmidt—"

Burke laughed. "Old Man Schmidt's daughter? Yes, she's a nice enough little thing—if ye like underdone dumplin's. But Odessa—"

"S-sh! Here she comes," admonished Neil.

She swung along the road, tall and brown, in her hand a big, shining pail. Her face kindled with pleasure as she saw her friends, and all the men beamed, even those who did not know her. It would have been as difficult to avoid smiling upon Odessa as upon incarnate June. Neil called out from his position under the trees, "Where you goin', Miss 'Dessa?" but Burke sprang up and moved across the road to her. As he rose he favored his protégé with a scowl so full of meaning that Neil, crimsoning, stumbled after him.

"I'm goin' huckleberryin' on Fog Hill." Her eyes rested on Neil with easy friendliness. "Sorry you can't come along, too."

"So'm I. I'd like to loaf this afternoon."

"There won't be much loafin' if Miss 'Dessa's goin' to fill that pail," said Burke. She colored a little as she looked up to smile at him, towering benevolent beside her. Then she averted her eyes.

"Ah!" she cried, pointing to a quiver of sapphire across the sunshine. "There's a bluebird, Mr. Foley. I said I'd show you one sometime. There—on the limb—that one! Now he's goin' again."

Her eyes followed the flash of the wings, dusky, swift, and vivid. Her lips were parted, her arm outstretched. Burke turned away from the springlike rapture of her look with a sudden hunger and heaviness at his heart.

"He's a beaut all right, all right," agreed Neil, carelessly. Then the whistle sounded, and the girl went on toward her hill and the men back to work.

From that day the progress of Burke's romance did not satisfy him. It was not altogether Neil's attitude that was the source of his discontent. That young man still patronized the Lakeside Resort, still fished and rowed in the early evenings with Odessa, still sat with her upon the step of the piazza listening to Burke's flow of recollection and anecdote. But it was not reassurance upon his skill as a raconteur that Burke desired. And Neil's attitude was disquieting in other regards.

"Not for mine," he told his mentor when that moral citizen expatiated on the profits of sheep-raising or the security of truck-farming. "Not for mine. For a hayseed born an' bred it may do,

but for a man that's seen life—no, thank you! Of course, on some accounts"—he smiled a little, and Burke's jaw set itself in iron lines—"on some accounts, Siloam ain't so bad. But for a permanent thing, not for mine, as I said. By the way, when is this damned job likely to end? You didn't say we was sent up for life when you got me to come."

Burke looked at him, tall and slim, with his full-lipped, boyish prettiness of face, his cheeks red and brown from sun and air and quiet living, his thick-lashed eyes sparkling and young. The elder man, conscious of a sudden weariness with life, half hated the lad with his in-consequence and impatience. He snapped out an answer so rancorous that Neil was silent for a second in utter amazement. Before he had caught his breath for anger, Burke had left him.

"I tell you," he said that evening to Odessa as they sat alone on the step, "I won't stand it. I wouldn't take it from my own father, if I had one, and I won't from John Burke. He's been boss-in' me ever since we met in the army—an' I'm through!"

"He seems to me very kind," she answered, slowly.

"Kind! It's liking to boss, that's all that it is."

"He's fond of you," said the girl.

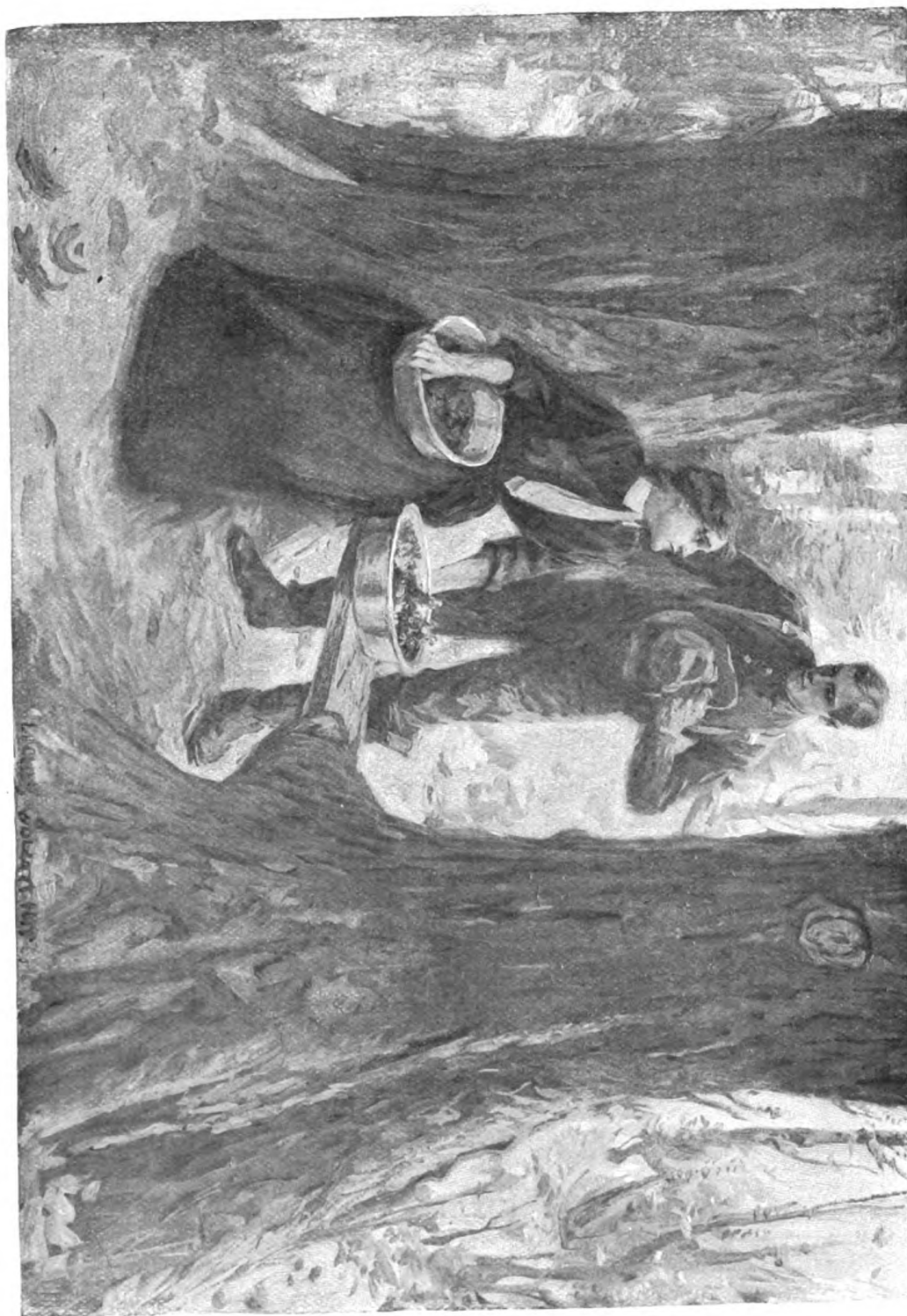
"He thinks he can make me do what he pleases; he's got to have some one to boss, that's all," maintained the boy, sulkily.

"It is not." She spoke with sudden heat and obstinacy. "It's—it's because he has the kindest heart in the world."

"You've got a queer notion of kindness," grumbled Neil. But he could not long cherish a sense of injury. His anger against Burke wasted itself in words, and only a residuum of sullenness was left. With that he met the older man's half-brusque attempt at apology in the morning, and with that fended off his efforts to reestablish their old relations of good-natured guide and easily subservient follower. On the third morning after the quarrel—it was the first after the weekly pay-day—the boy was missing from the shanty. He had slipped away between lights.

Burke worked with angry vigor all the morning. His mind was upon the

.. FOLEY'S SKIPPED OUT, MISS 'DESSA ..



time he had found Neil preparing to desert from the army. At noon he impatiently waved aside the cook's emissary and started to run to Locker's. What duty, what opportunity, was the boy abandoning now?

On a bench in front of the weather-beaten inn, the scarlet and yellow maple leaves already drifting upon its trodden lawn, Odessa sat stemming grapes. A great, shining milk-pan beside her held the piled mass of purple fruit, and into another on her lap the single jewels fell. Their aroma was in the air, her fingers were ruddy with their stain. Burke caught his breath as he looked at her, so sweet, so tender, so unprepared.

She glanced up as he hurried toward her. His eyes were anxious and his face set in the mould of sternness. She felt the color ebb from her own cheeks to match the pallor beneath his tan, her own eyes widen with apprehension.

"Foley—Foley's skipped out, Miss 'Dessa," he began, without preamble. "Did he—tell you he was going?"

She shook her head, and with frightened eyes awaited the more tragic disclosure which she felt sure lay behind the fear and anger of Burke's face. Her look of instinctive apprehension convinced him of the truth of his judgment. Neil had led the girl on to care for him—oh, he had seen Neil with girls before!—and had run away from the consequences. He scanned her face eagerly.

"He didn't say a word to you?"

"Only that he was tired of the job an' hated the country," she faltered.

"The fool!" raged Burke. "An' the job 'll be over in three weeks."

"What's this that's happened, Mr. Burke?" Locker had flipflapped off the piazza in heelless slippers and joined his stepdaughter under the trees.

Burke explained. Locker's lips twisted wryly as he looked at Odessa, pale in her sympathy with Burke.

"He ain't left owin' us anything, is he?" he demanded.

"Oh, father!" breathed Odessa, shamefacedly. "No. He always paid cash."

"Then he's small loss," sneered Locker. But Odessa's eyes fluttered toward Burke's. She did not understand his misery, but she shared it, and her look showed forth her pain.

"I must go back," Burke said, inarticulately. "I—it's all my fault. I don't know what to say—" His eyes pleaded with hers for forgiveness. She looked at him, bewildered, grieved, frightened. She remembered Neil's story of a quarrel; what ugly consequence had it had that Burke should be like this? She opened her lips to ask; then her eyes met her stepfather's malignant curiosity; she sat silent and watched Burke walk wearily off toward the tunnel.

"Perhaps the young one will come back in a day or two," suggested Locker.

"He'll never come back." She was still looking after the big figure that walked with such unaccustomed heaviness.

"You was too much with him," declared Locker, suddenly.

"I? With that boy?" She brought her eyes back to her interlocutor with a flash.

"It looked bad. People will be talkin'—you'll see. That was what Burke was thinkin'—that Foley had run away from you."

The sparkle of angry surprise died from her eyes. Mortification, unbelief, shrinking, crowded into them.

"He couldn't," she whispered. "You couldn't. No one could. Why—he was a stupid boy!"

"You'll see," said Locker, darkly. And Odessa carried her hurt and bewilderment within-doors and up to her low-roofed room under the eaves. To think that any one could imagine the comings and goings of Neil Foley a matter of concern to her! She was full of hurt and anger. She avoided the road and the lake and even the yard for two or three days. She would not see people so dull of understanding, so—so blind!

"Poor heart!" grieved Burke, poignantly aware of her absence from the landscape. "She's fighting it out by herself."

Then one morning, before daylight, her stepfather's rap sounded at her door.

"You an' your ma are goin' over to stay with your grandma," he proclaimed, "until this gang is out of the neighborhood an' all this talk of you an' Foley has died down. I'm goin' to drive you over to-day. Pack up for a month."

Until the talk about her and Foley had died down! Her fingers trembled with the futile rage of a child as she made up her bundle. She hated the lonely farm

across the mountains, and she feared the silent, watchful, terrible old woman who ruled it, her stepfather's mother. But anything was better than staying here, the target for cruel, purblind eyes, for stupid, envenomed tongues.

All that day and the next there was no sign of life about Locker's Lakeside Resort, after the lanterned activities in the barn and the lamplighted breakfast that preceded the start of the travellers. But on the third morning, out of a clamor of alarms, the innkeeper came running to the construction camp.

"'Dessa!" he cried. "'Dessa—she has not come in all night—and her boat is upset in the middle of the lake."

Horried, they gathered about him and listened to his amplifications of this dread statement. He had taken his wife and stepdaughter to his mother's two days before, he said; 'Dessa had been moping since young Foley's disappearance, and he had hoped that the change would do her good. But once at the farm, she had been restive and had refused to remain; his wife had stayed to finish the visit, but 'Dessa had returned with him. At home, when they had arrived late in the evening before this morning on which he poured forth his voluble story, 'Dessa had gone immediately to her room. This morning the room was undisturbed. But 'Dessa's boat floated, overturned, in the cove farthest from the house. It had been fastened to its moorings late the night before.

Burke listened, and the gray of ashes seemed sprinkled over his face. He clenched his hands until the nails bit the hard flesh.

"By God!" he said, solemnly, to himself, "I'll kill him. I'll kill him."

Locker's Lakeside Resort was enjoying its second period of prosperity. The divers boarded there, the detectives, and the reporters from those enterprising journals which found an interest in the tragedy. On Sundays all the remote countryside turned out in buggy and carryall and buckboard, until the scene again was like circus-day at Millerstown.

Burke had been to the city and had returned. He had gone as straight as vengeance could lead him to Neil's haunts. He had found the boy playing

pool. Neil had looked up with shame-faced apology and laughing welcome in his eyes.

"Got tired yourself, didn't you, John?" he said, stretching out his hand. Burke sat down, suddenly unnerved. Even through the red mist that blurred his sight Neil's look shone innocent of conscious crime; even to his strained, suspicious ears, the boy's voice rang natural. He pulled himself slowly together and told his tale, watching with hawklike intentness the while. Even for unpremeditated wrong he would have vengeance. But as the story progressed, Neil turned pale, and near its end he began to cry.

"Not dead, not dead, John!" he pleaded. "That nice little thing, so pretty, so kind—not dead!"

It had seemed scarcely worth while to frame an accusation against this undisciplined child sobbing for a lost playmate. But Burke had gone on, dreadingly repeating Locker's insinuations of Odesa's secret love. Contempt dried the tears on Neil's lashes.

"An' you let that fellow fill you up?" he demanded. "Why, she hadn't any use for me—any one could see that. Why, John,"—Foley made his shameful confession in a lowered tone,—"I'd no more have dared to ask her for a kiss than a saint in a church window; I don't know why, for she seemed all easy and friendly and warm—but I couldn't."

"I was hopin' ye'd make a match of it," said Burke, heavily. "I've been—ye've been like a younger brother to me, Neil Foley, an' I wanted to see ye settled. An' I thought ye'd be good to her. Who wouldn't? I'd hoped ye'd make a match of it."

Neil shook his head with a certain jauntiness in spite of his sorrow.

"She wasn't my style for a cent, John," he explained, kindly.

Then Burke had gone wearily back to the excitement of Siloam, so alien to its serenity; to the tragedy degraded to mere sensation, to the work on the tunnel. He watched Locker's display of grief with a sick disgust and suspicion; he listened with brooding impatience to the innkeeper's endless recountals of the journey that had preceded the horror. He grew desperately tired of it all. He would be glad, glad when the work was over; he



LUCIUS WILCOTE NITCHER 1903

Half-tone plate engraved by G. F. Smith

"IT SEEMED THAT YOU ALL WERE CALLING ME," SHE SOBBED

wished never to see the place again. It was a relief when the crowd of sensation-mongers dwindled, when the Siloam authorities dismissed the unsuccessful divers, and the reporters yawningly betook themselves to newer mysteries.

On the night before the last day's work on the tunnel, sleep did not touch his eyelids. He had lain in his bunk, listening to the deep breathing of his fellows, the wash of the waves on the pebbly shore, the solemn surge of the wind through the trees. The autumnal air seemed to creep coldly to his very bones. And she was out in the night and the chill, all the pretty color washed from her round cheeks, her hair—her soft hair that had curled tendrilwise about her neck—straight and damp and terrible against her white face. Her eyes held no longer the light of kindness, of merriment, of love. She would never watch the bluebird's wing again with that open-lipped look of delight, she would sit no more in the sunshine and the drifting leaves.

"I'm an old man," said Burke to himself. "I'm old, I've lived hard an' furious, seen what there was to see an' much I'd better never have looked on; an' I'm tossin' here, awake, alive, an' she, the child, the little young girl—"

As the blackness in the cabin melted toward the dim gray of dawn, he could no longer bear the weight of misery passively. He creaked out of his bunk, drew on his flannel shirt and trousers, and, shoes in hand, tiptoed across the noisy boards and slipped out into the open. As he closed the door behind him, it seemed to him that the last of the pale stars was puffed gently out.

He turned from the lake, the reflections of its wooded slopes beginning to be more clearly outlined in its brightening mirror. He set his face toward the east and began to climb the hill. The grass was wet with the night dews; he inhaled the moist odor of fallen leaves, the tang and fragrance of the autumn morning. Through breaks in the hills banners of the sun's advance began to stream in exuberant waste of gold and amethyst. The trees had begun to flame at the touch of the early mountain frosts. Glory of color, freshness of morning, freedom, beauty—they gripped him as they had never done before.

"She'll see it no more, she'll see it no more!" He clenched his hands in agony. Sobs pressed against his throat with the pain of suffocation. He stumbled through the tangling grasses, his eyes bent upon the ground. He could not bear the joyful, wasteful beauty of the morning. "Me," he cried, with the agonized cry of all love and loss,—“me that have seen an' seen till me eyes ache. Ah, why shouldn't it have been me, that's not fit to look the mornin' in the face, an' not her, not her?"

A shaft of light struck him in the forehead as he reached the crest of the hill. He raised his glance to sweep the great bowl on whose rim he stood. And there, below him, toiling up the slope, came 'Dessa.

East and West he had looked in the face of death, and hid his shuddering. But the dewy beauty of this resurrection his tense-strung nerves could not bear. He stared, standing rigid, as a man shot in battle sometimes stands for an instant before he falls. Then, with a gasp, he sat down limp among the damp, tangled weeds and grasses.

He wakened to the touch of beloved hands upon his forehead, the look of beloved eyes into his own. His heart began to beat in great throbs; the half-supernatural fear that had been his last conscious emotion was gone; the distant memory of his own unworthiness, of his remote pity for the woman who might have loved him, was gone. And at the look in his eyes 'Dessa began to tremble.

"I had to come back," she faltered. "I thought how soon you—you all—would be gone; and I had to come. I stole away. They are angry with me over something, and were keeping me close at grandma's. But before daylight yesterday I stole away. I slept last night in a field. It seemed that you—you all—were calling me. Sometimes I ran, I grew so wild thinking you might all be gone."

Burke brushed aside the trivialities; the miracle of resurrection could wait for explanation. He caught her hands, his eyes held her with unrelinquishing claim and tenderness.

"All of us, 'Dessa?" he asked.

"You, you, you!" 'Dessa broke into sobs of unnerved weariness and relief and joy against his breast.

The Huntress Wasps

BY HENRY C. MCCOOK, D.D., Sc.D., LL.D.

THE naturalist often notes a likeness to human doings in the behavior of lower animals. It is not mere fancy that sees in insect commonwealths, in tailoring birds, in kidnapping ants, and ballooning spiders resemblances more or less distinct of well-known actions of men. The analogies clearly lie in the facts. Is not this what one should look for if, as the theory of evolution requires, all nature is bound together in a common origin from one Overmind and Overforce? One is therefore prepared to moderate his surprise at learning that the idea of preserving flesh foods in sealed vessels has its analogy in the method of the huntress wasps.

Many a village or country bred reader will recall his surprise at finding dead spiders within the clay cell of a mud-dauber wasp. Had he opened the nest at a favorable moment, he might have satisfied part of his wonder by finding a white larva devouring the creatures enclosed with it in the cell. At this point we may take up the story of nature and help the curious mind in its research.

When summer warmth has awakened the maternal instincts of the insect world, the mud-dauber wasp may be seen gathering mortar at the margin of stream, pool, or puddle. Filling her mandibles, which serve as both spade and hod, she bears the load of mud to some rough surface, rock or wall, or board or beam. She spreads and shapes her mortar, until, after many visits to the mud-bed, she has built a tubular cell about an inch long and three-eighths of an inch wide.

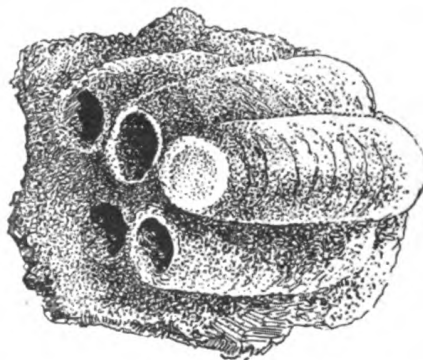
Then her huntress instinct awakes and her raids upon the spider realm begin; for within this cylinder the mother mason will put a single egg. In course of time this will hatch into a ravenous larva, whose natural food is living spiders; and these the mother proceeds to capture and entomb within her mud-dauber nursery. On this errand she may be seen hawking over and near cobwebs of various sorts, venturing within the meshed and beaded snares that prove fatal to most incomers and sometimes even to herself. If the occupant, expectant of prey, sallies forth to seize the intruder, it finds itself a captive, not a captor. The wasp shakes the silken filament from wings and feet, turns upon the spider, seizes and stings it, bears it

to her cell, and thrusts it therein.

Goethe, in his autobiography, alludes to this habit in speaking of his father's aversion to inns. "Often," said the poet, "he would say that he always fancied he saw a great cobweb spun across the gate of an inn so ingeniously that insects could indeed fly in, but even the privileged wasp could not fly out again un-

plucked." Our inns may have advanced beyond the standard of the Goethe-père, but our wasps are still so far "privileged" that they rarely fail to pluck the spider from its web.

The huntress wasp has other preserves than cobwebs. She flutters over flowers, burrows among fallen leaves, creeps with nervous twitching tread along branches of trees and bushes, wherever spiders dwell or hunt, and snatches them away



EGG-CELLS OF BLUE MUD-DAUBER WASP
(CHALYBION CÆRULEUM)

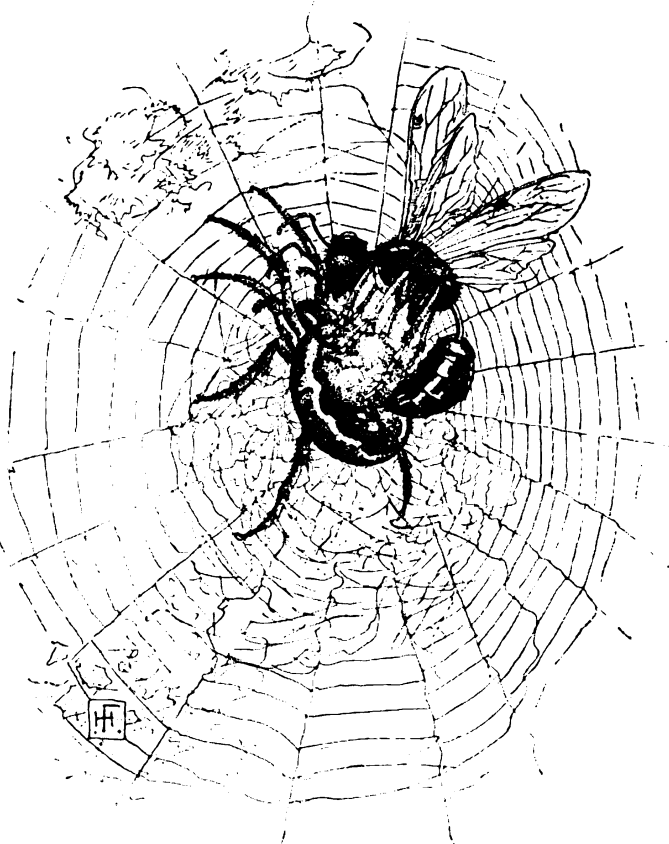
to add to the growing store within her egg-nest. When the cavity is filled, the opening is sealed up, and the spiders are literally entombed alive within that clay sarcophagus.

If at this stage one should open the cell, he might challenge the statement that the spiders are alive. They seem to be dead; but in fact are simply paralyzed. The poison which the wasp's sting injects within her captive's tissues may kill at once, and often does so; but more commonly suspends activity without destroying life. So, when the larval waspskin first feels the pangs of hunger, it finds in reach abundant natural food. Thus, before the era of man, nature, in the person of a wasp, had attained the art of preserving animal flesh without impairing its value as food.

The writer's observation of wasp-stung spiders taken from their captors indicates that the virus retains its preservative effect for at least two weeks before death ensues. In the cells the period would probably be longer, but that amply covers the time taken for hatching and the larval stage of the waspskin. During this period the victims remained motionless, alive but apparently without sensation, and there was no recovery from the poison. Indeed, the extended experiments of Professor and Mrs. Peckham in their fascinating studies, *The Solitary Wasps*, show that such recovery is extremely rare. It is one of the unhappy possibilities in a spider's destiny that it may abide in a living death within a dark vault awaiting the awakening appetite of a voracious worm. But we may believe that nature has so far tempered this doom as to destroy all consciousness of its condition

and consequent suffering therein. The proof is well-nigh conclusive that sensation is wholly suspended at the prick of the insect's sting.

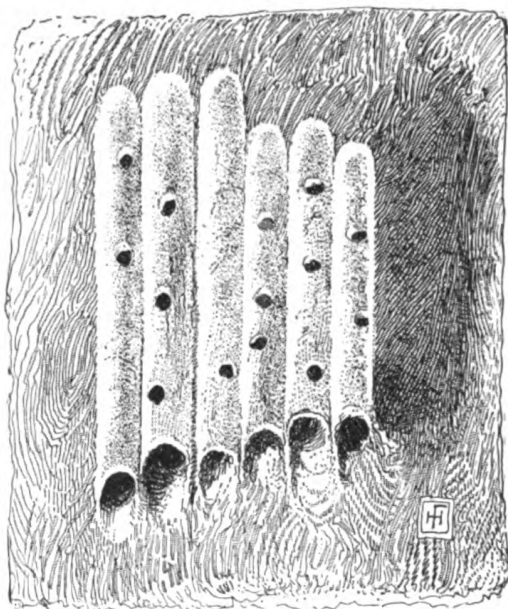
When the enclosed larva has satisfied its appetite, it follows the law of its kind, spins about itself a thin swathment,



BLUE MUD-DAUBER WASP CARRYING OFF AN ORBWEAVING SPIDER FROM ITS WEB

passes into the chrysalis state, and after transformation cuts its way out and begins the cycle of life pursued by endless generations of its forebears. The openings through which the mature wasps escape may often be seen. The blue mud-dauber, *Chalybion (Pelopæus) cæruleum*, is wont to place its cells one atop of another in small masses. Sometimes they are found, or the work of kindred species, arranged alongside of one another in extended tubes like "pipes of Pan." From one such series the writer saw emerging a number of black digger-wasps, *Trypoxylon politum*. That seem-

ed proof that the nests had been made by that insect. By no means. This species is reputed by such good authority as Walsh a guest-wasp, not building a nest for itself, but laying its eggs in cells



PIPES OF PAN; CLAY CELLS OF MUD-DAUBER WASP
OCCUPIED BY A GUEST-WASP

made and provisioned by another species. It is curious to trace this use and wont from the guest-wasp and the cuckoo, up to the human species as represented by the imperial "annexers" of Europe and the Orient, and the "land-grabbers" of the Indian Territory, not to speak of others of the "guest" habit who may be found nearer home! However, whatever may be the truth as to *politum*, we know that some of her congeners are most insatiable captors of araneads.

Spiders are not the only victims of the huntress wasps. Few insects are exempt from their attacks. Some provision their nests with grasshoppers, some with cockroaches, some with snout-beetles, some with aphides, ants, and bees. A great number prefer the two-winged flies (Diptera); the hornets, for example, invading our kitchens and rooms to prey upon the house-fly. Still other species capture the larvæ of moths. The handsome digger-wasp (*Sphecius speciosus*) provisions her tunnel with the cicada or harvest-fly.

But perhaps the spider-hunting wasps have the most interesting habits.

The general reader may be satisfied to know that, broadly speaking, wasps may be roughly divided on the basis of their habits into three great groups. The mud-daubers are solitary insects, build clay cells, which they store with food, and leave their young to their fate. The digger-wasps make tubular nests in the ground, and care for their offspring after the fashion of the mud-daubers. The paper-making wasps are for the most part social insects, rear their progeny in the home nest, like ants and bees; and the insects which they capture are manducated and fed to the wasplings by mouth. This is but a rude and approximate grouping, and any observer might cite exceptions. Our common yellow-jacket will at once occur, which, although a social insect, burrows in the ground. Yet for popular ends it will be useful, and may easily lead to a more scientific classification.

Even the most formidable of the order Araneæ are not exempt from the wasp's incursions. The "tarantula" of our Southwestern States (*Eurypelma hentzii*) is the giant of our spider fauna, but it cowers and falls before a large and beautiful wasp (*Pepsis formosa*), known as the "tarantula-killer." The writer has seen this insect in Texas hunting for its gigantic victim, whose flurried and excited movements showed that it knew its peril and sought to avoid it.

The tarantula-killer is a bustling, unquiet creature. When running on the ground its wings vibrate continuously. When it sights its prey it flies in circles around it. The tarantula trembles violently; now runs and hides; now, rising rampant, shows signs of fight. The watchful huntress finds a favorable moment, darts upon its victim with curved body, and thrusts in its sting, if possible into the soft abdomen. Often the spider is at once paralyzed, but a second and even a third wound is sometimes necessary. The victor seizes its motionless prey with its jaws and drags it to a hole previously dug. She thrusts it in, deposits an egg upon it, and covers it up. In this case the bulk of the tarantula insures sufficient food for the offspring, and one alone is provided, as seems to be

the case with the cicada-storing wasps. But the mud-dauber and her ilk, which select smaller prey, garner many, rarely sealing a cell ere it is quite full.

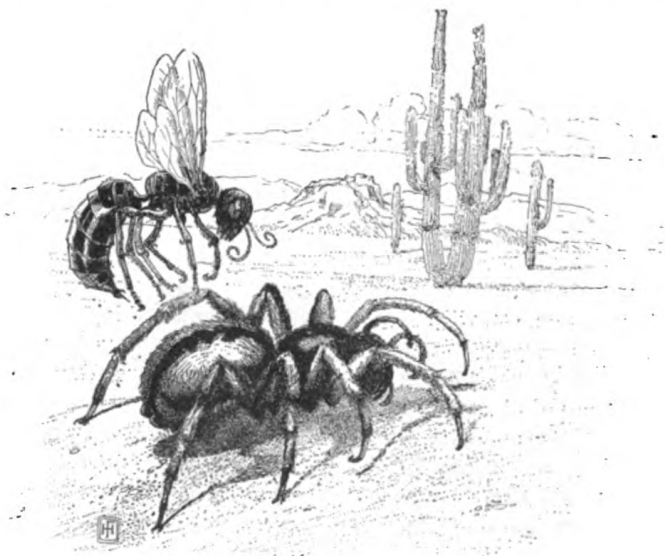
The above facts fairly present the general habit of these insects and their motive in their hunting excursions. Whether they have developed a love for the chase simply as sport may be queried. Certainly they seem to enjoy it in every quivering fibre of their animated frames; and one who watches their various modes will be amused to trace resemblances, real or fancied, between them and the "mighty hunters," the Nimrods and Esaus of the human species. But there is a field in which we may reach definite results that deserve notice. What reflex influence has this behavior of the huntress wasp wrought upon the subjects of her pursuit? Has it modified their habits, and in what direction, and to what extent?

Here again we may reason from analogy. Within the realm of facts, to be sure, but not disdaining a "scientific use of the imagination," without which the naturalist's studies would be often dull and aimless, even fruitless. The progress of modern warfare, or, more accurately, of implements of war, has been largely a contest between the efficiency of defensive armor against offensive weapons. As human ingenuity has devised destructive weapons of attack, opposing ingenuity and skill have prepared surer means of defence. Indeed, in the wider field of man's current life the same process may be noted. What, for example, is the growth of architecture, in the widest sense of the word, but a history of man's efforts to meet his needs through the assaults of nature, by counter-movements that have developed works of skill better suited to protect and defend life and health? It is natural that, within its limited compass, something like this should

occur as we study the influence on other species of the wasp's offensive warfare. Wherein does this appear? We select a single field—the counter-defences of spiders against wasps and other enemies.

Take first the orbweavers. As evening falls, they are seen hanging from the roofs of porches, or from the branch-tips of shrubs and low trees, laying out the radii or spinning in the viscid spirals of their wheel-shaped webs. A little later they may be seen settled head downward against the central mat, with legs stretched across the circular space on which no beaded lines are spun. They are ready now for a meal of night-flying moths, and they can take the exposed place at the centre with comparative impunity, for their enemies, the wasps and birds, have settled to sleep. By morning they have disappeared. Where have they gone? In the angles and corners and concavities of cornices and mouldings and beadings, under the spouting, and in other sheltered spots they are snuggled away in tough silken tubes and tents. Even there their enemies will find them; for the conflict between defensive and offensive instincts tends to develop skill on both sides. But the secretive habit that has been nurtured by the sense of danger stands them in good stead.

Turning to the fields and other haunts



A TRAP-DOOR SPIDER (*CTENIZA CALIFORNICA*) PURSUED BY A TARANTULA-KILLER (*PEPSIS FORMOSA*)



PROTECTIVE ARCHITECTURE OF ORBWEAVING SPIDER
Orbweavers' tents on blackberry and laurel

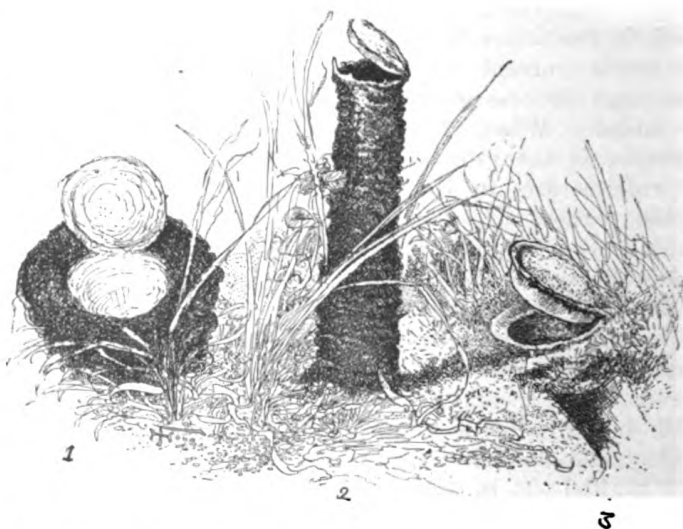
of orbweavers, one will occasionally, sometimes often, find by day the araneads upon their snares, especially before and after the season of highest maternal activity among wasps. But commonly the round webs will be seen vacant, strung between the stalks of wild flowers and grasses, or among the boughs of shrubs and trees. Be sure that the architect and owner is not far off. Note this separate, strong, taut thread attached to the centre. It is the trap-line. Follow it upward along its course, and you will trace it to the outreached front paws of a spider whose body is sheltered within a pretty bell-shaped tent of leaves deftly bent and basted together and daintily lined with silk. This is the proprietor and builder of snare and tent. She has learned—or, let us say, she knows, and her race has learned—the need of such a sheltering domicile and fort. Therein she lies in ambush, waiting until the agitation of an entangled insect “thrills along the line,” whereat she rushes forth, seizes and swathes her victim, and bears it to her den to feed upon at leisure.

Some of these leafy tents are really pretty objects, and show no little architectural ingenuity and skill;—anthropomorphic terms which we must use until philologists or dissenting philosophers shall supply our poverty of words when speaking of animal mentalism and its products.

We may turn to a widely separated group, the Territelariæ, or tunnel-weavers. In the trap-door spider protective industry has reached almost its highest results among lower animals. Its usual nest is a tubular tunnel in the ground, lined with thick white silk tapestry, and closed at the top with a hinged and neatly bevelled semicircular door made of alternate layers of silk and soil. The outer layer is soil when the surrounding surface is bare of vegetation. Otherwise the growth of herbage upon the top of the door is sometimes encouraged if not caused.

When the writer first learned that this animal (*Cteniza californica*) took its prey by night and kept its nest by day, he ventured to predict that its elaborate defence must be chiefly if not wholly against a diurnal enemy, probably some species of wasp.* This inference has been verified; and observers upon the field have found that the “tarantula-killer” captures and provisions her egg-

* *American Spiders and their Spinning-work*, vol. ii., p. 414.



1 AND 3.—CALIFORNIA TRAP-DOOR SPIDER'S NEST (*CTENIZA CALIFORNICA*)
2.—TURRET TRAP-DOOR NEST (*DOLICHO SCAPTUS LATASTEI* SIMON)

nest with the trap-door spider also. Its smooth, soft body and inferior size make it more vulnerable than the tarantula, and hence perhaps its more elaborate defence. It is well known that ground-spiders on the approach of winter, and preparatory to moulting, when their helpless condition peculiarly invites attack; and while cocooning, when maternal instinct is sensitive to the welfare of offspring,—invariably resort to special architectural protection. That such occasional acts might readily be developed into fixed habits is probable.

The studies of M. Eugène Simon, an eminent French araneologist, give many examples from the spider fauna of Venezuela and elsewhere of the remarkable architecture of various trap-door-making genera. Some have nests on the outer bark of trees. Some lift above the ground a composite open tower, even more perfect than that of our turret-spider (*Lycosa arenicola*), and some have a silken tower that at a distance looks like a full-blown lily. Others rear towers which they top with hinged lids. Most of them keep to the ground, but with structures of varying ingenuity, all apparently protective. These strengthen the belief that these striking examples of aranean architecture have gradually arisen from the accumulating instincts of many generations; self-protection and motherly interest, the strongest feelings in nature, operating upon the animals' original endowments.

Mrs. Mary Treat in this Magazine (1880) gave a most interesting illustration of a conflict between vespal offence and aranean defence. The tiger-spider (*Lycosa tigrina*)—a fine large Lycosid with striped legs—makes a curved burrow which is sometimes carefully closed with a dome of surface

litter basted together, and having a rudely hinged door. *Tigrina* is sought by the Four-spotted Elis (*Elis 4-notata*)—a large wasp, with four orange spots on its abdomen. She hunts over the ground



THE FOUR-SPOTTED ELIS DRAGGING *LYCOSA TIGRINA* FROM ITS BURROW

until she finds an open tunnel, into which she dives, and soon returns with the paralyzed occupant. This she drags away at a pace as fast as a man's walk, until she finds her own burrow, into which she thrusts her prey, fills up the hole, levels the top, and conceals it with litter from the adjacent surface.

For two or three weeks the mother wasps keep up their raids, from which only spiders with closed doors escape! Others invariably perish. After August, when the maternal rage has expended itself, the survivors open their doors, even remove the thatching, and resume their own predatory raids with evident sense of security. Such well-attested facts seem to interpret for us the impelling motive to the entire series of aranean architecture of which *Tigrina*'s dome, *Arenicola*'s turret, and *Cteniza*'s trap-door-covered tunnel are types.

It sometimes happens that one huntress wasp attacks another to secure her prey.

Carlotta

BY JUSTUS MILES FORMAN

I REMEMBER that I was thinking of poor Carlotta that very May morning in Paris, when, over my coffee, I ran through the columns of the *Matin*, and among the *nouvelles diverses* happened upon the names which so deeply concerned her.

The King, it appeared, together with the Crown-Prince Karl and suite, was spending a fortnight at Abbazia for the bathing. Also, at that pretty Austrian resort were the Grand Duke of —, the Grand Duchess, and their charming daughter Maria Elena, whose marriage to Prince Karl was to take place in a fortnight. The happy couple, said the *Matin*, might be seen almost daily driving or walking through the shaded *allées* of the neighborhood, and made no effort to conceal their devotion. Here was, at last, a genuine royal love match.

A love match! Poor Karl. And this not two months from the time when the loveliest woman whom God has ever spared to walk for a little while among us here had sent him back to his duty; had laid her heart upon the pyre with, I'll warrant you, not even a tear, not even a shudder—so long as Karl was there to see.

A love match! Poor Karl.

There came over me a sudden desire to see him once more—to see this little Princess for whom he had been forced to give up his jewel of price.

Poor little Princess!

I left Paris that evening for Venice, and there took the night boat across the Adriatic to Fiume, the big Hungarian port which sits just over the bay from Abbazia. Abbazia was picturesque as ever—cool, green-wooded, white-towered, full of tight-waisted Austrian officers and those handsome Viennese women who look so like Parisians.

Almost the first man I saw at the Stephanie was old von Altdorf. It was like meeting a brother in the desert.

"You here?" said I, amazed. "What

are you here for? What's Vienna doing without you? Is there no longer an Austrian Empire? I hadn't heard."

"They gave me a month's rest," said von Altdorf (who hadn't rested for forty years, to my knowledge). "I came down here to play about. There's royalty. I have always loved royalty." (Which was a lie.)

Then we looked each other in the eyes for a moment and, without further skirmishing or pretence, began to talk of the thing which had brought us both to Abbazia, and of—Carlotta.

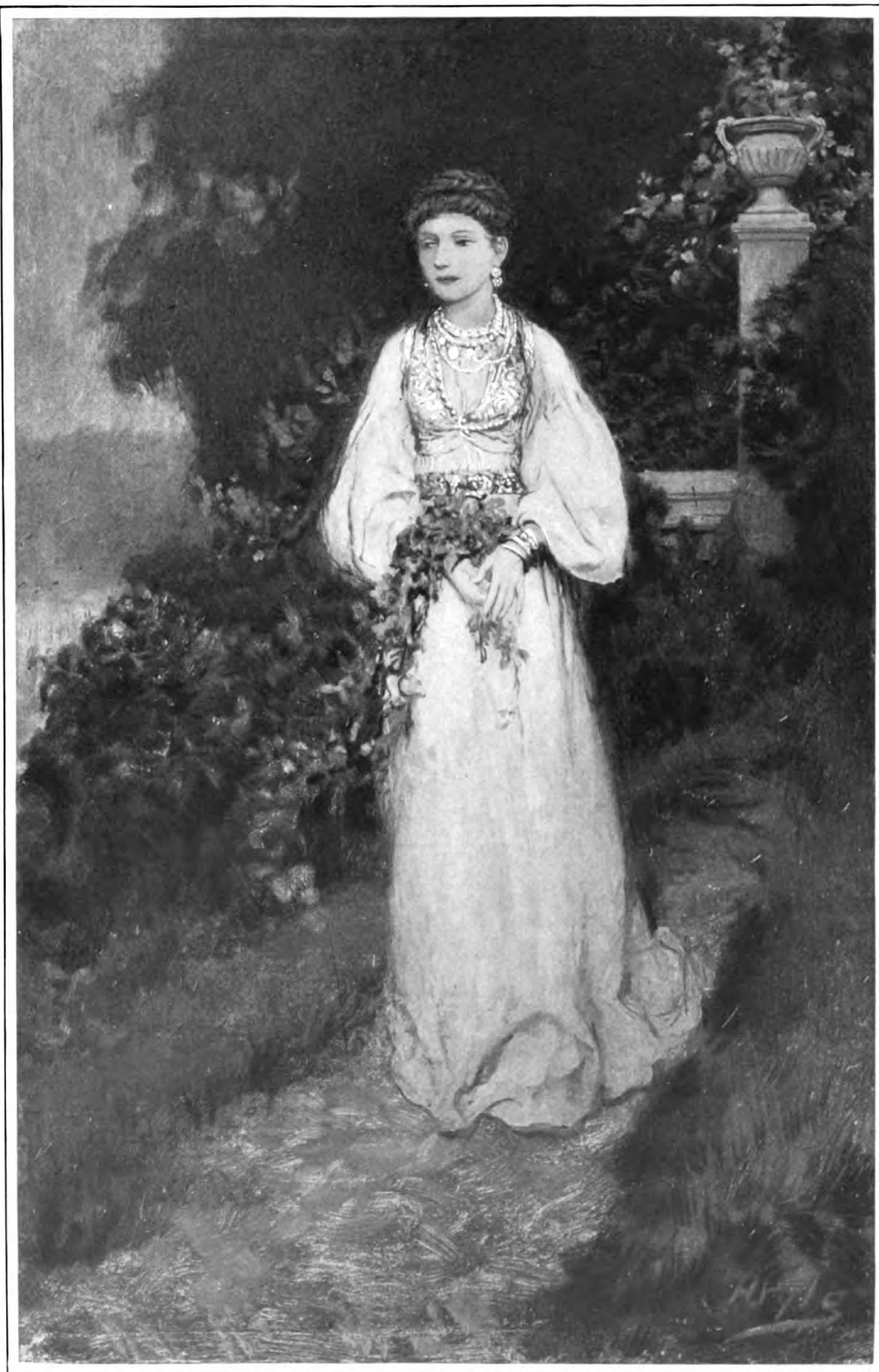
"She'll die of it," said von Altdorf, wagging his gray head. "Karl was her life. I do not think any woman ever before loved a man so—terribly. Yes, 'terribly' is the word."

"No such woman ever before existed," said I. "No woman before ever had such love to give—but *why* to Karl? For God's sake, why to Karl?"

And von Altdorf again wagged his gray head. "Apply elsewhere," he said. "I am a man. How should I understand such things? No, I should not pick Prince Karl to evoke a great passion from such a woman as she. He is not a great man; he is even a weak one in certain ways. I do not know. There is something in the blood of his house—I do not know what. All the men of it have been unhappy, and all of them have been passionately loved by women. There is something in the blood."

"And," said I, "you think she will—Carlotta will—die, now that she has lost him?" Von Altdorf nodded, turning away his head. He had loved her too, quite vainly. There were many of us, alas!

"All her life has gone from her," he said, "all but the mechanical processes of breathing—moving. She will die of exhaustion, because the heart and soul are gone out of her. I would to God I—" He did not finish his sentence, and I would not press him.



CARLOTTA—TALL, WHITE, QUEENLY—A CLUSTER OF FLOWERS IN HER ARMS

We had been walking slowly along one of the shaded paths which wind and double and twist in all directions through the public gardens; and not heeding where we went, we came out suddenly upon the highroad near the Neue Markthalle north of the little cluster of shops and restaurants. Two open landaus were coming briskly down the road from the direction of Skerbici. In the first carriage were three officers in uniform, and in the second the Crown-Prince Karl and the little Princess who was, within a fortnight, to become his bride.

Von Altdorf and I stepped to the side of the road and took off our hats. A little group of peasants farther up the road were already bowing and scraping in the dust, and Karl touched his hat good-naturedly in return. His eyes swept von Altdorf and me in a careless glance; and then, all at once, I saw him stiffen in his seat, and, as the landau rolled on past us, turn about and stare. Von Altdorf he had, of course, met frequently, and me he had known for nearly two years.

We put on our hats and turned back into the fir wood.

"Poor devil!" said old von Altdorf. "Poor devil! Did you see his face? Lad, I would not be a prince for all the gold in Vienna! Did you see his face?"

Then, the next morning, we met him again. We were walking on the South Strandweg, that famous path which veins the shoulder of the sea-cliff, amid pines, toward Punta Kolova and Icici. He was with another man—a man of military bearing, though in civilian's clothes—I learned afterward that it was Colonel Szakvary, In Waiting. We stepped aside to make way for the Prince, and he passed us with a grave "Thank you, gentlemen!" but, as we were about to proceed, he called us back, directing his aide to go ahead of him.

He seemed embarrassed when he faced us—at a loss for words; his face had flushed quickly, but under the flush it was very pale and drawn and haggard, and his eyes were tragic. I think I have never at any time seen a man's face alter so terribly in four short months. He began with some polite formality—asked us, I believe, if we were making a long stay at Abbazia—if we bathed—and such commonplaces. Then, quite suddenly, a

little spasm went over his face, twisting it, and his tragic eyes met ours straight.

"I will not beat about the bush, gentlemen," he said, raising his hands and dropping them again. "You know what I would say—what I would ask—" and his voice broke a little and began to shake so that he paused to steady it.

"We have not seen her, Highness," said old von Altdorf. "You have seen her since we have."

"But you—know," said Karl, and had to wait again to steady that voice of his,—"you know where she—is?"

Von Altdorf looked him in the eyes. "I know, Highness," said he, "but I may not say." Prince Karl's drawn face twisted again and his hands took hold upon each other and wrestled before him.

"Oh, man, man!" he cried. "Can you not see that I ask honestly? I will not go to her. My feet are set where my duty lies, and they shall not halt or wander. I am to be married in twelve days, but I must know where she is. For God's sake, von Altdorf, will you not dip your finger in water and hold it down to me in my hell? Is that too much to ask?"

I caught at von Altdorf's arm, but he shook me off, not stirring his eyes from Prince Karl's eyes.

"Do you give me your word, Highness," said he, "that so long as you live you will not see Carlotta Siveric?"

The Prince put out a shaking hand and grasped von Altdorf's.

"So long as I live," said he, and, as if at some obscure significance the words bore to him, his head jerked back and upward suddenly, and something strange swept over his face for an instant. Then he went on with scarcely a halt: "So long as I live I will not go to her or send for her or see her. Where is she?"

"She has shut herself up in Torre Dormitor," said von Altdorf.

"Torre Dormitor!" said the other, half under his breath, nodding. And he stared past us for quite a minute or two, I should think, saying it over and over again with a little smile. Just, "Torre Dormitor—Torre Dormitor!" over and over. And once he said, "I might have known!" I think he had forgotten that von Altdorf and I were present, for he spoke as if quite to himself.

Then, after a bit, he turned to us once more, with a sort of shiver, and said gravely:

"I thank you, Baron von Altdorf. I—shall not abuse your confidence. You may be sure of that. May I ask if you are—if you are thinking of going south—to Torre Dormitor, I mean? You gentlemen were very dear to—her. You were the best and truest friends she had."

Von Altdorf looked at me with thoughtful raised brows.

"I had not thought of it, Highness," he said, slowly. "I am by no means certain that we should be welcome. At this—at this time, I think, she would doubtless prefer to be quite alone. I—"

"I wish that you might go to her," said Prince Karl. "Somehow I am certain that this—coming fortnight would be easier for her if her friends were there. I—it would be a great satisfaction to me if you felt—" He broke off, looking from von Altdorf to me and back again with a certain hesitant wistfulness. "It is probably the last request I shall ever make of you,—if I may put it so strongly as a request," he said.

"I trust not, Highness," said old von Altdorf, bowing. "I trust that you may feel free to honor us with many requests—nay, commands—for many years to come. As to this—" He looked to me again, and I saw a gleam of excitement in his eye. I think something in mine must have sprung to meet it.

"We leave for Cattaro to-night, sir," said I to Prince Karl, and I saw that dull flush again spread up over his lean cheeks.

"I thank you, gentlemen," he said, simply, and bowed.

"If there is any message, any word," said von Altdorf, and the Prince caught his breath sharply.

"Tell her, von Altdorf," he cried, shaking,—“tell her that so long as I live on the earth her feet have blessed I shall— No, no!” He caught himself up with an effort and the light died out of his eyes. "Tell her nothing from me, Baron von Altdorf," he said. "Tell her, on your own account, that the Crown-Prince Karl is doing his duty according to the promise he made her. Again I thank you." Then he bowed once more and moved on up the path after his aide,

and von Altdorf and I, hats in hand, stood still and watched his bowed shoulders until they were out of sight among the pines.

"I said," said old von Altdorf, "that he was not a strong man. I said he was weak. I lied. He is braver than either you or I, and he is not yet three-and-twenty. Eh, God pity princes!"

That night at Fiume, across the bay, we embarked upon a long white express coaster of the Ungaro-Croata line, south-bound, and for four-and-twenty hours we steamed swiftly down the Adriatic between reefs and scoglie, past swelling vineyarded islands, down that wonderful Dalmatian coast; touching at Zara and at Sebenico and at Spalato and at Ragusa, "the Pearl," and so, on the next evening, came into those land-locked fiords, under the shadow of the great Montenegrin mountains which are called the Bocche di Cattaro. We slept the night at Cattaro, and on the following noon started upon our fifteen-mile drive over the saddle which lies at the feet of the Lovcen to little Budua on the coast of the Primorje.

Out from Budua village—but a bit to the north—the land thrusts into the sea a rugged finger, pointing, derisively as it were, westward to the unclean marshes of Italy across the way. And in the shelter of this wind and storm break, whereby the might of the dreaded Bora is checked, sits a tiny island capped by a squat octagonal tower with its huddle of wings and chambers at the foot. The island—a mere rock—is so very tiny that there is place for no more than the castle, which, seaward, rises from the very breakers, and, behind the castle, for a bit of walled garden wherein grow cypresses and myrtles and ericas and agaves and a crimson sheet of azaleas and two tall date-palms. Here also, at the garden's foot, behind the castle, are the water-steps and boat-landing. The island has a sinister history—the history of all southern Dalmatia. Slavs and Turks and Venetians fought over it and held it in turn for half a thousand years. Then, at the last, a strange old man, very terrible, coming from somewhere behind the mountains, took possession of it—a fierce old man; Montenegrin doubtless, else why the name he gave his tower—

Torre Dormitor? The Dormitor is a mountain in the north of Montenegro. This old man, then, took the castle and dwelt there, he and his daughter, who chanced to be beautiful,—until one day the daughter attracted the attention of a young man from foreign parts. Then the old Montenegrin, unjustly suspecting her of misconduct, killed her with a knife, and the stranger in turn slew him and went on his way, so that Torre Dormitor was once more empty.

Finally, Count Siveric, a Ragusan, newly married, bought the tower and used it as a summer home. He was drowned a quarter of a mile from its walls while swimming; but a week before this the Crown-Prince Karl, cruising in a borrowed yacht, had landed at the island, attracted by its unusual appearance, and had been royally entertained there. If the spirit of that evil old Montenegrin dwelt still about Torre Dormitor's battered walls, it must have looked on and laughed.

A gray old fisherman, bent and wrinkled like a monkey, rowed us out from Budua to the island—a matter of half a mile—in his high-prowed fishing-boat, standing to his oars like a gondolier. It was evening as we went, and a crimson light from the sun, which was near to its setting, came aslant over the still sea and ensanguined Torre Dormitor—an evil light, a portentous light. It was as if all the blood which had been shed in that squat tower had oozed outward through the blackened stones and lay reeking in the sun.

But, down in the tangle of garden near the landing-place, one tall and white and very queenly moved with flowers in her arms. That crimson light from the west caught for a moment upon her face and upon her great coils of hair, and an old wound within me began to ache dully, in throbs.

"Carlotta! Carlotta!" I said. I must have said it aloud, for von Altdorf turned his head an inch, and I saw his face. The lines in it were curiously deepened. Von Altdorf's old wound was throbbing too, I fancy.

She saw the boat approaching, and came to the top of the water-steps and stood there, tall, white, very queenly, with that great cluster of red flowers in her

arms. But when the boat had come nearer and Carlotta saw whom it bore, the red flowers dropped from her arms slowly, one by one, and she swayed a little where she stood, and sobs began to catch her breath, and tears to run down her beautiful face. Then the boat touched the water-steps. Von Altdorf and I sprang out and up to where she stood, and Carlotta stretched out her two arms to us, one arm about von Altdorf's neck and one about mine, crying between her sobs, just, "Oh—oh—oh!" And, by my faith, I think we two men wept with her openly and unashamed, like little children.

Indeed, we might well weep before this new Carlotta whom we had found; for though I have seen many sad things—sad and pitiful,—I have seen none sadder than this. A new Carlotta indeed! It was not that she was less beautiful. Nothing, I think, could have robbed Carlotta of her splendid beauty—not even death,—but something had strangely gone out of her—spirit—soul—heart. That's it! The heart had gone from her (old von Altdorf had been wise), leaving her, somehow, lax and frail. A light was wanting that had used to be in her eyes. A certain superb erectness of bearing—a splendid vitality of body was gone. She seemed, I thought, literally smaller—younger—pathetically childlike. Indeed, we might well weep, old von Altdorf and I!

We must have made an odd picture to the gray fisherman and to one-eyed Boris, Carlotta's gardener, the three of us standing there with our arms about one another, hanging between laughter and tears. But it was long before any one could speak coherently—long before we moved, at last, up through the little tangled garden and into Carlotta's grim stronghold. And then, finally, in a great shadowy stone-arched room, looking westward over the crimson sea, we sat down, Carlotta between von Altdorf and me, holding a hand of each, and we talked until the red went out of the sea and the far sky, and the shadows grew, and the woman Varva came into the room to make lights.

We told her almost at first, I remember, of our meeting with Prince Karl at Abbazia, and I remember that her face went suddenly very white and her great eyes burned sombrely from it, and for a

moment or two she was quite silent. Then she began to ply us with questions—the questions a loving woman would ask: How did he look? Was he thin—pale? Did he seem saddened? Had he his old trick of smiling? What were his words—every one of them—every littlest one? Did he speak of *her*—of the little Princess? *Why* did we not answer? I remember that old von Altdorf shot me a glance of helpless whimsical dismay, but I nodded fiercely back at him, and we made the best story we might—remembered everything a man could remember, and invented the rest as we thought it would best please her.

We told her that Karl had learned from us where she was in hiding, and at that she cried out in distress.

"Oh, you should not have done that! Dearests, you should not have done that!" she cried. "I did not want him to know. Oh, I am afraid!"

"There is no danger, madame," said old von Altdorf. "He will not come to you. He gave us his word of honor. He will go on with his duty unflinching. There is no danger."

"I am afraid, I am afraid," said Carlotta, and though we went on to speak of other things, she remained obviously anxious and distressed, and after a time fell silent, staring across the room into the shadows.

Then, finally, when von Altdorf had gone off with the woman Varva to look after our bags, Carlotta rose, still silent and *distracted*, and went out upon a little balcony which hangs over the sea, looking westward.

"I am afraid, Richard," she said again when I had joined her there in the gathering night. "I wish you had not told him."

"There is nothing to fear, Carlotta," said I. "We have his word of honor. Karl will never break his pledge. I remember his very words. He said, 'So long as I live I will not go to her or send for her or see her.'"

"So long as I live," said Carlotta, under her breath. "Say it once more, Richard, just as he said it." And I said it once more just as Prince Karl had said it, standing before us there on the south Strandweg at Abbazia. I remember that one of the hanging lamps just

inside the big tower-room threw a slant beam of yellow light out across our balcony. Carlotta's face was in the beam, turned a little from me, and I remember that, as I repeated Karl's words, an odd indescribable look came over it—an odd fatal look, if one may so put it. It was like Karl's own face as he had spoken. It troubled me.

"God grant him—peace," she said, after a little silence. "A long life and—a happy one! God grant him that!" Then she fell silent once more, and presently I left her, tiptoeing softly away. I do not think she knew when I went.

So in this fashion we began our watch and ward over Carlotta Siveric, striving in our rough and clumsy man's fashion to take upon our shoulders a part of that load of bitterness which was crushing poor Carlotta to earth. I like to think now that we did not altogether fail—not altogether. I like to think that we brought some comfort to her. God knows Carlotta needed such!

My memory is so full of the week that followed our arrival at Torre Dormitor that I am at a loss in choosing what to say—lest I weary you with overmuch detail. You will understand how it is with me. Every memory of her—every word she spoke—every trick she had of voice and movement—all these things are such precious gold to me! How should I choose among them? Still, I think what I most love to recall will be the hours I spent alone with her in the tiny garden or in that great tower-chamber with the balcony which hung over the sea. Indeed, we gave the poor lady small chance to snatch a solitary hour, von Altdorf and I. We were with her, one or both of us, from morning till night. What we dreaded in leaving her alone I scarcely know—not that she would do herself a harm, certainly. Carlotta was too brave for that; but somehow, if she chanced to fall into a brooding silence, upon occasion, there came something into her eyes which frightened us both. No, we dared not leave her alone. We dogged her steps—plied her with talk—poor futile harlequins whose hearts ached the while their lips grinned and their busy tongues clacked!

Yet we did not try to check her when

she spoke of *him*—of the Crown Prince. It would have been useless. Moreover, it was as von Altdorf one day said to me:

"She is as full of him as a spring of water. Let that spring flow! It's safer."

And the spring flowed indeed!

I had not thought that there was such love in the world. Every other love-tale I have ever heard or known—all the sufferings, all the exaltation, all the passion and tenderness which have come before my eyes, seem gray—pallid—cold beside the deathless love that Carlotta Siveric bore for the man she might never again see. We talked of it very frankly, she and I. She seemed happiest when talking of him—and though I live to be old, and forget what love is, I shall never forget Carlotta's eyes when she spoke of her man, that was her man no longer, or the low thrill of Carlotta's voice—a new voice, a different voice, one I had not known—when she told how she loved him. It was all a very beautiful and holy thing—to be spoken of, not repeated. Still, there were, from time to time, little snatches of talk that I may repeat, since they were significant but less intimate than others.

I remember her asking me once—for the hundredth time, I should think:

"Do you think he will be happy, Richard? Do you think he will—forget, and be happy? Say yes! Oh, say yes!"

"He'll never forget, Carlotta dear," said I. "No man could do that. As for his being happy, after—after a very long time, God knows! He comes of an unhappy house. No man of them but has lived a tragic life and died a tragic death. They're fated, somehow—like the Hapsburgs."

"Ah, but not Karl, Richard!" she cried, and wrung her hands before her. "Not Karl! No! Say you do not think so. Ah, Richard, Richard, can a woman love a man as I have loved—him, so much as I have loved him, and not bring him happiness? Can she? What is the good of love, then? Did I not take his—sorrow upon myself when I gave him up to them? Have I not suffered enough for both? Oh, Richard, there must be, somewhere, a God who is too good to let Karl suffer when I—I have offered to take it all upon me—wished to take it all—*longed* to take it all so gladly! There *must* be a God like that.

"See, Richard! I am—going—to die because I have loved Karl so and because, when I cannot have him any more, there is no—wish for life left in me. Is not that enough for God? The—heart is gone out of me. You see, Richard! You see! Must *he* suffer too? Ah, say no!"

"Carlotta! Carlotta!" I cried, with my face in my hands. And then, I expect, Carlotta pressed nearer to me, and kissed and petted and exclaimed over me—that would have been her way—until I had back my self-control. And then, holding my hand in hers, I expect she talked on, staring across the room with her pitiful little fixed smile—talked on and on, and presently was talking of *him* again and asking if God wouldn't let her suffering suffice for both.

You cannot dam a spring. It's safest to let it flow—as old von Altdorf said.

I remember that, on another occasion, something one of us said brought up the matter of those scurrilous attacks upon her of which the Continental press had used to be so full. I remember that I spoke very bitterly of them and of their cruel injustice.

"They must have hurt you so, Carlotta dear!" I said. But Carlotta's eyes opened upon me with frank amazement.

"Those things, Richard?" she cried. "Those hurt me? Ah, no, no! I did not care for those—not that much!" And she snapped her fingers in the air. "Oh, Richard, Richard!" she said, with her little, low, piteous laugh, "you know so little about this love! What shall I care if they call me—names? What shall I care what they think, this—*canaille* that writes in the papers? What shall I care what *anybody* thinks of me, Richard? Karl—yes, they made him unhappy, these lies and—truths. They made him suffer because he thought I was suffering, but for *me*—Ah, no, no!" Her face quivered for an instant, and she raised her two hands a little way as if she would try to express some slight shadow of the immensity of the thing, but she dropped her hands again helplessly into her lap. It was too big for her.

"I cannot make you understand, Richard," she said. "I have no words. Hurt *me*? Richard, there was no me! I

was a part of him; something which lived because he lived—something without eyes to see other things or ears to hear other things—just something— Oh, I cannot tell it!”

Then after a little frowning silence she said slowly, picking her words—the face of her a child's face, groping for understanding:

“Maybe, Richard, once, a long, long time ago, when I was—different, like other women, those things might have made me suffer—long ago when I lived my own life—I do not know. Maybe. I cannot quite think what I was like—then. But, oh, Richard, with *him* what should I care? Do you know what love is, Richard?”

“No, Carlotta dear,” said I. “I expect I don't know what love is. I thought I did, God knows! But—no, I expect I don't—not love like that. It's too big for me.”

And now, since these random snatches of talk, though they may make for you some sort of a pale picture of Carlotta Siveric, are not furthering my tale, I must come to that last day—a day I would forget if I might. Alas! I may not forget it. It was the seventh day after our arrival at Torre Dormitor, and von Altdorf and I, seated over our morning coffee in a shaded corner of the little garden, were just saying to each other that, on the third day following, the Crown-Prince Karl was to be married to his Princess, when we saw Carlotta coming down from the castle.

She had put on, as she often did, Dalmatian dress—the costume of her native district, which was near Ragusa. I think she loved to wear it because Karl had liked her best so. Indeed, the thing suited her so happily that I cannot resist telling you what she wore. First there was a long *bilaca*—a sort of shift of very fine white linen, made with a little V at the neck, with wide sleeves that fell back to the elbow when she raised her arms. Then, over this, a little Turkish-looking bodice most gorgeously worked and embroidered and bedizened with gold and silver thread and with jewels and with hanging filigree buttons of gold. This was a *krozet*. Below the *krozet* a girdle, broad and studded with

rough stones; and, if the day were cool, a sort of sleeveless frock coat wide open in front, of cream-colored heavy linen (*rash*). Also, there were necklaces and odd barbaric bracelets and arm-rings, and a silver clasp-knife hanging by a jewelled chain from the girdle. Properly the skirt of the *bilaca* should have stopped short at Carlotta's ankles, and, down the front of it, she should have worn a heavy apron exactly like a rug, but she would have no apron, and she wore her skirt long and dragging like a Greek woman's skirt. I must not forget her hair. It was plaited and the braids twisted round and round the top of her head, with a soft puff of hair beneath them; but the conventional head-dress she would have none of. She went bareheaded.

“Madame,” said Baron von Altdorf, bending over her hand and kissing it, “you are beautiful as the dawn—which you may possibly not have seen. It passed several hours ago.”

Carlotta, to our unconcealed amazement, snapped at him like the veriest shrew. Then, being Carlotta, she seized his gray head between her arms and kissed it in a spasm of sudden remorse, declaring that she was a pig and totally unworthy of the notice of two such faithful forgiving dears.

“But I am not quite—me to-day,” she said, pleading. “I have something—here. I do not know what it is.” She pressed her two hands over her heart. Indeed, she looked pale and ill and oddly disturbed.

“I have had dreams,” she said. “Do not be angry with me this morning, dearests.” She stood a moment looking off over the sea with troubled eyes, and then moved restlessly away across the garden, and I followed her.

“Of what did you dream, Carlotta dear?” said I. “It has spoiled your nerves. You're not well.”

“Oh, Richard!” she said. “I dreamed of—*him*! All night I dreamed of him—so plain! Richard, I dreamed he came to me—he came to me!” She caught her hands up over her face, but they could not hide the great sweet agony of passion which convulsed it. “I dreamed he came to me!” she said, in a shaking whisper. Then: “Richard, Richard, I am afraid! Why did you tell him where I am? I

am afraid all over again! He is coming to me. I know it! My dream said so—again and again the same dream, all night long!”

She was quite unnerved and half sobbing, but I took her arm in mine, speaking to her gently, and led her up and down that garden path which runs beside the low sea-wall.

“It’s only a dream, Carlotta,” I said. “We all have them constantly. You were thinking of him before you slept? Yes?”

“Oh, always, Richard! Always!” cried poor Carlotta, sobbing.

“And so,” said I, “what thing more natural than that you should dream of him? Come! Let’s forget about it. Let’s go back to old von Altdorf and get him to tell us stories. The Prince will not come. We have his solemn word of honor.”

She said no more then—followed me easily enough, but she was in a bad state of nerves, and that day was an anxious one for us who watched over her.

Late in the afternoon, toward sunset, she went to her own chamber for an hour’s rest—Heaven knows all three of us were nearly worn out. It had been a bad day—and von Altdorf and I, to stretch our lazy muscles, unchained the clumsy rowing-boat from the water-steps and pulled slowly round the island and out a little way over an oily treacherous sea. The Austrian fleet of battle-ships and cruisers and a gunboat or two had been manœuvring all the week in our neighborhood—we had often watched them from Carlotta’s balcony—and a second-class cruiser lay now but a little way out, half a mile possibly. A launch with two white-capped officers in it circled aimlessly about, very much like an irresponsible sea-gull.

Von Altdorf and I lay on our oars and watched the squat, lead-colored cruiser with dull curiosity.

“They’re equipped for wireless telegraphy,” said von Altdorf. “See that pair of wires running up to the mizzen-truck. Wait! Listen! Yes, they’re talking now.” And, indeed, we could distinctly hear, over that still sea, the sharp spitting crackle of the wireless “sender.”

The launch with the two white-capped

officers made a half-circle and darted up to our boat. One of the officers gave an exclamation of surprise and saluted von Altdorf, calling him by name.

“This is an unexpected pleasure, Baron,” he said. “I had supposed that you were in Vienna.”

“I am staying for a few days at Torre Dormitor,” said von Altdorf, and I saw a significant look exchanged between the two in the launch. Von Altdorf asked them if they were making experiments with the wireless telegraphy, and they said yes, very successful ones.

“We have a chain of cruisers all the way up the Adriatic,” they said. “We are in constant communication with the station on the headland near Abbazia, and so with Trieste.” Then they went on to tell us the news of the past week. Among other things we learned that the Grand-Ducal family had left Abbazia to prepare for the forthcoming wedding, and that the Crown-Prince Karl was expected to leave on this night. He had not been seen in public for two or three days.

We chatted with the two officers for, possibly, half an hour, and then, with thanks and salutations, pulled slowly back toward our island. It was, by now, close upon sunset, and that same crimson portentous light, which we had seen once before, lay over the sea, and gleamed dully upon the dark stones of Torre Dormitor. Something about it seemed ominous of ill—set my nerves on edge.

As we came near the island, pushing our way slowly, gondolier fashion—after the mode of the neighborhood,—some one came out upon the high westward balcony. It was Carlotta. She waved her hand to us while we were still some twenty or thirty yards away, and I saw that red sunlight strike fire from her gold bracelets and from the gems in her girdle and bodice. She made a wonderful picture standing there in her barbaric dress in that bath of crimson light. Von Altdorf and I stopped rowing to look up at her. She stood for a little time quite still, leaning against the rough dark stone of the walls, and staring, as it seemed, wide-eyed into the sunset. Then, very suddenly, a strange thing occurred. We saw her head jerk to one side and turn about, exactly as if some one had

spoken to her—not from the room at her back, but quite outside, from space and—*from the north*. One of her hands lifted slowly to her breast and then the other—we saw them go. Then, still more suddenly, Carlotta apparently went quite mad there before our eyes; for, pressing her body against the low stone coping of the balcony rail, she threw out her two arms over the sea—northward,—screaming, in a high terrible voice which seemed to tear her throat as it came. She called a name—once—twice—three times—the Crown-Prince Karl's name, and in that screaming voice there was the most awful joy blended with the most awful terror I have ever heard. It haunts me still o' nights.

For a moment she screamed so, then her outstretched arms seemed to close upon something, as it were a man's shoulders—but there was no one there—and her head went forward, as it were upon a man's breast—but there was only space—and her voice broke to a sobbing, laughing murmur. A moment so, then she turned, her right arm still outstretched and bent at the elbow, as if over a man's shoulder, and she seemed to lean upon void space, head drooping forward, lips sobbing and laughing, and thus passed from the balcony back into the tower chamber behind.

I do not know how long it was before I met Baron von Altdorf's eyes. When I met them he was staring at me blankly, as a frightened child stares, and his jaw worked up and down and he whimpered softly, as a child whimpers in the face of terror.

I know that it must have been several minutes before either of us could ply an oar, but when at last we set to work we rowed furiously, savagely. It was, I think, just as we woke to action that, from inside the tower before us, high up, as it were in that tower chamber, a single long shrill cry rose and held and died in gaspings—a cry of utter unspeakable terror—a woman's cry, but not in Carlotta's voice.

Round the tiny island we rowed, splashing, laying all our weight upon the heavy oars, round the island and up to the water-steps, then leaped from the boat and dashed through the bit of garden—nearly overturning the one-eyed

Boris in our haste—and so into the castle and up the tower. In all the way von Altdorf spoke not at all, and I but once.

"She's mad!" I gasped; "Carlotta's quite, quite mad—stark, staring mad!"

In the tower chamber, where already the evening shadows were glooming, the woman Varva lay face down upon the floor. She moaned and sobbed and beat her hands feebly upon the stones. Besides her there was no one. The windows which gave upon the balcony stood open and I leaped out. No one there.

"Carlotta's chamber!" I cried, and, together, we ran there, von Altdorf and I. No one! There were signs of recent occupation—garments lying about—tumbled pillows on the bed. Carlotta had been here for her rest.

Back then to the tower chamber where the serving-woman lay upon the flags, moaning. Von Altdorf dragged her up to her knees with small ceremony. The woman babbled in our faces, staring and mouthing. She was mad from fright. I went for brandy, and this we made her swallow—doused her with cold water. There was nothing to be had out of her.

"For God's sake!" cried old von Altdorf at last, "what does it all mean? Am I, too, mad? Are you?" For answer I ran from the room and began a search of the castle, chamber by chamber, von Altdorf stumbling after me. Half an hour later we crept back, avoiding each other's eyes, and sank down panting, to rest. The woman Varva had crawled into a corner and crouched there, shivering and moaning to herself.

"For God's sake!" said old von Altdorf again, in a shaking whisper, "what does it all mean?" I could only stare at him. My mind was a void through which strange things, multicolored, kaleidoscopic, rushed and wheeled.

"Did you—hear what she said—out there?" whispered old von Altdorf, after a time. "Did you hear the name? She called out to—*Karl!*"

"She was mad!" I found my tongue stammering. "She has gone mad."

"Aye!" whispered old von Altdorf, through the shadows, after another long time. "Aye! But *where?* Where has she gone?" Something about his whisper set me to shivering.



HER OUTSTRETCHED ARMS SEEMED TO CLOSE UPON SOMETHING

"Where has Carlotta gone?" whispered old von Altdorf, through the shadows, and my voice shook as I cursed him.

I heard a boatswain's whistle from outside twice before it conveyed any message to my dulled brain. Then, at last, I started up.

"Some one's whistling!" I said, and ran to the balcony.

It was the launch from the Austrian cruiser. It lay heaving and dipping on the slow swell twenty feet below where I stood.

"Is Baron von Altdorf there?" called one of the officers. "Tell him that the

cruiser has just received, by wireless, news of grave importance from Abbazia. I knew he would wish to hear it, and so came directly off to tell him."

Von Altdorf leaned over the stone rail beside me, and I heard his tongue clack in his dry mouth.

"From—Abbazia?" he said. "What is it?" And drew a great breath.

"The Crown-Prince Karl is dead," called the officer. "He shot himself through the head with a pistol less than an hour ago. We have, as yet, no details." The officer saluted, and the launch churned away over the darkening sea.

Out of the Night

BY MARSHALL ILSLEY

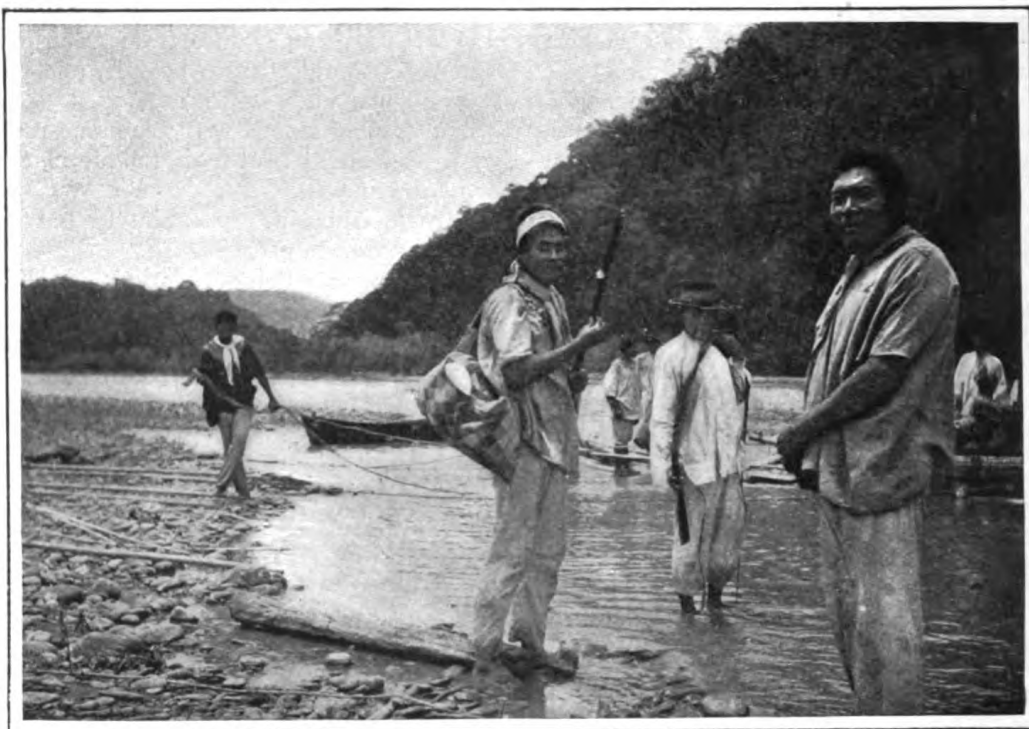
AS from a vapor silver ships emerge,
And fall to anchor in the realm of sight,
So in the languid dawn upon the verge
Of conscious morning from the far-off night,
Come drifting dreams that of a substance seem.
Although below the dream we know we dream.

Slow are the heavy limbs to feel the day,
Slow answer drowsy eyelids to the morn;
The will is child-eyed to those visions gray
Of sails long-travelled and of cordage worn:
Gazes acceptant, wondering not—and then!
Dilates with wonder at the long-dead men.

For no strange mariners from sunburned lands,
These friendly faces leaning o'er the rail;
Who smile from living eyes, wave loving hands;
With old, familiar, long-lost voices hail:
No strangers, yet from somewhere sounds the dread—
"Remember and remember, they are dead."

"Ah no," the Dreamer murmurs, "let me be,
For I would hold those happy hands again;
The voices answer, and the faces see,
And know past knowing they are living men:
Somehow, I have forgotten that they died."
"But I have not forgotten," Morning sighed.

And with the sigh there falls the cruel light;
And in the light the friendly faces fade;
For Day is still an infidel of Night,
And scorns the stuff whereof our dreams are made,—
Dear Living Forms, that may not be so far
As Day believes, who knows not where they are.



LECCO TRIBESMEN EMBARKING ON THE RIVER

An Ethnological Paradox

BY CHARLES JOHNSON POST

HIDDEN among the little foot-hills of the eastern slopes of the Bolivian Andes, there exist to-day the remnants of a practically unknown tribe that strikingly illustrates the view of those students of ethnology who favor the theory that the Americas were peopled by prehistoric immigration from the Orient. Whether this remnant is the result of some bold Malay navigator of prehistoric times, duplicating in the Pacific the feats of the early Norsemen in the Atlantic, and whether, after having obtained a foothold on the continent, they were gradually forced into the montaña of South America by the barbaric civilizations that succeeded them, are questions for technical ethnology. The Lekos—or Leccos, as they call themselves—can throw no light upon the matter—they are without history, legend, tradition, or religion.

In appearance and customs they differ radically from all of the barbaric tribes about them, who, with the exception of the Aymarás of the high plains, are much inferior; and they repeat physically the pronounced Malay type with which we are familiar to-day in the East.

It was in the latter part of November of last year that our party, journeying from the Peruvian coast through which Bolivia has her only treaty outlet to the Pacific, dropped sharply down among the eastern foot-hills of the Andes where the Bolivian lowlands begin, and into the little Indian village of Mapiri. Behind us rose the ridges of mountainous spurs, losing themselves in the far distance among the clouds, through which occasionally broke the high snow-capped peaks of the last Andean range. We were five hundred miles from the Pacific

coast and three hundred from the little "jerk-water" railroad that crawls between Lake Titicaca and the cliffs above La Paz. Stretching before us to the east was the great lowland basin of the unexplored interior of our Southern continent, and many months were to pass before I emerged on the Amazon and again ate white man's food at a white man's table. It was a new world, known only to the outside by the vague rumors that sifted out through the rubber-traders.

The village of Mapiri at which we arrived consisted of a plaza surrounded on three sides by palm-thatched cane huts, and at one end a fortified mud church. It was loopholed as well, and with sally-ports on either side, as are all of the mission churches in the interior of South America. In this little, remote, fever-ridden Indian village I first saw the Leccos, of whom I had neither heard nor read outside of Bolivia, and in fact but the most vague reports even there. The day we arrived a small party of them were leaving for their homes, some two hundred miles down the Rio Mapiri. I saw them only hastily as they wandered shyly among the wretched huts, that to them represented a metropolis and the great, vague power of an alien civilization. Those Indians whom I had met before were the Quichuas and the Aymarás, the great tribes of the high plains; heavy-boned, stocky, and powerful peoples, who, in feature and color, strongly resemble our own Sioux and Apache type. These Leccos, on the contrary, were slender, well-built men, with a direct, soft quickness of movement that revealed the perfect strength that lay be-

hind it. In feature they were absolutely Malay—a perfect reproduction of any of the Malay tribes that fringe the coast of Asia.

At Mapiri we left the narrow mountain trails behind us, together with the pack-train that had kept us company for days. The mule trail ended abruptly in the village, and from now on we were to depend for transportation on the intricate system of rivers that are the head waters of the Rio Madeira and ultimately of the Amazon. The only means of transport in these high upper rivers—we were

about twenty-five hundred feet above sea-level—are the balsa and the callapo, and the Lecco who is the grand master of these. Other rivers have the balsa and the callapo too, and the long rapids through narrow gorges, but the Indians of those rivers lie down and clutch for safety when they go through them. Your Lecco goes into the boiling smother of a cataract with a grinning yell of pure joy, and keeps his feet like a Glo'ster skipper in a high gale.



A LECCO TYPE
Showing the distinct Malaysian resemblance

The balsa of the Leccos is a raft made of the light, corky wood from which it takes its name. Eight-inch logs of this balsa wood are pinned together with palm spikes from the hard, black palm that is also used as arrow-points and for bows. When floating in the water it looks like some unwieldy amphibian that has risen to the surface for a fresh supply of air. It is generally about twenty-five feet long and about four feet wide. The Leccos lash three balsas together, broadside on, by means of stout cross-logs tied with strips of bark or vine, and this result is called a callapo. It is a structure that is

capable of carrying some three tons of cargo—that is, if handled by Leccos.

Before starting across the last range of the Andes and in order to avoid delay upon reaching Mapiri, we had sent an Indian runner to the Indian village of Guanay, with directions to the patron of the balsa fleet to meet us with nine balsas at Mapiri. Arriving at Mapiri, we found its muddy little river swollen by the rains, and running like a mill-race. There were no balsas awaiting us, but word had come that they had started. The Lecco settlement about Guanay was nearly two hundred miles below us. It seemed impossible to drag anything against that current. But at the end of five weeks' waiting they arrived—eight balsas and twenty-four Leccos.

The first thing that impressed me about these Leccos was the distinctness with which they represented another race. It was not the mere divergence of tribe; it was more fundamental—it was a racial difference. There was nothing in it to suggest even a remote relation to any of the tribes with whom I had come in contact up to that time, or, for that matter, with any of those that I subsequently met. To begin with, the Leccos looked clean—a condition that one seldom finds in the Quichua or Aymará nations; although cleanliness is almost an invariable condition of all river peoples. Their complexion was of the soft warm brown of the Hindu or the Filipino, hav-

ing no suggestion of the dull chocolate of the negro or the weather-beaten copper of the Aymarás or of our own Western Indians. Their features again are decidedly Malaysian—straight high nose with thin nostrils; forehead fairly high and well shaped; finely cut thin lips, and the narrow, though not slanting, eyes of the East. The hair is an oily jet-black, thick, and grows to a point on the forehead, in the style made known by Aguinaldo, and is kept neatly cut in a straight bristly pompadour. They do not care for the gaudy feather head-dresses of their savage neighbors—not even earrings,—and for head decoration are content with the brilliant bandanna of the trader, twisted and tied in a band about the head in very much the same manner as used by our own Apaches of Arizona. A band necklace of bright beads, strung and designed in simple patterns by their own women, on threads of wild cotton, is their only ornament. These are almost invariably worn by the men only and are tied tightly about the throat.

Another striking point about the Leccos, one in which they differ from all of the "barbaros," or the savages of the Amazon tributaries, is their muscular development. The barbaro in this respect is very deficient. He is strong almost beyond belief, but it is the strength of sinew and not of muscle. It is like the strength of the monkey, that is not made visible by the ordinary signs of muscular development.

The barbaro has no apparent deltoid, no biceps, no triceps, none of the finely developed muscles of the leg and thigh that with us make for strength. He is built like an undeveloped boy who has suddenly suffered from too rapid growth. The Leccos, on the contrary, are beautifully developed physically; knotted



LECCO CHILDREN BATHING



A FEAST OF MONKEYS AFTER A LECCO HUNT

muscles shift and play evenly under the soft skin and suggest a swift sureness of movement and a strength of endurance that are demanded in their life on the river.

The likeness of these people to the Malays is still further accented by their costume. They wear rather tight breeches of white tucuyo, a coarse muslin, that taper to the ankle, and above it a short shirt of a gaudy red, yellow, or blue, or even sometimes white, though the red is popularly regarded as the most aristocratic. The shirt is cut square with the armholes in the two upper corners. The hole for the head is emblazoned by a border of crude design cut from varied-colored calicos and sewed on. In the course of many days' association with them, I discovered that the little "chipa," or bag of native-woven wild cotton, which every Lecco carries with him on any of his river expeditions, is filled with clean clothing. The muddy water of the Rio Mapiri and the Rio Kaka—which the Mapiri becomes farther down—soils everything it touches; and so the Leccos, who are as much in the water as out of it, regularly changed their garments daily, only making an exception when

some extra-hard passages would have made it a useless extravagance.

In my contact with the South-American Indians, whether among the high plains of the Andes or among the forests drained by the tributaries of the Amazon, I received rather the impression of inert, passive races; of peoples who were patiently hoping for the return of the legendary days of their fathers, yet who, dimly, in some way felt that the hope was vain. It might poetically be interpreted as a vague consciousness of their doom of ultimate extinction. The Lecco is probably doomed to extinction as well, but he is by no means a despondent specimen. On the contrary, no more cheery, indeed hilarious, outfit can be imagined than that with which we embarked on our callapo at Mapiri. Candor compels me to own that this exuberance of spirits was probably largely alcoholic, for it is one of the few rights to which he clings tenaciously—that of being allowed to keep drunk while making a voyage on the river. For the Leccos will not work to any good purpose if kept sober; they feel that they have been defrauded and cheated of an inalienable right, and at the first convenient oppor-

tunity they will revenge the injury by running the callapo on a rock in a rapid, while they themselves will swim through it like otters and make the shore below safe and unrepentant. Unlike all other savages, who become treacherous and turbulent under the influence of liquor, the Lecco becomes even more genial and jovial when in his cups. He is preeminently a man of peace.

From the moment that we shoved out into the stream everything was a huge joke. If one slipped on the submerged logs of the callapo and floundered overboard, the rest hailed it with yells of delight, and they dug their heavy paddles into the water and tried to pull the callapo beyond his reach. The victim would dive and come up in some unexpected place, where the effect of the black pompadour and the beady eyes suddenly popping above the opaque depths of an eddy, followed by a damp, sheepish grin, was irresistibly funny. They are perfectly at home in the water, and will swim any rapid and the dangerous whirlpools that are constantly forming below them, without hesitation—places that it would be fatal for a white man to attempt. There is a story of a Lecco who went through the most dangerous of the rapids with his wife and baby and a mule—the mule and baby enclosed in a framework of palm amidships on the balsa, and the wife helping with a paddle at the stern. They made the passage safely, but it was the survival of the mule that excited their admiration.

It is on rivers like this that the Leccos are found, and their little huts are all built close to the water's edge. We first saw the cane houses about one hundred and fifty miles below Mapiri. From there they continue on down irregularly on the Rio Kaka—which name the Rio Mapiri takes after being joined by the Rio Tipuani and the Rio Coroico—to Chiniri, a rubber barraca some hundred miles farther on. There are, I believe, a few Lecco families scattered along the banks of the Rio Tipuani, a mountain torrent that rises up in the foot-hills in the country of the savage Yunca Indians. Perhaps five hundred would be a liberal estimate of the total number of Leccos in existence to-day, counting men, women, and children.

Their huts are one-roomed affairs with the floor of beaten clay, upon which, at night, are laid woven grass mats that serve as beds. The walls are of charo—a kind of poor relative of the bamboo—lashed to a slender framework of the same material by split strips of the mora. Stout posts sunk at the corners give the strength to support the roof. The huts are about ten by fifteen feet. The steep-pitched roof is thatched with split palm-leaves that render it water-proof even in the heavy tropical thunder-storms. A high broad shelf at one end serves as a second story and a place of storage. In some there is a low shelf of charo along one side that serves as the family bed, though these latter are only in the houses of the more ambitious Leccos. All cooking is done at one end over an open fire, the smoke escaping as best it may through the interstices between the layers of charo. A single door is the only opening. Near by is the little platino, or plantain-patch, and a few yuccas. A few scrawny chickens use the house as their headquarters, and are reserved for fiestas. A pot or two, purchased from the traders, complete the household equipment. Invariably they boil their food, even to the platinos that are so much better roasted. This is in striking contrast to the barbaros of the farther interior, who are without the knowledge of boiling food; they either eat it raw or roast it slightly.

The Lecco women are also as distinctly Malaysian in appearance as the men. They have fine figures and retain the free gracefulness of carriage of the nude savage, and, up to the time they are sixteen, if not absolutely pretty in feature, are distinctly pleasing. One, however, that I saw in the rubber barraca of Cai-malebra, living with a Bolivian refugee murderer, was an absolute beauty by any standards of comparison. They were living happily, and on one trip I enjoyed their hospitality for five days. The single garment of the women is an exaggeration of the Lecco shirt, reaching nearly to the ankles. It is pleasing in its effect, and sets off the graceful beauty of their figures in a way that recalls the simple fashions of the Hawaiian and Polynesian peoples. The women of other tribes are apt to adopt slatternly skirts after their introduction to the frontier civilization.



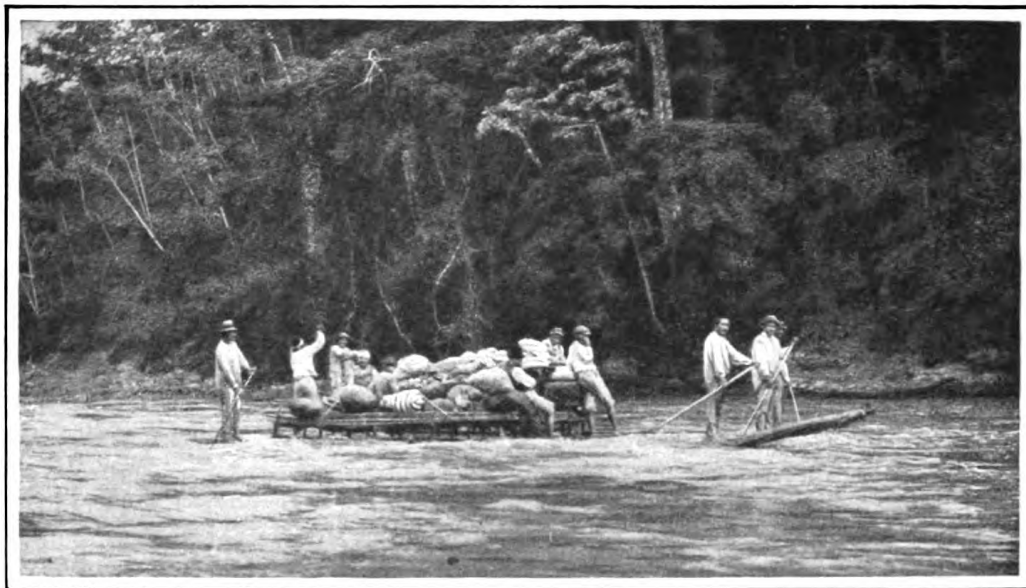
A RUBBER-TRADER AND HIS CREW

The girls are fully developed at fourteen, and they usually mate a year or so later with a Lecco boy of about their own age. The boy at that time is a full-fledged "balsero" and able to hold his own in the struggle with the river—their only test of the arrival at a man's estate.

Sometimes a mission priest comes down the river, and then, if the head of the family has prospered, there will be a grand fiesta and a marriage will be performed according to the rites of the Church. This will cost forty bolivians—about eighteen dollars—for the priest's fee, and considerably more for the drunken orgy that follows. To have been married according to the ceremonies of the Church is a great distinction, and also a rare one. Of any form or ceremonial that the Leccos may have had at one time, there is not a trace left. All vestiges of their own original superstitions have long disappeared. Nominally they are Catholics, and are claimed as such by the padres, but in reality they are

without religion or belief. The rites of baptism and marriage seem to appeal to them, but apparently more on the ground of the superior dignity that is lent to the following fiesta. Baptism is performed by any trader who happens to be passing on the river, and to their complete satisfaction, while his crew is impressed as godfathers. I was invited to perform it once, but declined, to their evident disappointment.

There are no ceremonies attending the death and burial of a Lecco. During the last illness the neighbors may drop in on a visit of sympathy, and cañassa will be handed around. When death occurs, one member of the family, the husband, son, or son-in-law, wraps the body in a piece of tucuyo, and carries it on his shoulder to a secluded place in the jungle, and there buries it. The slight mound above the grave is its only mark, and that disappears after the lapse of a season or two. Apparently there is no idea of spirits haunting these places, for



CALLAJO ABOVE THE RAPIDS OF THE DIABLO PINTADO

the Leccos pass them without hesitation after nightfall—something that the Cholos or half-breeds do not care to do.

The Lecco families are small. Two or, at the most, three babies are the rule, and it is not at all uncommon to find a childless family. Cañassa and the frequent drunken fiestas that are their only relaxation seem to be the means by which they are accomplishing the suicide of their race. Girl babies are preferred to boys; for when a daughter marries, her husband will eventually have to support her parents. But with a son it is recognized that his duty is to his wife and her people. The women are faithful to their men, if their men care for them and guard them; but if the men become careless or apparently indifferent, the women regard it as a tacit relinquishing of the rights of fidelity, and establish such casual relations as suit them.

With rare exceptions the men are, in effect, in a state of slavery. The debt system prevails, and they are easy victims. The trader spreads his gaudy stock of trade stuffs before the Lecco, and the Lecco buys recklessly whatever attracts him at the moment. The trader gives him full swing at first, and the Lecco gets himself heavily into debt. And that debt is allowed to the exact extent of each particular Lecco's value as a balsero or rub-

ber-picker. A well-to-do balsero has a debt of two thousand bolivians; poorer ones less. And the Leccos are valued as slaves in the terms of the debt. The Lecco never gets free from his debt.

Of his race the Lecco has no knowledge. He has no written language—not even primitive hieroglyphs or crude pictures. He is even without a primitive instrument for making music. To all questions about themselves, as to where their fathers lived before them, or as to where their fathers came from even before that, or to the flattering questions as to the time when the Leccos "were a great people," they have but one date to give. That is the "time of the Great Quina," when the bark of the quinine was worth a dollar and ten cents a pound, gold, on the river. This is their only date, and it was about sixty or seventy years ago.

They rigidly retain their own dialect, which they call the Riki-Riki, although they have acquired a Spanish patois in their dealing with the traders on the river. The Riki-Riki is strongly labial, though with many guttural sounds, and, like most barbaric tongues, is impossible to reproduce with our alphabet. The counting reduplicates systematically and on the basis of five, instead of ten as in our system.

The Marriage of William Ashe

BY MRS. HUMPHRY WARD

CHAPTER XXIII

"HOW strange!" thought the Dean, as he once more stepped back into the street to look at the front of the Home Secretary's house in Bruton Street. "He is certainly in town."

For, according to the *Times*, William Ashe the night before had been hotly engaged in the House of Commons fighting an important bill, of which he was in charge, through committee. Yet the blinds of the house in Bruton Street were all drawn, and the Dean had not yet succeeded in getting any one to answer the bell.

He returned to the attack, and this time a charwoman appeared. At sight of the Dean's legs and apron she dropped a curtsy, or something like one, informing him that they had workmen in the house and Mr. Ashe was "staying with her ladyship."

The Dean took the Tranmores' number in Park Lane and departed thither, not without a sad glance at the desolate hall behind the charwoman, and at the darkened windows of the drawing-room overhead. He thought of that May day two years before, when he had dropped in to lunch with Lady Kitty; his memory, equally effective whether it summoned the detail of an English chronicle, or the features of a face once seen, placed firm and clear before him the long-chinned fellow at Lady Kitty's left, to whose villainy that empty and forsaken house bore cruel witness. And the little lady herself,—what a radiant and ethereal beauty! Ah me! ah me!

He walked on in meditation, his hands behind his back. Even in this May London, the little Dean was capable of an abstracted spirit, and he had still much to think over. He had his appointment with Ashe. But Ashe had written—evidently in a press of business—from the House, and had omitted to mention his

temporary change of address. The Dean regretted it. He would rather have done his errand with Lady Kitty's injured husband on some neutral ground, and not in Lady Tranmore's house.

At Park Lane, however, he was immediately admitted.

"Mr. Ashe will be down directly, sir," said the butler, as he ushered the visitor into the commodious library on the ground floor which had witnessed for so long the death-in-life of Lord Tranmore. But now Lord Tranmore was bedridden up-stairs, with two nurses to look after him, and to judge from the aspect of the tables piled with letters and books, and from the armful of papers which a private secretary carried off with him as he disappeared before the Dean, Ashe was now fully at home in the room which had been his father's.

There was still a fire in the grate, and the small Dean, who was a chilly mortal, stood on the rug, looking nervously about him. Lord Tranmore had been in office himself, and the room with its bookshelves filled with volumes in worn calf bindings, its solid writing-tables and leather sofas, its candlesticks and inkstands of old silver, slender and simple in pattern, its well-worn Turkey carpet and its political portraits,—“The Duke,” Johnny Russell, Lord Althorp, Peel, Melbourne,—seemed, to the observer on the rug, steeped in the typical habit and reminiscence of English public life.

Well, if the father, poor fellow, had been distinguished in his day, the son had gone far beyond him. The Dean ruminated on a conversation wherewith he had just beguiled his cup of tea at the Athenæum—a conversation with one of the shrewdest members of Lord Parham's cabinet, a “new man,” and an enthusiastic follower of Ashe.

“Ashe is magnificent! At last our side has found its leader. Oh! Parham will disappear with the next appeal to the

country. He is getting too infirm! Above all, his eyes are nearly gone; his oculist, I hear, gives him no more than six months' sight, unless he throws up. Then Ashe will take his proper place, and if he doesn't make his mark on English history, I'm a Dutchman. Oh! of course that affair last year was an awful business,—the two affairs! When Parliament opened in February, there were some of us who thought that Ashe would never get through the session. A man so changed, so struck down, I have seldom seen. You remember what a handsome boy he was, up to last year even! Now he's a middle-aged man. All the same, he held on, and the House gave him that quiet sympathy and support that it can give when it likes a fellow. And gradually you could see the life come back into him,—and the ambition. By George! he did well in that trade-union business before Easter, and the bill that's on now,—it's masterly, the way in which he's piloting it through! The House positively likes to be managed by him; it's a sight worthy of our best political traditions. Oh yes, Ashe will go far; and, thank God, that wretched little woman—what has become of her, by the way?—has neither crushed his energy, nor robbed England of his services. But it was touch and go."

To all of which the Dean had replied little or nothing. But his heart had sunk within him; and the doubtfulness of a certain enterprise in which he was engaged had appeared to him in even more startling colors than before.

However, here he was. And suddenly, as he stood before the fire, he bowed his white head and said to himself a couple of verses from one of the psalms for the day:

Who will lead me into the strong city: who
will bring me into Edom?
O be thou our help in trouble: for vain is
the help of man.

The door opened; and the Dean straightened himself impetuously, every nerve tightening to its work.

"How do you do, my dear Dean?" said Ashe, enclosing the frail ascetic hand in both his own. "I trust I have not kept you waiting. My mother was with me.

Sit there, please: you will have the light behind you."

"Thank you. I prefer standing a little, if you don't mind,—and I like the fire."

Ashe threw himself into a chair, and shaded his eyes with his hand. The Dean noticed the strains of gray in his curly hair, and that aspect, as of something withered and wayworn, which had invaded the man's whole personality, balanced indeed by an intellectual dignity and distinction which had never been so commanding. It was as though the stern and constant wrestle of the mind had burnt away all lesser things,—the old easy grace, the old careless pleasure in life.

"I think you know," began the Dean, clearing his throat, "why I asked you to see me?"

"You wished, I think, to speak to me—about my wife," said Ashe, with difficulty.

Under his sheltering hand, his eyes looked straight before him into the fire.

The Dean fidgeted a moment, lifted a small Greek vase on the mantelpiece and set it down,—then turned round,—

"I heard from her ten days ago,—the most piteous letter. As you know, I had always a great regard for her. The news of last year was a sharp sorrow to me—as though she had been a daughter. I felt I must see her. So I put myself into the train and went to Venice."

Ashe started a little, but said nothing.

"Or rather to Treviso, for, as I think you know, she is there with Lady Alice."

"Yes, that I had heard."

The Dean paused again, then moved a little nearer to Ashe, looking down upon him.

"May I ask—stop me if I seem impertinent—how much you know of the history of the winter?"

"Very little!" said Ashe, in a low voice. "My mother got some information from the English consul at Trieste who is a friend of hers,—to whom, it seems, Lady Kitty applied; but it did not amount to much."

The Dean drew a small note-book from a breast pocket and looked at some entries in it.

"They seem to have reached Marinitza in November. If I understood aright, Lady Kitty had no maid with her?"

"No. The maid Blanche was sent home from Verona."

"How Lady Kitty ever got through the journey!—or the winter!" said the Dean, throwing up his hands. "Her health of course is irreparably injured. But that she did not die a thousand times over, of hardship and misery,—is the most astonishing thing! They were in a wretched village, nearly 4000 feet up, a village of wooden huts, with a wooden hospital. All the winter, nearly, they were deep in snow, and Lady Kitty worked as a nurse. Cliffe seems to have been away fighting, very often, and at other times came back to rest and see to supplies—"

"I understand she passed as his wife?" said Ashe.

The Dean made a sign of reluctant assent.

"They lived in a little house near the hospital. She tells me that after the first two months she began to loathe him, and she moved into the hospital to escape him. He tried at first to melt and propitiate her; but when he found that it was no use, and that she was practically lost to him, he changed his temper, and he might have behaved to her like the tyrant he is, but that her hold over the people among whom they were living, both on fighting-men and the women, had become by this time greater than his own. They adored her, and Cliffe dared not ill-treat her. And so it went on through the winter. Sometimes they were on more friendly terms than at others. I gather that when he showed his daredevil, heroic side she would relent to him, and talk as though she loved him. But she would never go back—to live with him; and that after a time alienated him completely. He was away more and more; and at last, she tells me, there was a handsome Bosnian girl,—and, well,—you can imagine the rest. Lady Kitty was so ill in March that they thought her dying, but she managed to write to this consul you spoke of at Trieste, and he sent up a doctor and a nurse. But this you probably know?"

"Yes," said Ashe, hoarsely. "I heard that she was apparently very ill when she reached Treviso, but that she had rallied under Alice's nursing. Lady Alice wrote to my mother."

"Did she tell Lady Tranmore anything

of Lady Kitty's state of mind?" said the Dean, after a pause.

Ashe also was slow in answering. At last he said,

"I understand there has been great regret for the past."

"Regret!" cried the Dean. "If ever there was a terrible case of the dealings of God with a human soul!—"

He began to walk up and down impetuously, wrestling with emotion.

"Did she give you any explanation," said Ashe, presently, in a voice scarcely audible—"of their meeting at Verona? You know, my mother believed—that she had broken with him—that all was saved. Then came a letter from the maid, written at Kitty's direction, to say that she had left her mistress—and they had started for Bosnia."

"No; I tried. But she seemed to shrink with horror from everything to do with Verona. I have always supposed that fellow in some way got the information he wanted—bought it no doubt—and pursued her. But that she honestly meant to break with him I have no doubt at all."

Ashe said nothing.

"Think," said the Dean, "of the effect of that man's sudden appearance—of his romantic and powerful personality—your wife alone, miserable—doubting your love for her—"

Ashe raised his hand, with a gesture of passion.

"If she had had the smallest love left for me, she could have protected herself! I had written to her—she knew—"

His voice broke. The Dean's face quivered.

"My dear fellow—God knows—" He broke off. When he recovered composure, he said:

"Let us go back to Lady Kitty. Regret is no word to express what I saw. She is consumed by remorse night and day. She is also still—as far as my eyes can judge—desperately ill. There is probably lung trouble, caused by the privations of the winter. And the whole nervous system is shattered."

Ashe looked up. His aspect showed the effect of the words.

"Every provision shall be made for her," he said, in a voice muffled and difficult. "Lady Alice has been told al-

ready to spare no expense,—to do everything that can be done.”

“There is only one thing that can be done for her,” said the Dean.

Ashe did not speak.

“There is only one thing that you or any one else could do for her,” the Dean repeated, slowly, “and that is to love—and forgive her!” His voice trembled.

“Was it her wish that you should come to me?” said Ashe, after a moment.

“Yes. I found her at first very despairing,—and extremely difficult to manage. She regretted she had written to me, and neither Lady Alice nor I could get her to talk. But one day”—the old man turned away, looking into the fire, with his back to Ashe, and with difficulty pursued his story—“one day, whether it was the sight of a paralyzed child that used to come to Lady Alice’s lace-class, or some impression from the service of the mass, to which she often goes in the early mornings with her sister, I don’t know, but she sent for me—and—and broke down entirely. She implored me to see you, and to ask you if she might live at Haggart, near the child’s grave. She told me that, according to every doctor she has seen, she is doomed, physically. But I don’t think she wants to work upon your pity. She herself declares that she has much more vitality than people think, and that the doctors may be all wrong. So that you are not to take that into account. But if you will so far forgive her as to let her live at Haggart, and occasionally to go and see her, that would be the only happiness to which she could now look forward, and she promises that she will follow your wishes in every respect, and will not hinder or persecute you in any way.”

Ashe threw up his hands in a melancholy gesture. The Dean understood it to mean a disbelief in the ability of the person promising to keep such an engagement. His face flushed—he looked uncertainly at Ashe.

“For my part,” he said, quickly, “I am not going to advise you for a moment to trust to any such promise.”

Rising from his seat, Ashe began to pace the room. The Dean followed him with his eyes, which kindled more and more.

“But,” he resumed, “I none the less

urge and implore you to grant Lady Kitty’s prayer.”

Ashe slightly shook his head. The little Dean drew himself together.

“May I speak to you—with a full frankness? I have known and loved you from a boy. And”—he stopped a moment, then said simply—“I am a Christian minister.”

Ashe, with a sad and charming courtesy, laid his hand on the old man’s arm.

“I can only be grateful to you,” he said, and stood waiting.

“At least you will understand me,” said the Dean. “You are not one of the small souls. Well—here it is! Lady Kitty has been an unfaithful wife. She does not attempt to deny or cover it. But in my belief she loves you still, and has always loved you. And when you married her, you must, I think, have realized that you were running no ordinary risks. The position and antecedents of her mother,—the bringing up of the poor child herself,—the wildness of her temperament, and the absence of anything like self-discipline and self-control, must surely have made you anxious? I certainly remember that Lady Tranmore was full of fears.”

He looked for a reply.

“Yes,” said Ashe, “I was anxious. Or rather I saw the risks clearly. But I was in love, and I thought that love could do everything.”

The Dean looked at him curiously—hesitated—and at last said:

“Forgive me. Did you take your task seriously enough?—did you give Lady Kitty all the help you might?”

The blue eyes scanned Ashe’s face. Ashe turned away, as though the words had touched a sore.

“I know very well,” he said, unsteadily, “that I seemed to you and others a weak and self-indulgent fool. All I can say is, it was not in me to play the tutor and master to my wife.”

“She was so young, so undisciplined,” said the Dean, earnestly. “Did you guard her as you might?”

A touch of impatience appeared in Ashe.

“Do you really think, my dear Dean,” he said, as he resumed his walk up and down, “that one human being has, ultimately, any decisive power over another?”

If so, I am more of a believer in—fate—or liberty—I am not sure which—than you.”

The Dean sighed.

“That you were infinitely good and loving to her we all know.”

“‘Good’—‘loving’?” said Ashe, under his breath, with a note of scorn. “I—”

He restrained himself, hiding his face as he hung over the fire.

There was a silence, till the Dean once more placed himself in Ashe’s path. “My dear friend—you saw the risks, and yet you took them! You made the vow ‘for better, for worse.’ My friend, you have, so to speak, lost your venture! But let me urge on you that the obligation remains!”

“What obligation?”

“The obligation to the life you took into your own hands,—to the soul you vowed to cherish,” said the Dean, with an apostolic and passionate earnestness.

Ashe stood before him, pale, and charged with resolution.

“That obligation—has been cancelled,—by the laws of your own Christian faith, no less than by the ordinary laws of society.”

“I do not so read it!” cried the Dean, with vivacity. “Men say so, ‘for the hardness of their hearts.’ But the divine pity which transformed men’s idea of marriage could never have meant to lay it down that in marriage alone there was to be no forgiveness.”

“You forget your text,” said Ashe, steadily. “‘Saving for the cause—’”

His voice failed him.

“Permissive!” was the Dean’s eager reply,—“permissive only. There are cases, I grant you,—cases of impenitent wickedness,—where the higher law is suspended, finds no chance to act,—where relief from the bond is itself mercy and justice. But the higher law is always there. You know the formula—‘It was said by them of old time—But I say unto you’—and then follows the new law of a new society. And so in marriage. If love has the smallest room to work—if forgiveness can find the narrowest foothold—love and forgiveness are imposed on—demanded of—the Christian!—here as everywhere else. Love and forgiveness,—*not* penalty and hate!”

“There is no question of hate—and—I doubt whether I am a Christian,” said Ashe, quietly, turning away.

The Dean looked at him a little askance—breathing fast.

“But you are a *heart*, William!” he said, using the privilege of his white hairs, speaking as he might have spoken to the Eton boys of twenty years before—“Aye, and one of the noblest. You gathered that poor thing into your arms—knowing what were the temptations of her nature, and she became the mother of your child. Now—alas! those temptations have conquered her. But she still turns to you—she still clings to you—and she has no one else. And if you reject her, she will go down unforgiven and despairing to the grave.”

For the first time Ashe’s lips trembled. But his speech was very quiet and collected.

“I must try and explain myself,” he said. “Why should we talk of forgiveness? It is not a word that I much understand, or that means much to men of my type and generation. I see what has happened in this way. Kitty’s conduct last year hit me desperately hard. It destroyed my private happiness, and but for the generosity of the best friends ever man had, it would have driven me out of public life. I warned her that the consequences of the Cliffe matter would be irreparable, and she still carried it through. She left me for that man,—and at a time when by her own action it was impossible for me to defend either her or myself. What course of action remained to me? I *did* remember her temperament, her antecedents, and the certainty that this man, whatever might be his moments of heroism, was a selfish and incorrigible brute in his dealings with women. So I wrote to her, through this same consul at Trieste. I let her know that if she wished it, and if there were any chance of his marrying her, I would begin divorce proceedings at once. She had only to say the word. If she did not wish it, I would spare her and myself the shame and scandal of publicity. And if she left him, I would make additional provision for her which would ensure her every comfort. She never sent a word of reply, and I have taken no steps. But as soon as I heard she was at Treviso I

wrote again,—or rather this time my lawyers wrote, suggesting that the time had come for the extra provision I had spoken of, which I was most ready and anxious to make."

He paused.

"And this," said the Dean, "is all? This is, in fact, your answer to me?"

Ashe made a sign of assent.

"Except," he added, with emotion, "that I have heard, only to-day, that if Kitty wishes it, her old friend Miss French will go out to her at once, nurse her, and travel with her as long as she pleases. Miss French's brother has just married, and she is at liberty. She is most deeply attached to Kitty, and as soon as she heard Lady Alice's report of her state, she forgot everything else. Can you not persuade—Kitty"—he looked up urgently—"to accept her offer?"

"I doubt it," said the Dean, sadly. "There is only one thing she pines for, and without it she will be a sick child crossed. Ah! well,—well! So to allow her to share your life again—however humbly and intermittently—is impossible?"

It seemed to the Dean that a shudder passed through the man beside him.

"Impossible," said Ashe, sharply. "But not only for private reasons."

"You mean your public duty stands in the way?"

"Kitty left me of her own free will. I have put my hand to the plough again,—and I cannot turn back. You can see for yourself that I am not at my own disposal,—I belong to my party, to the men with whom I act, who have behaved to me with the utmost generosity."

"Of course Lady Kitty could no longer share your public life. But at Haggart—in seclusion?"

"You know what her personality is—how absorbing—how impossible to forget! No,—if she returned to me, on any terms whatever, all the old conditions would begin again. I should inevitably have to leave politics."

"And that—you are not prepared to do?"

The Dean wondered at his own audacity, and a touch of proud surprise expressed itself in Ashe.

"I should have preferred to put it

that I have accepted great tasks and heavy responsibilities—and that I am not my own master."

The Dean watched him closely. Across the field of imagination there passed the figure of one who "went away sorrowful, having great possessions," and his heart—the heart of a child or a knight errant—burned within him.

But before he could speak again the door of the room opened, and a lady in black entered. Ashe turned towards her.

"Do you forbid me, William?" she said, quietly,—“or may I join your conversation?"

Ashe held out his hand and drew her to him. Lady Tranmore greeted her old friend the Dean, and he looked at her, overcome with emotion and doubt.

"You have come to us at a critical moment," he said,—“and I am afraid you are against me."

She asked what they had been discussing, though indeed, as she said, she partly guessed. And the Dean, beginning to be shaken in his own cause, repeated his pleadings with a sinking heart. They sounded to him stranger and less persuasive than before. In doing what he had done he had been influenced by an instinctive feeling that Ashe would not treat the wrong done him as other men might treat it; that, to put it at the least, he would be able to handle it with an ethical originality, to separate himself in dealing with it from the mere weight of social tradition. Yet now as he saw the faces of the mother and son together,—the mother leaning on the son's arm,—and realized all the strength of the social ideas which they represented, even though, in Ashe's case, there had been a certain individual flouting of them, futile and powerless in the end,—the Dean gave way.

"There—there!" he said, as he finished his plea, and Lady Tranmore's sad gravity remained untouched. "I see you both think me a dreamer of dreams!"

"Nay, dear friend!" said Lady Tranmore, with the melancholy smile which lent still further beauty to the refined austerity of her face; "these things seem possible to you, because you are the soul of goodness—"

"And a pious old fool to boot!" said the Dean, impatiently. "But I am will—"

ing—like St. Paul and my betters—to be a fool for Christ's sake. Lady Tranmore! are you or are you not a Christian?"

"I hope so," she said, with composure, while her cheek flushed. "But our Lord did not ask impossibilities. He knew there were limits to human endurance—and human pardon—though there might be none to God's."

"Be ye perfect, as your Father which is in heaven is perfect," cried the Dean. "Where are the limits there?"

"There are other duties in life besides that to a wife who has betrayed her husband," she said, steadily. "You ask of William what he has not the strength to give. His life was wrecked, and he has pieced it together again. And now he has given it to his country. That poor guilty child has no claim upon it."

"But understand," said Ashe, interposing, with an energy that seemed to express the whole man,—“while I live, *everything*—short of what you ask,—that can be done to protect or ease her, shall be done.—Tell her that."

His features worked painfully. The Dean took up his hat and stick.

"And may I tell her too," he said, pausing, "that you forgive her?"

Ashe hesitated.

"I do not believe," he said at last, "that she would attach any more meaning to that word than I do. She would think it unreal. What's done is done."

The Dean's heart leapt up in the typical Christian challenge to the fatal and the irrevocable. While life lasts the lost sheep can always be sought and found; and love, the mystical wine, can always be poured into the wounds of the soul, healing and re-creating! But he said no more. He felt himself humiliated and defeated.

Ashe and Lady Tranmore took leave of him with an extreme gentleness and affection. He would almost rather they had treated him ill. Yes, he was an optimist and a dreamer!—one who had indeed never grappled in his own person with the worst poisons and corrosions of the soul. Yet still, as he passed along the London streets—marked here and there by the newspaper placards which announced Ashe's committee triumphs of

the night before—he was haunted anew by the immortal words:

"One thing thou lackest," . . . "and come, follow me!"

Ah!—could he have done such a thing himself? or was he merely the scribe carelessly binding on other men's shoulders things grievous to be borne? The answering passion of his faith mounted within him,—joined with a scorn for the easy conditions and happy scholarly pursuits of his own life,—and a thirst, which in the early days of Christendom would have been a thirst for witness and for martyrdom.

Three days later the Dean,—a somewhat shrunken and diminished figure, in ordinary clerical dress, without the buckles and silk stockings that typically belonged to him,—stood once more at the entrance of a small villa, outside the Venetian town of Treviso.

He was very weary, and as he sought disconsolately through all his pockets for the wherewithal to pay his fly, while the spring rain pattered on his wide-awake, he produced an impression, as of some delicate, dragged thing, which would certainly have gone to the heart of his adoring wife could she have beheld it. The Dean's ways were not Sybaritic. He pecked at food and drink like a bird; his clothes never caused him a moment's thought; and it seemed to him a waste of the night to use it for sleeping. But none the less did he go through life finely looked after. Mrs. Winston dressed him, took his tickets, and paid his cabs, and without her it was an arduous matter for the Dean to arrive at any destination whatever. As it was, in the journey from Paris he had lost one of the two bags which Mrs. Winston had packed for him, and he looked remorsefully at the survivor as it was deposited on the steps beside him.

It did not, however, remain on the steps. For when Lady Alice's maid-housekeeper appeared, she informed the Dean, with a certain flurry of manner, that the ladies were not at home. They had gone off that morning—suddenly—to Venice, leaving a letter for him, should he arrive.

"*Fermate!*" cried the Dean, turning

towards the cab, which was trailing away, and the man, who had been scandalously overpaid, came back with alacrity, while the Dean stepped in to read the letter.

When he came out again, he was very pale, and in a great haste. He bade the man replace the bag and drive him at once to the railway station.

On the way thither he murmured to himself, "Horrible!—horrible!"—and both the letter and a newspaper which had been enclosed in it shook in his hands.

He had half an hour to wait before the advent of the evening train for Venice, and he spent it in a quiet corner, poring over the newspaper. And not that newspaper only, for he presently became aware that all the small, ill-printed sheets offered him by an old news-vender in the station were full of the same news, and some with later detail,—nay, that the people walking up and down in the station were eagerly talking of it.

An Englishman had been assassinated in Venice. It seemed that a body had been discovered early on the preceding morning floating in one of the small canals connecting the Fondamente Nuove with the Grand Canal. It had been stabbed in three places; two of the wounds must have been fatal. The papers in the pocket identified the murdered man as the famous English traveller, poet, and journalist, Mr. Geoffrey Cliffe. Mr. Cliffe had just returned from an arduous winter in the Balkans, where he had rendered superb service to the cause of the Bosnian insurgents. He was well known in Venice, and the terrible event had caused a profound sensation there. No clue to the outrage had yet been obtained. But Mr. Cliffe's purse and watch had not been removed.

The Dean arrived in Venice by the midnight train, and went to the hotel on the Riva whither Lady Alice had directed him. She was still up, waiting to see him, and in the dark passage outside Kitty's door she told him what she knew of the murder. It appeared that late that night a startling arrest had been made,—of no less a person than the Signorina Ricci, the well-known actress of the Apollo theatre, and of two men supposed to have been hired by her for the deed. This news was still unknown

to Kitty,—she was in bed, and her companion had kept it from her.

"How is she?" asked the Dean.

"Frightfully excited,—or else dumb. She let me give her something to make her sleep. Strangely enough, she said to me this morning on the way from Treviso, 'It is a woman!—and I know her.'"

The following day, when the Dean entered the dingy hotel sitting-room, a thin figure in black came hurriedly out of the bedroom beside it, and Kitty caught him by the hand.

"Isn't it horrible?" she said, staring at him with her changed, dark-rimmed eyes. "She tried once, in Bosnia. One of the Italians who came out with us—she had got hold of him.—Do you think—he suffered?"

Her voice was quite quiet. The Dean shuddered.

"One of the stabs was in the heart," he said. "But try and put it from you, Lady Kitty. Sit down." He touched her gently on the shoulder.

Kitty nodded.

"Ah, then," she said, "*then* he couldn't have suffered—could he? I am glad."

She let the Dean put her in a chair, and clasping her hands round her knees, she seemed to pursue her own thoughts.

Her aspect affected him almost beyond bearing. Ashe's brilliant wife?—London's spoilt child?—this withered, tragic little creature, of whom it was impossible to believe that, in years, she was not yet twenty-four? So bewildered in mind, so broken in nerve was she, that it was not till he had sat with her some time, now entering perforce into the cloud of horror that brooded over her, now striving to drag her from it, that she asked him about his visit to England.

He told her, in a faltering voice.

She received it very quietly, even with a little, queer, twisting laugh.

"I thought he wouldn't. Was Lady Tranmore there?"

The Dean replied that Lady Tranmore had been there.

"Ah, then of course there was no chance," said Kitty. "When one is as good as that, one never forgives."

She looked up quickly. "Did William say he forgave me?"

The Dean hesitated.

"He said a great deal that was kind and generous."

A slight spasm passed over Kitty's face.

"I suppose he thought it ridiculous to talk of forgiving. So did I—once."

She covered her eyes with her hands,—removing them to say impatiently:

"One can't go on being sorry every moment of the day. No, one can't! Why are we made so? William would agree with me there."

"Dear Lady Kitty!" said the Dean, tenderly, "God forgives—and with Him there is always hope and fresh beginning."

Kitty shook her head.

"I don't know what that means," she said. "I wonder whether"—she looked at him with a certain piteous and yet affectionate malice,—"*if you'd been as deep as I, whether you'd know.*"

The Dean flushed. The hidden wound stung again. Had he, then, no right to speak? He felt himself the elder son of the parable—and hated himself anew.

But he was a Christian, on his Master's business. He must obey orders, even though he could feel no satisfaction, or belief in himself,—though he seem to himself such a shallow and perfunctory person. He did his tender best for Kitty. He spent his loving, enthusiastic, pitiful soul upon her; and while he talked to her she sat with her hands crossed on her lap, and her eyes wandering through the open window to the forest of masts outside, and the dancing wavelets of the lagoon. When at last he spoke of the further provision Ashe wished to make for her, when he implored her to summon Margaret French, she shook her head. "I must think what I shall do," she said, quietly, and a minute afterwards with a flash of her old revolt—"He cannot prevent my going to Harry's grave!"

Early the following morning the murdered man was carried to the cemetery at San Michele. In spite of some attempt on the part of the police to keep the hour secret, half Venice followed the black-draped barca which bore that flawed poet and dubious hero to his rest.

It was a morning of exceeding beauty. On the mean and solitary front of the Casa dei Spiriti there shone a splendor of light; the lagoon was azure and gold;

the mainland a mist of trees in their spring leaf; while far away the cypresses of San Francesco, the slender tower of Torcello, and the long line of Murano,—and farther still the majestic wall of silver Alps,—greeted the eyes that loved them, as the ear is soothed by the notes of a glorious and yet familiar music.

Amid the crowd of gondolas that covered the shallow stretch of lagoon between the northernmost houses of Venice and the island graveyard there was one which held two ladies. Alice Wensleydale was there against her will, and her pinched and tragic face showed her repulsion and irritation. She had endeavored in vain to dissuade Kitty from coming; but in the end she had insisted on accompanying her. Possibly as the boat glided over the water amid a crowd of laughing, chattering Italians, the silent Englishwoman was asking herself what was to be the future of the trust she had taken on herself. Kitty in her extremity had remembered her half-sister's promise, and had thrown herself upon it. But a few weeks' experience had shown that they were strange and uncongenial to each other. There was no true affection between them,—only a certain haunting instinct of kindred. And even this was weakened or embittered by those memories in Alice's mind, which Kitty could never approach, and Alice never forget. What was she to do with her half-sister, stranded and dishonored as she was?—How content or comfort her?—How live her own life beside her?

Kitty sat silent, her eyes fixed upon the barca which held the coffin under its pall. Her mind was the scene of an infinite number of floating and fragmentary recollections; of the day when she and Cliffe had followed the *murazzi* towards the open sea; of the meeting at Verona; of the long winter, with its hardship and its horror; and that hatred and contempt which had sprung up between them. Could she love no one, cling faithfully to no one? And now the restless brain, the vast projects, the mixed nature, the half-greatness of the man, had been silenced,—crushed—in a moment, by the stroke of a knife. He had been killed by a jealous woman,—because of his supposed love for another woman, whose abhorrence, in truth, he had earned in a

few short weeks. There was something absurd mingled with the horror—as though one watched the prank of a demon.

Her sensuous nature was tormented by the thought of the last moment. Had he had time to feel despair—the thirst for life? She prayed not. She thought of the Sunday afternoon at Grosville Park, when they had tried to play billiards, and Lord Grosville had come down on them; or she saw him sitting opposite to her, at supper, on the night of the fancy ball, in the splendid Titian dress, while she gloated over the thoughts of the trick she had played on Mary Lyster;—or bending over her, when she woke from her swoon at Verona. Had she ever really loved him for one hour?—and if not, what possible excuse, before gods or men, was there for this ugly, self-woven tragedy into which she had brought herself and him,—merely because her vanity could not bear that William had not been able to love her, for long, far above all her deserts?

William! Her heart leapt in her breast. He was thirty-six—and she not twenty-four. A strange and desolate wonder overtook her, as the thought seized her of the years they might still spend on the same earth,—members of the same country, breathing the same air—and yet forever separate. Never to see him—or speak to him again!—the thought stirred her imagination, as it were, while it tortured her; there was in it a certain luxury and romance of pain.

Thus, as she followed Cliffe to his last blood-stained rest, did her mind sink in dreams of Ashe,—and in the dismal reckoning up of all that she had so lightly and inconceivably lost. Sometimes she found herself absorbed in a kind of angry marvelling at the strength of the old moral commonplaces.

It had been so easy and so exciting to defy them. Stones which the builders of life reject,—do they still avenge themselves in the old way? There was a kind of rage in the thought.

On the way home, Kitty expressed a wish to go into St. Mark's alone. Lady Alice left her there, and in the shadow of the atrium Kitty looked at her strangely, and kissed her.

An hour after Lady Alice had reached the hotel, a letter was brought to her.

In it Kitty bade her—and the Dean—farewell, and asked that no effort should be made to track her. "I am going to friends—where I shall be safe and at peace. Thank you both with all my heart. Let no one think about me any more."

Of course they disobeyed her. They made what search in Venice they could, without rousing a scandal, and Ashe rushed out to join it, using the special means at a minister's disposal. But it was fruitless. Kitty vanished like a wraith in the dawn; and the living world of action and affairs knew her no more.

CHAPTER XXIV

"WELL, I must have a carriage!" said William Ashe to the landlord of one of the coaching inns of Domo Dossola,—“and if you can't give me one for less, I suppose I shall have to pay this most ridiculous charge. Tell the man to put to at once.”

The landlord who owned the carriages, and would be sitting snugly at home while the peasant on the box faced the elements in consideration of a large number of extra francs to his master, retired with a deferential smile, and told Emilio to bring the horses.

Meanwhile Ashe finished an indifferent dinner, paid a large bill, and went out to survey the preparations for departure, so far as the pelting rain in the courtyard would let him. He was going over the Simplon, starting rather late in the day, and the weather was abominable. His valet Richard Dell kept watch over the luggage and encouraged the ostlers, with a fairly stoical countenance. He was an old traveller, and though he would have preferred not to travel in a deluge, he disliked Italy, as a country of sour wine, and would be glad to find himself across the Alps. Moreover, he knew the decision of his master's character, and being a man of some ability and education, he took a pride in the loftiness of the affairs on which Ashe was generally engaged. If Mr. Ashe said that he *must* get to Geneva the following morning, and to London the morning after, on important business,—why, he *must*, and it was no good talking about weather.

They rattled off through the streets of Domo Dossola, Dell in front with the

driver, under a water-proof hood and apron, Ashe in the closed landau behind, with a plentiful supply of books, newspapers, and cigars to while away the time.

At Isella, the frontier village, he took advantage of the custom-house formalities and of a certain lull in the storm to stroll a little in front of the inn. On the Italian side, looking east, there was a certain wild lifting of the clouds, above the lower course of the stream descending from the Gondo ravine; upon the distant meadows and mountain slopes that marked the opening of the Tosa valley, storm-lights came and went, like phantom deer chased by the storm-clouds; beside him, the swollen river thundered past, seeking a thirsty Italy; and behind, over the famous Gondo cleft, lay darkness and a pelting tumult of rain.

Ashe turned back to the carriage, bidding a silent farewell to a country he did not love; a country mainly significant to him of memories which rose like a harsh barrier between his present self and a time when he too flouted life carelessly like other men, and found every hour delightful. Never, as long as he lived, should he come willingly to Italy. But his mother this year had fallen into such an exhaustion of body and mind, caused by his father's long agony, that he had persuaded her to let him carry her over the Alps to Stresa,—a place she had known as a girl and of which she often spoke,—for a Whitsuntide holiday. He himself was no longer in office. A coalition between the Tories and certain dissident Liberals had turned out Lord Parham's government in the course of a stormy autumn session, some eight months before. It had been succeeded by a weak administration, resting on two or three loosely knit groups,—with Ashe as leader of the Opposition. Hence his comparative freedom and the chance to be his mother's escort.

But at Stresa he had been overtaken by some startling political news—news which seemed to foreshadow an almost immediate change of ministry; and urgent telegrams bade him return at once. The coalition on which the government relied had broken down; the resignation of its chief—a “transient and embarrassed phantom”—was imminent; and it was practically certain, in

the singular dearth of older men on his own side, since the retirement of Lord Parham, that within a few weeks if not days Ashe would be called upon to form an administration. . . .

The carriage was soon on its way again, and presently in the darkness of the superb ravine that stretches west and north from Gondo, the tumult of wind and water was such that even Ashe's slackened pulses felt the excitement of it. He left the carriage, and wrapped in a water-proof cape, breasted the wind along the water's edge. Wordsworth's magnificent lines in the “Prelude,” dedicated to this very spot, came back to him, as to one who in these later months had been able to renew some of the literary habits and recollections of earlier years.

Tumult and peace, the darkness and the light!

But here on this wild night were only tumult and darkness; and if Nature in this aspect were still to be held, as Wordsworth makes her, the Voice and Apocalypse of God, she breathed a power pitiless and terrible to man. The fierce stream below, the tiny speck made by the carriage and horses straining against the hurricane of wind, the forests on the farther bank climbing to endless heights of rain, the flowers in the rock crannies, lashed and torn, the gloom and chill which had thus blotted out a June evening—all these impressions were impressions of war, of struggle and attack, of forces unfriendly and overwhelming.

A certain restless and melancholy joy in the challenge of the storm, indeed, Ashe felt, as many another strong man has felt before him, in a similar emptiness of heart. But it was because of the mere provocation of physical energy which it involved; not, as it would have been with him in youth, because of the infinitude and vastness of nature, breathing power and expectation into man:

Effort, and expectation and desire,—
And something evermore about to be!

He flung the words upon the wind, which scattered them as soon as they were uttered, merely that he might give them a bitter denial, reject for himself, now and always, the temper they expressed. He had known it well, none

better!—gone to bed and risen up with it—the mere joy in the “mere living.” It had seasoned everything, twined round everything, great and small; a day’s trout-fishing or deer-stalking; a new book, a friend, a famous place; then politics, and the joys of power.

Gone! Here he was, hurrying back to England, to take perhaps in his still young hand the helm of her vast fortunes; and of all the old “expectation and desire,” the old passion of hope, the old sense of the magic that lies in things unknown and ways untrodden, he seemed to himself now incapable. He would do his best, and without the political wrestle life would be too trifling to be borne; but the relish and the savor were gone, and all was gray.

Ah!—he remembered one or two storm-walks with Kitty in their engaged or early married days,—in Scotland chiefly. As he trudged up this Swiss pass, he could see stretches of Scotch heather under drifting mist, and feel a little figure in its tweed dress flung suddenly by the wind and its own soft will against his arm. And then, the sudden embrace, and the wet, fragrant cheek, and her voice,—mocking and sweet!

Oh! God, where was she now? The shock of her disappearance from Venice had left in some ways a deeper mark upon him than even the original catastrophe. For who that had known her could think of such a being, alone, in a world of strangers, without a peculiar dread and anguish? That she was alive he knew, for her five hundred a year—and she had never accepted another penny from him since her flight—was still drawn on her behalf by a banking firm in Paris. His solicitors, since the failure of their first efforts to trace her after Cliffe’s death, had made repeated inquiries; Ashe had himself gone to Paris to see the bankers in question. But he was met by their solemn promise to Kitty to keep her secret inviolate. Madame d’Estrées supplied him with the name of the convent in which Kitty had been brought up; but the Mother Superior denied all knowledge of her. Meanwhile, no course of action on Kitty’s part could have restored her so effectually to her place in Ashe’s imagination. She haunted his days and

nights. So also did his memory of the Dean’s petition. Insensibly, without argument, the whole attitude of his mind thereto had broken down; since he had been out of office, and his days and nights were no longer absorbed in the detail of administration and Parliamentary leadership, he had been the defenceless prey of grief; yearning and pity and agonized regret, rising from the deep subconscious self, had overpowered his first recoil and determination; and in the absence of all other passionate hope, the one desire and dream which still lived warm and throbbing at his heart was the dream that still in some crowd, or loneliness, he might again, before it was too late, see Kitty’s face and the wildness of Kitty’s eyes.

And he believed much the same process had taken place in his mother’s feeling. She rarely spoke of Kitty; but when she did the doubt and soreness of her mind were plain. Her own life had grown very solitary. And in particular the old friendship between her and Polly Lyster had entirely ceased to be. Lady Tranmore shivered when she was named, and would never herself speak of her if she could help it. Ashe had tried in vain to make her explain herself. Surely it was incredible that she could in any way blame Mary for the incident at Verona! Ashe of course remembered the passage in his mother’s letter from Venice, and they had the maid Blanche’s report to Lady Tranmore, of Kitty’s intentions when she left Venice, of her terror when Cliffe appeared,—of her swoon. But he believed with the Dean that any treacherous servant could have brought about the catastrophe. Vincenzo, one of the gondoliers who took Kitty to the station, had seen the luggage labelled for Verona; no doubt Cliffe had bribed him; and this explanation was indeed suggested to Lady Tranmore by the maid. His mother’s suspicion,—if indeed she entertained it,—was so hideous that Ashe, finding it impossible to make his own mind harbor it for an instant, was harrowed by the mere possibility of its existence; as though it represented some hidden sore of consciousness that refused either to be probed or healed.

As he labored on against the storm, all thought of his present life and activ-

ities dropped away from him; he lived entirely in the past. "What is it in me," he thought, "that has made the difference between my life and that of other men I know—that weakened me so with Kitty?" He canvassed his own character, as a third person might have done.

The Christian, no doubt, would say that his married life had failed because God had been absent from it, because there had been in it no consciousness of higher law, of compelling grace.

Ashe pondered what such things might mean. "The Christian—in speculative belief—fails under the challenge of life as often as other men. Surely it depends on something infinitely more primitive and fundamental than Christianity?—something out of which Christianity itself springs? But this something,—does it really exist,—or am I only cheating myself by fancying it? Is it, as all the sages have said, the pursuit of some eternal good, the identification of the self with it,—the 'dying to live'? And is this the real meaning at the heart of Christianity?—at the heart of all religion?—the everlasting meaning, let science play what havoc it please with outward forms and statements?"

Had he, perhaps, *doubted the soul*?

He groaned aloud. "O my God, what matter that I should grow wise—if Kitty is lost and desolate?"

And he trampled on his own thoughts,—feeling them a mere hypocrisy and offence.

As they left the Gondo ravine and began to climb the zigzag road to the Simplon inn, the storm grew still wilder, and the driver with set lips and dripping face urged his patient beasts against a deluge. The road ran rivers; each torrent, carefully channelled, that passed beneath it brought down wood and soil in choking abundance; and Ashe watched the downward push of the rain on the high, exposed banks above the carriage. Once they passed a fragment of road which had been washed away; the driver, pointing to it, said something sulkily about "*frane*" on the "other side."

This bad moment, however, proved to be the last and worst, and when they emerged upon the high valley in which stands the village of Simplon, the rain was already lessening and the clouds

rolling up the great sides and peaks of the Fletschhorn. Ashe promised himself a comparatively fine evening and a rapid run down to Brieg.

Outside the old Simplon posting-house, however, they presently came upon a crowd of vehicles of every description, of which the drivers were standing in groups with dripping rugs across their shoulders,—shouting and gesticulating.

And as they drove up, the news was thundered at them in every possible tongue. Between the hospice and Berizal two hundred metres of road had been completely washed away. The afternoon diligence had just got through by a miracle an hour before the accident occurred; before anything else could pass it would take at least ten or twelve hours' hard work, through the night, before the laborers now being requisitioned by the commune could possibly provide even a temporary passage.

Ashe in despair went into the inn to speak with the landlord, and found that unless he was prepared to abandon books and papers, and make a push for it over mountain paths covered deep in fresh snow, there was no possible escape from the dilemma. He must stay the night. The navvies were already on their way; and as soon as ever the road was passable he should know. For not even a future Prime Minister of England could Herr Ludwig do more.

He and Dell went gloomily up the narrow stone stairs of the inn to look at the bedrooms, which were low-roofed and primitive, penetrated everywhere by the roar of a stream which came down close behind the inn. Through the open door of one of the rooms Ashe saw the foaming mass, framed as it were in a window, and almost in the house.

He chose two small rooms looking on the street, and bade Dell get a fire lit in one of them, a bed moved out, an arm-chair moved in, and as large a table set for him as the inn could provide, while he took a stroll before dinner. He had some important letters to answer, and he pointed out to Dell the bag which contained them.

Then he stepped out into the muddy street, which was still a confusion of horses, vehicles, and men, and turning up a path behind the inn, was soon in

solitude. An evening of splendor! Nature was still in a tragic, declamatory mood—sending piled thunder-clouds of dazzling white across a sky extravagantly blue, and throwing on the high snow-fields and craggy tops a fierce flame-colored light. The valley was resonant with angry sound, and the village, now in shadow, with its slender, crumbling campanile, seemed like a cowering thing over which the eagle has passed.

The grandeur and the freshness, the free elemental play of stream and sky and mountain, seized upon a man in whom the main impulses of life were already weary, and filled him with an involuntary physical delight. He noticed the flowers at his feet, in the drenched grass which was already lifting up its battered stalks, and along the margins of the streams; deep blue columbines, white lilies, and yellow anemones. Incomparable beauty lived and breathed in each foot of pasture; and when he raised his eyes from the grass they fed on visionary splendors of snow and rock, stretching into the heavens.

No life visible. Except a line of homing cattle, led by a little girl with tucked-up skirt and bare feet. And—in the distance—the slender figure of a woman walking,—stopping often to gather a flower,—or to rest? Not a woman of the valley, clearly. No doubt a traveller weather-bound like himself at the inn. He watched the figure a little, for some vague grace of movement that seemed to enter into and make a part of that high beauty in which the scene was steeped; but it disappeared behind a fold of pasture, and he did not see it again.

In spite of the multitude of vehicles gathered about the inn there were not so many guests in the *salle-à-manger*, when Ashe entered it, as he had expected. He supposed that a majority of these vehicles must be return carriages from Brieg. Still, there was much clatter of talk and plates, and German seemed to be the prevailing tongue. Except for a couple whom Ashe took to be a Genevese professor and his wife, there was no lady in the room.

He lingered somewhat late at table, toying with his orange and reading a *Journal de Genève* captured from a neighbor, which contained an excellent

"London letter." The room emptied. The two Swiss handmaidens came in to clear away soiled linen and arrange the tables for the morning's coffee. Only at a farther table, a *couvert* for one person, set by itself, remained still untouched.

He happened to be alone in the room when the door again opened and a lady entered. She did not see him behind his newspaper, and she walked languidly to the farther table and sat down. As she did so, she was seized with a fit of coughing, and when it was over she leaned her head on her hands, gasping.

Ashe had half risen; the newspaper was crushed in his hand; when the Swiss waitress, whom the men of the inn called Fräulein Anna,—who was indeed the daughter of the landlord,—came back.

"How are you, madame?" she said, with a smile, and in a slow English, of which she was evidently proud.

"I'm better to-day," said the other, hastily. "I shall start to-morrow. What a noise there is to-night!" she added, in a tone both fretful and weary.

"We are so full,—it is the accident to the road, madame. Will madame have a *thé complet* as before?"

The lady nodded, and Fräulein Anna, who evidently knew her ways, brought in the tea at once, stayed chatting beside her for a minute, and then departed, with a long disapproving look at the gentleman in the corner who was so long over his coffee and would not let her clear away.

Ashe made a fierce effort to still the thumping in his breast and decide what he should do. For the guests there was only one door of entrance or exit, and to reach it he must pass close beside the newcomer.

He laid down his newspaper. She heard the rustling, and involuntarily looked round.

There was a slight sound,—an exclamation. She rose. He heard and saw her coming, and sat tranced and motionless, his eyes bent upon her. She came tottering, clinging to the chairs, her hand on her side, till she reached the corner where he was.

"William!" she said, with a little glad sob, under her breath,—*"William!"*

He himself could not speak. He stood there gazing at her, his lips moving with-

out sound. It seemed to him that she turned her head a moment, as though to look for some one beside him,—with an exquisite tremor of the mouth.

"Isn't it strange?" she said, in the same guarded voice. "I had a dream once,—a valley—and mountains—and an inn. You sat here—just like this—and—"

She put up her hands to her eyes a moment, shivered, and withdrew them. From her expression she seemed to be waiting for him to speak. He moved and stood beside her.

"Where can we talk?" he said, with difficulty.

She shook her head vaguely, looking round her with that slight frown, complaining and yet sweet, which was like a touch of fire on memory.

The waitress came back into the room.

"It is odd to have met you here!" said Kitty, in a laughing voice. "Let us go into the Salon de Lecture. The maids want to clear away. Please bring your newspaper."

Fräulein Anna looked at them with a momentary curiosity, and went on with her work. They passed into the passage-way outside, which was full of smokers overflowing from the crowded room beyond, where the humbler frequenters of the inn ate and drank.

Kitty glanced round her in bewilderment. "The Salon de Lecture will be full too. Where shall we go?" she said, looking up.

Ashe's hand clenched as it hung beside him. The old gesture—and the drawn, emaciated face—they pierced the heart.

"I told my servant to arrange me a sitting-room up-stairs," he said, hurriedly, in her ear. "Will you go up first?—No. 10."

She nodded, and began slowly to mount the stairs, coughing as she went. The man whom Ashe had taken for a Genevese professor looked after her, glanced at his neighbor, and shrugged his shoulders. "Phthisique," he said, with a note of pity. The other nodded. "Et d'un type très-avancé!"

They moved towards the door and stood looking into the night, which was dark with intermittent rain. Ashe studied a map of the commune which hung on the

wall beside him, till at a moment when the passage had become comparatively clear he turned and went up-stairs.

The door of his improvised *salon* was ajar. Beyond it, his valet was coming out of his bedroom, with wet clothes over his arm. Ashe hesitated. But the man had been with him through the greater part of his married life, and was a good heart. He beckoned him back into the room he was leaving and the two stepped inside.

"Dell, my good fellow, I want your help. I have just met my wife here—Lady Kitty.—You understand.—Neither of us of course had any idea.—Lady Kitty is very ill. We wish to have a conversation—uninterrupted. I trust you to keep guard."

The young man, son of one of the Haggart gardeners, started and flushed, then gave his master a look of sympathy.

"I'll do my best, sir."

Ashe nodded and went back to the next room. He closed the door behind him. Kitty, who was sitting by the fire, half rose. Their eyes met. Then with a stifled cry he flung himself down, kneeling beside her, and she sank into his arms. His tears fell on her face, anguish and pity overwhelmed him.

"You may!" she said, brokenly, putting up her hand to his cheek and kissing him,—“you may! I'm not mad or wicked now,—and I'm dying."

Agonized murmurs of love, pardon, self-abasement, passed between them. It was as though a great stream bore them on its breast; an awful and majestic power enwrapped them, and made each word, each kiss, wonderful, sacramental. He drew himself away at last, holding her hair back from her brow and temples, studying her features, his own face convulsed.

"Where have you been? Why did you hide from me?"

"You forbade me," she said, stroking his hair. "And it was quite right. The dear Dean told me,—and I quite understood. If I'd gone to Haggart then, there'd have been more trouble. I should have tried to get my old place back. And now it's all over. You can give me all I want, because I can't live. It's only a question of months, perhaps weeks. Nobody could blame you, could they? Peo-

ple don't laugh when—it's death. It simplifies things so,—doesn't it?"

She smiled, and nestled to him again.

"What do you mean?" he said, almost violently. "Why are you so ill?"

"It was Bosnia first, and then—being miserable—I suppose. And Poitiers was very cold,—and the nuns very stuffy, bless them,—they wouldn't let me have air enough."

He groaned aloud while he remembered his winter in London, in the forlorn luxury of the Park Lane house.

"Where have you been?" he repeated.

"Oh! I went to the *Sœurs Blanches*,—you remember?—where I used to be. You went there, didn't you?"—he made a sign of miserable assent—"but I made them promise not to tell! There was an old mistress of novices there still who used to be very fond of me. She got one of the houses of the *Sacré Cœur* to take me in—at Poitiers. They thought they were gathering a stray sheep back into the fold, you understand, as I was brought up a Catholic—of sorts. And I didn't mind!" The familiar intonation, soft, complacent, humorous, rose like a ghost between them.—"I used to like going to mass. But this Easter they wanted to make me 'go to my duties'—you know what it means?—and I wouldn't. I wanted to confess"—she shuddered and drew his face down to hers again,—"but only once—to—you—and then,—well, then to die, and have done with it. You see, I knew you can't get on long with three-quarters of a lung. And they were rather tiresome—they didn't understand. So three weeks ago I drew some money out, and said good-bye to them. Oh! they were very kind, and very sorry for me. They wanted me to take a maid, and I meant to. But the one they found wouldn't come with me when she saw how ill I was,—and it all lingered on,—so one day I just walked out to the railway station and went to Paris. But Paris was rainy,—and I felt I must see the sun again. So I stayed two nights at a little hotel Maman used to go to—horrid place!—and each night I read your speeches in the reading-room,—and then I got my things from Poitiers, and started—"

A fit of coughing stopped her, coughing so terrible and destructive that he

almost rushed for help. But she restrained him. She made him understand that she wanted certain remedies from her own room across the corridor. He went for them. The door of this room had been shut by the observant Dell, who was watching the passage from his own bedroom farther on. When Ashe had opened it he found himself face to face as it were with the foaming stream outside. The window, as he had seen it before, was wide open to the waterfall just beyond it, and the temperature was piercingly cold and damp. The furniture was of the roughest, and a few of Kitty's clothes lay scattered about. As he fumbled for a light, there hovered before his eyes the remembrance of their room in Bruton Street, strewn with chiffons, and all the elegant and costly trifles that made the natural setting of its mistress.

He found the medicines and hurried back. She feebly gave him directions. "Now the strychnine!—and some brandy."

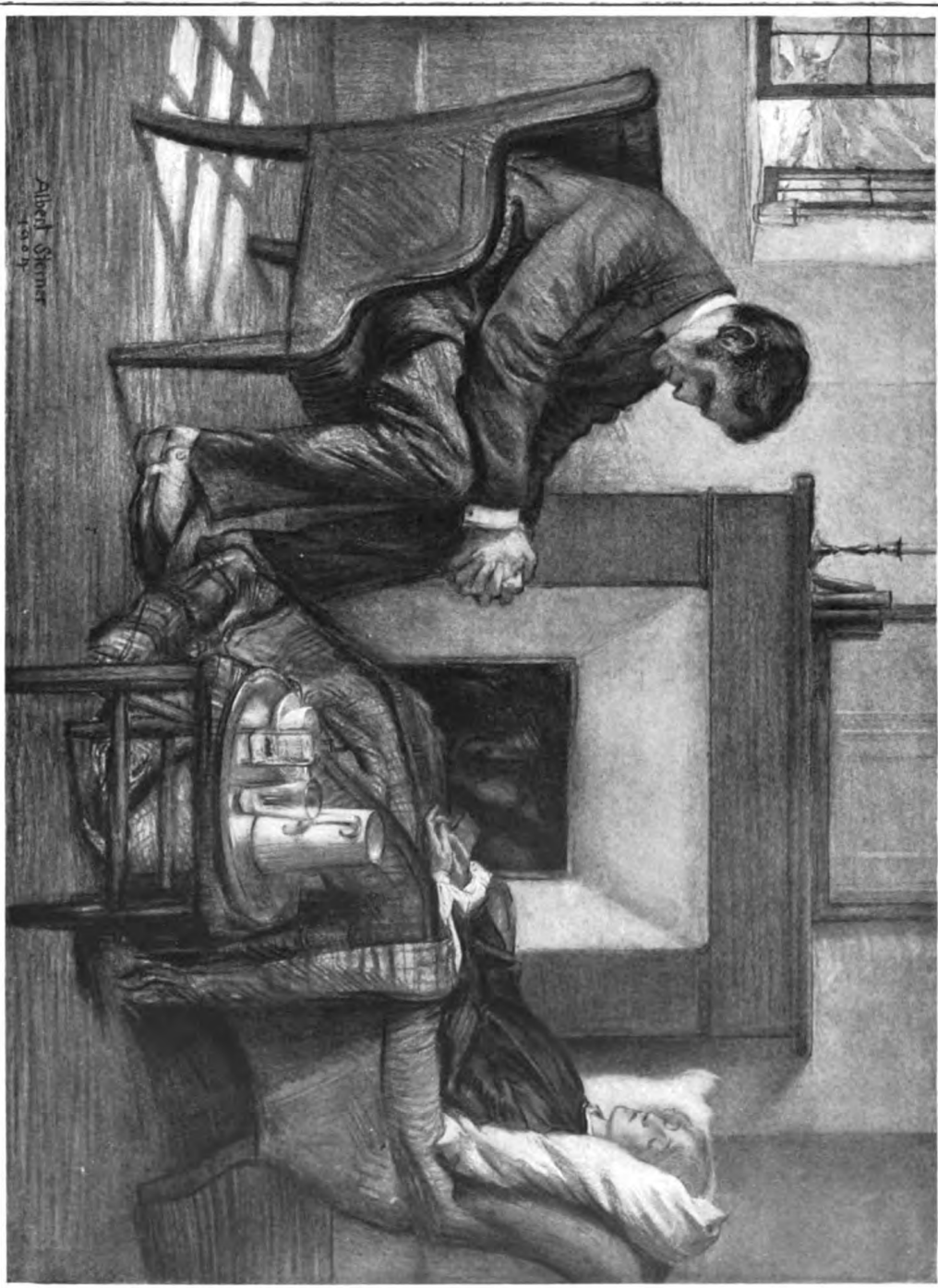
He did all he could. He drew some chairs together before the fire, and made a couch for her with pillows and rugs. She thanked him with smiles, and her eyes followed his every movement.

"Tell your man to get some milk!—And listen,"—she caught his hand. "Lock my door. That nice woman down-stairs will come to look after me, and she'll think I'm asleep."

It was done as she wished. Ashe took in the milk from Dell's hands, and a fresh supply of wood. Then he turned the key in his own door and came back to her. She was lying quiet, and seemed revived.

"How cozy!" she said, with a childish pleasure, looking round her at the bare white walls and scoured boards, warmed with the firelight. The bitter tears swam in Ashe's eyes. He fell into a chair on the other side of the fire and stared—seeing nothing—at the burning logs.

"You needn't suppose that I don't get people to look after me!" she went on, smiling at him again, one shadowy hand propping her cheek. And she prattled on about the kindness of the chambermaids at Vevey and Brieg, and how one of them had wanted to come with her



“WHERE WERE YOU GOING TO?” HE SAID, WITHOUT LOOKING UP

as her maid. "Oh, I shall find one at Florence if I get there—or a nurse. But just for these few days I wanted to be free! In the winter there were so many people about—so many eyes! I just pined to cheat them—get quit of them. A maid would have bothered me to stay in bed and see doctors—and you know, William, with this illness of mine you're so *restless!*"

"Where were you going to?" he said, without looking up.

"Oh! to Italy somewhere,—just to see some flowers again,—and the sun. Only not to Venice!—"

There was a silence, which she broke by a sudden cry as she drew him down to her.

"William! you know—I was coming home to you, when that man—found me."

"I know.—If it had only been I who killed him!"

"I'm just—*Kitty!*" she said, choking,—*"as bad as bad can be. But I couldn't have done what Mary Lyster did."*

"Kitty—for God's sake!—"

"Oh, I know it," she said, almost with triumph,—*"now I know it! I determined to know—and I got people in Venice to find out. She sent the message—that told him where I was—and I know the man who took it. I suppose it would be pathetic if I sent her word that I had forgiven her. But I haven't!"*

Ashe cried out that it was wholly and utterly inconceivable.

"Oh no!—she hated me because I had robbed her of Geoffrey. I had killed her life, I suppose,—she killed mine. It was what I deserved, of course; only just at that moment— If there is a God, William, how could He have let it happen so?"

The tears choked her. He left his seat, and kneeling beside her, he raised her in his arms, while she murmured broken and anguished confessions.

"I was so weak—and frightened. And *he* said it was no good trying to go back to you. Everybody knew I had gone to Verona—and he had followed me— No one would ever believe— And he wouldn't go—wouldn't leave me. It would be mere cruelty and desertion, he said. My real life was—with him. And I seemed—paralyzed. Who *had* sent that message? It never occurred to me—I felt as if

some demon held me—and I couldn't escape—"

And again the sighs and tears, which wrung his heart—with which his own mingled. He tried to comfort her; but what comfort could there be? They had been the victims of a crime as hideous as any murder; and yet—behind the crime—there stretched back into the past the preparations and antecedents by which they themselves, alack! had contributed to their own undoing. Had they not both trifled with the mysterious test of life?—he no less than she? And out of the dark had come the axe-stroke that ends weakness and crushes the unsteeled, inconstant will.

After long silence, she began to talk in a rambling, delirious way of her months in Bosnia. She spoke of the *cold*,—of the high mountain loneliness—of the terrible sights she had seen—till he drew her, shuddering, closer into his arms. And yet there was that in her talk which amazed him; flashes of insight, of profound and passionate experience, which seemed to fashion her anew before his eyes. The hard peasant life, in contact with the soil and natural forces; the elemental facts of birth and motherhood, of daily toil and suffering; what it means to fight oppressors for freedom, and see your dearest—son, lover, wife, betrothed—die horribly amid the clash of arms; into this caldron of human fate had Kitty plunged her light soul; and in some ways Ashe scarcely knew her again.

She recurred often to the story of a youth, handsome and beardless, who had been wounded by a stray Turkish shot, in the course of the long climb to the village where she nursed. He had managed to gain the height, and then, killed by the march as much as by the shot, he had sunk down to die, on the ground floor of the house where Kitty lived.

"He was a stranger—no one knew him in the village—no one cared. They had their own griefs. I dressed his wound—and gave him water. He thought I was his mother, and asked me to kiss him. I kissed him, William,—and he smiled once—before the last hemorrhage. If you had seen the cold, dismal room—and his poor face!"

Ashe gathered her to his breast. And after a while she said, with closed eyes:

"Oh, what pain there is in the world, William!—what *pain*! That's what—I never knew."

The evening wore on. All the noises ceased down-stairs. One by one the guests came up the stone stairs and along the creaking corridor. Boots were thrown out; the doors closed. The strokes of eleven o'clock rang out from the village campanile; and amid the quiet of the now drizzling rain the echoes of the bell lingered on the ear. Last of all a woman's step passed the door; stopped at the door of Kitty's room, as though some one listened, and then gently returned. "Fräulein Anna!" said Kitty,—*"she's a good soul."*

Soon nothing was heard but the roar of the flooded stream on one side of the old narrow building, and the dripping of rain on the other. Their low voices were amply covered by these sounds. The night lay before them; safe and undisturbed. Candles burned on the mantelpiece, and on a table behind Kitty's head was a paraffin lamp. She seemed to have a craving for light.

"Kitty!" said Ashe, suddenly bending over her, "understand! I shall never leave you again."

She started, her head fell back on his arm, and her brown eyes considered him.

"William!—I saw the *Standard* at Geneva. Aren't you going home—because of politics?"

"A few telegrams will settle that. I shall take you to Geneva to-morrow. We shall get doctors there."

A little smile played about her mouth—a smile which did not seem to have any reference to his words or to her next question.

"Nobody thinks of the book now, do they, William?"

"No, Kitty, no!—It's all forgotten, dear."

"Oh! it was abominable." She drew a long breath. "But I can't help it—I did get a horrid pleasure out of writing it,—till Venice,—till you left off loving me. Oh! William, William!—what a good thing it is I'm dying."

"Hush, Kitty—hush!"

"It gives one such an unfair advan-

tage, though, doesn't it? You can't ever be angry with me again. There won't be time. William dear!—I haven't had a brain like other people. I know it. It's only since I've been so ill—that I've been sane! It's a strange feeling—as though one had been *bled*—and some poison had drained away. But it would never do for me to take a turn and live! Oh no!—people like me are better safely under the grass. Oh, my beloved, my beloved!—I just want to say that all the time, and nothing else.—I've hungered so to say it!"

He answered her with all the anguish, all the passionate fruitless tenderness, and vain comfortings that rise from the human heart in such a strait. But when he asked her pardon for his hardness towards the Dean's petition, when he said that his conscience had tormented him thenceforward, she would scarcely hear a word.

"You did quite right," she said, peremptorily,—*"quite right."*

Then she raised herself on her arm and looked at him.

"William!" she said, with a strange, kindled expression, "I—I don't think that I can live any more! I think—I'm dying—here—now!"

She fell back on her pillows, and he sprang to his feet, crying that he must go for Fräulein Anna and a doctor. But she held him feebly, motioning towards the brandy and strychnine. "That's all—you can do."

He gave them to her, and again she revived and smiled at him.

"Don't be frightened. It was a sudden feeling—it came over me—that this dear little room—and your arms—would be the end. Oh! how much best!—There!—that was foolish!—I'm better. It isn't only the lungs, you see; they say the heart's worst. I nearly went at Vevey, one night. It was such a long faint."

Then she lay quiet, with her hand in his, in a dreamy, peaceful state, and his panic subsided. Once she sent messages to Lady Tranmore—messages full of sorrow, touched also—by a word here, a look there—by the charm of the old Kitty.

"I don't deserve to die like this," she said once, with a half-impatient gesture.

"Nothing can prevent its being beautiful—and touching—you know; our meeting like this—and your goodness to me. Oh! I'm glad. But I don't want to glorify—what I've done.—*Shame!—Shame!*"

And again her face contracted with the old habitual agony, only to be soothed away gradually by his tone and presence, the spending of his whole being in the broken words of love.

Towards the morning, when, as it seemed to him, she had been sleeping for a time, and he had been, if not sleeping, at least dreaming awake beside her, he heard a little low laugh, and looked round. Her brown eyes were wide open, till they seemed to fill the small, blighted face; and they were fixed on an empty chair the other side of the fire.

"It's so strange—in this illness," she whispered,—“that it makes one dream—and generally kind dreams. It's fever—but it's nice.” She turned and looked at him. “Harry was there, William—sitting in that chair. Not a baby any more—but a little fellow—and so lively, and strong, and quick. I had you both—*both!*”

Looking back afterwards, also, he remembered that she spoke several times of religious hopes and beliefs—especially of the hope in another life—and that they seemed to sustain her. Most keenly did he recollect the delicacy with which she had refrained from asking his opinion upon them, lest it should trouble him not to be able to uphold or agree with her; while, at the same time, she wished him to have the comfort of remembering that she had drawn strength and calm, in these last hours, from religious thoughts.

For they proved indeed to be the last hours. About three the morning began to dawn, clear and rosy, with rich lights striking on the snow. Suddenly Kitty sat up, disengaged herself from her wraps, and tottered to her feet.

“I'll go back to my room,” she said, in bewilderment. “I'd rather.”

And as she clung to him, with a startled yet half-considering look, she gazed round her, at the bright fire, the morning light, the chair from which he had risen,—his face.

He tried to dissuade her. But she would go. Her aspect, however, was deathlike, and as he softly undid the doors, and half helped, half carried her across the passage, he said to her that he must go and waken Fräulein Anna and find a doctor.

“No—no.” She grasped him with all her remaining strength. “Stay with me.”

They entered the little room, which seemed to be in a glory of light, for the sun striking across the low roof of the inn had caught the foamy waterfall beyond, and the reflection of it on the white walls and ceiling was dazzling.

Beside the bed she swayed and nearly fell.

“I won't undress,” she murmured,—“I'll just lie down.”

She lay down with his help, turning her face to make a fond, hardly articulate sound, and press her cheek against his. In a few minutes it seemed to him that she was sleeping again. He softly went out of the room and down-stairs. There, early as it was, he found Fräulein Anna, who looked at him with amazement.

“Where can I find a doctor?” he asked her; and they talked for a few minutes, after which she went up-stairs beside him, trembling and flushed.

They found Kitty lying on her side, her face hidden entirely in the curls which had fallen across it, and one arm hanging. There was that in her aspect which made them both recoil. Then Ashe rushed to her with a cry, and as he passionately kissed her cold cheek, he heard the clamor of the frightened girl behind him. “Ach, Gott!—Ach, Gott!”—and the voices of others, men and women, who began to crowd into the narrow room.

THE END.

The End of the Journey

BY GRACE ELLERY CHANNING

THE train, a local, drew up to the primitive station with a ruder jolt and a shrieking whistle, and the woman got out. She stood a moment on the platform, looking off at the brown and dusty landscape,—it was summer and the land was dry,—her face, the while, arming silently for an approaching ordeal.

It had been a finely modelled face, to begin with; now it was as finely scored, with little lines here and there about the corners of the eyes and lips, as if the engraver Sorrow had followed the sculptor Life.

She had probably never been beautiful, but beautiful women would have exchanged with her for that something else which she was, and discerning women would have bartered their fine clothes for her secret of wearing simple ones. Her soft, excellently brushed hair was thinly veined with gray; her costume was a darker gray; her gloves, fitted to the long hands within, unfashionably dainty. In brief, a lady, before the word was spoiled. Equally unmistakably, a lady at odds with her present errand, whatever that might be. The patient restraint of the fine mouth narrowly controlled a complete impatience, and the very carriage of her body and the height at which she held her head seemed in a manner to protest against some inner compulsion,—the distaste was visible through all the weariness of her eyes, gazing from the brown hills to the browner plains at their feet.

There was no one to meet her—which was not surprising, since she knew no one.—and after a moment's doubtful consulting of landmarks she set off down a long road opposite the station, lifting her skirt in one hand to clear the ankle-deep adobe dust, while with the finger-tips of the other she held—as we hold what we do not hold willingly—a small package, elaborately tied and sealed.

One house succeeded another at long intervals filled with straggling orange and lemon groves. At the eighth of these, and fully a quarter of a mile from the station, she hesitated a moment before passing through the opening in the neglected cypress hedge and up the narrow path towards the house, unpainted and low, with the wide Californian porch and running vines which render the commonplace of the West so much more tolerable than the commonplace of the East.

It was a spot not incapable of charm, for there were shade-trees and growing things, but the drought had been at work, and the air of barren living somehow diffused itself mutely through the patch of drying vegetables and the shrivelled leaves of the deciduous growth to the house beyond. Even the dustless peppers looked dusty, thin, and forlorn.

The woman stopped short midway of the path. Her lips twitched and a new look passed into her eyes—keyed to silent endurance. The fastidious distaste of the moment before deepened into a revolt of her whole being—a revolt of race,—smiting her to a sudden impulse of sharp anger, followed by pity as sharp.

“Poor boy!”—it was only a muttered sound, but she feared she had cried it aloud; and closing her lips again in their habitual line, she went on up the path, with a sigh like a suppressed sob, carrying her head an unconscious inch higher than before, her finger-tips tightening their protesting clutch.

Evidently she had been expected, for a younger woman appeared at the door and came out on the porch. For a moment they gazed at each other from the top and bottom of the steps before the elder woman spoke.

“You are Mrs. Hallette?”

“Yes,—and I expect you are his mother?”

“I am his mother.”

They gazed at each other again.

"Won't you come up and sit down?" said the younger woman. She led the way into a small room opening from the porch and pushed forward a chair to the visitor, seating herself with a little fling in one opposite.

There was something sullen in her air—a mixture of defiance, embarrassment, and pride. Her heavy, dark, pretty hair—pretty, though not fine—was rolled in the Pompadour mode of the moment about her heavily round, youthful face. The face was not unpretty, either, in its softly massed contours and clear coloring. It was not extremely young, yet there was something almost childlike about it, and it had the fresh vitality of a not too nervous race—the look one sees in the best peasant stock of Europe or occasionally among our backwoods girls. Her curved body had the same vital attraction; it would better have become one of the white-yoked, full-sleeved peasant costumes than it did the conventional shirt-waist and skirt she wore. There was a ring with a stone above the plain wedding-band on her brown, supple, capable worker's hand, and a prettily enamelled watch at her belt. The whole impression registered itself in an instant on the sensitive brain opposite, even to the detail of the stick-pin in the ribbon at the throat, at sight of which the elder woman turned her eyes quickly away.

The other had been surveying her equally, with a kind of fascinated gaze.

"I should have known you anywhere for his mother," she said. "You look so like him."

"Yes?"—the fine eyebrows lifted a little. "The resemblance is not usually thought to be so strong." It was as if she repelled it, as bringing her indefinitely nearer to something she shrank from; and then becoming suddenly aware of that instinct in herself and startled by it, she spoke again, hastily and with extreme gentleness. It was not her fault that the very tones of her voice seemed only to accentuate the gulf between herself and the other speaker. A voice, above all things, is the gift of centuries. Beautiful voices, it is true, may be found anywhere, but one kind of beautiful voice is the product of ages of gentle speaking only.

"I am the bearer of a message from—my son; he wished me to give you this,"—and again it was not her fault that her finger-tips conveyed their protest faintly through their very manner of offering the package.

"Thank you,—he wrote he'd send it," said the younger woman, coloring slightly. She laid it unopened on her lap and returned to her fascinated study of the woman opposite.

"Perhaps you will kindly see that it is—all right; he sealed it himself."

The other colored again. "I guess it isn't necessary—if he sent it—and you brought it."

The pathetically clumsy intention of the phrase did not soften the face of the elder woman; she acknowledged it with a very slight bending of the head.

"I was also,—he wished me to bid you good-by."

The younger woman showed a shade of surprise. "Won't he come at all himself, then?"

"You don't seem to understand"—the low voice was sharp with intensity of restrained feeling—"that he—has been very ill!"

For the first time the impassive lines of the other's face showed disturbance; her lips trembled slightly, and she cast a vaguely troubled glance out of eyes like a frightened animal's at the elder woman's, which met hers with a hard brightness.

"No," she said, "I didn't know; I'm sorry. I thought he hadn't seemed quite himself for some time,—that maybe that was why he acted so strange."

"*'Acted so strange!'*—not quite himself!" Don't you know—couldn't you see he was frightfully ill—for—for *months?*" The words were jerked out with terrible intensity, between short, controlled breaths, but the voice never lifted, and the gloved hands lay quiet in the speaker's lap.

In spite of their implication, the woman at whom they were directed did not seem angered by them, but only vaguely troubled, as before.

"I'm sorry," she repeated. "He's taken it very hard;—he don't seem to—to have had any experience."

The elder woman sat back suddenly in her chair, as if something had broken which had heretofore held her upright.

"No," she said, in a painfully quiet voice; "as you say,—he had had no experience. He thought the whole thing was real."

To her surprise, the shaft went home. The other drew herself up, flushing crimson,—and in so doing she became very handsome.

"I suppose you think I'm all to blame. Mothers always do. But I was in earnest too;—I thought it was all real. Those things will happen, you know."

The delicate stone face opposite immutably denied any such knowledge. "Those things" happened sometimes in the tenements, she would have told you; not in her world. But the other went on, oblivious, warming into a kind of effective energy.

"He took a great deal for granted from the first—but I did care; he wasn't just like any one I'd ever known; we were interested in the same things,—and I thought at the time I cared more than I did. Anyway"—she wound up with vigor—"he took a great deal on himself to tell you about it."

The elder woman winced ever so slightly. "I told you he was very ill."

"And I suppose you blame me for it all?"—the eyes, no longer like a frightened animal's, challenged hers with a certain honest resentment, and the elder woman drew a sharp breath.

"I blame you for your lack of humanity,—for your unkindness,—for failing him when you had brought him to—to such a pass. I don't judge about the rest,—perhaps you couldn't help it—either of you; I don't know,—I don't judge.—I don't *want* to judge. But to let him hang on in that miserable way,—not to see that it was ruining him—not to know—not to care—not to have common pity,—common humanity,—after—after *that*—" She broke off suddenly, lifting her head and looking away from the woman opposite, her lips set in one white line.

"I didn't understand he was so bad off," said the other, almost humbly, and the hearer made a dumb gesture of relinquishment. What was the use indeed? She *could* not understand. It was all contained in that.

The elder woman sat silent.

"I suppose *he* hates me now, too?"

"He has never said one word about you which was not beautiful,"—still in that painfully quiet tone. "I told you,—he believed the whole thing."

Again it was a surprise to her when the face opposite broke suddenly up into a chaos of rudimentary emotions and the woman burst into tears. Her visitor surveyed in apathetic astonishment. She had really cared, then? Some feeling did reside under that envelope of sturdy well-being,—that *hide* of the spirit?

The storm was quickly over. With a vigorous touch the young woman wiped away the tears, murmuring a word half protest and half apology.

"You wouldn't understand;—we were raised different, I expect. You wouldn't understand."

The abrupt throwing back of her own conclusion of a moment ago struck the elder woman. She cast a sharp glance at the face before her, still quivering with feeling through all its curious settled submission. Not understand! What least aspect of the whole tragedy was there that she did not understand only too well, she wondered with bitterness. What other brain ached like hers with limitless capacity for understanding,—for weighing to its final atom every wretched phase of the uncomplex drama and counting its whole intricate cost? Not understand!

"There's something he left here—if you don't mind taking it," said the other, still submissively, and the elder woman made a mechanical gesture of assent.

"You wouldn't understand,"—the words continued to sound in her ears. Tacitly excusing had been the woman's tone, in contrast to her own unuttered accusation, but the words rankled none the less,—perhaps all the more. She sat there repeating numbly the irritating phrase, even while she said to herself that it did not matter—that nothing mattered; and her unseeing eyes wandered about the room, till across their blank field of vision another iteration pressed home to her brain.

What was so familiar—so insistently familiar—about this room? She roused herself keenly now, and found an immediate answer. Object after object claimed her,—things dear, things alive, things eloquent, fragments of home, fragments

of her son's home, things that were like bits of the boy himself,—they were everywhere, and crying aloud after the manner of dumb things.

She was on her feet in a moment. There was the Madonna bought by the boy's father when the boy was born; it had always hung above his bed. There was his favorite "Sleeping Faun," bought the year they went abroad after his triumphal college Commencement; the rug picked up in the bazars of Cairo was there. And there, doing duty as a paper-weight, was the carved shepherd boy from the Swiss canton; little old sketches,—a Venetian vase,—the room was full of the boy! And not only the boy. She was a woman of fetishes—a woman who had lost much—and to whom her dead lived again in their dumb possessions; she walked to the bookcase and took down book after book with a rapid hand. Here was his father's Ruskin,—his own favorite Shelley,—his Emerson (another gift, that, from father to son); and here—she had not thought it possible, even in the pang of recognition—here, dim with three generations of handling, its priceless binding fit casket for the treasure of the title-page within, where the dedication to the boy's great-grandfather, from such a hand on such a glorious date, made in itself a heritage of pride,—here, dim crimson in its superb age, was the family Plutarch. It had been put in the boy's proud hands by the prouder father as his graduation gift.

Scarlet lines struck across her cheek. For a moment she thought of him not as a mother thinks of her son, but as a woman of race thinks of the man who betrays it. Then something carried her indignant eyes to the shelf above.

There was a little clock on it—a simple, homely thing, ticking away cheerfully. That too was his; it had been given him to cheer the lagging hours of a childish convalescence, and it had been his fond fancy to keep it with him ever since. He had carried it to college; he had taken it to Europe; he had brought it here. The mother stood looking and looking at it, but she did not touch it with her yearning fingers; something interposed between. Her face was changed when she turned away and in-

cluded the whole room once more in her lingering gaze from object to object. A poor, bare little room—without these things; a room the poor, foolish, but magnificently loving boy had transformed with his treasure, bringing it where his heart always was, seeking instinctively to enclose this woman in the home to which he dreamed of one day bringing her. It invested his folly with a certain dignity. At least he had loved as became him and his kind, unsordidly, uncalculatingly, with a high belief in what he loved; and in the wreck of his youth there had been something his mother could respect.

She heard him fondly dwelling on the qualities of mind and heart of this woman,—the thirst he ascribed to her for books, pictures, all the adornments of that life to which he had been born. She had "never had a gift till he gave her one,"—she lacked "nothing but opportunity to make her his mother's intellectual equal." And so—and so he had brought her the Plutarch.

She was standing gazing at it again where she had replaced it on the shelf, when the other returned with a little package. Mechanically she received it into her own hand; for the first time she was observing that the woman's forehead was good.

Meantime a wave of that ready color of hers had swept into the younger woman's face; she had caught, as she entered, the other's focussed gaze.

"I expect," she exclaimed, and it was plain the shock of the idea was new to her, "you think I ought to give all these back!"

In their turn her eyes made that journey about the room, but leaping with the swiftness of familiarity from one dear object to another. How dear was easy to be seen; it was all a little world of delicate beauty and rich possession which slipped inch by inch away from her as the dumb eyes travelled on. The loss of the man had been nothing; this denuded her universe, reducing it to the image of the barren garden outside. It denuded her life too; and she had been totally unprepared,—totally unforeseeing of it. Shut out by the facts of her existence—daughter of workers, wife of a worker, a worker herself—from the pos-

sibility of acquiring these things which yet she had the capacity to long for, she found herself brought face to face in a moment with the old destitution of her past. And she was pathetically unprepared.

So was the other; she understood now what her son had stood for in this life. Heretofore she had seen it always as an unequal contest between the experienced—because the married—woman and the inexperienced, ardent, visionary boy, the child of a long line of dreamers; now the obverse revealed itself,—the darling child of fortune, with his immense inherited advantages and luxurious gifts of intellect, tempting the starved and passionately appetent brain of labor. It must have gone far to equalize the contest. With her own pitiless inheritance of justice she acknowledged it, and it was a pang the more. There had not been one victim, but two. And if the boy had but paid the price of centuries of deficit, the woman had but as helplessly avenged her defrauded past. Her very inability to respond to certain finer ranges of sensibilities—what was it but part and condition of that endured fraud?

For her forehead was good and her eyes were hungry.

"I expect," she repeated (and perhaps it was the merest chance that her hand, trembling across the bookcase, touched one lingering moment the dim crimson Plutarch), "I ought to send them back?"

She raised two eyes full of honest, suffering purpose, but the other turned away from them, putting up her hands involuntarily as if to push away the question—the question which marked the impassable gulf between herself and this

woman as nothing else could have done, and yet, as nothing else could have done, either, drew her across it with a vastness of sudden human pity in direct proportion to her own fierce sense of personal revolt.

"No—no," she cried; "that was between *you!*" Then added with an effort, "But I know that he would say—*keep them!*"

She turned again and gazed at the bookshelves and the Plutarch—dimmer still in its crimson binding the longer she gazed. She forgot the room, the woman,—even for a moment her son. She was seeing once more, down the long reach of her dearly remembered years, that gentle, learned, aristocratic judge. He had been a judge of men as well, of infinite kindness, and tolerant without bounds.

She did not know how long she stood there, but she recalled herself with a start, to find that other figure still beside her watching dumbly. And never in the world—that kindly judge of men must have smiled to see—had she looked a greater lady than as she turned to gaze upon it kindly with an outstretched hand.

"Good-by."

The other clung to it a moment. "Oh, I wish I had you for a friend!" she exclaimed, adding, chokingly, "You won't think hard of me?"

The elder woman shook her head, loosened her hand gently, and without another glance about her went out and down the steps. The younger, in the doorway, watched wistfully till the drooping peppers hid the last fold of the gray gown and the gray head carried high.

Carried high,—for where had been the use of telling her that the boy was dead?

Stillness

BY WILLIAM SHARP

THE winds of darkness moving on the sea
 Voice dread and terror and man's ancient ill;
 But wave and darkness far more dreadful be,
 When not a wind's breath stirs, and the world is still.



SUBIACO CASTLE STANDING AGAINST THE BLUE SKY

Subiaco

BY W. L. ALDEN

THE man who lives in a town ending in *o* can never be thoroughly happy, for he never knows what he is. For example, the man from Chicago goes through life wondering whether he is a Chicagan, a Chicagoan, a Chicagonian, a Chicagitan, or a Chicagonese. Similarly the inhabitant of Subiaco may be a Subiacan or a Subiacian or something else. For purposes of convenience we will call him a Subiacan, though the chances are that he is not fairly entitled to the name.

Subiaco is situated about fifty miles from Rome. In the "good old days," when Rome was filthy, unhealthy, and wretchedly misgoverned, nobody thought of going to Subiaco, unless he were an artist in search of the picturesque and the economical. In order to reach it one

had to drive twenty-five miles to Tivoli, and to walk, or ride a donkey, the rest of the way. To-day there is a railway direct from Rome to Subiaco. It crosses the Campagna to the foot of the mountains at Tivoli, and then ascends the narrow valley of the Anio, which is full of picturesque scenery, modified by tunnels. The old way of travelling was far more romantic than the new, but it was undeniably tiresome. Now that it is so easy to reach Subiaco by rail the tourist declines to go, on the plea that Subiaco is only a railway station on the way from Rome to the Adriatic. Thus it comes to pass that the town is still in a comparatively primitive state. It is not clean, and it has never heard of drainage, nor of plumbers, but it is reasonably healthy, as most towns are where fierce war has not



THE TOWN IS STILL IN A COMPARATIVELY PRIMITIVE STATE

been waged against the local microbes, and they have not been exasperated and driven to retaliatory measures, as is the case in towns where sanitary science is epidemic.

It was one of the merits of the feudal system that it developed the legs of princes and people alike. The baron always set his castle on the summit of a hill, so that its capture by an enemy would be a difficult task. His retainers—ironically so called for the reason that he never allowed them to retain anything of value—built their huts on the slope of the hill outside of the castle walls, where they could hope for the protection of their lord. The medieval town was therefore a town that slanted more or less abruptly, and its inhabitants were continually going up or down hill, to the great development of their calves. We sometimes wonder how knights and men-at-arms in the feudal period could have borne the weight of their armor. It was manifestly because of their constant practice in climbing their hillside streets, and thus developing and hardening their muscles.

These reflections inevitably occur to the visitor to Subiaco. The town is built on the sides of a steep hill that rises abruptly from the middle of the valley. The hill is crowned by the usual castle. Many of the streets are simply stairways, and most of the others are as steep as coal-chutes. Walk anywhere in Subiaco and you see above you the continual passing of legs of all sorts and conditions. It is nearly as hard to descend the streets as it is to climb them. You need not wonder that the typical Subiakan leg is finely developed, and much affected by artists desiring model legs for pictures of Samson.

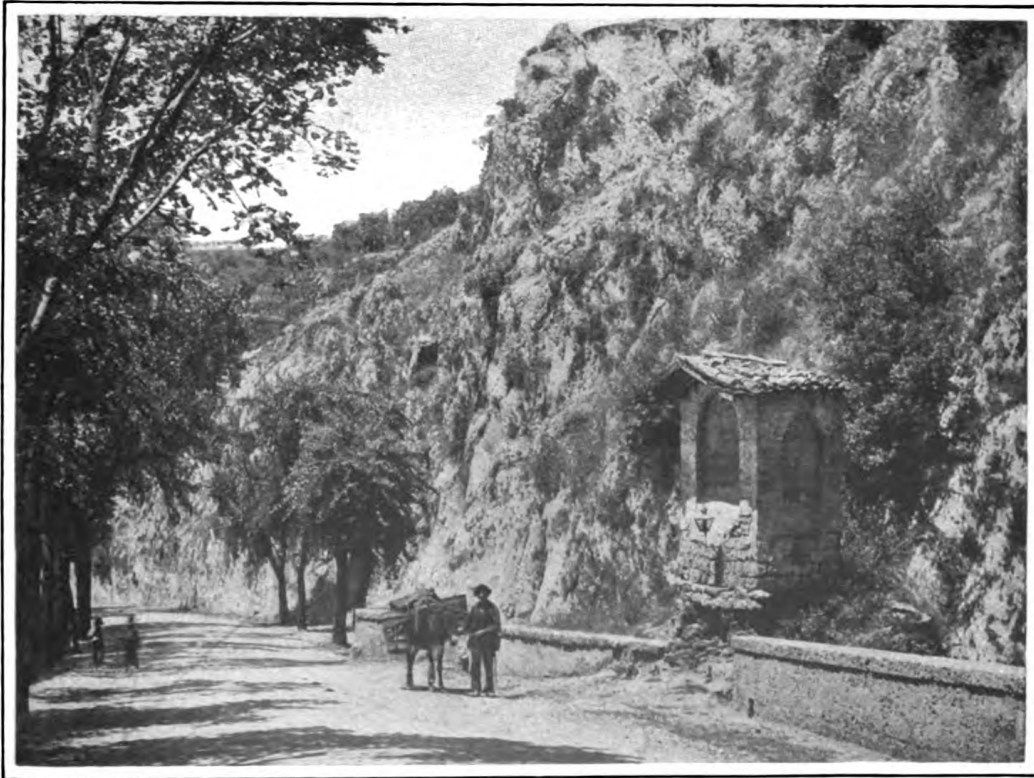
Subiaco is cold in winter, and it frequently happens that a drizzling rain is followed by a sharp frost that coats the pavements with ice. In such circumstances the Subiakan who ventures out-of-doors inevitably falls down-town. If he is near the top of Subiaco, and his feet slip from under him, he shoots down the street with tremendous velocity, mowing down any man, woman, child, or dog that may happen to be in his way.

It is said that on a frosty morning most of the population of Subiaco, except those who are bedridden, accumulates at the foot of the hill, and slowly disentangling itself, sits painfully on the ground until the ice melts. An icy day in Subiaco ought to afford much attraction to the tourist; but then, like many other precious things, it is hidden from the holder of Cook's tickets, and he knows only the hotels of the large cities.

There is an ancient inn called La Pernice, which being interpreted means the Partridge, where the visitor to Subiaco usually stops. Whether the Italian *pernice* is a real partridge or merely a quail need not be discussed here, for such a discussion would reopen the dispute between New England and Pennsylvania as to the respective identities of the two birds. La Pernice is reasonably clean, and formerly it furnished board and lodging for four francs per day. That, however, was before Italy purchased with blood and gold the costly luxury of free government. In the old days one could also obtain board at the one pension of

Subiaco for two francs per day. What are the expenses of living in Subiaco at the present time I do not know, but judging from the fact that it no longer is the summer haunt of artists, it has probably learned the art of making out hotel bills in the genuine Swiss way.

There was a time when La Pernice fed its guests with game, and brook-trout, and figs in season, and good wine at all seasons. It boasted of a dining-room situated in the middle of the house, and furnished with a long wooden table, like an overgrown carpenter's bench, and a dozen wooden chairs. From the dining-room multitudinous doors opened into the bedrooms, and when breakfast was in progress uncombed heads of different sexes were frequently thrust out from these doors by anxious guests fearful lest the supply of trout should prove insufficient for belated breakfasters. Truly the table of La Pernice was a good one, and the beds were wonderful. They were apparently furnished with mattresses of wool that had been subjected to enormous hydraulic pressure until they had ac-



A SHRINE BY THE ROADSIDE

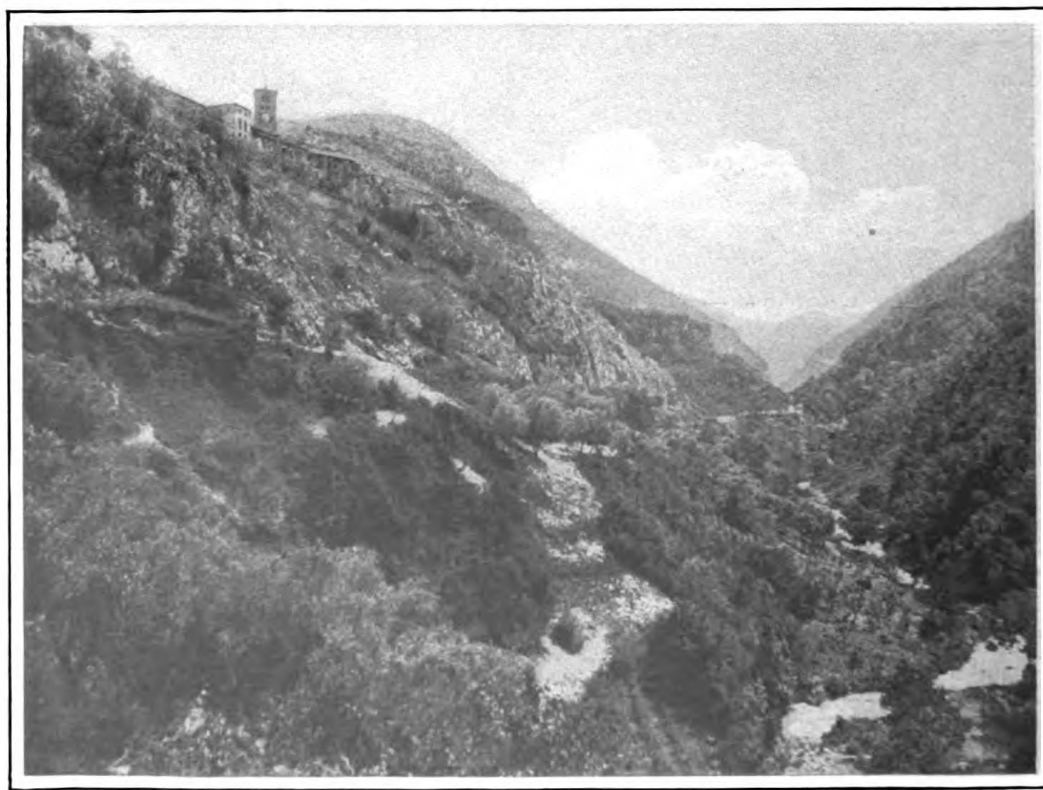
quired the hardness of Harveyized steel. However, by spreading the sheet on the brick floor, the visitor could secure a comparatively soft bed, for the bricks were not glazed, but were ordinary bricks, set on edge.

The walls of the inn are ornamented with drawings made by successive generations of artists. I am a little afraid to mention the names of some of the painters who have thus gratuitously decorated the walls of La Pernice, but among them are those of certain persons who have gained wide celebrity since the days when, with the reckless extravagance of youth, they gave to the inn drawings that would now bring high prices in the market. It would not be a bad idea for a modern Mæneas to buy one of the walls of the dining-room, and hang it suitably framed in his picture-gallery. No Mæneas has yet thought of doing this.

Subiaco was originally built by Nero, who unquestionably had an artist's eye for the picturesque, although his ideas as to lighting the streets with incandescent martyrs were indefensible from any point

of view. He placed a villa on the slopes of Subiaco, and his drinking-cup was once struck by lightning as it stood on the table, filled with Subiacan wine. Nero regarded this as a dark and inexplicable portent, instead of a peremptory summons to sign the pledge, which was undoubtedly what the portent really meant. After the time of Nero the village grew until the barons of the middle ages came and fortified it, and collected a good-sized population of retainers. It now numbers some seven thousand inhabitants, and has been made the scene of the opening chapters of one of Mr. Marion Crawford's best novels.

Decidedly Subiaco is picturesque, both within and without. As seen in the distance, with its castle standing close against the blue sky, and its roofs of many tints climbing the hill, it is among the most picturesque of the many picturesque hill-towns of Italy. When one penetrates the town, with its steep and narrow streets filled with handsome women, and sturdy men, and prosperous cats, it appeals forcibly to the love for



SANTA SCOLASTICA, IN THE VALLEY OF THE "HOLY PLACE"



THE MONASTERY OF ST. BENEDICT

the medieval and unscrubbed, which characterizes the romantic mind.

The male Subiacan exists by selling boots and shoes. Or, rather, he seems to exist by manifesting a willingness to sell them. The number of boot and shoe shops in Subiaco seems to be altogether out of proportion to the number of local feet, most of which do not wear foot-coverings of any sort, except in winter. How the boot-sellers can make a living in these circumstances does not seem clear. People who believe that the ancient Israelites grew rich by selling second-hand clothing to one another may perhaps be able to solve this perplexing problem.

From the valley of the Anio branch out other valleys, still more narrow, and if possible more picturesque. Especially beautiful is the valley of the "Holy Place," in which are the Benedictine monasteries, of which Santo Scolastica is the most important. Part way up the precipitous side of the valley is the cave

in which St. Benedict lived at the beginning of his saintly career. This cave was hid from every human being, except a priest, who daily brought Benedict a loaf of bread, which he let down to him by a cord from the top of the hill. Occasionally the cord was cut, just as the saint was about to grasp the loaf, and the priest always said that the devil had cut it.

After a time Benedict's cave was discovered, and other hermits flocked around him. The number grew so rapidly that half a dozen or more monasteries were built near the cave, and were later united in a Standard Benedictine Trust, of which St. Benedict was the head. At least three of these monasteries still survive, and are duly visited by every foreigner who goes to Subiaco. Beyond a doubt Benedict was a deserving saint, and his followers were, at least for a time, worthy of him. All the world knows that the Benedictines did much for scholarship during a period when men, outside of monasteries, considered fighting to be the

chief end of man. A visit to the cradle of the Benedictine Order ought to be interesting, even to the most determined Protestant.

St. Benedict's cave is carefully preserved, although there is reason to think that it has been enlarged and fitted with certain modern improvements since his time. Outside of the mouth of the cave is a tangle of thorns and rose-trees, among which the saint was accustomed to throw himself naked when he desired to mortify the flesh. At least this is the usual explanation of his fondness for sleeping on thorns, but another possible explanation is that he had tried the beds of La Pernice, and longed for something softer and more comfortable.

Going up to the cave one day I overtook a British matron. She was a large blue matron, with yellow trimmings, and as she sat on her donkey close to a background of vivid green, she was a study in colors. Near to her stood her guide, with despair written on his more or less honest face. It was just at the foot of a steep ascent where the visitor to the monasteries must dismount from his donkey, and make the rest of the ascent with his personal legs. As I came within hearing the matron was saying, in the most decided tones: "I will not dismount. The ideyah! I hired this donkey to take me to Santa Scolastica, and I shall sit here till you make him move on."

I passed on silently, for it is an ill thing to interfere in the affairs of a determined British matron. Three hours later, as I descended the hill, I found the matron still sitting on her donkey, in the same place where I had left her. The donkey was browsing contentedly: the guide was sleeping, utterly exhausted, and the matron's face wore the expression of one who is determined to die rather than to yield. I have often wondered what was the fate of the three. Is the matron still sitting on the donkey, and is the guide still sleeping, after the excessive manner of the Seven Sleepers of Ephesus? Or did St. Benedict work a fresh miracle, and make the matron reasonable, as well as determined?

The influence of St. Benedict and his monks still survives in Subiaco. At

least Subiaco is still religious, and it is only fair to give credit for this fact to its long association with holy men. Since the government took possession of the monasteries the monks have been for the most part dispersed. Only a small remnant is permitted to reside in the monasteries, in order to keep them from falling into decay. In the town of Subiaco monks are painfully scarce, and where once every funeral was attended by at least two hundred monks, to-day only a dozen or so can be gathered together.

I had the opportunity of seeing the funeral of a leading Subiakan boot-seller, and without doubt the funeral procession was an imposing one. At its head marched fourteen Capuchins, bearing torches and chanting psalms. They walked two by two, with an interval of at least fifteen feet between each successive pair. Evidently this was done in order to increase the apparent length of the procession; but it was not the only way in which the managers of the funeral contrived to multiply a handful of monks into a large and impressive number. As the procession passed through the little market-place in which I stood, it turned into a side street, and presently the monks at its head were out of sight. Slowly the priests, the bier, and the friends of the deceased marched through the market-place, and again the sound of chanting was heard, and another fourteen Capuchins brought up the rear.

Now I may have been mistaken, but feel nearly certain that the monks at the end of the procession were the identical monks who had also marched at its head. There was one fat monk, whom I am sure that I recognized, who, on his second appearance, was much out of breath, as a fat monk must be who runs rapidly round the block and then tries to sing. Did those monks, after leading the procession through the market-place, run through the side streets, and take up a new position at the end of the procession? Some day, when figs are in season, and trout are complaisant, I hope to go back to Subiaco, and take a full census of the local Capuchins. In no other way can I ever know precisely how many monks there were in that funeral procession.



The Wings

BY JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ: CERDIC. ÆLFRIC THE KING. BRUN. EDBURGA.

NORTHUMBRIA BEFORE 700 A. D.

The scene passes within a wide hut, Saxon-built. At back, open window-spaces, and to the right a doorway, past which the sea-birds fly in a gray light. Against the right wall, a seat and a shelf with one or two great books, a half-loaf of bread, and a lamp without a light. Near by, a large unlighted lantern. On the left wall, a rude wooden cross; below it, a bench with a slab of stone upon it, covered over; mallet, chisel, and other tools. Also, to the left, a little low door, latched, leading to an inner cell.—Twilight of a bleak day.

Enter Brun, the fisher-boy, doubtfully. He looks from bench to books, and shakes his head. There appears, later, on the threshold, the figure of a woman in a long cloak. Brun, when he turns, waves her back with a gesture of warning entreaty.

Brun. No more, but wings and wings!
And still no light.
He is not here, for all the night be wild.
The wind cries out;—there will be
broken wings.
And they do vex him, ever . . .

[Edburga appears.
—Nay, forbear!

Gudewife, forbear! Ye may not step
within.
He is not here, although the door stood wide;
See you, the holy Cerdic is not here.
Edburga. Where, then?
Brun. God wot! 'Twill be a mickle hap
That holds him fast; and no light litten
yet,

To save the gulls that beat against the hut.—

The light is wanting.—Do not come within; Bide yonder, pray you!

Edburga. Wherefore stayest thou me?

Brun. The holy Cerdic—

* *Edburga.* Wit ye who am I?

[He shakes his head. She draws aside veil and wimple, discovering a young face and long braids of red-gold hair; then she steps in, arrogantly, to his dumb distress. While he replies in abashed singsong to her questions, she looks about her with something between scorn and curiosity.]

Deem ye the holy Cerdic hides away? Or that I come for naught?—What art thou called?

Brun. Brun, son of Wulfstan . . .

Edburga. And what dost thou here?

Brun. Ye bade me lead you hither from the shore,

See you;—therefore I came. Often I come Likewise to bring the holy Cerdic bread, And tidings from the Abbey: . . . Ye can hear

Our bell, save when the wind will be too high,

At vesper-time and curfew.—He would fast, Truly, till he were like the lanthorn yon, As ye could see a light through, if let be! Then I row hither, or across the bar I come here at low water, and bring bread.— And if I did not, sure the Angel would.

Edburga. Sooth!

Brun. All folk say . . . Once I lay by to watch

Till nigh I heard it coming. For I dread Some day the Angel seize me by the hair!— Lady, ye wit no woman can be here In holy Cerdic's cell.

Edburga. Was this thy dread? And dare no townfolk come?

Brun. Save they be sick And sore possess, no nigher than the door. But ye have come within. Pray now, depart!

Edburga (stealthily). And I, worn weary, I must forth again

Into the wet, for that I am a Woman!

Brun. Needs must ye take it ill to be a woman.

Cheer ye! There is a tree to shelter by, A dark tree yonder, hard upon the dune.— Forsooth, all womankind he should mislike: But beyond that, men say it was a woman Drove Cerdic from the King.

Edburga. Men say? . . . What men?

Brun. Sooth, did ye never hear?

Edburga. What do they say?

Brun. It was for chiding the King's light-o'-love,—

I wot not whom, no more than ye:—

Edburga. Her name

Is called Edburga.

Brun. Ay, an evil woman!

She was it brought reproach upon the King, And Cerdic bade him put her by: and he Would not; but still she wasteth all his days. And, for her sake, he hath no mind to wed. And he was wroth; and, likewise, for her sake

He drove the holy Cerdic from the town. But Cerdic found our island. And, they tell, His faring here must bring a blessing down.—

Edburga. Ay, hath it fallen yet? Me—thought the isle

Looked bare enough, and starven.

Brun. Nay, not yet.

But likewise there are curses in the court And men cry out on Ælfric!—See ye, now, Their longing is for Cerdic home again.

Edburga. And Cerdic, will he hence? When the King comes,

With shining gifts! *[Between her teeth.]*

Brun. If he put Her away,

It may be . . . See you, Cerdic is so holy, They tell he will not look upon a woman When he must speak with them. But I'm a man:

I talk with him, and look. And so I too Would not have spoke with ye, but that ye came

To ask the way—

Edburga. Unto that holy man.

Yea, truly! I would see and speak with Cerdic.

Ye deem he cometh hither soon?

Brun. God wot!

He hath a Book here that he reads upon; Likewise he knoweth how to grave on stone With pictures like the frost. But oftentime All day he standeth on the rocks, adaze, So stark the sea-birds have no fear of him, But graze his face in flying. So, belike, It is a Vision that doth keep him now; For still the light is ever lit, by now.

He will be coming . . . Ye must bide beyond.

Edburga. Go thou. And I will follow to thy tree,

There to sit down . . . and pray . . . till I behold

Thy holy Cerdic coming.—Have no fear! Look: I will wrap my mantle round my hair As holy men would have us do.—Such peril.—

And dear enchantment, in a woman's hair! So: 'tis my will to stand thus in the wind Now, while the sun sets, and until the fiend That rends me have his own, or Cerdic—

Brun. Woe! The fiend!—

Edburga. That dwells in Woman: thou hast said.

Brun. Woe that I brought ye here to Cerdic's cell!

Edburga. Nay, thou wilt never rue it.— Take this scarf

So, knotted thrice,—unto the farthest rock, Where thou shalt bind it to that only bush.— The thorn thou shewedst me; and so let hang

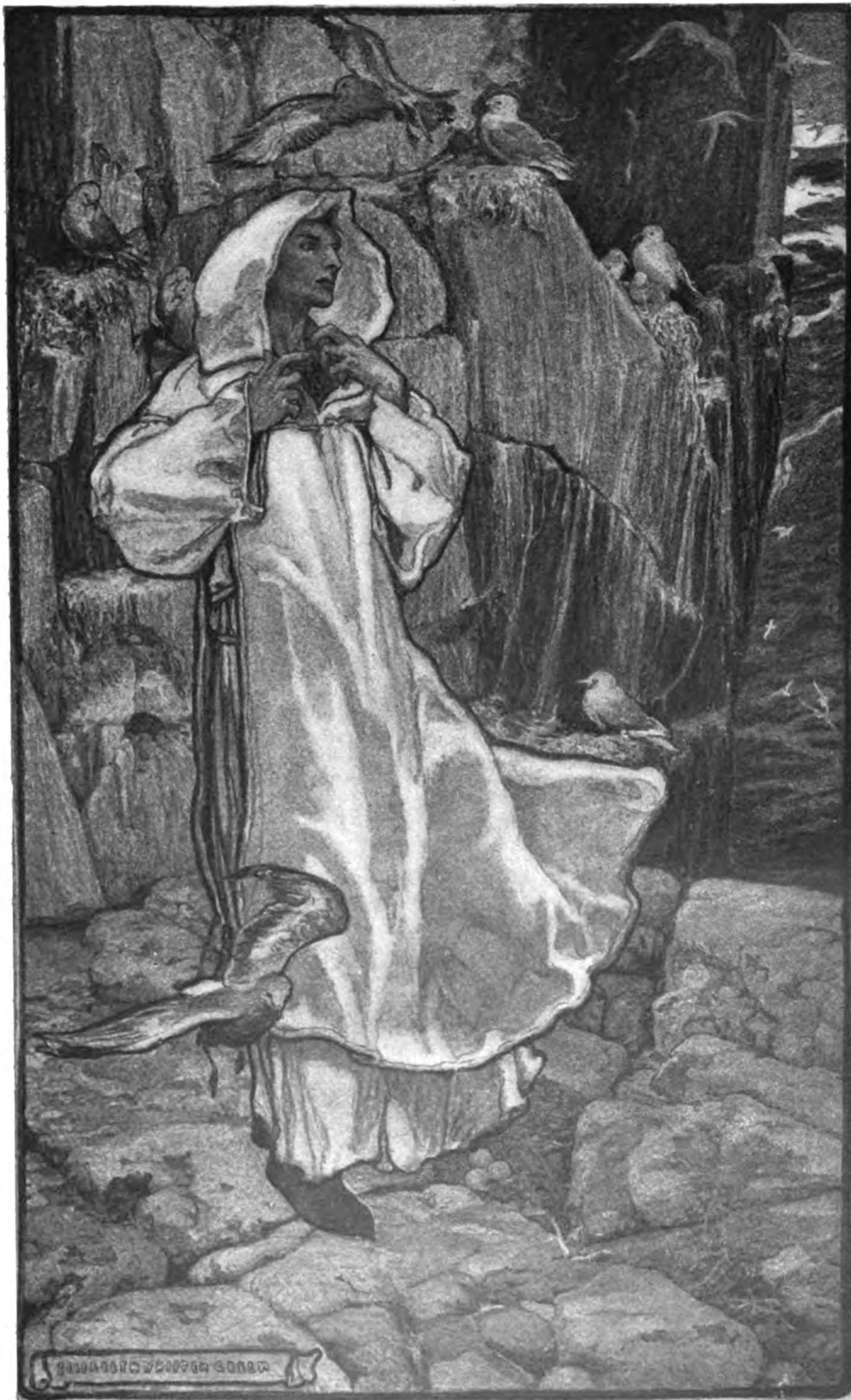
That the sea-winds may sift and winnow it. This if thou do—and look not back again,— And say thy prayer, likewise, for holy Cerdic!—

There shall no hurt come nigh thee from the fiend.

But I must bide by yonder starven pine

Till Cerdic pass. . . . to shrive me . . .

Brun (terrified). Ay, go hence! There doth he bless the sick.



*"All day he standeth on the rocks adaze,
So stark, the sea-birds have no fear of him"*

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Edburga. I follow thee.
And may the saints forgive it to this—
saint,

There stepped upon his threshold one poor
woman,

Seeing he knew not!—I will after thee—

Brun. Nay, do not! Sooth, I will as ye
have said.—

Edburga. Never look back!

Brun. By holy Guthlac, never!
When ye are shriven . . . take the self-
same way

Back to the shore . . . But if it be high
water—

Hasten!—

Edburga. I come!

Brun (running out). God shield the holy
Cerdic!

*Edburga (stretching out her arms with
savage relief).* God crush the holy Cerdic
with His shield!

[*She looks about her, between curiosity
and aversion; then begins to sing
with exuberant defiance of the place.*

If the moon were mine

For a silver cup,

Ah, but I would fill it up

With red wine, red wine!

Then, O love of mine—

[*She stops singing as she comes to the
bench with the covered stone, and
draws near to look, as if it fascina-
ted and repelled her; then she turns
away, silent.*

[*From the doorway, she seems to lis-
ten; then she calls through her hands
in a soft, high voice, like the wind.*

Ælfrie . . . the King! . . . [Apart.

—But if he come not?—Nay!

[*Exit Edburga. The door blows shut
after her. Deep twilight falls.
There is a pause, filled with the cry-
ing of wind and of sea-gulls.*

[*Then the low door in the left wall
opens and Cerdic gropes his way in,
but half awake. He is a young
monk with the keen face of a mystic,
worn white with fatigue. He seems
half tranced.*

Cerdic. The darkness here . . . Need be,
I fell asleep.—

Sleep, sleep for me, and in the daytime!

—Ah,

The little sleep.—Could I not watch one
hour?

Yea, Lord, for all the hours of day and
night;

Save that in sleep the wings stoop near to
me

I grasp for vainly, waking. . . . Was it
sleep?

Or were they here, the voices and the
wings?—

Not yours, beloved birds! Not yours, that
beat

Gray through the wind and wet, in search
of me.—

Lady of Heaven, forgive me that I slept

Forgetful of thy birds, to call them in

And break my bread with them.—

[*He goes to the shelf, and taking the*

*loaf down, breaks and scatters it
from the doorway, afterwards closing
the door.*

Take all,—take all!

For I have slept; and I am filled indeed
With manna and with light.

Yet, O thou Blessed!

If my poor prayer and longing may avail
Like hands of need, dragging thy garment's
hem.

Vouchsafe to me here in my wilderness
One sign, to ease the hunger of my heart
That calls and echoes, prays and hears the
prayer.

Echoed and ebbing, till it surge again;

High tide,—low tide; but never any word.

High tide,—low tide; never a face to see.

[*He comes to the bench. It is dark.*

*He opens the latched door, steps
within, and brings out a tiny
burning taper; from it he lights the
lanthorn and sets it by; then rever-
ently he replaces the taper in the
cell, shuts the door, and lifts the
covering-cloth from the stone to look
upon his work.*

Our Lady of all Comfort. Rose of Heaven!
Could I but make her, here, as in my dream,
That blessed Face,—the stone should put
forth might

Unto blind eyes, and they should look, and
see!

Ah, when?—Poor scribbled track, sore
pitiful.

Of wingless longing! Here the Face should
be,

With this gray blankness where the eyes
would shine,

More lovely blue than shining of the sky,
Soothed in the deepness of a twilight sea.

And here would be her hair;—a golden wave
Of sunset, ebbing redly in the west . . .

Her hair. . . . But never can I make her
hands,

Like to those palest roses that did grow
Close to the Abbey wall . . . Ah, could I
know.

Even in a dream!—Since unto lowlier men
Than blessed Luke she hath vouchsafed to
see

Her very face.—Comfort this halting tool,—
Quickened this stone! Let not the earth go
dark

Of such a likeness for men's hearts to keep,
Beautiful, on the altar of that temple
Whose walls be blazoned with the shapes of
earth.—

Scribbled and scarred with basest names and
things,

Foul upon clear!—Even as my Dream did
fade

When some voice in my soul, more ware
than I,

Thrust me awake crying, "*Ælfrie—the
King!*"

As if to call my sorrow by its name

To bear me company . . . And I awoke,

And saw no more . . . and heard no
more.—

[*Lifting his face with shut eyes.*

Let be!

There shall no soil come near my dream
 of thee;
 But I will count a thousand dawning suns,
 Patient, so be that on some dawn of day
 Thou lean from out of heaven, and I may
 see
 Thy face like Dawn above thy Star-in-the-
 East,
 Mother of all the motherless,—God's
 Mother!
 And still, though I should count the thou-
 sand years,
 Still shall my heart be ready. . . .

Ah, the wings!—
 Ever thy birds, the while I hark for thee;
 Never thy word, but only call of birds
 And waves, and wind, and evermore the
 wings
 Of sea-gulls that I hear a thousand times
 In hope: because they knock upon my door,
 Knocking and mocking ever!—Be it so.
 Lady of Heaven, beside thy flock of stars,
 Who broodest over this mid-world as though
 It were an ailing lamb, I wait for thee.
 I harken, and my heart is at the gate . . .
 My soul doth wait, as a poor vacant chamber
 With the door wide like famine, but for thee;
 Ay, and the torches waiting for a fire
 White from the stars, not breathing save
 for thee.

O Moon of Pity, if this loneliness,
 And the sore heart of man that knows but
 how
 To seek a home, can ever draw thee down,
 Lean from thy glory with thy mother looks,
 Lean down to bless,—follow thy pity down.—
 Down to this solitude. Let me once look
 On Thee!

[A knocking on the door. Cerdic looks
 up with fixed eyes. The door swings
 open, and Edburga stands on the
 threshold, her veil shadowing her
 face, the two long golden braids
 hanging below, upon her breast. She
 steps in and stands regarding him
 for a moment, then speaks in a voice
 without emotion of any kind.]

Edburga. Knowest thou me?

[Cerdic, as in a trance, crosses his arms
 on his breast. His face grows radi-
 ant with beatitude.]

[Without giving sign of her bewilder-
 ment, Edburga comes forward slowly,
 facing him. Then she loosens the
 veil from her head and the cloak
 from her shoulders. They fall about
 her feet; she stands richly arrayed.
 Cerdic sinks upon his knees.]

Behold me. . . . Thou art Cerdic.
 Cerdic (in a far-off voice). Lady, thou
 knowest.

Edburga. Yea, thou hast well said.
 I know thee what thou art. Thou dost
 not know

What I am. . . . Dost thou dream?

Cerdic. It well may be . . .
 I dream. . . .

Edburga. Awake.—For thou shouldst know
 me, Cerdic.

[He does not move. She regards him
 with a closer curiosity.]

Make me some firelight here. For I am
 cold.

Cerdic. Lady, have pity that my heart is
 shamed

And my poor home is witless of the fire,
 What warmth may be . . . I had no thought
 . . . of this.

Edburga. Wake, Cerdic. 'Tis no dream,
 albeit thine eyes

Never looked yet on mine. Guess, who
 am I?

Thy lips have used my name. Why art thou
 dumb

But now?

[He answers in a joyful prayer.]

Cerdic. Thy grace must needs unseal this
 mouth—

Ere wonder burst the prison of my heart!
 Thou knowest. Give me leave to tell of thee
 In words like golden harp-strings; but to tell
 How all the air is summer with thy coming.
 And morn doth flush the furrows of the sea;
 Yea, how thy voice hath fallen, like white
 manna.

To fill the craving hunger of the soul
 That longed for God and thee.

[She recoils with sudden contemptuous
 laughter.]

Edburga. Nay, for us twain!
 This, then, is Holy Cerdic, who would look
 Upon no woman! . . . Thou, who wouldst
 have us

Forswear all earth, for heaven somewhere
 outside,

Tell me, O wise one, of this precious rede,
 How to keep both, shut fast in godly hands!

[Cerdic, stricken aghast, reaches towards
 the fallen mantle and touches it in
 horror, to make sure. As his vision
 breaks, he rises and stands back,
 striving to control his anguish.]

Dreaming, good sooth! You touch it, to
 make sure.

Dreamer of far-off women? But this dream
 Is a true dream; as I am very Woman.

Nor shalt thou bid me hence till I have said.
 Thou wert full mild before I made me
 known.

Cerdic (gravely). Known, maiden?

[She regards him keenly; then goes to
 the door, shuts it, and turns towards
 him, with triumph growing in her
 looks.]

Edburga. Nay, then! I will tell thee more.
 How shouldst thou know me? I am the first
 woman.

Haply, thine eyes have met; and so, like
 Eve,

Older and wiser than thou! I come to tell,
 First, of the few, far things thou dost not
 know:

Then, of thyself, thou knowest less than
 all; . . .

Then . . . what a pitiful King's Counsellor
 Thou art,—too craven to behold a woman.

Cerdic. No longer give I counsel, well or
 ill.

Unto the King. Another counsellor
 He hath preferred before me, for whose
 sake

I am an exile . . . and this place my home.

Edburga. Haply it was Edburga?
Cerdic. Even she.—
 The King's Edburga.—If I have been
 craven,
 Speak out thy hurt. For I will hear, and
 learn.

*[He lights the little lamp also, from the
 lanthorn; then stands with his arms
 folded, looking at her calmly. She
 begins with a cold irony that grows
 passionate.]*

Edburga. Ay, learn.—If that Edburga
 drave thee here.
 Bethink thee that Edburga was a woman.
 Learn that there was some strength around
 her then
 Stronger than thou, to drive thee from his
 heart—

Ælfric the King's—and from the City gate!
 The woman's strength, the one might that
 is woman.

And though ye give and take us as your
 own,

What is it that ye flee from and ye fear?
 Yea, men and monks, why is it that ye turn
 And would stir up the ploughmen, if ye
 could,

To cry out on us, and to cast the clods,
 Dreading this . . . Softness, once it be un-
 chained!

Con thy blank heart. For I will write
 in it

The runes that might unriddle thee the
 world;

And thou shalt ponder them . . . one little
 hour.

Look now upon me.—Nay, I do not come
 Save but in hatred. Thou art safe from all
 Thy heart can fear—and long for—and
 despise!

I hate thee: and I tell thee: and I come
 To speak thee sooth, and at my going hence
 To leave full goodly token that I hate.—
 But thou, look back, and be the wiser,—
 thou!

When I did enter, ere we came to speech,—
 Thou dreaming unaware, and in amaze,—
 What was it bowed thy knees before me
 here

Against thy will? Thou'rt dumb. Why,
 then, poor clod,

What, but this weird which thou couldst
 never face?

This little source of mightiness—for-
 naught!—

What save one Woman?—And that one, to
 thee,

The basest woman-weed in all the world!—
 Edburga.

Cerdic. Ah, my God!—No, no.—
Edburga. The King's!—

The King's Edburga!

Cerdic (apart). Ah, forgive—forgive . . .

Edburga. Prayest me now forgiveness?

Cerdic (sternly). Nay, not thee!—
 Not thee.

Edburga. Then haply Heaven: that thou
 wert moved

By this poor beauty that I wear upon me.
 Waste not thy prayer. The peril that I
 bring

Is nothing strange: 'tis old and grim and
 free.

Have I not said, I come to tell thee of it
 And what I am that reckon with thee?

Cerdic. Speak.

Edburga. I am Edburga, and the daughter
 of Ulf.

My mother was a serf. And she was sold
 And taken in her youth unto Svanfleda,
 Sister of Ulf,—a just and holy woman,
 Who bought and set her free for Ulf to
 wed,—

And had it written in the gospel-book—
 When that his heart clave to her.—

That, O monk,
 Thou canst but hear, not know!—

And I was grown,
 When Ulf came to be made an ealdorman;
 And Bertric would have taken me to wife,
 Save that I came before the eyes of Ælfric
 The King; and so . . .

—What are you, men and monks,
 That you may give us unto such an one
 To bind your lands together? Or to bring
 The sum of twenty spears or more, to follow
 You, in your man-hunt?—Women bring you
 forth,

As Darkness cherishes the doomful light
 Of the Sun, that being grown, shakes his
 bright locks

And puts all to the sword! I'll not be
 given

To Bertric, would that Bertric have me
 now:—

I, a free woman and the gladlier free
 That being yet unborn, I was a slave!
 I am a creature rooted in the dark,
 But born to sunlight and the noble air.
 I will to give; and I will not be given.
 I fear not right nor left, nor east, nor west;
 Nor thee! For that I have is all mine own
 To give or keep. And I am all I have:
 And I am Ælfric's,—for a kingly gift.

*[A bugle sounds distantly. Neither
 hears it, as they face each other
 fiercely.]*

I reckon no more. But thou, thou shadow-
 thing,

Unwitting what or men or shadows be,
 Must ever counsel him to take a wife.

And hearing of my name and how time
 sped,

And fearing for the council and the peace,
 Thou wouldst have hurled my one gift of
 myself

Into the dust: and call all men to see
 And curse, and spurn me hence: ay, an thou
 couldst!—

As there were no degrees 'twixt mire and
 me.

O thou wise Cerdic, hear the end of this.
 For thy "King's Peace," thou hast so
 ploughed the state.

And turned the people's heart against their
 King.

That now they clamor for their holy man!
 Like rain and snow, two names make dim
 the air

With "Cerdic" and "Edburga"!

[Bugle-sound nearer.]
Cerdic. I knew not this.



"Awake.—For thou shouldst know me, Cerdie"

Edburga. Quoth he!—Thou hast it, now.
 Yet even so,
 Truly, thou wilt not come again, to rule! . . .
 Thou piece of craft, I know thee. Dost thou
 think
 Cerdic shall win? Or, haply, base Edburga?
 The King is here, without . . . and nigh at
 hand,
 Coming with torches.

[*Lifts her hand to listen.*

. . . Ay!—

Cerdic (dazed). The King is come. . . .

Edburga. Yea, so.—Tho' thou be traitor,
 he's a King;

And thou hast been a one-time counsellor.
 He comes to bid farewell . . . And I am
 first
 To shew thee something of this world,
 before
 Thou tak'st thy leave, for that far other
 world
 Thou knowst so well;—and liker home for
 thee
 Than this warm Earth so full of seas and
 sun.—

Too golden . . . like my hair!

The tide is in.
 It was low water when I walked across;
 But I have left my clew upon the shore!

Cerdic. Ælfrie is come . . .

Edburga. I have said.—Likewise a few.

Cerdic. Thou speakst not truly. Ælfrie is
 a King

Though he be young.

Edburga. But.—Cerdic or Edburga!

Cerdic. Not thus for Ælfrie! He bore love
 to me.

Edburga. Ay, long ago . . . For any of
 the earls

He would not so have done.—It was for me.

Cerdic. He would not so.

Edburga. Nay,—only for me.—
 The tide is in, and rising to thy neck.
 Save thyself, holy Cerdic!—

[*She points to the door with ironic in-
 vitation. Cerdic turns towards the
 bench, and grasping his mallet, looks
 on the carven stone, lifting the cloth
 from it. She sees with amusement.*

Let us see

How monks may fight! . . .

[*He covers the stone and faces her with
 sudden indignation, still grasping his
 mallet.*

Stout tools they look: and thou hast need
 of them.

If thou wilt cling to such a meagre life,
 Who scants a moment? Surely not the
 King!

Yet dost thou look not now as when I came,
 Kneeling, adaze, before me!—And belike
 I seemed not thus to thee.—What I did seem
 I wonder yet. O blind man with new eyes!—
 I wonder yet.—

[*The Abbey bell sounds gently far off.
 It is followed by confused sounds of
 approach.*

Cerdic. Hear, then! Thou sayest truth:
 How much of truth I may have time to tell
 thee.

Thou bitter truth, Edburga!—When I
 kneeled,
 Not knowing,—for my heart was worn with
 dreams,
 Mine eyes were worn with watching.—I had
 prayed
 Only to hear . . . one knock upon the door;—
 Only to see one Vision, that I strove
 To carve there on the stone. . . . There came
 a knock,

There stood one . . . at the door.—And I
 looked up,
 And saw in thee what I had prayed to
 see,—

And knew not what I saw, believing thee—
 God rede to me this day in Paradise
 The meaning of that mock!—believing thee
 The Vision . . . of all pity and all grace,
 The Blessèd One,—the Mother of Our
 Lord!—

Edburga. Out! Mock me not. . . . Be
 still—

Cerdic (with anguish). The Blessèd One!—
 Believing . . . thee . . . the Mother of the
 Lord! . . .

[*Edburga gives a strange cry and falls
 huddled against the door, with her
 veil gathered over her face, as Cerdic
 breaks the stone into fragments.
 There is a bugle-blast without, and
 the sound of voices and steel; then
 a blow upon the door. Cerdic hurls
 away the mallet.*

Could spears bite out this broken heart of
 a fool,

And tear it from me!—

Bid them in.

Voice (without).

Come forth!

[*Enter Ælfrie alone. The open door
 shows the torches outside. Cerdic
 faces him, sternly emotionless. Ed-
 burga is crouched by the doorway,
 her face covered. The King looks
 from one to other in amazement.*

Ælfrie. Where was thy signal? Twice I
 sounded horn.—

[*To Cerdic.*

I bade thee forth. Why cam'st thou not?

Is Cerdic

Afraid to die?—

What makes Edburga here?

Thou wert to give me signal . . . What
 befell?

Thou cowering in thy veil? When have I
 seen

This thing?—Speak!—

Edburga (faintly). Ælfrie . . .

Ælfrie. Up! Rise up and speak.

Come forth, out of thy veil!

Edburga.

I cannot . . .

Ælfrie.

Come.—

Look up.—

Edburga. Let be. . . . Ah, ah! . . .

Ælfrie (fiercely). Out . . . from thy veil!

[*Still she shrieks, covered. He turns on
 Cerdic, drawing his sword with a cry.*

Thou diest!—

[*Edburga flings herself against him and
 clasps his knees, reaching up towards
 his arm.*

Edburga. No, Ælfrie, no. But give me
 time:—not yet.



"No, Ælfric, no. But give me time;—not yet"

Let be . . . I do not know . . . I do not know . . .

I cannot tell thee why . . .

Ælfric. Thou wilt not speak?

Edburga. Yea, soon . . . Be patient. . . . hear!

[*In a gasping whisper.*
Put up thy sword.

Ælfric. Thou plead for him?—Am I become thy fool?

For he it was so called me, on a time!—
Speak.—Hath one hour' stricken thy mind from thee?

Art thou Edburga? And am I the King?
What hath he said?—For whom was ambush set?

Gods!—I would make all sure, but I am loath
To shame that King I was, before my thanes.

[*He pushes the door shut and stands against it, holding his sword drawn.*
Answer, Edburga.—Was't for me or thee
I took this errand on me? Thou hast said
One of you twain must live, the other die.—

To death with him.

Edburga. It shall dishonor thee.

Ælfric. Bid in the hands to do it.—For that cause

Thou wouldst have had them hither. Let them be

Dishonored. So:—was it not all thy deed?

Edburga. Mine, mine,—not thine! But thou, undo my deed,
And cast it from thee.—He hath spoken true . . .

In part—not all—not all! 'Tis I have clasped
This mantle of dishonor round thy neck,
That is so foul upon thee.—I saw not;—
But now I do behold . . . and all is strange.
Yea, I hate Cerdic . . . and I hate myself . . .
I bade thee do it, and I pray thee now,
Hear me again, and do it not.

Ælfric (as she clings to him again). Edburga!

Edburga. All I have asked of thee—unto this hour,

Put it away, from thee—and me . . . away!

Ælfric. Edburga!

[*She stands up, with a cry.*
Edburga. Doubt me not. Thou dost believe!

I loved thee, and I love thee, and . . . I love thee.—

I loved thee that thou wert the kingliest man;

And I have made thee lesser.—Be not . . . less.

The people love thee yet.—Ah, but they shall!

I did not know . . . but now . . .

Thou wilt believe?—

Undo me from thy neck.—Cast me away.—

I love thee, and I know thou didst love me!—

Throw me away.—

[*Cerdic stretches his arms out to them, suddenly illumined with great joy.*]

Cerdic. O woman!—Child . . . God's Child.

[*They turn to him, perplexed, Edburga sobbing at the feet of Ælfrie.*]

Wilt thou forgive?

Edburga (doubting). Forgive thee, *Cerdic*?

. . . Ah! . . .

Cerdic. Then hear me, and forgive when I have done.

I took thee as a bitter mockery

Of my fair dream. Thou wert to me one sent

To bow my pride who deemed such prayer could win

The blessed Vision . . . to this solitude.

So I let break the image that I strove

To make of Her; for that it was dishonored.

I brake it . . . and my heart was sore abased.—

Blest be that shame and sharpness!—This thy word

Makes me to know the answer to my prayer, Now that I see, through all these sevenfold

veils . . .

The Likeness! . . .

Edburga. Nay, . . . to Her?

Cerdic. Even to Her,

Yea, and to Him who did so love the world:—

Love, the one Likeness. . . .

Ælfrie (after a silence). *Cerdic*, thou shamest me.

[*He puts up his sword. Edburga hides her face against his knees.*]

Cerdic. Lift up her head and set her by thy side:

Wed her . . . Whom thou hast humbled, lift her up.—

The gift that thou hast taken, hold it high.

Ælfrie. Come with us, *Cerdic*.—Be at our right hand.

Cerdic. Not yet. For I have lived within a dream,—

And ye have slept, and wake, without a dream—

Too long. . . . Not yet know I enough of God,—

Or men.

[*As they turn to go, Edburga leaves the King's arms irresolutely. She draws near the bench and gathers up the fragments of the broken stone to lay them together with a half-fearful touch, not looking at Cerdic. Exit Edburga and the King.*]

[*Cerdic follows them to the threshold, looking out, his hands held after them in farewell. There is a sharp command. The torches go away and the footsteps on the pebbles. A gust of wind blows suddenly; and Cerdic reenters with a hurt sea-gull. There is the faint sound of the Abbey bell once for curfew.*]

[*Cerdic comes slowly towards the bench and the stone fragments, his face set, and the sea-gull held close to his breast.*]

Ah, Thou!—Have pity on all broken wings.



Old Immortality

BY ALICE BROWN

OLD John Buckham stood at the kitchen door, watching his wife while she picked her way along the path between his house and the Fosters'. It was early spring, and there was still snow in crusty patches; but the path was kept open in all weathers because Mrs. Buckham liked to take that way. She came slowly, her slender figure wrapped in its Irish cloak, and her sweet winter-apple face looking out from the quilted hood.

"You be careful there!" shouted old John. "It's all of a glare of ice."

Mrs. Buckham reached the door-stone safely, and there she stamped her feet and shook her skirts free of fringing frost.

"No, 'tain't, either," she said, in a pleasant treble. "You've laid so much ashes down it 'll all spring up clover, come next May."

Her husband was a tall, clean-looking man with an aquiline nose, and whimsical lines about the firm-cut mouth. Looking at her, his face wore an expression of almost childlike concern. He put out a hand to help her into the kitchen, but she repulsed him with a little pat like the quick play of a cat's paw. She spoke in a merry tenderness:

"There! there! I ain't a hunderd."

She was taking off her hood by the kitchen stove, her husband standing by, when he remarked incidentally,

"Blaisdell's in the fore-room."

"Mr. Blaisdell! Not our minister?"

"Yes."

"In the fore-room? He must be froze."

"No, he ain't. I blazed a fire. I should ha' set him down here by the kitchen sto', but I thought you'd have a conniption fit."

"Well!" She smoothed her hair with both hands, and turned toward the parlor door. "What's he want? Anything particular?" she asked, in a manner suited to ecclesiastical topics.

"Oh, jest a visitation, I guess," said old John. Then his jaw stiffened perceptibly, and he added, "He's heerd 'em call me 'Old Immortality,' an' he wants to bring me to book for sayin' I expect to live forever."

"John!"

"There! there, Mary! don't you mind. You needn't go in if you don't want to. He can talk to me from now till cock-crow. Do him good."

"Well, I guess I shall go in," said Mrs. Buckham, and she lifted the latch and entered the parlor, her husband following.

The minister sat there by the airtight stove, in the guarded calm of an atmosphere not yet thawed beyond a short and torrid radius. He was a light, thick-set young man with an earnest look, and no sign of humor yet developed in him. He rose to meet his hostess in her dignified approach, and listened to her "Pleased to see you," with some lessening of tension. John Buckham threatened to be a tough nut to crack, and the calm old woman seemed at once to promise some amelioration of the hour. She sat down within scorching distance of the stove; but old John took a chair by the window, and with a careful finger followed a line of frost upon the pane. To his wife's experienced eye he looked like a boy detected in misdoing, and bent on at least smudging the window while his guilt was being reckoned; but the minister's glance was on her, and she denied herself even a warning head-shake. The young man made two or three conversational forays into fields bounded by the weather and the hygienic value of his own brisk walk from town. Then, with an unhappy haste, he caught up a thread of talk where it had been broken.

"Your husband and I have been having a little discussion, Mrs. Buckham. Rather, I might say, I hope to lead him

into one. Of course I was hardly settled here when they told me 'Old Immortality' doesn't intend to die. I was greatly interested. I felt that I ought to know the grounds of his assurance,—or, I might call it, his belief."

Old John's face lighted with an emotion desperately summoned.

"Ever hear," he asked, ingratiatingly, "of the man down by Peppermint Bridge that's tryin' to invent a dog-barker?"

"No," said the minister, with a hopeful courtesy. He did not know old John. He could believe, until the moment of enlightenment, that even theoretical dog-barkers had some bearing on a life beyond the grave.

Old John continued, with a false assurance, avoiding his wife's eye:

"He's been to work a matter o' ten year with two pieces o' wood an' a kind of a bellus he got out of an old melodeon. When it's done, he's goin' to take out a patent on it. 'Hendrick's Dog-barker,' that's what it's goin' to be named—'Hendrick's Dog-barker'!"

Mrs. Buckham sat straight and tall, as if chair-backs had no meaning. A tiny spot of red burned on each cheek; her hands were folded. She could not bring her mate to shame by public censure; he knew that, and he was trading on it.

The minister laughed briefly, following old John's lead.

"I hardly see the utility of such a notion," he hesitated.

"Great sale for a thing like that," declared old John. "Give one o' the handles a h'ist, fill up the bellus with air, an' then let her go, an' she barks out jes like a little yappin' dog. A child could work it. Widders an' old maids 'd buy 'em by the hunderd an' keep 'em in the front entry to guard the premises. 'Hendrick's Dog-barker'!" He laughed softly to himself, yet his guilty eye wandered to avoid his wife.

"The man is undoubtedly insane," said the minister, sharply.

"Oh, no! Hendrick ain't insane. He's got a kind of an ingenious turn o' mind, that's all. But they're a queer set down there to Peppermint Bridge. Why, winter 'fore last, the night school-meetin' was app'inted it snowed great guns. Some o' the young fellers got through the drifts an' they hil' the meetin', an' got

a majority, an' voted to build the new schoolhouse out o' slippery-elm."

Mrs. Buckham had not spoken, and for the moment old John felt the irresponsible joy of one escaping penalty.

"Peppermint Bridge!" he repeated, careering on. "I guess so! The things that go on there 'd fill a Bible. There was Deacon Bray; as soon as he moved into his new house he let the old one to a couple o' school-teachers from Boston. Well, they come down along the last o' June an' settled themselves, an' the first Sunday over walks the deacon's two boys—reg'lar black sheep they be—"

"John," said Mrs. Buckham, "you put in another stick o' wood."

Old John brought his lean length upright and opened the stove door with a cheerful "Geel!" and a shake of his burned fingers. But he went on: "Over comes the two boys and says, 'Ain't there no jobs you'd like to have done? We'd be real pleased,' says they. The schoolma'ams let 'em split some kindlin' an' mow round under the apple-trees an' clean up the sullar, an' every Sunday they'd come as reg'lar as a clock an' work like silk-worms. The deacon he'd gone off to meetin', ye see, so he never sensed what was goin' on. The boys never set foot inside the meetin'-house, an' he'd give up expectin' it. They struck on that when they got their majority. Well, so't went on. The schoolma'ams kinder set 'em off to the neighbors. 'Our admirers,' they called 'em. 'Our admirers!' Well, there 'twas. The schoolma'ams had their summer, and went off in the fall. Next summer they took the house agin, but no boys! They saved up jobs an' done 'em themselves, an' then they curled their hair an' put up their parasols an' walked over to deacon's to say how much they liked the place."

"John!" warned his mate.

"But them boys had slipped into the vast unknown. One day one o' the schoolma'ams couldn't stan' it no longer, an' she says to old Elbridge Lane they'd hired to do some o' the jobs the boys never applied for,—she says, 'Where's our two admirers?' says she. Elbridge leaned on his scythe an' begun to wheeze. He ain't got a tooth in his head except two in front, in the receipt o' custom he keeps to stiddy his pipe an' whistle

through. 'Well,' says Elbridge, 'didn't you know what they come for?' The schoolma'am bridled. She wa'n't any too young. 'They offered to do our work,' says she. 'Why,' says Elbridge—'why, last year Deacon Bray left his hard cider stored in your sullar, an' this summer 'tain't here.' Old John was lying at ease in the great rocker, his legs outstretched, his doom for the moment forgotten. He opened his well-furnished mouth and roared; but in the midst the silence blighted him, and he looked from the minister to his wife with a relaxing jaw. "Well!" said he—"well!"

No conversational tactics would serve his purpose. The minister was not diverted.

"Mr. Buckham," said he, rather sharply, "I am told you made the statement at Friday evening meeting that you didn't expect to die."

Old John sat upright and put the tips of his fingers together. His face settled into an extreme seriousness. This was his look when matters were under discussion at town meeting and the issue was grave.

"Yes," he answered, "I said that."

"Did you refer to your immortality after death?"

"I referred," said old John, bringing his fist down on his knee, "to the life I'm livin' now right here in Rockin'ham County. I said I shouldn't die, an' I ain't a-goin' to."

"What basis have you for your belief? No doubt you can give me chapter and verse."

"I don't base it on chapters nor verses. I base it on what I know. There is no need o' my dyin', an' I ain't a-goin' to."

"Where do you get your assurance, Mr. Buckham?"

"I feel it. That's enough for me."

"Do you assume that others can taste of the same immortality?"

"I don't know anything about that," said old John, obstinately. "That's their lookout. I only know I ain't a-goin' to die."

His wife began speaking in a tremulous key. Two tears were on her cheeks.

"He ain't ever had a day's sickness in his life. His teeth is as sound as a nut. They ain't ever ached, an' he's kep' all his hair—"

"There! there! Mary," said her husband, with a whimsical tenderness; "anybody'd think you wanted to see me drop-pin' to pieces like a feather duster." But when she put her handkerchief to her eyes the sight enraged him, and he turned to the young man. "Now look here," said he; "le's have it out here an' now. I ain't a-goin' to have anybody comin' into my house an' stirrin' up strife, let him be what he will. I don't believe I'm goin' to die. There! now put that in your pipe an' smoke it. If you think I don't believe the Bible, you can think so. If you think I ain't fit to go to the communion table, you can say so an' I'll keep out. But as for sayin' I'm goin' to die an' be buried underground, I won't—for I know I ain't. There! that's my last word."

"Well!" said the minister, in his turn—"well!" And he rose to go. He got out of the house in a dazed fashion, with a shake of the hand judiciously graduated to express sympathy with the wife and admonition to the husband. But at the door he paused.

"I should be extremely sorry, Mr. Buckham," he said, with an awkward honesty, "if you should stay away from the communion table, or if I have in any manner—" He turned to the wife with a boyish smile. "You bring him along, Mrs. Buckham," he ended. "Don't you let him stay out of the fold."

"There!" said old John, as he and his wife entered the house together, "he ain't a bad little chap." But his valiant demeanor had shrunk; he was a conciliatory figure casting droll, beseeching eyes at the woman he wished to please. His wife knew her power at such crises. She was sorry for him, but he had mixed his cup, and he must taste it. She went in with the step of a justly offended woman and took up her knitting by the kitchen fire. Old John fidgeted about the room and found himself perfunctory occupations. He opened the clock door and touched the pendulum stealthily, like an idle boy. Then he tore a strip of paper from the edge of the county *Star* and began to make a lamplighter; but his great fingers got in his way, and he gave it up.

"Oh, the dogs!" he said.

He looked at Mary. There was a little

tremble at the corner of her mouth. He knew it well.

"You want I should put another stick o' wood in the fore-room sto'?" he asked, hopefully.

"No, I guess not," she answered. Her tone had a gentle neutrality most discouraging. Old John's temperature fell.

"Oh!" said he. He went to the window and stood drumming on the pane. He began watching the road, and concentrated his gaze in the manner of one who sees unexpected succor. "Mary!" said he, joyously. "Here's doctor!"

"The land suz!" cried Mary, rising and rolling up her yarn. "He ain't goin' by, is he?"

"No; he's turnin' in. I'll go out an' see if he won't drive into the barn." He passed her to get his hat; but he laid his hand on her shoulder and said, "Darn the ministers!"

"There! there!" said Mary. They were friends again.

The old lady "clipped it" about the kitchen and set out a dish of red apples, and a pitcher for John to get the doctor a glass of cider, if he would. When the two men came in, she was waiting for them in a smiling expectation. The doctor was a young man with sandy hair and knowing spectacles.

"How's the nicest woman in the world?" he asked of Mrs. Buckham.

Her mouth relaxed in spite of her.

"There! there!" she said. "You let me take your hat. John, you get his coat off. He's 'most froze."

"No, I'm not," said the doctor, standing in front of the stove and regarding them as if they were "own folks" whom he had found after long absence. "I'm warm all through the minute I get in here. John, you old sinner, are you still going to live forever?"

Old John grinned at him, but he answered obstinately, "Yes, I be goin' to live forever, unless I miss my calculations, an' I don't see no signs on't."

"Took out your patent yet?" asked the doctor.

Mrs. Buckham passed him the apples, and he split one with a twist of his strong hands.

"Going to keep the stock all to yourself, or do you think you could let the rest of us come in for a share or two?"

John stole a look at his wife.

"What's the matter, Buckham?" asked the doctor. "You act guilty. Been stealing sheep?"

"I'll tell you what's the matter of him," said his wife. Yet old John was not afraid; fair-weather signals were in her look. "He's been talkin' to the minister about livin' forever, an' I had to set by an' hear it."

The doctor threw back his head and laughed. "Talked to the minister, did you, John?" he asked. "Wouldn't back down a peg, would you?"

"I ain't a-goin' to back down when I'm in the right," said old John, sulkily.

"I bet you ain't. Say, John, what you going to do all the time you're living forever? You don't s'pose it 'll kind of pall on you after a while, do you?"

"I ain't goin' to live forever all in one day," said old John, scornfully, as if he accepted a trifling argument. "I ain't got to take it like a dose o' bitters. There'll be one day, an' then there'll be another day, an' that's all there is about it."

"And first you know you'll find you've lived forever. Well, I hope it 'll turn out as pleasant as you think."

"I don't know whether it's goin' to turn out pleasant or not," said John. "That ain't what I'm layin' my plans for. I'm jest goin' to do it, that's all—I'm goin' to be here. Some things about it are kinder pleasant. Last May I was over to Abel Tolman's when he was settin' out some young apple-trees. Abel's a year younger'n I be. 'What's the use?' says he. 'They won't bear for three years, an' mebbe I sha'n't be alive to eat 'em.'"

"Yes, an' what did father do then?" said the old wife. There was a clinging fondness in her tone. "He come home an' brought up one o' them late russets out o' the sullar, an' eat it, an' went out an' planted the seeds."

"Yes, I did," said John. "An' I says to myself, 'Them seeds 'll come up an' I'll watch 'em grow, an' when it comes time I'll graft 'em, an' I'll see 'em blow an' see 'em rot, for all Abel Tolman.' An' Abel Tolman could do the same if he had any seem to him."

"Well," said the doctor, "I shouldn't wonder if you did, you're such an ob-

stinate old dog. Now I must go along. Mrs. Buckham, I saw your niece this morning."

"She's sick!" said the old lady, in responsive fright.

"No, she's not. Her little girl's sick."

"There! there! Mary," said old John. He put out his hand to her, and she drew a step nearer and rested her fingers on his arm.

"What is it?" she asked the doctor.

"Well, she's got a cold on her lungs."

"There's lots of lung fever round," trembled the old lady. "That little creatur'! John, you harness up an' take me right over there."

John sat down by the fire. "I sha'n't harness up an' I sha'n't take you over there," said he. "Doctor, you look here. She's been up three nights this week with the Fosters, an' she's all beat out. If anybody's goin' to Mandy's, I will. I can wash dishes, an' I can set up nights. Mary, you know I can. Didn't I do it that other winter John was down in Maine loggin', an' you was over to the Fosters' bringin' 'em through the measles?"

The old wife stood by the fire, her hands trembling, and soft beseechment in her face. The doctor went up to her and stroked her shoulder.

"Look here," said he; "I guess he's right for once. You're pretty well run down with the Fosters—"

"She's all beat out," John growled.

"If you get over there, you'll have a fit of homesickness. You just let your husband go and see how things are. I'll take him over myself this afternoon, and he can spend one night, anyway. That big Foster boy 'll stay with you, won't he? And I'll drive round in the morning."

The old wife cried briefly over the "little creatur'" sick without her, but she was curiously tired; so, with an abatement of spirit that affected her with a mild wonderment, as it did her husband, she yielded, and in half an hour the two men had driven away. As they were jingling out of the yard, old John laid his mittened hand on the reins. The doctor pulled up. The husband turned a troubled face back to the house, where the slender figure stood in the doorway, erect and purposeful, and yet somehow appealing.

"Say, Mary," he called, "you're goin' to be all right, ain't you?"

"Course I'm all right," she answered, with the thin sweetness of her tender voice. "You won't get there 'fore dark."

That was a week of snow. John stayed at Mandy's and did chores, and the doctor brought him daily news of his wife. She was well. She was tired. Then she was ill. The baby was out of danger, but John ceased to think of the baby in that moment of alarm. He followed the doctor to the sleigh and took his place beside him. For half the way neither of them spoke. Then, as they were flying along the Evergreen Mile where woods darken the road on either side, old John said in an unmoved voice,

"I s'pose it's on her lungs?"

"Yes," returned the doctor.

There was another space of hurrying flight, and then old John remarked,

"When the old parson had it, he was out of his head."

"Yes," said the doctor, gently, flicking at the horse. "She won't know you."

"How long did he hold out?"

"Parson?"

"Yes."

"Three days."

Mrs. Foster was at the kitchen stove when they went in, stirring something in a saucepan. Her broad back, saluting old John, gave him that pang of distaste struck out in us when we find even a kindly alien inheriting our home. She turned on them her mild face, now creased with worriment.

"There ain't any change," she said to the doctor, briefly, in answer to his look. He nodded, walked into the bedroom, and closed the door behind him.

Old John took off his coat and hat and hung them in their places with a dull remembrance of the old wife's play at anger over his untidy ways. Then he waited by the stove, warming his cold hands; and Mrs. Foster, after another look at him, drew a chair toward him, but did not speak. The doctor came out, preoccupied and grim, and without a word to either of them, walked out of the house. The old man followed him to the sleigh, and stood there, his hair blowing in the wind. Tears were in his eyes. His mouth worked.

"God A'mighty!" he broke out when

the doctor gathered up the reins. "Ain't you goin' to speak?"

"I'll be back by seven," said the doctor.

Old John stood there for a moment watching him drive into the west, where there was a line of saffron light. It was an unfriendly world. Even the sky seemed strange. He stood there with the cold aloofness of it pressing upon his heart, and rousing in him the sickness of accepted grief. Then he crept into the kitchen, where there was no sound but the humming of the kettle on the stove. He stole on tiptoe to the bedroom door. Mrs. Foster sat by the bedside, her kind eyes bent on the pathetic figure there, her hand on Mrs. Buckham's wrist. She looked up at the creaking of a board, and rose responsive, with a motion bidding him take her place. He did it, terrified lest Mary should be roused and greet him with unrecognizing eyes. But she did not stir, and he sat there while the dusk fell and neighbors stole into the kitchen with cautious feet. The doctor came and went, and in the evening a watcher took Mrs. Foster's orders, and there was tea at midnight and food eaten with a hushed solemnity. The day dawned in a wintry glow, and she was no better. Old John stumbled to the kitchen lounge, and covering himself with his army overcoat, fell asleep. That forenoon the minister came. Old John was sitting over the fire, his hands hanging between his knees, his head drooped forward over them. He looked up and nodded, and the minister laid a hand upon his shoulder.

"I saw Doctor Braintree in the post-office," said the minister.

"Yes," said old John, "I think's likely."

The minister hesitated. "Shall I—" he said. "Could I see her?"

"No."

"I was afraid not. May I pray with you?"

"Do's ye like," said old John, listlessly—"do's ye like."

When the prayer was over, the minister stood there unhappily drawing on his gloves and longing to comfort his poor flock. Old John looked at him with dull eyes.

"You needn't fret yourself about my

livin' forever," he said, bitterly. "Makes me laugh to think on't. It's all over an' done."

"What's over?" asked the minister.

"What I said about livin' forever. You can tell 'em all. You can git up in meetin' an' tell 'em if you want. Tell 'em old John's give it up."

"That isn't important," said the minister. "It doesn't matter how long we live."

"It does, too," said old John, fiercely. "Don't tell me it don't matter. Not when the only creatur's took away that made ye live? You look-a-here. She's goin' to die. If there's any place for her, there's a place for me, an' my place is there an' nowher's else."

"Living or dying," said the minister, softly, "we are the Lord's."

"No wonder they hooted an' laughed," old John went on, in the same tone of dull retrospection. "They said everything died an' was changed into sunthin'. I never thought o' her dyin'. We've done everything together for over forty year. We've most breathed together. I s'pose I thought if I kep' alive it'd keep her alive, too. But I can't. I ain't got no more power ag'inst the way things go than if I was a drop o' water in the sea."

"We shall be changed," said the minister.

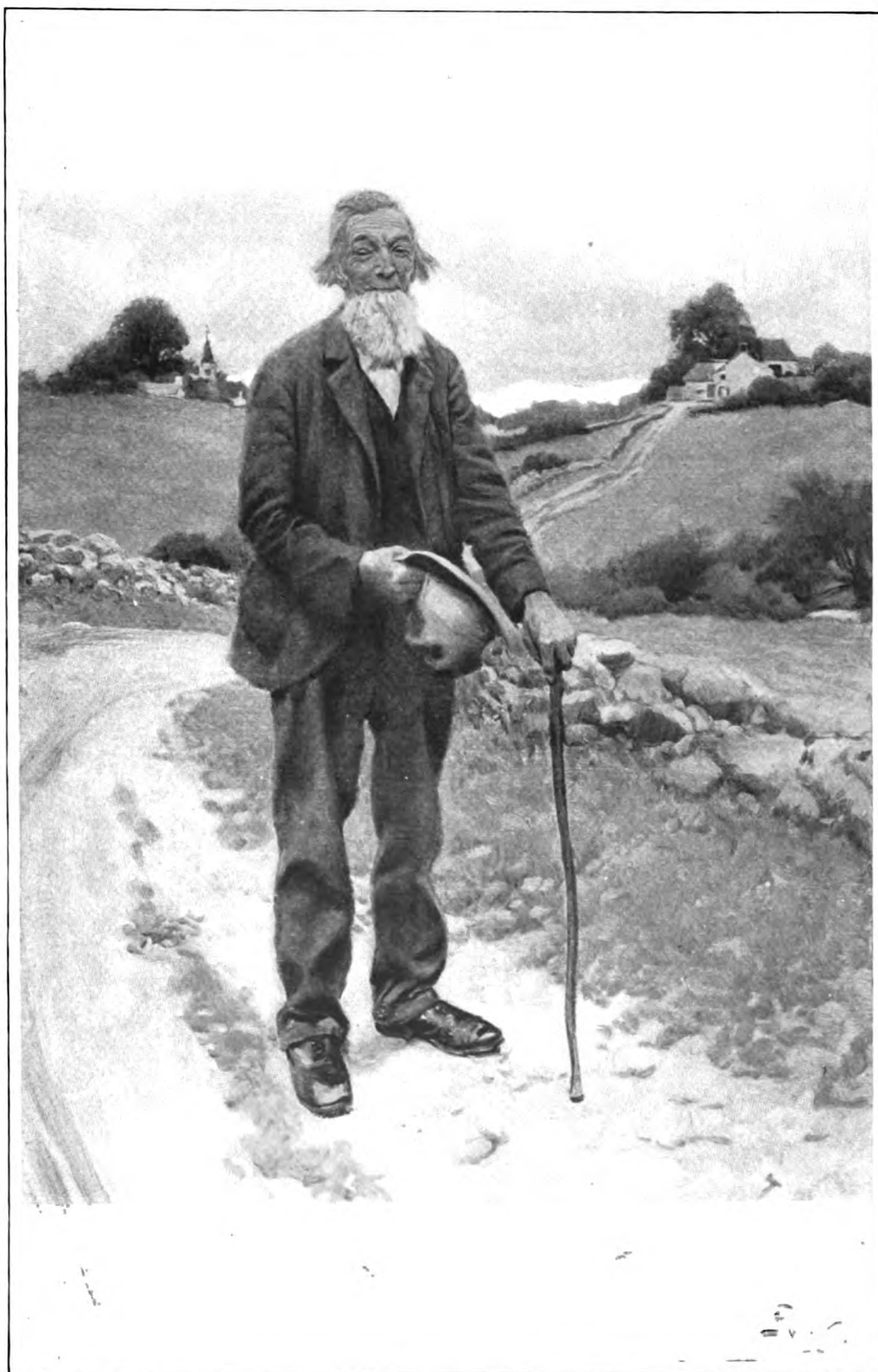
"She's got to have her powder," said John, rising, and the minister went away.

Another day dragged by, and at dusk the doctor came on old John, with his milk-pails, plodding in from the barn. This was the third visit for the day, and John had not expected him. It was the first time he had not waited outside the bedroom door to hear the verdict. When he saw the doctor the strength of his arms failed him. He set down his pails and waited. Again the west was yellow. To the doctor the light was lovely. He called out as he came:

"Well, Old Immortality, feel as if you were in the first quarter of eternity or 'long about the full?"

Old John's face had the immobility of wonted grief. "It's gone out o' me," he said. "The peth has all gone out o' me."

"No, it hasn't, either," said the doctor. "It's only run down into your boots. See here; I didn't tell you what I thought



Half-tone plate engraved by F. A. Pettit

" OLD IMMORTALITY "

this morning. I know it now. She's going to live."

It seemed a long time before the old man could draw the world back into his vision.

"Live?" he repeated. "Is Mary goin' to live?"

"Of course she is. You don't suppose we've had this fight for nothing?"

Old John turned upon him a face exquisitely radiant of hope. His hand shook as he laid it upon his trembling mouth, and the doctor threw one arm about his shoulder.

"We'll feed her up," said he. "She'll know you fast enough. To-morrow you can go on living forever."

Old John took off his hat and stood there bareheaded to the sky. "I'm goin' to do what the rest do," he said. "It's better. Stay a little while an' then travel the same road. What if I'd lived to set under them apple-trees we talked about, an' set there all alone? No. I'm goin' the app'nted way."

Three weeks after that the pale little

old woman sat by the window, not near enough for any draught to strike her, but so that she could see old John tinkering the gate, and looking up to satisfy his eyes, from time to time, that she was there. Young Tolman drove up for a moment's halt, and called to him:

"Father's got over that spell o' his. He wanted I should tell you he wa'n't goin' to hand in his checks yet a while."

Old John lifted himself from his labor, laid the hammer on the gate, took off his hat, and passed a hand over his forehead. "Well," he returned, moderately, "you tell him it's the road we've all got to travel."

"That's new doctrine for you," said young Tolman. "I thought you're goin' to live forever. Couldn't ye git your patent?"

"I ain't goin' to apply."

"Give it up? Can't ye resk it?"

The light of controversy lighted up John's face. "I could if I'd a mind to," said he. "All is, I've made up my mind to train with the company."

The Hushed House

BY MADISON CAWEIN

WHO went at nightfall,
Came again at dawn;
On Love's door again I knocked—
Love was gone.

He who oft had bade me in
Now would bid no more;
Silence sat within his house,
Barred its door.

When the slow door opened wide
Through it I could see
How the emptiness within
Stared at me.

Through the dreary chambers
Long I sought and sighed,
But no answering footstep came;
Naught replied.

Then at last I entered
Dim a darkened room;
There a taper glimmered gray
In the gloom.

And I saw one lying
Crowned with helichrys:
Never saw I face as fair
As was his.

Like a wintry lily
Was his brow in hue;
And his cheeks were each a rose
Wintry too.

Then my soul remembered
All that made us part,
And what I had laughed at once
Broke my heart.

The Love of Elia

BY CHARLOTTE WILSON

"Methinks it is better that I should have pined away seven of my goldenest years, when I was thrall to the fair hair, and fairer eyes, of Alice W——n, than that so passionate a love-adventure should be lost."—*Essays of Elia*.

HER image glides from page to page,
A Presence, frail and fair,—
Scarce more than sweet averted face
And glint of shining hair,—
Yet if she went a light would fade,
And leave a shadow there.

His Alice! From the well-worn page
That in the firelight lies
Before me, child, I see with him
Out of the embers rise
Th' imperishable vision of thy face,—
Fair hair, and fairer eyes.

What brought the later years? Sweet child,
We do not greatly care:
Sure, 'twere enough beatitude
For mortal maid to wear,—
Thy mystical maternity,
Sweet Alice with fair hair!

What if thy gentle arms grew old
From Love's sweet burden free!
Listen! these prattling little ones
Love brought to him and thee,—
These dear Dream-Children with deep eyes
That nestle at his knee!

Nay, what if darker Fate drew near,
Forbade unvexed to pine,
And bowed thy comely head to take
The heavy crown divine
From hands less reverent than those
Of that old love of thine,

Bowed thy cold lips in bitterness
To desecrated streams:—
Still bright along his quiet ways
Thy virgin vesture gleams;
To him thou still art spirit-wife,
Maid-mother of his dreams.

Yea, Alice! gentlest love of Fame,
Frail, favored child of Fate!
He hoards thy memory chaste and sweet
While newer faces wait;
And the dear ashes of his love
He keeps inviolate.

Editor's Easy Chair.

IT was the experience of Eugenio—if we may recur, after the lapse of several months, to that impersonal entity—that the criticisms of his books, when they were unfriendly, presented a varying offence, rather than a cumulative offence, as the years wore on. The criticisms of one's books are always hard to bear, if they are unfavorable, but he thought that displeasure for displeasure the earlier refusal to allow him certain merits was less displeasing than the later consent to take these merits for granted. To be taken for granted in any wise is to be limited. It is tantamount to having it said of one that, yes, one has those virtues, but one has no others. It comes also to saying that one has of course the defects of one's virtues; though Eugenio noted that when certain defects of his were taken for granted, it did not so distinctly and immediately follow that he was supposed to have the virtues of these.

Now, Eugenio's theory of himself was that he was not limited, and that if he modestly stopped short of infinity, it was because he chose. He had a feeling of always breaking new ground; and he did not like being told that he was tilling the old glebe, and harvesting the same crops, or that in the little garden ground where he let his fancy play, he was culling flowers of such familiar tint and scent that they seemed to be the very flowers he had picked thirty or forty years before. What made it harder to endure suggestion of this sort was that in his feeling of always breaking new ground there was an inner sense, or fear, or doubt, that perhaps it was not really virgin soil he was turning up, but merely the sod of fields which had lain fallow a year or two, or had possibly been cropped the season before.

The misgiving was forced upon him by certain appearances in the work of other veteran authors. When he took up the last book of some lifelong favorite, no matter how great a master he knew him still to be, he could not help seeing that the poor old master was repeating himself, though he would not

have phrased the case in such brutal terms. Then the chill wonder how long he could hope to escape the like fate pierced him, and for a moment he could not silence the question whether it might not have already befallen him. In another moment he knew better, and was justly aggrieved with the next reviewer who took things in him for granted, quite as offensively if they were merits as if they were defects. It was vital to him to be always breaking new ground, and if at times it seemed to him that he had turned this or that furrow before, he said to himself that it was merely one of those intimations of pre-existence which are always teasing us here with the sense of experience in circumstances absolutely novel; and he hoped that no one else would notice the coincidence.

He was, indeed, tolerably safe from the chance, for it is one of the conditions of literary criticism that the reviewers shall be nearly always young persons. They, if they alone are capable of the cruelties they sometimes practise, are alone capable of the enthusiasms which supply publishers with quotable passages for their advertisements, and which lift authors' hearts in pride and joy. It is their advantage that they generally bring to the present work of a veteran author an ignorance of all that he has done before, and have the zest for it which the performance of a novice inspires. They know he is not a novice, of course, and they recognize his book as that of a veteran, but they necessarily treat it as representative of his authorship. Of course if it is his twentieth or thirtieth book, or his fortieth or fiftieth, it is merely one of a long series which fully represent him. Even these collectively represent him inadequately as long as he is adding to them, if he has the habit, like Eugenio, of always breaking new ground. The reviewer, however, is probably much newer than the ground which the established author breaks in his last book, and coming to it in his generous ignorance, which he has to conceal under a mask of smiling

omniscience, he condemns or praises it without reference to the work which has gone before it, and which it is merely part of, though of course it has entirely enough of a sort to stand alone. If the author has broken ground in the direction of a new type of heroine, the reviewer, by the conditions of his calling, is all but obliged to say that here is one of those enchanting girls whom the author in question has endeared to generations of readers; or one of those tedious prudes for whom his name is a synonym. If after many psychological romances the author has stepped down to the level of actual life, he is praised or blamed for the vital or servile naturalism of his work; or if the contrary is the case, he has to read of himself as doing something habitual and entirely characteristic of him. In vain, so far as that acute young critic is concerned, has he broken new ground. But if he has with much compunction consciously turned his furrows in a field tilled before, he stands a fair chance of being hailed at the outset of a new career.

He cannot openly complain, and if he could the critic cannot help being what he is. If the critic were older and more versed in the veteran author he might not like him so well, and he could not at any rate bring the fresh interest to his work which the young reviewer brings. What Eugenio would really wish would be to have each successive book of his given for review to some lifelong admirer, some dear and faithful friend, all the better for not being an acquaintance, who had liked him from the beginning and was intimately versed in all his work. Such a critic would know that Eugenio was always breaking new ground, and that he was never more true to this inherent tendency than when he seemed to be ploughing the same old furrows in the same old fields. Such a critic would be alert to detect those fine differences of situation which distinguish a later from an earlier predicament. He would note with unfailing perspicacity the shades of variance which constitute Florindo an essentially novel character when presented under the name of Lindoro, or Floribella a fresh delight when she reappears as Doralinda. Even when he could not deny that these per-

sons were in themselves one and the same, he would be able to make the reader observe that the new light thrown upon them by the author's ever-renascent art revealed in familiar creations traits of mind and charms of spirit unimagined before. He would insist that if not new they were newer, because being more fully ascertained they were truer. He would boldly recur to the personages in Eugenio's former books whom they reminded one of, and studying them in contrast, would convince the reader that the increasing purpose of the author in the treatment of the well-known types had been to reveal the infinite variety of character which lay hid in each and every human type.

Some such reviewer, Eugenio thought, all journals pretending to literary authority ought to keep on their staff for the comfort of veteran authors, and for the dispensation of that more delicate and sympathetic justice which their case required. It might be well enough to use a pair of ordinary steelyards, or even hay-scales, in weighing out the rewards and punishments of younger authors, but some such sensitive balance as only the sympathetic nerves of equal years, and, if possible, equal intelligence, could adjust, ought to be used in ascertaining the merits of a veteran author.

In his frankest self-consciousness Eugenio did not say a veteran author like himself, and he did not insist exclusively upon a veteran critic for his behoof. There were times when he thought that a young critic coming in the glow of adolescence, and the freshness of knowledge won from the recent study of all his works, might be better fitted to appreciate the qualities of the latest. He quite rejected the notion, when it came to business, with which he had sometimes played, of an author reviewing his own books, and this apart from his sense of its immodesty. In the course of his experience he had known of but one really great author who had done this, and then had done it upon the invitation of an editor of rare if somewhat wilful perspicacity, who invited the author to do it on the ground that no one else could do it so well. But though he would not have liked to be his own reviewer, because it was not seemly, he chiefly

feared that if put upon his honor, as he would be in such a case, he must deal with his work so damagingly as to leave little or nothing of it. He might make the reputation of a great critic, but in doing execution upon his own shortcomings he might be the means of destroying himself as a great author.

After all, authors are not the self-satisfied generation they must often seem to the public which has tried to spoil them with praise. There is much in doing a thing which makes a man modest in regard to the way he has done it. Even if he knows that he has done it well, if the testimony of all his faculties is to that effect, there is somehow the lurking sense that it was not he who really did it, but that there is a power, to turn Matthew Arnold's phrase to our use, "not ourselves, that works for" beauty, as well as righteousness, and that it was this mystical force which wrought through him to the exquisite result. If you come to the second-best results, to the gold so alloyed that you may confidently stamp it your own, do you wish to proclaim it the precious metal without alloy? Do you wish to declare that it is to all intents and purposes quite as good as pure gold, or even better? Do you hold yourself quit of the duty of saying that it is second-best, that it is something mixed with copper or nickel, and of the value of oroides, say? You cannot bring yourself to this extreme of candor, and what right, then, have you to recognize that something else is fine gold, when it is really so? Ought not you to feign that it is only about 13 carats when it is actually 18?

Considerations like these always stayed Eugenio when it came to the point of deciding whether he would care to be his own reviewer, but the desire to be adequately reviewed still remained with him, a fond longing amidst repeated disappointments. An author often feels that he has got too much praise though he never has got all he wants. "Why don't they clap?" Dr. Holmes once whimsically demanded, speaking of his audiences in those simple early days when he went about lecturing like Emerson, and Alcott, and other saints and sages of New England. "Do they think I can't stand it? Why don't they give

me three times three? I can stand it very well." An author may sometimes think he is fulsomely praised, and may even feel a sort of disgust for the slab adulation trowelled upon him, but his admirer need not fear being accused of insincerity. He may confidently count upon being regarded as a fine fellow who has at worst gone wrong in the right direction. It ought therefore to be a very simple matter to content a veteran author in the article of criticism, but somehow it is not.

Perhaps the trouble is in the nature of criticism, which, unwillingly enough, no doubt, assumes to be and to do more than it can. Its convention is that it is an examination of a book and a report upon its qualities. But it is not such a report, and it cannot be in the limits assigned it, which are the only tolerable limits with the reader. The author would not mind if the critic's report were physically commensurate with his book; but of course the reader could not stand that; and, generous as they are, other authors might complain. Sometimes, as it is, they think that any one of their number who gets something like a good report from a critic, is getting more than his deserts. Yet authors, though a difficult, are not an impossible generation. Few of them would allow that they are even unreasonable with regard to criticism, and they would probably hail any improvement in its theories and methods with gratitude.

As criticism cannot be an adequate report upon the qualities of a book, even a book which has not been examined, why should it assume to do more than talk about it, and talk all the better for being merely tentative and altogether unfinal? Nobody can really be authoritative concerning anything, for there is no one whose wisdom will not be disputed by others of the wise. The best way, then, might be for a reviewer to go round collecting sentiment and opinion about the book he means to talk of, and then to give as many qualifying varieties of impression as the general unhandsomeness of human nature will allow him to give when they differ from his own impression. On the terms of the old and still accepted convention of criticism, Eugenio had himself done a vast deal of

reviewing, an amount of it, in fact, that he could not consider without amaze, and in all this reviewing he had not once satisfied himself with his work. Never once had he written a criticism which seemed to him adequate, or more than an approximation to justice, even when he had most carefully, almost prayerfully, examined the work he reported upon. He was aware of writing from this mood or that, of feeling hampered by editorial conditions, of becoming impatient or jaded, and finally employing the hayscales when he ought to have used the delicate balances with which one weighs out life-giving elixirs or deadly poisons. But he used to imagine that if he could have put himself in the attitude of easy discussion, or light comment instead of the judicial pose he felt obliged to take, he could have administered a far finer and more generous measure of justice. In these moments he used to wonder whether something stated and organized in the way of intelligent talk about books might not be substituted for the conventional verdicts and sentences of the courts of criticism.

In this notion he proceeded upon a principle evolved from his own experience in fields far from the flinty and sterile ranges of criticism. He had not only done much reviewing in those days, but he had already written much in the kinds which he could not, in his modesty, bring himself to call "creative," though he did not mind others calling it so. Whatever had been the shortcomings of the conventional reports upon his work, it was his glad experience that nothing he said or meant, not the slightest intention or airiest intimation in his books, was ever wholly lost. Somewhere, some one, somehow had caught it, liked it, remembered it, and had by a happy inspiration written him of it, it might be diffident, it might be confident, of his pleasure in the recognition.

Such recognition was always more precious than the reports of the conventional critics, though if these were favorable the author was glad of them, as of any good that the gods gave. But what struck Eugenio was that such recognition was the real, the very, the vital criticism, and that if it could be evoked in behalf

of others, in its sincerity, it might be helpful to the cause of literature far beyond anything that the courts of criticism could do or effect in its behalf. After all, as he said to himself, an author wrote for his readers and not for his critics, for pleasure and not for judgment; and if he could be assured publicly, as he sometimes was assured privately, that nothing he did was lost, he might be encouraged to keep on doing his best. Why, indeed, should not there be a critical journal embodying in a species of fragrant bouquet the flowers of thought and emotion springing up in the brains and bosoms of readers responsive to the influence of a new book? Such readers would have only to suppose themselves addressing the author direct, and the thing could be done. It might be done in another way by the authors contributing the praises privately sent him. In a time when personal letters to authors are constantly quoted in advertisements, this might not seem so immodest as in some earlier literary condition.

In the mean time the question of what shall be done for veteran authors who are always breaking new ground, still remains, and it is complicated by a fact of psychological import for the reader as well as the author. What first gives an author his hold upon the reader is not the novelty of his theme, but a pleasing, it may be a painfully pleasing, quality which in its peculiar variation must be called his personal quality. It is the sense of this in each of his successive books which deepens his hold upon the reader, and not the style, or the characters, or the intrigue. As long as this personal quality delights, he is new whether he breaks new ground or not, or he is newly welcome. With his own generation, with the readers who began young with him, and have grown old with him, he is always safe. But there is danger for him with the readers who begin young with him after he has grown old. It is they who find his tales twice told and himself hackneyed, unless they have been trained to like his personal quality by their elders. This might be difficult, but it is not impossible, and ought not it to be the glad, the grateful, care of such elders?

Editor's Study.

DURING our editorial experience we have several—at least three or four—times received poetical contributions accompanied by the statement that they took complete shape in dreams, and were committed to writing by the authors immediately after waking. The poems were consistent in structure and excellent in form, but each conveyed by some indefinable element an impression confirming the contributor's account of its genesis—such an impression as would be made upon a thoughtful reader by Julia Ward Howe's "Battle Hymn of the Republic."

The latest instance was communicated to us through Margaret Deland, who gives the following account of it:

"A certain Mrs. Warrin, rather past middle age, charming, eminently sensible, but uninclined to poetical expression, never having written a line of verse, suddenly woke one morning from a sound sleep, and, to her astonishment, heard herself repeating the lines which I enclose. She was absolutely dumfounded, because it seemed to her that these words had no connection with her own volition; it was as if some one was using her as a machine—a machine which rapidly and smoothly ground out, so to speak, this poem. When it ran down (one involuntarily uses mechanical terms), she arose, and hurrying to her husband's room, awoke him, and, opening her lips, again heard these two verses. Mr. Warrin, knowing that she had no experience in poetic expression, was as astonished as she. She copied the poem, simply as a matter of curiosity; but when I read it I asked her to let me have it, because it did seem to me to have merit, apart, as I say, from the queer circumstances of its production. I may add that, so far from having a cold and childless life, 'rent in twain by sobs,' Mrs. Warrin is the mother of a fine son, a woman of sane and cheerful interest in life, and as far removed from morbidness as you can imagine. In fact, the poem is so entirely impersonal to Mrs. Warrin that she finds the circumstances amusing, and is not inclined to take the verses seriously."

Here is the poem, which we detach from other contributions and reproduce in the Study because of its suggestiveness psychologically:

In my dim room two tapestries there are,
close hanging to the wall;
On one, bright colors flame and golden gleams,
And from it, in the half-light of my days,
I think I hear the low, soft laughter of sweet love,
The merry cry of children—*mine*, the shouts of boys at play;
Then clash of swords, and murmurs of great crowds,
And acclamations high, and loud and strong;—
My life—that longed to be.

The other, pale and sombre in the shadow falls,
I scarce can tell what faint design is traced upon its folds;
Dim shades there are, which slowly move
In misty waves the wall along;
So cold, so dark,—no love, no life, no sound;—
Hark, silence shivers, rent in twain by sobs—my own.

The verses show poetic feeling, and their effect is that of a vivid picture, such as we have in dreams. But the quite elaborate art in the turn of the thought and in the nicely balanced phrase suggests that, however automatic the composition, the writer has diligently cultivated the habit of versification, and in the freedom and absorption of the dream has surprised herself by an achievement never satisfactorily attained in her waking hours. The situation portrayed in the closing lines is, we understand, very far from being actually her own, and this power of detachment which enables her to realize the typical as distinguished from her individual situation is characteristic of the true artist. The dream has enhanced the prosperity of the work, not the possibilities of the worker.

We recall, of course, Coleridge's "Kubla Khan"—the fragment of a poem composed by him during a sleep superinduced by

an anodyne. Everybody remembers the opening lines:

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure dome decree;
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea.

The rest is usually forgotten — but then Coleridge himself forgot at least three-fourths of the poem as it lay in his dream, having transcribed only fifty-four lines, being at that point suddenly called out by a gentleman from Porlock on business. Three of these five opening lines were furnished him in the rough by *Purchas's Pilgrimage*, which he happened to be reading when he fell asleep. But the "sacred river," the "caverns measureless," and the "sunless sea" were Coleridge's own, and these constitute the immortal passage of the poem. What follows is equally characteristic of the Coleridian imagination. The lines

A savage place! as holy and enchanted
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
By woman wailing for her demon lover,

are as nightmarish as anything in "Christabel." But later we come to a vivid picture in brighter lines:

A damsel with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw:
It was an Abyssinian maid,
And on her dulcimer she played.

The poem, as we have it, concludes with these lines:

For he on honeydew hath fed
And drunk the milk of Paradise.

Which so haunt us with their beauty that we are willing to forgive all blemishes, but we would like to hang that gentleman from Porlock!

In such of these dream-poems as have come to our notice we see no reason to evoke for their explanation that mysterious subliminal personality to which recent psychic speculation has introduced us, and which seems to lie in wait for the unwary, though we confess that we would like to know more about its secret feuds and alliances before unreservedly committing ourselves to its guidance. The automatism permitted by

dreams is in lines of least resistance; or, to put the case positively, is in the lines of our most cherished inclination, our ruling passion, and the result is as likely to be a limerick as a fine poem, if the dreamer tends that way. Indeed, we have heard of limericks composed in dreams, and have thought that all nonsense verses thus produced would have freer play, undisturbed by any gleam of reason.

"As in a dream": thus seem to us all the creations of pure genius. The world-stuff which enters into the dream indicates the environment upon which genius has reacted, though this is less obviously apparent in art than in literature. In the latter both theme and texture change from age to age, and they derive their significance, for the most part, from human life and from prevalent conceptions of that life entertained during the successive stages of human development. The writer's genius reacts not only upon the immediate environment, but upon that peculiar to past ages, in so far as it is disclosed to him by study; but more and more, as time goes on, the reaction is upon the structure and processes of contemporary life, since in their ever-increasing complexity these reveal greater capabilities from a wider variety of contacts. Writers who still adopt "the grand style" affect the mystery of the remote affair; but in general literature this style is mostly obsolete, and has given way to the closer portraiture, the more intimate communication. Comedy since Aristophanes reflects the present, and it is the *comédie humaine* which furnishes the *motifs* and the very texture of our most distinctively modern prose literature.

In considering the evolution of genius, in the last Study, we seemed to draw a sharp line of distinction, absolutely divorcing all the activities which build up the structure of civilization from the manifestations of the creative life. If, as processes, they were from their foundation thus absolutely distinct from the evolution of our human nature, it would be a strange anomaly. How, then, should we account for the fact that these processes, as engaged in the earliest insti-

tutional growth, are not only inextricably associated with the creative power of the human spirit, but are themselves living, and therefore creative, parcels and portions of a genetic evolution? The building of that low edifice—the ground floor, as it were, of civilization, lying next to nature—seems almost as instinctive as the architecture of the ant. It is in the awakening from this dormant state, when instinct is broken into the prismatic rays of rational intelligence, and a race passes into the upper story of its edification, that the line of distinction between the creative artist and the artificer is clearly seen; and it is more sharply drawn in each successive stage. On either side of the line there is a detachment from nature; but how different!

Genius in its renaissance no longer blindly follows the direct suggestions, even the very motions, of external Nature, but, in its wide and wonderful awareness, not only contemplates that Nature, in a true interpretation, but has awakened into its proper and distinctively human kingdom, beholding ideals and sensible of aspirations which are not suggested by the visible phenomena of the world outside of man. The surprising variations in this kingdom, increasing and multiplying in the course of the evolution, run alongside those activities whose results—whether they be merely trivial and inconsequent, follies to be repented of, mistakes to be corrected, or real achievements promoting material, mental, and moral progress—are not evolutionary, are modifications, adaptations, formal fashionings, improvements, rather than vital variations, and are not to be expressed directly in the terms of life, being only relatively useful and excellent, and not the immediate promptings of an everlasting ideal of the Good, the Beautiful, and the True, as are the creations of genius. It is the difference between invention and intuition.

Nevertheless human civilization claims as its own not only the relative excellences of mechanical progress and of mental and moral advancement, but also those which are superlative as the highest distinctions of genius—the creations of the æsthetic imagination in art and literature and the sublime coordinations of the scientific imagination. It is a

gracious claim, inasmuch as it is a recognition of a superscription above Cæsar's; and it is just, since, however formal and lifeless the ultimate and superficial aspects of the fabric of civilization may seem, yet in the beginnings of each successive fashion, in the first prompting and intention of each construction, the formative energies engaged are spontaneous and inevitable, simulating, at least, if not being, a kind of demiurgic manifestation, and even in their apparent contradiction to Nature utilizing her elemental forces, and inviting into close alliance with themselves every enthusiasm, sympathy, and native charm of our human nature.

If in these later years the divorce of genius from elaborately organized systems of mechanism and commercial enterprise seems almost absolute, it is also true that the very automatism of complete organization has released the human spirit, perfecting its freedom.

The shell hardens for the protection of the enclosed life. The offices and conventions of the social world have become walls about the garden of genius. One of the most significant implications ever lodged in a word was that in the Latin *mænia*, which at once meant *walls* and *offices*. In a world ideal and immortal all beautiful and sympathetic activities would be enclosed within softly flaming ramparts (*flammanitia mænia mundi*); but for our mortal existence the walls harden while they last for the protection of these spiritual activities, and when they crumble to pieces give place to new walls and new life.

But the "offices" of civilization—the functional activities which promote advancement—are not altogether formal and perfunctory. They have not solely material ends in view. Nor are they exhausted in wall-building for the immunity of the spiritual life. Such automatism as they achieve in mechanism and rote serves for their own emancipation as well as for that of genius. Our civilization is humane because its activities are so largely inspired by human sympathy, which is itself the highest attribute of the creative imagination. If in our advancement there is a progressive divestiture of the picturesque and a surrender of barbaric enthusiasms, yet in

every new form and fashion of society there is greater æsthetic excellence, and every new aim of education and of politics, national and international, is inspired by higher ideals. The hearts of men are softened so that even in worldly affairs they seek peace and gentleness and charity—"the fruits of the spirit."

The "walls," therefore, do not harden into brittleness, and, instead of crumbling into decay, they almost imperceptibly change, having the renewal of living things. The nations which are mainly engaged in the work of civilization do not seek to destroy each other, even the rivalries of commerce resolving themselves into reciprocities. The prevalence of sympathy removes the occasions for internal revolutions. Therefore it is that sharply marked epochs have ceased to be. The stimulus to genius in literature is no longer startling and violent as in times past. Only in the lyric of passion remain the seismic phenomena due to agitations of the human heart—the same to-day as when Sappho loved and sang.

In these conditions we find the study of contemporary literature exceedingly interesting, and especially so because of the peculiar environment upon which genius reacts. It is a quite entirely human environment. It includes, of course, all the past of humanity, abounding in dramatic situations which will forever tempt writers and artists of the highest order of genius to such new interpretations of old themes as will appeal to the deeply and widely cultivated sensibility of to-day—such interpretations as Maurice Hewlett has given us in his Italian stories; but we are more interested—certainly as a matter of study—in less remote relations of the author to the reader, as when the former deals with material which is common ground between genius at work and the sensibility affected—ground made common by the close community of a general culture. It is by its reaction upon such material that genius avails of its fullest modern equipment in contact with a familiar world, surprising the reader by the disclosure of deeper and unsuspected familiarities. In dealing with any other material, the genius may be as manifest, perhaps in its purest and simplest essential traits,

and in more native spontaneity. We have a most remarkable instance of this kind of manifestation in Princess Troubetskoy's (Amélie Rives's) poem, "Seléné," just published, richer in fancy than anything since Keats, cast in a perfectly Greek mould as to form, and yet to its limit replete with the deepest modern reflection. Poetry, like all art, if it is to have supreme excellence of form, must needs take the classic mould. Browning broke the mould, but in doing so afforded the matrix of our finest prose rather than an example for our poets.

Hewlett, in his exquisite art of prose-writing, shows a skill equal to that of our greatest novelists who portray the life of to-day. Conrad also is, in this technical excellence, unsurpassed by these, if, indeed, he is equalled by any of them, though he deals with aspects of life as unfamiliar to the majority of readers as the alien sea which forever haunts his imagination. But these are high examples of that genius which has a mastery as compelling as its native charms, and therefore never wholly depends upon elemental circumstances for its effects, nor upon startling novelty of incident and the strangeness of atmosphere. Yet from all these features they have an initial leverage of advantage denied their fellows who portray the life nearest us all and who must effect the wonderful surprises of their art by disclosures of truths that lie beneath the surface of familiar things, as Howells does in *The Son of Royal Langbrith*.

The novelist who avails of this initial advantage may display an equal art, but, if he is dealing with the past, his compulsory detachment from his theme, while it may allow him freer range of imagination, will surely preclude sufficient acquaintance with the truth to give his disclosure more than the semblance of reality. Familiarity is the surer basis of appeal to the cultivated sensibility of our day which is especially alive to the truth of life as now manifest or as now awaiting intimate disclosure. This realism in fiction is not merely superficial portraiture; it implies, in its best examples, such a detachment from the obvious aspects of human existence as will give the genius of the novelist its proper field of interpretative speculation.

EDITOR'S DRAWER

A Barn-yard Mystery

BY EDWINA STANTON BABCOCK

I NEVER knew the Suicide Club existed until Faustine joined it. When she began going to roost at the top of the tallest poplar-tree with some of her bosom friends—"so as to be as near as possible to the stars," she explained—I tried to talk her out of it. "What good does being near the stars do you?" I asked. "Can you eat them? No. Can you hatch them out? No. Leave them alone, I say; they don't expect you to notice them."

Faustine looked hurt. She said all the members of the Suicide Club had taken a vow to roost starward. "You see, we've gotten so interested in the Unattainable," said she. "We're just crazy about it; and to be up to date nowadays one has to be a little bit ahead of the date. 'Want the thing you can't get,' that's our motto,—you can't think how progressive a motto like that makes you." "What a motto!" I said, scornfully. "That motto's lost its tail feathers; that motto couldn't get higher than a step-ladder; anyway, one motto doesn't make a moral. I'll give you some my grandfather taught me. He was all mottoes. He used to allow me a grasshopper with each one: 'Half a grain is worse than no corn,' 'A little chaff is no harm to good seed,' 'Never swallow before you taste.' My! that was a good one! 'Never swallow before you taste.' We don't have mottoes like that nowadays, Faustine." Faustine looked at me with a grave eye. She's very critical, Faustine is; if she doesn't like a thing she doesn't take long to let you know it. "Duck's wisdom!" she muttered, contemptuously, and flew to the top of the rain-barrel. I always hate to see Faustine on the rain-barrel. It's not the place for her; once she gets up there she's so affected and self-conscious it's all she can do to keep her balance. It's my opinion that if it were not for her dislike of water she'd have let herself fall in and be drowned long ago, merely for the excitement of the thing. She told me once that the reason she liked the rain-barrel was that it was gloomy and had Depth. But the real reason is that she can see herself in it. She began looking at her reflection in the water, and said, "If you really want to help me, please listen while I go through with my Theory." "What's a Theory?" I asked. "Oh, I don't know," she replied, hurriedly; "it's the explanation of the Symbol, you know. You're a Theory, I'm

a Theory, everybody's a Theory." I ate a fly. "I'd like to argue that with you," I said under my breath. "Well, go on; say your Theory; only first come down off that rain-barrel."

"Never!" returned Faustine, firmly. "What I need is Poise. You don't get Poise until you've achieved something you're sure you can't do standing on the edge of something you've always been afraid of," and tightly clutching the rim of the rain-barrel, she began to recite her Theory. No sooner did she begin speaking than I heard a lot of fussing and clamor; and looking up, I saw the whole Suicide Club coming around the corner. I knew them in an instant by their clothes. Such a turnout! Feather boas wet and dribbly; beaks smeared with yellow Indian and cold porridge; rags tied around legs. Of all the dull-eyed, sad, cynical, utterly cold and worldly gatherings! I turned away; they made me sick. I ate some plan-



FAUSTINE ACQUIRING POISE

tain. But when she saw them crowding up, Faustine was as happy as a cricket. She shook out her white boa; she kissed her claw to them as they came dawdling and yearning around the rain-barrel. "You're just in time to hear my Theory," she said. "Shall I go on?" "Oh, do!" "So good of you!" murmured the Suicide-Clubbists. Then, behind their claws—"Awfully brave of her," "Is studying Poise, you know!" "Sweet-looking, don't you think?" "Mr. Gawk—my daughter's friend—says she has talent," "A great deal of character, I should say," "Do you like the way she dresses?" Faustine recommenced the Theory: "Do not eat green worms," she said, soulfully; "they might turn out to be blue butterflies!" "Wonderful!" pronounced the Suicide Club; "such intuition, such delicacy; she expresses my ideas exactly. Are those her own feathers?"

I stepped forward. "I must argue that with you, Faustine," I interrupted. "Ladies, if I intrude, forgive me; but, surely, this idea is as dangerous as it is fallacious. True, there are some who question the complete identity of caterpillars. I do not challenge these idealists; but when it comes to a serious question like eating—a bug is a bug and a worm is a worm, you'll admit that?"

"Well! I like that! Did you ever hear anything so insulting? Disgusting!" said the Suicide Club, nudging and muttering. "Isn't he terrible? So awkward. Is he her husband? Wife-beater!"

"Cultivate Oneness at every opportuni-

ty," resumed Faustine, firmly. "It is difficult to realize the Ultimate Ego without concentration!"

There was a rustle of approval. "So piquant, so true!" sighed the Suicide Club. In asides, "Do you believe that story that she was engaged to a Mascot before she married?"

I was getting a little angry at this gossip. I stepped forward again. "You're 'way beyond your depth, Faustine," I said, crossly. "We don't need to cultivate ultimate ego; it's bound to crop up in everybody—spiders have it, potato-bugs have it. The thing is for a select few to get rid of it—or we'll all be eating each other!"

"Pessimist! Brute!" whispered the Suicide Club in low tones, ruffling up and scratching nervously at the ground.

Faustine looked coldly down at me, sighed, and glanced at her reflection in the rain-barrel. "We are born to soar; try flying a little higher every day!" she declaimed, in a rapt manner.

"Broad, true, sublime," muttered a bedraggled Suicide-Clubbist. "She's certainly not a day over thirty. If she only wore a pompadour, now, how much better-looking she'd be!" This irritated me more. I determined that Faustine should cease speaking to the vulgar rabble that was pushing and shuffling around the rain-barrel. There was only one way to stop it. Mounting to its rim myself, I waved my arms for silence. "As for flying a little higher," I said, in stern tones, "I advise you not to try that!"



"YOU ARE JUST IN TIME TO HEAR MY THEORY," SAID FAUSTINE



"WE ARE BORN TO SOAR," SHE DECLAIMED

Who was it—I name no names—I indulge in no personalities,—but who was it"—I addressed Faustine—"who, while trying to fly higher yesterday, got caught on the clothes-line and was with the greatest difficulty rescued from an absurd and undignified position? Who was it, I say?" I glared at Faustine.

She put out her claw appealingly. "Don't, don't," she faltered; "it is cruel to disgrace me here. Oh, if Mr. Gawk were to hear of it!" Then she gasped and swayed, and I saw she was losing her poise, so I pushed her off the rain-barrel.

Now I'd been putting up with a good deal from Faustine. I'd allowed her to give up eating angleworms because she said they were spoiling her figure. I'd allowed her to give lectures on the "Esoterics of Oyster-shells" and "How to Distinguish a Wasp from a Beetle without being stung." I had let her teach the young pullets to roost in circles and figure sevens to establish what she called "Planetary Harmony in the Home." I had even been persuaded to let her join the Defiance Circles—groups consisting of hysterical creatures who sit in the middle of the road all day vowing that they will not submit to being run over. But I was determined that I would no longer allow her to give her refined thoughts to the Suicide Club, and so, as I say, I pushed her off the rain-barrel.

She stood on the ground, looking about her vaguely, and said, "Where am I?" Then she let her eyelids fly up in a terrifying manner. The Suicide Club were gathered around her, crowding and peering over each other's necks, and talking in low, scandalized tones. I, myself, at last came down, and procured a black beetle and urged Faustine to swallow it, for I really was worried about her; but she turned away from me, wistfully saying, brokenly: "What would he say if he knew? What would he say if he knew? Oh, Mr. Gawk! Mr. Gawk!"—this in a heartrending voice that terrified me. "For Heaven's sake"—I turned to the Suicide Club—"whom does she mean by Mr. Gawk? Not the old duffer that leads the Plymouth Rocks?" The bedraggled clubbist whom I had noticed before stopped her sympathetic moans to answer: "She means Mr. Gawk, the Grand Master of the Plymouth Rock Defiance Circle; our dear leader; he's done *everything* for Faustine; he's lifted her up to his plane; he told her she had insight; oh, he's so intuitive! He has Mag—" She broke down, coughing and choking, and, followed by the lamenting Suicide Club, went slowly down the garden path. All of them appeared utterly dejected. They held their heads so low I could not tell whether they were crying or looking for ants. "Old Gawk and his Mag?" I repeated to myself. "I don't care

a green gooseberry for Old Gawk, but Mag is different. Mag is evidently some designing creature who is influencing Faustine and trying to win her away from her simple secluded life. Mag and Mr. Gawk indeed! I'll take care of them!" I edged up to Faustine, who stood silent and drooping. "The time has come," I said, loudly and impressively. Faustine started. She backed away nervously. "Oh no—no—no—no—it hasn't," she said, thickly; "I'm sure it hasn't. Look out, there's a worm!" Of course I turned to see if there really was a worm, and Faustine took this opportunity to elude me. Without a spark of honorable feeling she made her way rapidly down the garden path. When I turned from a fruitless search for the worm, I saw her afar off being received in the middle of the largest Defiance Circle, whose members were striking aggressive and reckless attitudes in the roadway, raising their customary cry that they would not be run over.

Turning over in my mind the events of the morning, I walked restlessly up and down under the currant-bushes, picking up a slight snack of spiders as I proceeded, though after the scene with Faustine my appetite had become rather jaded. While I was lifting my foot preparatory to taking an important step, I happened to see the Widow coming toward me. The Widow is rather small, plump as a cherry, and always dresses in a stylish black costume that shows off her figure. She is of a bouncing, brisk disposition, and keeps a sharp eye forward. "I'll ask her who 'Mag' is," I thought, for the Widow knows everybody.

I diagonalled over toward her, and, turning my back on her, began to pick up seeds. It seemed best to let her see me before I appeared to see her. But the Widow was absorbed with a worm she was trying to help out of his hole, and so I was forced to take the initiative. I advanced toward her. "Good weather for worms," I observed, with easy familiarity.

"It's a good deal better for slugs," she returned, kicking out sideways with the stylish movement peculiar to her.

"Oh, slugs are almost all dead and eaten now," I replied. I can always talk easily with the Widow. She is very sensible, and takes care to say the things one has heard before and knows the answer to.

I concentrated upon a refreshing pink pebble, and offered it to the Widow. "Thanks: I don't take anything but broken glass just now," said she. "How's Faustine?"

It was the opportunity I wanted. I related to the Widow the rain-barrel episode; I dwelt upon the baleful influence of Old Gawk and his assistant "Mag" upon my wife. I went on to recount the episode of the worm and Faustine's ruse to escape my righteous indignation. The Widow settled down in a comfortable dust-hole and considered the matter gravely. "What made her act like that?" she said. "You must have talked pretty roughly to her?" "Not

a word did I say but the 'Time has come,' and she was gone," said I.

The Widow stared at me in a startled way. "You said '*The time has come*' to Faustine?" she asked, with a look of blank horror. "Why, yes," I admitted. "Well," said the Widow, "a two-day-old gosling with softening of the brain is nothing to you for idiocy—reminding poor, delicate, mercurial Faustine of—what's that place that's all knives and chopping-blocks?"

"The future?" I suggested.

"Exactly," said the Widow. "The idea of talking about a *time coming* to a weak, helpless thing like Faustine—so imaginative, too, poor dear!" She sighed heavily.

"Can she not trust her future to her husband's strength and sagacity?" I argued.

"Ah!" said the Widow, somewhat bitterly, "what good does any one's else strength and sagacity do you when you're walking around a chopping-block in the dark looking for your own head?"

I was silent. I could give no answer. At this moment a meal-call sounded. Somewhat subdued by our reflections, the Widow and I turned our steps thitherward. I had learned nothing about the enchantress "Mag" from the Widow. It now occurred to me to look about the assemblage at the meal-call and see if any such person was present. I mingled with the throngs, but in vain. After a time I encountered Faustine wearily sipping from a water-pan. As she did not look up at my approach, I paused and observed her closely. She seemed distraught and dazed, and drank as if unconscious of her own act. "Faustine," I said, gravely, "who is Mag? Is she not having a bad effect upon you? Give up her morbid friendship, cut loose from her society." I paused. Faustine murmured, vaguely: "Individuality; my curse! I often think you and I and others suffer because we are so inimitably Ourselves."

"Good heavens, Faustine!" I ejaculated, going up to her and trying to read her inscrutable expression. "You rave; you've never found any fault with your individuality before. You have been insulted by some one. I see it all. 'Mag' is at the bottom of this!"

"I cannot tell why this frightful hunger is put into our hearts," Faustine went on, hoarsely. "All day, after the morning's great strain, has seemed so gray and desolate and I so mistaken and feeble."

She staggered into the water-pan unseeing, and walked past me, muttering and looking at each foot as she raised it with an inquiring air of such unutterable pathos that I nearly lost my reason.

"Gracious powers!" I gasped. "There is something on your mind, Faustine. You reel, you stagger. Is this some of Mag's fiendish work? Who is she? Where is she? Confide in me!"

But more and more incoherently Faustine raved, until I thought I heard the words "Mr. Gawk." I leaned forward eagerly. "Expelled! Expelled!" repeated Faustine,

with dull distinctness—for “lack of enthusiasm. Oh, it can't be! It's too cruel, too cruel. And I thought the world of him. I was influenced by his Mag—” She choked and was silent.

For a second my earth whirled around me. I leaned forward dizzily to pick up what I thought was a grain of corn, and found it to be but a sunbeam, but this agony lasted only a moment. With my returning senses I looked about fiercely, and raising my right claw, registered a vow to punish the wretch who had lured my incomparable Faustine into his Defiance Circle only to expel her. As for “Mag,” I swore, let her cross my path!

Like one stung by a bee or bitten by an adder, I flew over the fence and toward the roadway.

Clouds of gnats and grasshoppers scattered before me. Delicious seeds lay in my way. I spurned them furiously, for afar off I caught sight of one whose blood I sought—Old Gawk!

At twilight, after I had given the Post-Meridian Call and was perched on my lonely roost, still smarting with the vicious thrusts of the villain whom I had done for, I felt some one alight gently on the roost close beside me. I turned. Could it be? It was Faustine! She laid her head on my shoulder. “Hero! Hero! Hero!” she repeated, convulsively, between her sobs. “They have just told me— Deliverer! Oh, how can I ever live up to anything so grand!”

“Faustine,” I said, somewhat austere,



SHE LAID HER HEAD ON MY SHOULDER

“let us not allude to the past; but one question,—tell me, who is Mag?”

Raising her head, Faustine regarded me with sleepy surprise. “Mag?” she questioned, drowsily,—“Mag? I don't know. The Suicide Club were always saying Mr. Gawk had ‘magnetism.’ Maybe you mean that.”

'Nitals

MY 'nitals they are hard to cut in our horse-chestnut tree.

You're pretty good, I tell you what, if you can carve a “P”

So that the bark will stick on tight just where it ought to stick,

And not break off and leave it white, and sort of big and thick.

I never had a chance at all to say what name I'd use,

They must have thought I was too small to even want to choose;

You'd think a man had ought to know exactly how it is,

But dad was in a hurry, so he went and slapped on his!

If parents only really cared 'bout what they named a son,

Why, lots of trouble would be spared and lots of good be done.

EDWARD HALL PUTNAM.



LADY. “You ought to be ashamed of yourself to let your wife carry that heavy bundle.”

ITALIAN. “Yes, miss; but she will do it; she's so headstrong.”

The Elopement

BY FRANK M. BICKNELL

A YOUNG *felo de se*, quite *sub rosa*, one day
Laid his plans for *un beau coup d'état*,
Which he wished to keep shady because the young lady
Felt nervous concerning *faux pas*.

Said the *Felo* to *Rosa*, "Although 'tis a poser
To outwit your watchful *Faux Pas*,
I will bear you away in my *auto da fé*,
Or perhaps on my *hors de combat*."

"We will hie to the parson, get married *sans façon*,
Then, snugly lodged *à la Bonne Heure*,
We'll spend *Summa cum laude* in neat but not gaudy
Sweet *modus vivendi*, *mon cœur*."

Tête montée, *ça ira*, in a big racing-car,
The twain flew through the *bonbonnière*;
But *Faux Pas* rode after—'twas no cause for laughter—
An *olla podrida* was there.

This red-faced old satyr, *hic-et-ubique pater*,
Who drank floods of *n'importe* with his meals,
Was *persona non grata* and swore like a carter
He'd put several spokes in their wheels.

"At the *pons asinorum* which lies just before 'em,
I'll catch them," he muttered, "*parbleu!*
And I'll drop a *bon mot* in their ears *allegro*
Ere 'tis twelve by my *tic douloureux*."

"Being *semper paratus*, *Faux Pas* hopes to part us,"
The *Felo* exclaimed, "so we'll try
To make a quick sally down into this *ali-bi*—
Into this alley near by."

But they failed to get through, it was not *passe-partout*,
They were deep in *la crème de la crème*,
For he punctured a tire on his *auto* of fire,
And his *hors de combat* was dead lame.

Then, forsaking *sic transit*, they ventured to chance it
And, *ex pede*, to trust to their heels,
In the hope some *fiacre*, stray cab from the park, or
Quid rides might hear their appeals.

'Twas a Celt, *Con Amore*,—to finish our story—
Helped *Felo* his bride to secure,
When with *chevaux de frise* he supplied it was easy
To start on the wedding *détour*.

To a Pig

BARDS and sages, through the ages
 (Winning fame instead of wages),
 Have mussed up a million pages
 With their outcries, small and big,
 Singing wrongs that should be righted,
 Causes blighted, heroes slighted,—
 Yet no song have they indited
 To the Pig.

Gentle Porcus, *suoid mammal*,—
 Does the thought that lard and ham 'll
 Be your future, never trammel
 Your fond fancies, as you dig?
 Does it harrow to the marrow,
 As you pace your quarters narrow,
 Dreaming of the storied glory
 Of the Pig?

For time was, ere man got at you,
 Using squalid means to fat you,
 That you were to be congratu-
 Lated on a figure trig,
 And most daintily you ate your
 Food, less mingled in its nature,
 Fine of face, full fair and graceful
 Was the Pig.

Oh, S. P. C. A., be gracious;
 If your sympathies be spacious,
 Bar such treatment contumacious,—
 Teach that it is *infra dig*.
 For although some genius flighty
 Has described the pen as mighty,
 You'll admit a sward were fitter
 For the Pig.

BURGES JOHNSON.



At the Restaurant

"Bring me some *Lion-naise potatoes!*"

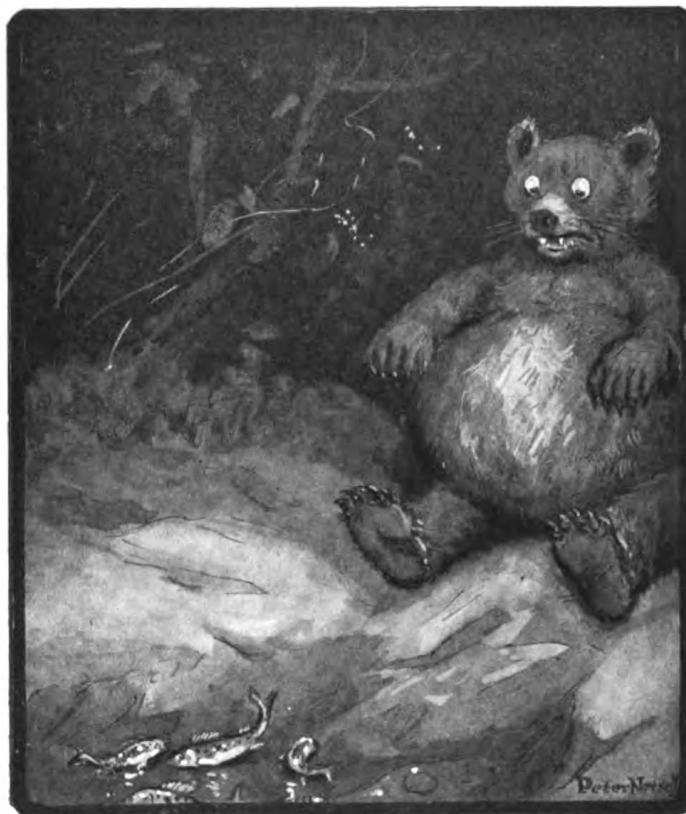
What it was They Heard

ON a recent visit to Baltimore, Bishop Rowe of Alaska told the following good story: "I had recently to make a visit to a tribe of Indians far from the places where the white men go. Only a very few of the tribe had ever seen white men.

"One of the members of our party had with him a phonograph. He thought it would amuse the Indians, and so brought it out. They gathered around it in wonder, and spent some time looking at it from every direction. At last the old chief got down on his knees and peered into it. He raised himself, threw his arm out with a sweeping gesture, and said, 'Ugh! canned white man.'"



Hide-and-Seck in Ostrich-Land.—"Ready!"



The Bear and the Trout

A Fable for the Overstrenuous

BY PETER NEWELL

DOWN in a pool a Bear decried
Some speckled Trout at rest.
Said he: "They're difficult to get,
But I will do my best."

And then he tried a silly scheme—
He fell to drinking, deep,
Until the pool was quite as dry
As many cellars keep.

This cleared the way, but Bruin failed
A single trout to pinch;
He drank so much of water that
He couldn't budge an inch!

*Then do not strive so hard, my friend,
With restless hand and brain,
That you will lose the relish for
The prize you've worked to gain.*

His Revenge

"I WAS taking luncheon with a friend the other day who has a little boy about three years old. As a very special favor, and to please me, his mother allowed him to come to the table, telling me that she could not promise that he would behave in the proper manner, as she had never tried him before.

"The bright little fellow behaved very well through the first part of the lunch, and his mother was feeling quite proud of him. When the dessert came on the table, and proved to be ice-cream, his favorite dessert,

the small boy wanted a second help. This his mother would not allow him.

"If you don't give me some,' he said, 'I'll tell on you.'

"His mother still refused, and the youngster called out:

"If you don't give it to me before I count ten, I'll tell. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten."

"His mother still paid no attention to him, and he shouted out,

"My pants are made out of the window-curtain."

A. P. A.

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